A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XIII.

The 25th September, 1857, is a day that Englishmen will not forget. For eighty-eight days the heroic little English garrison of Lucknow had defended their position against a leaguer of overwhelming numbers, having arms, provisions, a strong position in their native land, and all the resources of military training and skill; they had maintained their frail, unfortified, unsheltered position with a courage and constancy rarely equalled, though perhaps surpassed by the heroic defence of Cawnpore; and even that of Arah.

Cawnpore was more heroic, because conducted under still more desperate and, as it proved, fatal, conditions, behind even frailer intrenchments than those of Lucknow. For at Cawnpore the women had no roof but the sky, under incessant fire, and no couch but the bare earth; the garrison were only upheld by the noble hope of saving Lucknow by their prolonged resistance.

Stimulated, paradoxically as it may appear, equally by hope and despair—hope of being relieved by a force they knew to be in the neighborhood, despair of meeting more mercy at the hands of their enemies, should they yield, than the tragedy of Sestapore led them to expect; for an ominous silence was the sole intimation they had ever had of the fate of Cawnpore; the defenders of Lucknow rose on the 25th, to go through one more day of terrible, tragic monotony, and saw the sun once more turn westward over their wearied force diminished now by one-third, while the awful iron tempest still crashed mercilessly upon their riddled and half-ruined buildings, and filled every open spot with dust.

Night and day those devoted men had fought and toiled in their unsheltered intrenchments, scorched by the fierce summer of India, drenched by its tropical rains; they buried their daily tale of dead, they nursed their sick and wounded, they did all the offices of daily life under an incessant fire of musketry, shot and shell, varied by stink-pots and carcases, and only slackening a while from time to time to be renewed with fiercer rigor. The sick, crowded on the lowest floor of the hospital, were not secure from the occasional round shots; the only really safe places were damp, dark cellars, in which some of the ladies and children were crowded day and night among rats and mice, and where children rapidly sickened and died, and other children were born. All the long, hot day, officers and men, more or less weakened by fever and dysentery, and covered with boils, fought, rushing from battery to battery, because they were too few to man all at once; and at night the exhausted combatants, officers and men without distinction, save that officers worked the hardest, toiled at burying the untended and famished beasts, the carcases of which bred pestilence. They could not furnish fatigue parties strong enough to repair breaches and make countermines; they had to grind their own corn by hand; they had not strength to bury their uncoffined dead deep enough to quench the foulness of decomposition; the native followers and servants had deserted; ladies, unaccustomed to stir a finger in that enervating climate, had to perform the most menial offices at the most trying season, on bad and scanty food, and in crowded, unwholesome dens; all to the never-ceasing thunder of cannon and rattle of musketry. It was then that Englishwomen, seeing their husbands slain and their helpless children sicken and die before them, sharing the men's hardships, tending the sick, and braving the tempest of death, showed that they too came of heroic strain and knew how to endure.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the wasted garrison manning those battered defences was their excessive weariness, for, except at Arah and Cawnpore, never did fighting men have to toil like these foreigners, the meanest of whom had hitherto been accustomed to be tended like princes by the subject race now besieging them.

The sun still lay bright upon the gilded domes and graceful minarets springing from the rich foliage of the beautiful city, when the monotony of the stern siege music was broken by continuous firing from the direction of Cawnpore; it grew ever nearer and louder, till the hearts of the brave and weary garrison were thrilled to their depths by the actual sight of English soldiers hewing their way through the streets. Those who saw broke into a cheer that was taken up and echoed from end to end of the intrenchment, till the very sick joined in it, and some even mustered strength to crawl forth to see the blessed, long-expected sight. Welcome indeed was that sight, but terrible, for the enemy's fire enfilading the narrow street was very heavy, and the English fell at every step. Now the battle was at its fiercest, the relieving force had been fighting all the long day, and had to cut their way step by step in ever-diminishing numbers through the besiegers, whom they could not dislodge.

