A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XIV.

Philip sat smoking his hubble-bubble by lamp-light that evening, pondering ways and means of returning to Lucknow when he should be well enough, and penetrating the rebel lines to the relieving force, which as he now learned, was closely besieged and in its turn awaiting relief, he wondered what Jessie would think if she could but peep through the latticed window upon him. This amused him so much that he laughed and swallowed some of the rose-water through the tube, half choking himself, this reminded him that the art of smoking the native pipe was not to be learnt in a moment, any more than the native fashion of sitting which he was practising, with his turban on, his slippers off, and an expression of profound gravity upon his face. Jessie would not recognize her brother in this dignified young Hindoo. How amused Campbell would be! Ah, no, he remembered, Campbell, the bright boy ensign who had joined a few weeks before they came out, and whom Philip had taken into his heart of hearts, would never more be amusing or amused. Tears filled his eyes and he laid the pipe aside, recalling his last sight of Charlie Campbell, cut almost in two by a round shot, as they passed the deadly Kaiser Bagh. Then he thought mournfully of others, officers and men, whom he had seen fall in the fierce rush to the Residency.

As he was thus sadly musing and listening to a subdued chanting, which sounded pleasantly through the house, a low knock was heard at his door.

"Come in," he said, in the faltering Hindostanee, of which he had of course picked up a few words before his arrival at Beelampore.

The door opened quickly and softly, and as quickly and softly closed again behind a vision that struck him dumb with amazement. It was the figure of a tall, slim Hindoo girl, dressed in gay hued silk, with a brilliant silken sari thrown gracefully over her head and shoulders, and with golden ornaments upon her round, brown arms, and slender ankles. Gossamjee's lesson on Hindoo manners not having included the etiquette proper to the reception of an uninvited lady in his private apartments, Philip was embarrassed as to what he ought to do. He had only time, in his first startled gaze at her, to observe that dark as she was her features were refined and intelligent, and that something in her sorrowful dark eyes not only entranced him, but evoked a tumult of memory and feeling, before he rose, and making his newly learnt salaam, stood with folded arms and bent head as if awaiting commands. This was indeed an unexpected and agreeable excitement in the monotony of his honorable captivity. A strange combination of feelings thrilled him, and made him wonder that the sight of a pretty Hindoo woman should so stir him.

"Mr. Randal," said the lady, in a low, thrilling voice which set his heart beating; "you do not, of course, remember me?"

The English accent was perfect, and Philip, in bewilderment, raised his downcast head and looked earnestly into the dark, beautiful face.

"Gossamjee Bhose is watching lest the servants should know I am here," she said, in her low, clear voice; "speak softly, we have but a few minutes. I danced with you last winter at a ball given by the——th Dragoons. You had a telegram——"

"I danced with Miss Maynard," he faltered.

"I am now called Malwai Bhose, Gossamjee's orphan niece. He is hiding me. I am the only survivor of Jellapore," she replied, "my brother was deputy commissioner there he and his wife and children—no European was spared. My ayah concealed me in a stack of firewood, she had persuaded me first to stain myself and masquerade in native dress—Ah! Mr. Randal, I cannot speak of it—that time of suspense—my brother would have sent us away, but that might have precipitated things and the country was not safe. I did not think it was so near when I first put on the ayah's dress. But I must make haste. You come from Lucknow. My brother Arthur, Captain Arthur Maynard, is there, have you seen him?"

"I never reached the position, Miss Maynard. I fell in the last rush and was taken prisoner," he replied, "but when my wound is healed I must get there somehow, when I may see your brother."

He said may advisedly, for he knew that the loss during the siege must have been great.

"You will tell him my story, Mr. Randall," she continued, "it was for this I wished to speak with you, and prevailed upon Rukshai to persuade Gossamjee to permit this hurried visit. He—and indeed my poor mother and all my people—will have heard of the disaster at Jellapore, and suppose me to have perished."