Amongst the European infantry was Philip Randal, hardly to be recognized as the smart, inanely smiling young officer of Jessie's daguerreotype; his face was blackened by smoke and stained with his own blood, his sword ran with that of the enemy, his right hand was red and his sleeve soaked with it, his breath came in short gasps, a burning thirst consumed him, his limbs trembled, and a red mist swam before his failing eyes; with his parched lips compressed and his teeth clenched, his one hope was that he might not fall till he reached the Residency, if indeed it might be reached after so terrible a struggle. He had the good fortune to serve under that brave and beautiful soul, who, "in gratitude for and in admiration of the brilliant deeds of arms achieved by General Havelock, cheerfully waived his rank in favor of that officer"—tendering his military services to Brigadier-General Havelock as a volunteer, though officially appointed to the command of both Havelock and the expedition. Philip felt that it was indeed an honor to serve under two such rare and chivalrous soldiers, in an operation so fraught with peril and honor

Outram's force never forgot Cawnpore, that word so over-weighed with agony and infamy, with heroism and cruelty, with pity and horror. They had not, like Havelock's Highlanders, been maddened by the sight of the tragic Beebeegurh, ankle deep in the blood of Christian women and children, and the yet more tragic well, over the ghastly contents of which they had cried aloud; but the whole relieving force, as they hewed their way through the living wall of dark-faced, white-dressed foes under the concentrated fire of the street, trusted that they were saving the Lucknow garrison from the fate of Cawnpore.

Philip carried Jessie's daguerreotype, taken at the same time as his own and the cause of as much laughter, in his breast pocket; early in the day a musket ball struck and shattered the outer half of the case, starring the likeness out of all recognition and saving his life; later on he received a flesh-wound in the leg and a ball grazed his forehead; else he was unhurt, though nearly exhausted. Suddenly, in the midst of all the fury and agony, a sweet vision of Jessie, safe in green and peaceful England, flashed before him, and he heard her voice above the thunder of the guns, the shouts, the moans, the awful tumult. Was she praying for him? Poor child, he thought, she would soon have no brother to pray for, though her picture had saved his life once that day.

The sun sank and the swift-coming darkness fell over the city, its domes and minarets, its dark groves and terraced roofs, over the placid waters of the Goomtee winding through the rich corn plain; over the battered but unconquered Residency; and then through all the tumult of the battle, rose the triumphant skirl of bag-pipes and a cheer, a deep-chested English cheer, low, hoarse, continuous, thunderous as the long incessant roar of the ground swell on a ragged cost, and like that, growing and deepening in volume and majesty. Many a dying ear heard it and was content, a company of wan and wasted women and children emerging from their damp vaults to snatch one breath of air in the slackening of fire after sunset, and wondering among themselves when would the relieving force come, heard it with an incredulous, delirious joy, soon changed to certainty by the irruption of the Highland soldiers among them, and the snatching up of the children by their heroic deliverers, to be kissed and cried over in their noble joy at having saved them from the fate of Cawnpore; it rolled along the ranks, and heartened up those still struggling without it struck terror to the souls of the dusky foe, and brought new life and energy to the exhausted garrison, who took it up and prolonged the grand note till it hushed every other sound. In the rapid failing of his pulses, Philip heard it and rejoiced, knowing that his life, the life so sweet and precious to his youth, was not given in vain; he, too, uttered one exultant cheer with his last strength, something crashed on his head, he fell, and the battle raged over and away from his prostrate body.

Lucknow was relieved at last, with the loss of over a quarter of the relieving force; and though after the first wil and rapturous emotion of the relieved garrison had subsided, the relief was found to be but a reinforcement, food and quarters for which could with difficulty be provided, the sequel that the deed was worth the terrible cost.

How long Philip lay among the slain he did not know; he was probably protected from further injury by falling into one of the trenches cut across the road to impede the progress of the troops; when he regained consciousness he found himself a prisoner, deprived of his sword but furnished with the water for which he craved with delirious agony; food was given him and he slept a long sleep, and on waking found himself not much worse for his wounds, which were not deep, though their copious bleeding had helped to exhaust him. As for the crack on the head from a clubbed musket, that had left only a surface tenderness and a certain mental dulness behind; and as he looked round the dark chamber in which he lay on a purdah, a sort of thin mattress, he knew that the honor of death on the battle-field had been denied him, and that he was probably destined to insult and ignominy, and the horrors of death by torture. The cold drops stood on his brow; on searching his clothes he found that no weapon, not even a pen-knife, had been left him. His money was gone, but the ruby fastened into a portion of his dress had not been discovered; Jessie's shattered picture still remained.

The poor lad rose and fell on his knees, echoing the prayer which he afterward found written upon a wall in Cawnpore—"Have mercy upon us, and deliver us not into the hands of our enemies"—a prayer so pitiful in the light of after-events. Many Englishmen and women in that awful year turned in extremity to the sure and certain refuge of souls, and turned not in vain. Frail women bore witness during the siege of Lucknow to the strength procured from that unfailing source; brave men grew braver. Philip had often stood at handcrips with Death; he had volunteered in many a desperate deed before Sebastopol; he had earned, though never won, the Victoria Cross, but he was too imaginative to go under fire without a full sense of peril such as had made him tremble and turn pale on his first experience at the Alma; and now, with the memory of Cawnpore, Shahjchanpore, and other places of horror fresh in his mind, his joints seemed loosened and his bones melted like wax within him. Yet women and children had borne worse. Outside his dark prison-house the infernal siege-symphony, with the addition of a terrible explosion, crashed on; he heard the sound of elephants drawing guns. Jessie alone would mourn him; he could not fulfil the trust her dying father had laid on him. He had taken care to make a will leaving his small fortune to her. Perhaps after all, she would be better without him; she was so young she would easily form fresh ties, and they had already been separated so long. All was at an end; the strong beautiful life, the perils and chances he loved so well; nameless as he was, he must sink nameless and unnamed from the sight of living men, from darkness he must pass to darkness, like a spark seen a moment in a night sky and then forever quenched, like the white spray cresting a wave and dissipated in the waters, like a moonbeam shot through a breaking cloud and engulfed in the night. How different was the going of Harry Lawrence but three months since; how different would it be with Havelock and Outram if they fell, as, for all he knew, they might already have done, each leaving the memory of a noble life and stainless name. Thus Philip lamented his youth.

Soon he was led before commanding officers and questioned, though on most points the rebels knew far more than he. Insults and threats of torture were sometimes his portion; twice or thrice he was returned to his prison and left in that awful suspense, which was not the least among the trials Englishmen endured during the rebellion. His prison was changed, he was transported aimlessly from place to place, led out to execution and covered with muskets, which after all were not fired, or fired in the air.

Often he felt that the bitterness of death was past, but again and again the agony was prolonged, and he expected no mercy in the end. His first acquaintance with the Indian people was made at an unfortunate time; in all those dark, fierce, turbaned faces round him, he saw only fiends of cruelty, heathen fanatics bound by devilish rites to all iniquity. As tragedy after tragedy had reached his tingling ears, his horror of those alien Asiatics had grown, till he said things of them and the treatment due to them which shocked Jessie, then, and himself, in after-years. He did not reflect that the revolt was, after all, but a military and partial outbreak; he had seen nothing of the intelligence, the culture, the graceful manners of these interesting and picturesque peoples; had heard nothing of the magnificent fidelity and noble generosity of which many of them gave proof during the Mutiny. He did not remember that even the worst deeds of cruelty wrought upon conquerors of an alien race, a hated religion, and a different civilization, were equalled by what the "most polished people" in Christendom did to their own countrymen and fellow-Christians in the French Revolution; nor did he know how dreadful some of the English reprisals had been.