Philip listened to this recital, his heart torn by pity, admiration, surprise, fear, he knew not what. He could scarcely identify the pretty, light-hearted girl with whom he had danced but a few months before, and whom he had half despised, in spite of the spell she had cast upon him, with this stately Hindoo in her picturesque dress, with the look of tragic endurance stamped upon her face, and depths of thought and suffering in her eyes. The lamp-light shone directly upon her, playing upon the dark hair half concealed by the crimson and gold sari, and on the mournful dignity of the face, which looked as if the light of mirth could never move it from its deep sorrowful repose. She had developed rapidly during the last few months; experiences that would have crushed some natures, had ripened hers. She had been called upon to endure physically and mentally; mind and body had equally responded to the sudden strain; her stature had increased, and the girlish outlines of her figure had rounded themselves to noble proportions. Her air and gestures were carefully studied and formed in the Hindoo mould; she dared not be herself one moment in the house of Gossamjee Bhose, where her assumed character needed most careful preservation, for his sake as well as her own. But though Ada Maynard was so changed and developed, and partially disguised, there was a nameless something, the spell of an ineffable charm, which identified her with the gay hearted girl of the ball-room, and thrilled Philip's heart to its depths. Some idea of the difficulty and desolation of her position amongst this strange heathen people, with their complicated caste prejudices, and their iron code of female subjection and restriction flashed upon him as he questioned her rapidly and incoherently, with exclamations of wonder, sympathy, and desire to help, scarcely knowing what he said in the tumult of his feelings, and half maddened by his impotence to help her, wounded, honorably imprisoned, and alone among unknown enemies and doubtful friends as he was.

"Tell my brother that I am here, alive and safe," she said, at the close of the hurried, half-whispered interview.

"Tell him I never part with this," she added, quietly drawing a keen, quaintly fashioned dagger from her clothing, and letting the light flash upon the damascened blade, before she again concealed it. "I know exactly where to strike fatally." She paused, listened, and then bidding him a hasty good-night and drawing the silken sari more closely about her, vanished as suddenly and silently as she had appeared, leaving Philip gazing with a dazed, incredulous look on the space she had just occupied, before he sank on the edge of the low bedstead and buried his face in his hands, striving to shut out from his vision the baleful flash of the dagger which haunted him long after, most eloquently speaking of the perils women have to face in times of anarchy and tumult, and recalling the many terrible and sometimes untrue stories he had heard of the horrors of the last few months. She knew where to strike fatally! How calmly she had spoken, as if assuring him of the most ordinary fact. And he was powerless to help her. The hubble-bubble and the Hindoo posture were alike forgotten, the turban was pushed farther back from the brow damp with horror and Philip sat, a very European picture of trouble and dismay, feeling the full tragedy of the mutiny as he had never done before. He had heard of Jellapore, where Ada Maynard's own sister-in-law had been flung alive into the flames of a burning building before her husband's eyes, and thrust back with bayonets till she died. Was it all a dream? He rose and looked round the little room with its swinging lamp and scanty foreign furniture; he looked out of the open bay window shaded by its sun-lattice, and saw the moonlight sleeping peacefully on the housetops, and scarcely penetrating the narrow streets, touching a gilded cupola with burning silver upon gracefully swaying palms and dark masses of unfamiliar foliage in the distance, and bringing out the bastioned walls and turrets of a castle upon a hill—the architecture of which was like a confused dream of feudalism and Gothic Middle Ages blended fantastically with oriental splendor and despotism, the whole touched with the peculiar glamour of the East and the deep enchantment of the days of chivalry.

The magic of that rich and splendid Eastern land had scarcely affected him in the constant succession of adventures and dangers; he could even look unmoved upon the grace of the slender symbolic palms, the very name of which has a charm, calling up a thousand associations. He had first seen these "palms and temples of the south" through a medium of bloodshed and horror, but to-night the domes of burning silver, the light soaring grace of the minarets rising above them, the dark, rich, foreign foliage, and the castle on the hillside, all sleeping in the clear moonlight, woke in him a feeling of beauty and romance to be remembered forever.

Chunia had told him the name of the owner of that castle, a native nobleman neutral in the present strife. What if he should prove a friend, as more than one rajah had been to fugitive English that summer.

Gossamjee Bhose soon dissipated that illusion; he held up a bamboo, split and tied together at the ends. "Do you see this, Randal Sahib?" he asked, "whoever leans upon the aid of the Rajah Mohun Singh, leans upon this bamboo;" here he cut the binding string, while placing his hand on the top of the cane, which gave way in half a dozen directions and fell on the floor. "Mohun Singh would give you fair words and lodge you in his castle one day, and the next he would betray you. As the reeds by the river side, so is he, blown this way and that by all the winds of heaven."

This description of the rajah tallied only too well with Philip's conceptions of the native character as formed by the experiences of fugitive English and public report, and when he looked into the keen face of his host and benefactor, and listened to his smooth and honeyed words, and observed the obsequious politeness of his manner, being yet new to Asiatic ways, he wondered if it were wise to trust Gossamjee any further than he could see him. He thought not, and yet he and Ada Maynard were completely at his mercy.

Philip guarded his words and narrowly watched Gossamjee Bhose whenever they were together, and sometimes at chess, which the hospitable Hindoo played to beguile the time for his wounded guest, fancied that he detected double meanings in the remarks he made on the game, which always terminated in victory for the Hindoo. Nor did Gossamjee's frequent observation, as he left the apartment, to the effect that Philip was his father, and that his house and all he possessed belonged absolutely and exclusively to Randal Sahib, reassure him in the last degree. Therefore he did not entrust Ada's precious ruby to him, forgetting that Gossamjee had already resisted one favorable opportunity of keeping it; nor did he tell him of the treasure Ada Maynard had left with him on her hurried visit. This was a tracing on tissue paper, so small that it could be concealed in a quill, of a plan of Lucknow, its environs and the various roads leading to it; which she herself had made from a plan found among one of the murdered European officer's effects by the friendly ayah, to whose husband the spoil had fallen. This Philip pondered over until it was traced upon the yet finer tissue of his brain.

His wounds were healing rapidly, and the repose after the tremendous exertions of the last few weeks before Lucknow was most welcome and refreshing. Gossamjee remarked on his improvement, but besought him not to leave him until he was quite recovered; reminding him that sick and wounded are more hindrance than help in the field; until Philip began to wonder if he had some sinister purpose in retaining him beneath his roof. It was true that he need not have succored him in the first instance, much less have taken him to his house as he had done; but the actions of natives during the rebellion had shown such a want of consistency, and such a purposeless tortuousness, they had been so unsteady alike in their humanity and their hostility in many cases, that it was no wonder if plain Englishmen feared to trust any dark faces in those days.

The weather was still very hot; and he had found much refreshment in sleeping in the veranda after the first few nights. Perhaps he had some vague notion that he would be better able to penetrate to the women's apartments to help Ada, perhaps, also, he felt freer and more capable of self-defence in the open court than shut up in his room.

He had passed three or four days beneath Gossamjee's roof; it was now October, he little knew what magnificent chances of distinction he was losing in the first terrible week after the storming of the English position. He slept tranquilly on his mat, dreaming of the great willow by the mill stream, the pleasant, cool sound of the turning mill-wheel, the familiar faces in the firelight, his father and mother given back to him, as the dead so often are in dreams, and Jessie a child again, light-hearted, spoilt, and happy. Perhaps Jessie, safe beneath Miss Blushford's prim guardianship, was even then dreaming the same dream, on her white curtained, lavender-scented pillow, seeing Philip again with his manhood and his Crimean laurels fresh upon him. Perhaps she started from her tranquil sleep, thought of her poor boy fighting in distant India, and said a prayer for him before turning again to her rest.

Philip's dream suddenly changed to the dim and tumult of battle, he was before Sebastopol hastening to replace some shattered gabions under heavy fire, when a musket ball again struck him in the shoulder; again he clenched his teeth with pain, and went on adjusting the gabions with the uninjured arm; but the pain of the wound grew and grew beyond all bearing till with, what he thought, a loud cry he awoke.

The moonlight lay upon the courtyard, a palm-tree standing motionless in the centre traced its plumed crown blackly against the deep sky, and cast its elongated shadow right athwart the court towards him; another, a human shadow, fell across his recumbent form; instead of a gun-shot wound a dark, light hand was grasping his shoulder, a dark turbaned face came between him and the moonlight, a Hindoo youth was bending over him, dimly seen against the strong moonlight.

"Chunia!" he exclaimed, starting up.

"Hush!" whispered the lad, in a voice which stirred him, "keep in the shadow and follow me."

He rose without hesitation or question and catching up such clothes as he had laid aside, followed the slim and graceful figure, wondering if this might be some fresh scene from dreamland, or the sweet madness of a fairy tale, and filled with a vague delight in the mystery, romance, and probable danger of following his fugitive countrywoman in her fresh disguise. He was bound to be her knight, his life was at her service; as she explained nothing she had doubtless good reason for her silence. Noiselessly gliding into the shadow she flitted round the veranda, passing close to the sleeping forms of Gossamjee and Chunia, each on his purdah, till she reached a door, in the lock of which she placed a key which turned without sound.