One day he found himself unbound in an abandoned house on the outskirts of the city, by the river, guarded slightly and carelessly. Presently he discerned from his window a great tumult; native, both sepoys and civilians, rushing headlong in wildest panic amid the thunder of a furious cannonade and crash of the explosion of an English mine beneath a large building held by the rebels; and taking advantage of the tumult and confusion and flight of his guards, effected his escape through unlocked doors. He caught up a tulwar among the arms the soldiers had thrown away in their panic and made for the river, unheeded in the general flight. Seeing a boat, he sprang into it, pushed off and floated down stream, for he had no oars. He saw the English flag waving still above the battered Residency, which was as fiercely bombarded as ever, though the besiegers had been beaten back from the immediate vicinity of the position. He let himself borne farther and farther from them, until the caprice of the current sent him ashore some miles away from the city, beneath a grove of mangoes, into the shade and shelter of which he was glad to crawl.

The half-closed wound had burst open again during his flight, he had been unable to bind it properly; every moment he grew fainter with loss of blood beneath the scorching sun, until he sank at last, unconscious, just within the grove.

When he returned to consciousness dark, turbaned faces were bending over him, restoratives were given him, his wound was bound up, he was lifted gently into a palanquin well sheltered from the sun, and borne away, he knew not whither.

Some time after darkness had fallen, they reached a small town; the bearers set down the palanquin before an arched door which opened to admit them, and Philip presently found himself in a courtyard surrounded by buildings; outside of which was a verandah lighted by lamps from within and partially illumined by the slant rays of the moon from without.

A Hindoo lady dressed in bright silks, with gold anklets and bangles, came out to welcome and receive a tall and dignified man in the prime of life, whom Philip recognized as having bound up his wound; men servants salaamed, there was much talking in an unknown tongue, and many and strange ceremonies confusing to Philip. The tall Hindoo having entered the house, soon came back with ashes taken from the altar upon his brow; and turning to Philip, bowed himself to him, touched his feet in token of respect, and bid him welcome in the name of God to the house of Gossamjee Bhose.

Philip, wondering and half dazed, could only speak some words of thanks as he was taken from the litter and led into the house, through which the sound of a female voice, softly singing, was heard. He was conducted to a room containing a low bedstead of strange fashion, and furnished with all that was necessary for air and coolness. Ruksbhai Ghose, Gossamjee's wife, then appeared with some pleasant drink, and bid him welcome in words of which he could only distinguish a few.

(To be Continued.)

ONE THING DONE WELL.

The True Secret of a Remarkable Success.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People do only one thing—but they do that one thing well. That is the secret of their success. They actually make new blood; just that and no more. But good blood is the best cure—the only cure—for most diseases. Most diseases are caused by bad blood. Anæmia, paleness, pimples, eczema, indigestion, biliousness, kidney trouble, backaches, sideaches, neuralgia, nervous troubles, rheumatism and the special secret ailments of growing girls and women—these are different diseases but they are all due to bad blood. Ignorant people sometimes laugh at the idea that one little medicine can cure all these different diseases—but they forget that they were all caused by one little trouble—bad blood. The foolish people are those who take a different medicine for every symptom without thinking of the one cause at the root of them all. Dr. Williams Pink Pills strike at the root, bad blood and nothing else. They fill the veins with new, strong, rich red blood, which races to every corner of the body, toning the nerves and bracing each organ to throw off weakness and disease. In a brief way here is some strong proof of confirming the above statements :—

John Craig, Kells, Ont., says :—"I was paralyzed and had no power over my right arm or leg. I had to be lifted like a child. Dr. Williams Pink Pills have cured me and to my neighbors the cure seems like a miracle."

Miss Blanche Durand, St. Edmond, Que., says :—"The doctor told me I was in consumption. I had alternate chills and fever, and severe cough and was daily growing weaker. Then I began the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills and my health and strength have fully returned."

Mrs. John McKerr, Chickney, N. W. T., says :—"For some years I was a great sufferer from the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. I never got anything to relieve me until I began using Dr. Williams Pink Pills and they have made me feel like a new person."

Mrs. Albert Luddington, St Mary's River, N.S., says :—"I was a cripple from rheumatism until I began using Dr. Williams Pink Pills. Now the aches and pains have left me and I am as well as ever."