She relocked the door while Philip waited, silent and almost breathless in the absolute darkness; then with a whispered "Come," led him along a dark passage until they emerged into the narrow street of Beelampore; Ada softly locking the last door behind her. Then she paused a moment, pushing him back into the shadow, from which he had incautiously escaped, placed a parcel in his hands, and after listening intently and looking, as if in doubt, this way and that, started again, still barefoot and noiseless, as was Philip.

They passed the bazaar, which he had been able to watch from his window when it was filled with busy, chaffering trade people, then an amusing and picturesque scene, but now silent as a tomb; they passed the Hindoo temple, recently defiled by order of the despotic moulvie, and unmolested, save by a growl or snap from the cure prowling the town for offal, left the houses behind them, Ada then stopped a moment to put on her shoes, and Philip was too glad to follow her example, for their feet were already wounded by stones, and then, silent and ghost-like in their white dresses, by which each could faintly distinguish the other even in the darkness, they sped onward and now upward till the road led them beneath the embattled walls of Mohun Sirgh's castle.

The moonlight smiled broadly upon the castle walls, showing a beautiful arcade of pointed arches and slender pillars fashioned in the wall above, from which, for all they knew, a sentry might be watching; they crept along past the lofty wall on the opposite side in the shadow cast by some trees. Philip all the time keeping one hand on the long, sharp, dagger-like knife that Gossamjee had given him with his native dress, and remembering the dagger Ada flashed in the lamplight on the night of her visit to him. No sound came from the sleeping castle, nothing molested them, they reached the crest of the hill and looked back upon Beelampore lying far below them in the magical light. Then his guide slackened the hitherto rapid pace, and at last broke silence.

(To be Continued.)

HE TOLD HER THE WORST.

"Doctor," said the beautiful young woman, who had become the wife of a rich old man, "tell me the worst. I will be brave and try to bear it."

Leading her gently from her suffering husband's bedside, the doctor answered:

"Nerve yourself, then, for a terrible shock. He's going to get well."

BLOTCHY SKINS.

A Trouble Due to Impure Blood Easily Remedied.

Bad blood is the one great cause of bad complexion and blotchy skins. This is why you must attack the trouble through the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. All blotches, boils, ulcers, pimples and paleness are the direct, unmistakable result of weak blood loaded with impurities. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills conquer the position; they drive out all the impurities; they actually make new, rich red blood; they strike right at the root of all complexion troubles; they are a positive and permanent cure for all virulent skin diseases like eczema, scrofula, pimples and erysipelas. They give you a clear, clean soft skin, free from all blemish and full of rosy health. Mr. Matthew Cook, Lamberton, N. W. T., tells how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him of erysipelas after other medicines had failed. He says: "My skin was inflamed; my flesh tender and sore; my head ached; my tongue was coated; I had chills and thought I was taking fever. I tried several medicines, but nothing helped me until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and drove the trouble from my system, and I am now in the best of health. I think these pills the best medicine in the world for blood troubles.

It is an every day record of cures like this that has given Dr. William's Pink Pills their world-wide prominence. They cure when other medicines fail, but you must get the genuine with the full name: Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. You can get these pills at all druggists, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MOUTH-BREATHING.

Liability to Diseases of the Bronchial Tubes and Lungs.

Mouth-breathing is more than a habit; it is an evidence of deformity or disease in the upper air-passages. A child never breathes through his mouth from choice. He does so either because the passages of the nose are obstructed or because his tonsils are enlarged, and he cannot be taught to breathe naturally so long as the obstruction remains. In some instances the interference with respiration is due to a deformity of the chambers of the nose, but in a majority of cases it is caused by the presence of adenoids in the pharynx. Enlargement of the tonsils may be associated with either of these conditions, or it may exist alone.

Children who breathe through their mouths are always more liable to the diseases of the bronchial tubes and lungs. They often suffer, too, from disease of the ears, and they rarely escape the first opportunity to contract the acute infections, for many of these gain entrance through the tonsils. But aside from such possibilities, the interference with breathing soon produces a change in the features and a permanent deformity of the chest quite like that which formerly more than now was regarded as an evidence of an inherited tendency to consumption.