Mr. M. Cook, Lamerton, N. W. T., says :—"Dr. Williams Pink Pills cured me of a severe attack of erysipelas."

Mr. William Holland, Surnia, Ont., says :—"I suffered for two years from kidney trouble. I tried many medicines but got nothing to help me until I took Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and after using them about a month every bit of the trouble was gone."

What Dr. Williams Pink Pills have done for these people—and for thousands of others—they will do for you, if you will give them a reasonable trial. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or by mail from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

EUROPEAN RAILWAYS.

The total length of railways in the world is stated to be about 454,000 miles. Some curious light is thrown on the relative civilization of the various countries by a comparison of their mileage in railways. Russia comes out first numerically with about 34,000 miles, but dwindles greatly if the enormous extent of her territory is considered. Germany follows with 31,000 miles, and France is third with 29,000. England has 22,000 miles, which, if the size of the country be allowed for, places her at the head of the list. Italy and Spain have only from 13,000 to 16,000 miles respectively. In the whole of Europe only about 60,000 miles of line are subject to State management.

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.

Talk is cheap; otherwise the average wife would soon bankrupt her husband.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

When a man admits that his wife is an angel it's safe to ask him how long he has been a widower.

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 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—01

A political ring has a beginning, but like any other ring, it has no end.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

BREATHING WHILE YOU WAIT.

The following recipe for performing artificial respiration in the human subject has been given by Professor E. A. Schafer: The patient is laid in a prone position, preferably on the ground, with a thick folded garment underneath the chest, and the arms forward. The operator puts himself athwart the subject, facing his head, and kneeling on one knee, with the other knee and hip flexed, and places his hands on each side over the lower part of the back of the chest. He then slowly throws the weight of his body forward to bear on his own arms, and thus presses on the thorax of the subject and forces air out of the lungs.

He then gradually relaxes the pressure by bringing his own body up again to a more erect position, but without moving the hands; as he does this air is drawn by elastic reaction of the chest walls into the lungs. This process is repeated regularly not less often than twelve times or more often than fifteen times a minute. By this means it is easily possible in an average man to effect such an amount of respiration as will be enough to maintain complete aeration of the blood. The advantages of this method are: Ease of manipulation, simplicity, impossibility of air passages being blocked by falling back of the tongue, and facilitating escape of water from them.

Proof of a woman's temper is the arrival of an unexpected guest to dinner.

SOAKED IN COFFEE

Until Too Stiff to Bend Over.

"When I drank coffee I often had sick headaches, nervousness and biliousness much of the time but about 2 years ago I went to visit a friend and got in the habit of drinking Postum.

"I have never touched coffee since and the result has been that I have been entirely cured of all my stomach and nervous trouble.

"My mother was just the same way, we all drink Postum now and have never had other coffee in the house for two years and we are all well.

"A neighbor of mine a great coffee drinker, was troubled with pains in her side for years and was an invalid. She was not able to do her work and could not even mend clothes or do anything at all where she would have to bend forward. If she tried to do a little hard work she would get such pains that she would have to lie down for the rest of the day.

"I persuaded her at last to stop drinking coffee and try Postum Food Coffee and she did so and she has used Postum ever since; the result has been that she can now do her work, can sit for a whole day and mend and can sew on the machine and she never feels the least bit of pain in her side in fact she has got well and it shows coffee was the cause of the whole trouble.

"I could also tell you about several other neighbors who have been cured by quitting coffee and using Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

STATEMENT OF A STOCK GROWER

HIS LUMBAGO WAS CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Suffered for Twenty Years Before He Found Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Rosedene, Ont., May 9.—(Special)—Robert C. Lampman, the well known Gainsboro farmer and stock grower, is completely cured of a long-standing case of Lumbago, and he has made a statement for the benefit of the public, in which he gives the entire credit for the cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills. In his statement Mr. Lampman says.

"For twenty years I suffered from Lumbago with all its worst symptoms. I had the most distressing pains it seemed possible to bear, coupled with an irritation of the spine.