These abnormal conditions of the nose and throat often become evident in early infancy; they are considered as due in a measure to hereditary transmission, for they often appear in several generations of a family. Their existence in a child is sometimes revealed during recovery from measles, scarlet fever or other acute illness.

A tendency to catarrhal disease of the throat may develop and persist even after the cause has been removed. This must be overcome by exercise, cool bathing and other hygienic measures in addition to such local treatment as the physician may direct. The neck should be bathed with cold water morning and evening. The cold sponge-bath every morning is better, but habitual cold bathing should be begun during the summer-time. Muffling of the neck should be avoided as much as possible.

Graduated physical culture is always beneficial. No child is too delicate to take systematic exercise under a competent instructor unless it is suffering from some organic disease. A most important part of the course is the cool shower, or plungebath at the close of each period of exercise, and it soon becomes the part that is most enjoyed.—Youths' Companion.

BABY'S HOLD ON LIFE.

The little ones are frail—their hold upon life is slight. The slightest symptom of trouble should be met by a reliable corrective medicine. Baby's Own Tablets have proved by their record of success to be an ideal medicine for the ills of infants and young children. The Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, allay the irritation of teething, break up colds, prevent croup and destroy worms. The mother has a guarantee that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. T. E. Greaves, Maritana, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets with great success. They never fail, in my experience, to cure the little ills of children." You can get these Tablets from any medicine dealer, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ECCENTRIC WILL MAKERS.

Testator Wanted His Skin Converted Into Drumheads.

There have been many will makers more eccentric than Mr. MacCaig, the Oban banker, whose last testament will shortly come under the consideration of the Edinburgh Court of Session, says the Westminster Gazette. Mr. MacCaig, it may be remembered, left instructions in his will that gigantic statues of himself, his brothers and sisters, a round dozen in all, should be placed on the summit of a great tower he had commenced to build on Battery Hill, near Oban—each statue to cost not less than £1,000.

A much more whimsical testator was Mr. Sanborn, who left £1,000 to Prof. Agassiz to have his skin converted into two drumheads and two of his bones into drumsticks, and the balance of his fortune to his friend Mr. Simpson, on condition that on every 17th of June he should repair to the foot of Bunker Hill, and, as the sun rose, "beat on the drum the spirit-stirring strain of 'Yankee Doodle.'"

A Mr. Stow left a sum of money to an eminent K. C. "wherewith to purchase a picture of a viper stinging his benefactor," as a perpetual warning against the sin of ingratitude.

It was a rich brewer who bequeathed £30,000 to his daughter on condition that on the birth of her first child she should forfeit £2,000 to a specified hospital, £4,000 on the birth of the second child, and so on by arithmetical progression until the £30,000 was exhausted.

Mr. Sydney Dickenson left &60,000 to his widow, who appears to have given him a bad time during his life, on condition that she should spend two hours a day at his graveside "in company with her sister, whom I know she loathes worse than she does myself."

STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

A lady whose name was Miss Rook
Was taught at a school how to cook.
The fellow she wed,
I think now is dead
Since Miss Rook learned to cook by the book.

IN AN OLD TRUNK.

Baby Finds a Bottle of Carbolic Acid and Drinks It.

While the mother was unpacking an old trunk a little 18 months old baby got hold of a bottle of carbolic acid while playing on the floor and his stomach was so badly burned it was feared he would not live for he could not eat ordinary foods. The mother says in telling of the case:

"It was all two doctors could do to save him as it burnt his throat and stomach so bad that for two months after he took the poison nothing would lay on his stomach. Finally I took him into the country and tried new milk and that was no better for him. His Grandma finally suggested Grape-Nuts and I am thankful I adopted the food for he commenced to get better right away and would not eat anything else. He commenced to get fleshy and his cheeks like red roses and now he is entirely well.

"I took him to Matamoras on a visit and every place we went to stay to eat he called for Grape-Nuts and I would have to explain how he came to call for it as it was his main food.

"The names of the physicians who attended the baby are Dr. Eddy of this town and Dr. Geo. Gale of Newport, O., and anyone can write to me or to them and learn what Grape-Nuts food will do for children and grown-ups too." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

FARMER GIVES THE REASON WHY

HE PINS HIS FAITH TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

They Made Him Strong and Well After Years of Intense Suffering From Lumbago and Other Kidney Troubles.