"At times I was entirely prostrated and was for weeks unable to do anything whatever, and required the services of my family to assist me in dressing and moving from a chair to the sofa.

"I tried doctors and medicines, but got no benefit till, on the advice of a neighbor, I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. After the first box I noticed an improvement, and when I had taken six boxes every symptom of my trouble had vanished."

Like Rheumatism, Lumbago is caused by Uric Acid in the blood. Sound Kidneys take all the Uric Acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make sound Kidneys.

Only a fool man would deliberately make an enemy by guessing within ten years of a woman's real age.

There aren't enough adjectives in the English language to enable a girl properly to describe her first beau.

What makes you Despondent?—Has the stomach gone wrong? Have the nerve centres grown tired and listless? Are you threatened with nervous prostration? South American Nervine is nature's corrector, makes the stomach right, gives a world of nerve force, keeps the circulation perfect. A regular constitution builder for rundown people. One lady says: "I owe my life to it."—84

"Yes, I sleep, off and on, until 12 o'clock on Sundays." "But when do you get your breakfast?" "Oh, I go down to breakfast about 9." "Ah! then you go back to bed." "No, to church."

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side, and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces.—83

"Goodness!" exclaimed the nervous visitor, "what vulgar little hoodlums those boys are out there in the street." "I can't see them," said the hostess. "I'm rather near-sighted, you know." "But surely you can hear how they're shouting and carrying on." "Yes, but I can't tell whether they're my children or the neighbors'."

The harder you cough, the worse the cough gets.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't benefit you, the druggist will give you your money back.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & CO. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can. 302

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GERMANY LOSING GROUND

SUFFERS IN THE NEW GROUPING OF NATIONS.

Ynglo - French Agreement a Menace to German

The intricacies of high politics are not often interesting to the general public, but the partially veiled rapid changes now taking place in the family of nations are well worth the attention even of casual observers, says a London despatch. It is not possible yet to indicate what will be the respective attitudes of the European Powers when the time arrives for a settlement of the Far Eastern question at the close of the present war. That the situation will be very different from the one prevailing at the outset of the conflict is already certain. The application of this statement is quite irrespective of the two belligerents as factors in the general situation.

The chief change is in the position of Germany. Indications multiply of the great discomfiture of German statesmen over the recent developments in international politics. The phrase 'isolation of Germany' has become a common one in the Franch and British press during the last few days. It is recognized throughout Europe that the Kaiser's expected opportunity to profit largely at no expense out of the trouble of sister nations has been reduced to a small, if not non-existent, possibility.

GERMANY'S DISAPPOINTMENT. goes considerably further. The Anglo-French agreement and the closer rapprochement between France and Italy, which will be strengthened by the visit to Rome, are subjects for serious consideration in Berlin, for I am sure it is sharp enough in several directions. It is feared, and with some reason, that as soon as a favorable opportunity arises for friendly intervention to stop the war it will be French and English, and perhaps American, good offices that will restore peace.

There remains also the possibility, which the Germans at the present moment are inclined to exaggerate, that Great Britain and Russia may reach a friendly understanding on several points whereon an agreement has long been regarded as impossible. The chance of this development would grow rapidly if the war should continue along the line of Japanese success.

There are signs in Russia of rapidly growing resentment against those responsible for plunging the country into this foolhardy war. The Czar himself and his intelligent subjects would gladly abandon all schemes of aggrandizement in the Far East if they could end the war

WITHOUT LOSS OF PRESTIGE.

This, of course, is impossible in the present situation; but the attitude indicates how easy it would be to arrange a settlement, if the point of opening negotiations was once reached. It will be seen, therefore, that with Great Britain, France and the United States in full accord, the opportunity for Germany to profit by the outcome of the war is extremely small.