North Pelham, Ont., May 16.—(Special)—Mr. Joseph L. Thomas, a substantial farmer of Pelham Township, well known and highly respected throughout this neighborhood, has joined the ranks of the great army of Canadians who pin their faith to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Thomas gives his reasons for doing so as follows:

"For several years I was sorely afflicted with Kidney Trouble, having many of its worst symptoms in an aggravated degree. I had Lumbago, and was in such a condition that I was unfit for anything for weeks at a time.

"Insomnia resulted and I was an intense sufferer. I had almost perpetual headache and grew thin in flesh.

"I had been treated by a doctor without good results, so upon the recommendation of a cousin, who had been saved from a life of misery by Dodd's Kidney Pills, I began taking them.

"The first box gave me decided benefit and after taking five boxes the old trouble was a thing of the past and I was again in every way strong and well."

Ask those who have used them if they ever heard of a case of Kidney Disease Dodd's Kidney Pills would not cure.

FIGHTING ON ICE.

In one of the battles of the wars of William the Silent for the independence of the Netherlands, the Spanish ships were frozen in on the Zuyder Zee. The Dutch came out on horseback over the ice and attacked them. This is probably the only battle in which cavalry was used directly against ships. Several other combats were fought between troops on the ice in these wars, and on one occasion the infantry is said to have worn skates. The battle of Austerlitz was partly fought on a frozen lake; and when the allies were retreating across it the shot from the French Artillery, plunging into the ice and breaking it up, caused the death of thousands of Russians and Austrians. Of the many underground battles which have taken place in history, the fiercest was probably that of the siege of Haarlem in the Dutch wars. The Spaniards mined and the Dutch countermined with equal industry, and below the ground a fierce conflict raged. When the Versailles troops took Paris after the Commune, they chased some of the Communist troops to the great sewers of the French capital, and some desperate struggles took place.

A Sour Stomach and a Sour Temper travel hand-in-hand and are the precursors of mental and physical wreck. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand food ferment (indigestion) is the cause. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets keep the stomach sweet—aid digestion—keep the nerve centres well balanced—they're nature's panacea—pleasant and harmless. 35 cents.—88

Miss Sharpe—"Believe in vegetarianism? Why, I love good beef!" Cholly—"I wish I were beef, you know!" Miss Sharpe—"Never mind. Calves grow you know."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

"Will you love me when I'm old?"—she whispered. "We'll wait till you are old," he said, practically. "It's as much as I can attend to just now to love you when you're young."

Dropsy Is one Positive Sign of Kidney Disease.—Have you any of these unmistakable signs? Puffiness under the eyes? Swollen limbs? Smothering feeling? Change of the character of the urine? Exhaustion after least exertion? If you have there's dropsical tendency and you shouldn't delay an hour in putting yourself under the great South American Kidney Cure.—86

"Well, now that you are married do you find life a grand, sweet song?" "Oh, no! The first thing I did after we got back from our honeymoon was to hide my wife's music."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"And so you left your last place through having had words with your mistress?" "Well, mum, not words, mum—not adzactly what you might call words, mum. I only spoke to her same as one lady might to another."

Have You a Skin Disease?—Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blotches, Chronic Erysipelas, Liver Spots, Prurigo, Psoriasis, or other eruptions of the skin—what Dr. Agnew's Ointment has done for others it can do for you—cure you. One application gives relief.—35 cents.—87

EQUAL TO EXAMINATION.

A viva-voice examination of medical students was being held in the boardroom, and one after another the candidates came out with downcast faces, indicative of failure to meet the questions satisfactorily. Paddy O'Brien was waiting his turn, and the glum looks of the "plucked" students began to fill him with fear and trembling. At last his turn came, and it was a very limp and quaking Paddy that appeared before the board of examiners.

"Well, sir, what would you do if you found a man in a high fever, in order to induce perspiration?" was the question asked.

"Sure, I'd do so-and-so," answered Paddy.

"Very good. But suppose, after you had done this, you failed to get the patient in a state of perspiration, what would you do then?"

"Well, I'd do so-and-so," said Paddy, quoting another treatment.

"But supposing after trying these methods and failing, what would you then do?" queried the examiner.