The lesson which Russia is now learning at the hands of Japan tends to render a settlement of serious questions with Great Britain in India and Persia much more feasible than a few months ago. France will assuredly do her utmost to facilitate such an adjustment if a willingness is shown to come to an understanding. Hence it is that Emperor William is described as worried and perplexed and that his plans are being revised. No one need fear, however, that he will fall into the dire dilemma which his opponents' desire for him. He still remains the greatest human figure in Europe. The wonderful genius of his statesmanship none can question. Nothing but a serious collapse of his health will prevent his meeting the difficulties of the situation by a bold and original move which will once more change the aspect of European politics.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Many a girl's popularity with the sterner sex is due to a rumor that she has money.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

"Judge," wailed the prisoner, "can't you give me a little time to think this thing over?" "Certainly," replied the magistrate. "Six months."

What's the Trouble?—Is it Sick Headache? Is it Biliousness? Is it Sluggish Liver? Is your skin sallow? Do you feel more dead than alive? Your system needs toning—Your Liver isn't doing its work—Don't resort to strong drugs—Dr. Agnew's Little Pills, 10 cents for 40 doses, will work wonders for you.—85

"Pa, why do they call whisky an eye-opener?" "If you take enough you will see things you only dreamed of before."

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

"Age softens all things, does it not?" "Yes; there's no fool like an old fool."

The frankness with which a 17-year-old girl refers to herself as an old maids only exceeded by the frankness with which she denies it ten years later.

YOU CAN'T BE ATTRACTIVE.

An Offensive Breath and Disgusting Discharges, Due to Catarrh, Blight Millions of Lives Yearly. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Relieves in 10 Minutes.

Eminent nose and throat specialists in daily practice highly recommend Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, as sure, permanent, painless, in all cases of Cold in the Head, Tonsilitis, Headache and Catarrh. It gives relief in 10 minutes and banishes the disease like magic. 28

50 Dr. Agnew's Pills. 40 Doses to Cents.

A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill, for I am sure it is sharp enough

Endorsed by the Justice of Peace

Chronic Liver and Stomach Trouble Thoroughly Cured by Using

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

In every home there is more or less suffering as a result of constipation and derangements of the digestive system.

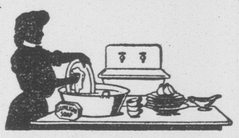
Because Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure such ailments more promptly and thoroughly than other preparations they have come to be considered almost indispensable as a family medicine.

Mr. C. F. Immel, shoemaker, Western Hill, St. Catharines, Ont., states: "I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills regularly for some time and consider that they are unsurpassed for torpid liver, defective circulation, indigestion, headache and constipation, as these were my troubles, I used many remedies, but got no relief until I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and a few boxes of this preparation have entirely cured me. I am not in the habit of endorsing any medicine, but in this case I cannot speak too highly in praise of Dr. Chase's Pills for what they have done for me."

Mr. D. C. Holmes, Justice of the Peace for Lincoln County, states:—"I am acquainted with Mr. C. F. Immel and consider him a reliable citizen in every sense of the word, in fact, I have known him from boyhood up and can say I believe him to be truthful and honest."

Acting directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, these pills increase the vigor and activity of these organs, thoroughly cleanse the system, purify the blood of poisonous impurities and set the digestive organs in perfect order.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills one pill a dose, 25 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.



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Imitations at best are imitations, substitutions never satisfy - Insist on having Blue Ribbon Tea.

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Send for our book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat." Libby's Atlas of the World sent postpaid for five 2c stamps.

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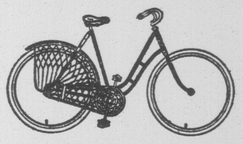
We will pay these prizes for the best lists of English words made out of the three words:

"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.



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

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Horseless milk wagons for the delivery of cowless milk is about the limit.

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I Know MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.
JOSEPH A. SNOW.
Norway, Me.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "a man gives hisse'f credit foh bein' resigned to fate when he was simply settled down to bein' good an' lazy."

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.

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An admirable Food of the EPPS'S Finest quality and flavour. COCOA Nutritious and Economical. 48—21

A man who can't talk and will talk should be muzzled.

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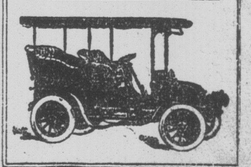

ISSUE NO. 19—04.