Paddy wiped the perspiration off his brow. He had exhausted his own stock of knowledge, and gave it up in despair as he blurted out:—

"Faith, gentlemen, if all that failed I'd bring him here before you to answer your questions, and if that wouldn't make him sweat, bedad, I don't know what would."

"Passed!" was the unanimous verdict of the smiling examiners.

"Pure soap!" You've heard the words. In Sunlight Soap you have the fact.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

TWO WISHES.

I.

An old farmhouse with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with roses wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy—
How happy I should be!"

II.

Amid the City's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh, could I only tread once more
the field-path to the farmhouse door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy—
How happy I should be!"

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

WORSE IN THE COUNTRY.

Tommy had been a town mouse all his little life up to the present year, but work had been plentiful with dad, and he was discussing with his wife the desirability of sending Tommy for a week into the country. Tommy listened thoughtfully, and at length broke in:

"I don't want to go."

"Why not?"

"Cause I've heard they have thrashing machines in the country, and it's bad enough here in town when it's done by hand."

Clara—"Oh, hum! I wish Providence had made me a man!" Mother—"Perhaps he has, dear, only you haven't found him yet."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

The theory that boys are descended from monkeys has received an ugly setback. A Philadelphia gentleman possesses a monkey who washes himself with soap and water.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant — is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

Ted—"She cuts rather an odd figure." Ned—No wonder! Her gown cost nine dollars ninety-eight, her hat two dollars forty-nine, and her shoes one dollar seventy-four."

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 22—04

"She's a lovely girl, and so simple in her tastes. I told her that I hadn't much of an income yet, but that I hoped I could provide for her every want." "And what did she say?" "She said that would be all she could ask."

It is so Easy

To Cure You Now That We Have Learned How. Relief in 30 Minutes.

For years the author of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure has believed that the health of the heart is almost entirely responsible for the health of the nerves and stomach and now it can be proven. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure will relieve heart disease in 30 minutes and cure it. It feeds the nerves through the heart by giving the heart the necessary power to pump rich blood to the nerve centres, then stomach disorders and nervousness disappear as by magic. One dose will convince. 20

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills. 40 doses 25 Cents

BY EASY STAGES.

When she was introduced to him she called him "Mister Gildersleeve."

After she was well acquainted with him "Charles" was the usual term.

When they became engaged she addressed him as "Charlie."

As the engagement progressed he became "dear."

Just before the wedding she called him "dearest."

During the honeymoon she called him "darling."

To her friends she alluded to him as "Mr. Gildersleeve."

One year after marriage she called him "Say, you," while in speaking of him he was "That husband of mine."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Head of the Bureau—"I suppose you know something of the duties of the office?" Applicant—"Oh, yes. They are to come late, go home early, and do as little as possible while you are here." Head of Bureau—"Quite satisfactory; you must have held public office before."

A Lasting Cure of Itching Piles

A Chronic Case of Unusual Severity and Long Standing Cured by

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Throughout Canada there are hundreds of cases similar to the one described below in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven a positive and lasting cure for the most severe form of itching piles.

Mr. Alex. McLaughlin, for 30 years a resident of Bowmanville, Ont., writes:—

"For twenty long years I suffered from itching piles, and only persons who have been troubled with that annoying disease can imagine what I endured during that time. About seven years ago I asked a druggist if he had anything to cure me. He said that Dr. Chase's Ointment was most favorably spoken of, and on his recommendation I took a box.

"After three applications I felt better, and by the time I had used one box I was on a fair way to recovery. I continued the treatment until thoroughly cured, and I have not suffered any since. I am firmly convinced that the ointment made a perfect cure.

"I consider, Dr. Chase's Ointment an invaluable treatment for piles. In my case I think the cure was remarkable when you consider that I am getting up in years, and had been so long a sufferer from this disease."

Mrs. Jane R. Scott, North Grenville, Cumberland Co., N.S., writes: "Last spring I obtained from you a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and used it for inward piles. It gave me almost instant relief from the torturing, itching and burning, and as the trouble has never returned I consider the cure a permanent one. You may use this statement for the benefit of others."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author are on every box.

Comprehend facts—not advertisements. The popularity of Blue Ribbon Tea is a fact.

Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you good prices.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO, Limited

Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

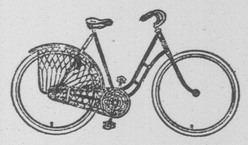
WORD MAKING.

$10 in one prize for the greatest number of words.
$10 in two five dollar prizes for the next longest lists.
$10 in five two dollar prizes for the smaller lists.

We will pay these prizes for the best lists of English words made out of the three words:

"MASSEY-HARRIS WHEELS."

Letters to be used in answers only as many times as they appear in the above words. Competition closes May 30th. Send in your list to-day.



NOTE.

The Massey-Harris is fitted with the cushion frame and Morrow coaster brake—the two improvements that have made bicycling so famously popular.

Write for our new "Silver Ribbon" Booklet.

ADDRESS, DEPARTMENT "A"

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Limited, Toronto Junction.

AN UNFAILING TEST.

"I've just learnt a new charm to tell whether or not a man loves you," said the girl with golden hair.

"What is it?" asked the girl with the new diamond ring.

"Why, you take four or five apples seeds and name each of them for a particular man, and place them—the apple seeds, I mean—on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"Humph!" mused the girl with the new diamond ring, absent-mindedly twisting that piece of jewellery about her finger. "I know a surer way than that."

"You do?"

"Yes, indeed. You take one particular man and place him on the sofa in the drawing-room, and sit close to him, with the light a little low, and look up to him very attentively, and if he doesn't pop you know it's time to put another man on the sofa."

Port Mulgrave, June 5, 1897.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for colds, etc. It is the best liniment I have ever used.

MRS. JOSIAH HART.

MAKING IT CLEAR.

"George!"

"What?"

"George!"

"Oh, what do you want?"

"George, you don't love me any more."

"O, of course I do. Let me alone, I'm reading the paper."

"George, if you do love me as you used, why don't you tell me so?"

"Deuce take it all! I love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love you, love you! Now, for heaven's sake shut up and let me read."

No girl is willing to believe that marriage is a failure from hearsay.

If a man's mother-in-law acts up it is usually his own fault.

Do you catch cold easily? Does the cold hang on? Try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It cures the most stubborn kind of coughs and colds. If it doesn't cure you, your money will be refunded.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 1—28

POLICE PICTURE-BOOKS.

Picture-books for the benefit of travellers are kept in the Paris police-stations. It frequently occurs that foreigners lose things which they are unable to describe, because of unfamiliarity with the French language. The picture-books contain representations of various articles, and the inquirer has only to turn the leaves and point out the illustrations which must resemble the property he has lost.

DEEP MINING.

The advance of engineering science is resulting in great advances in deep-level mining. Some years ago, 3,000 feet was deemed the lowest boring practicable, but this limit has now been greatly exceeded. At Fleru, in Belgium, 3,600 feet has been touched, while at Calumet, Hecla, and Tamarack, in Michigan, mines from 4,500 feet to 5,400 feet are being worked. Engineers look forward to reaching coal and other deposits at a depth of 7,500 feet. Temperature is the great difficulty to be overcome.

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, MO.

From April 25th to Dec. 1st, inclusive, the Wabash Railroad will sell round trip tickets to the Great World's Fair, St. Louis, at the lowest one-way first-class fare, good for fifteen days, fare and a third; good for thirty days, good either via Wabash direct line or via Chicago, with stop over privileges. Canadians going to this, the greatest of all Expositions, should remember the great Wabash line is the shortest, quickest and best route. The only line that owns and controls its own rails direct to the World's Fair gates. For time-tables and descriptive World's Fair folder, address any ticket agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, North-east corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

INTERPRETED WEDDING.

A curious wedding took place the other day in a church in Glasgow. The bride and bridegroom were Poles and could not speak English, while the clergyman did not understand their language. The ceremony was, however, successfully carried through by the aid of an interpreter.

An admirable Food of the EPPS'S

Finest quality and flavour.

COCOA

Nutritious and Economical.

48—21

YOUR OVERCOATS

and faded Suits would look better dyed. If, no agent of ours in your town, write direct Montreal, Box 128

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. MONTREAL.

AUTOMOBILE UNDERWRITERS

The Winton Touring Car is appreciated by the best informed because built on correct mechanical principles, of highest grade materials. As a prospective automobile purchaser you dare not, in full justice to yourself, take chances on an inferior car. By presenting a car of such imperial merit as is the 1904 Winton, we become "automobile underwriters"—insuring you against risk or loss. Have you seen our new catalog?

The Winton Mot