PRETORIA TEN YEARS HENCE.

A Prediction That the Boers Will Make Good Loyal British Subjects.

Mr. Poulteney Bigelow, the well known American writer, in an article upon Pretoria, says:

In my mind's eye I have a vision of Pretoria ten years hence. It will be a city where all Afrikanders unite under the Union Jack to do for that country what Canadians are doing at Ottawa, and Yankees at Washington. Even in the year of the Jameson raid, 1896, Boers and British mixed socially at the Pretoria club, and, while there was much divergence of opinion on many matters, there was unanimity enough on certain vital questions to give me considerable confidence in a bright future for the united white races. Boer, Briton, Yankee and German—there were plenty of these even in that year who were heartily sick of Krugerism, much as they honored the old man for his past services. Men of affairs, men who had money to invest, men who desired to grow up with the country—all men with progressive minds were displeased with the pretext put forth by the Krugerites for keeping the country in a backward state. The modern Boer appreciates the necessity for liberal legislation quite as much as any Afrikander, and when England shall have demonstrated beyond question that she not only can conquer all obstacles in South Africa, but means to remain the paramount power in that region, it is my belief, the best portion of the Boers will throw in their lot cheerfully with the British flag as loyal as are the French of Montreal, or the Chinese of Wei-Hai-Wei.

A REALLY SICK MAN.

SUFFERED TERRIBLE AGONY DUE TO KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLE.

Medicines Apparently Had No Effect, Until at the Solicitation of a Friend He Used Dr. William.' Pink Pills and Was Cured.

From the Mail, Granby, Que.

Mr. Albert Fisher, accountant at Payne's cigar factory, Granby, Que., is known to almost every resident of the town, and is held in the highest esteem by all who know him. In conversation with the editor of the Mail recently, something was said concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, when Mr. Fisher remarked that he had found these pills a very valuable medicine. It was suggested that he should make his experience known, and to this he readily consented, handing to the Mail the following letter for publication:—

Granby, March 16th, 1900.

In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the many which have seen in print. For some months I suffered most severely from pains up and down my back. It was thought these were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause, they kept me in terrible agony. The pains were not confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result, I could get little rest; my appetite was much impaired, and I was really a sick man. I tried many different remedies, without effect, and which disgusted me with medicine. A friend suggested that I try Dr. Williams Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded, for I had given up the use of medicine, as nothing had helped me, but as he insisted, I finally concluded to give them a trial. I purchased one box, and was astonished to find that before it was entirely used, I was quite a bit relieved, and after using six more, was fully restored to my former good health. I take great pleasure in recommending this valuable remedy, that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer the tortures that I did.

Yours sincerely,
ALBERT FISHER.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co, Brockville, Ont.

BETS OFF!

An amusing telephone story is told of a certain lady named Brown. One morning recently she proceeded from breakfast table to the telephone in the hall to order some things from her butcher.

Hallo! said Mrs. Brown. Are you Bafy's the butcher?

Yes.

Well, this is Mrs. Brown's residence. Will you please send me a large, thick steak by 12 o'clock?

The boy employed in the butcher's shop happened to answer the telephone, and promptly responded;

Well, you just bet your sweet life I will!

Do you know, sir, to whom you are speaking?

Sure I do, said the boy. You're Jenny, Mrs. Brown's cook.

You are mistaken, young man. You are speaking with Mrs. Brown herself.

Is that so? replied the boy. Then in that case, madam, we'll call the bet off!

Co-operative factories in Great Britain last year made profits aggregating over £200,000 on a capital of £2,100,000.

EPILEPTIC FITS.
LIEBIG'S FIT CURE
Will cure Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus Dance and Falling Sickness. A TRIAL BOTTLE sent FREE of ALL CHARGE to any sufferer sending us their name and address and mentioning this paper.
Address The LIEBIG CO. 179 King St. W., Toronto.

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

"I wish," she said, hurriedly, "that he could be got rid of without being hurt—that he could be carried away into some far-off land. He is so young that he would forget all about his home—and it is really not his; it never ought to be his. Better that Lancewood were razed to the ground than fall into the hands of a child of a strolling player. Gerald," she continued, calling him for the first time by his Christian name, "it could not be very wrong. He has no right to Lancewood, the child of a strolling player, a tradesman's grandchild, the lowest, poorest blood of France in his veins—he has no right to Lancewood. Heaven hears me and knows that I speak truly," she added. "If his mother were a lady, if he had in him one spark of the true Neslie spirit, I should be pleased, proud, happy, but he has none. He will grow up what he is now—false, cunning, cruel, tyrannical, and if his mother trains him dissipated. What will Lancewood be in such hands? If he could but be got rid of," she cried with wild passion—"if he could but be taken away, brought up far away from here, without knowing his name or his parentage—if it could but be, I would give my life to see it done!"

He looked at the beautiful flushed face lighted up with passion and pride. He drew nearer to her and whispered low, a sudden, sweet guilty joy shooting through his veins and setting his very heart on fire.

"Suppose," he said, "that some one did this—some one who would always be kind to him, who would provide him with the best of education, the most careful training, the means of earning his livelihood in all honor and honesty,—what would you do for such a man? What would you give him?"

"My whole life," she replied, quickly. Such a man would be a benefactor to the whole race of Neslies. He would do what I cannot do—preserve its honor unsullied."

Gerald paused for a minute.

"If," he said, "some one did this for your sake,—mind, for your sake alone—what would you give him? Any reward he might ask?"

"Yes," she replied, little dreaming what shape that reward would take. "I would give him anything he asked."

For the first time Gerald touched her hand; on one finger shone a gold ring with a large beautiful pearl in the center.

"Give me this," he said "as a proof that you mean what you say."

She took the ring from her finger and placed it on one of his.

"Miss Neslie," he said, "look into my face and tell me—think over your answer—do you really mean what you have just said?"

"I do, I do!" she cried, "It is the only way of saving Lancewood. I cannot see it all clear just yet; my brain is bewildered—all that I have seen and heard has driven me mad. I seem to have lost my self-control, to have lost the power of thought, to have forgotten much that I ought to remember; only that is clear to me. If he could be taken away in that fashion, Lady Neslie would have to leave, and Lancewood would be saved."

She passed her hand over her eyes as she spoke, and her expression of bewildered dismay struck him.

"How you love Lancewood!" he said, almost bitterly. It seemed to him so strange this morbid love of a home.

"It is the love of my life-time," she replied.

"You will remember?" he said, pointing to the ring on his finger.

"I never forget," she replied, speaking like one just roused from a dream.

"Miss Neslie, I am going to London to-morrow," said Gerald in an altered voice,—he had seen "miladi" draw near again. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"To London!" she repeated, in surprise. "I thought you meant—"

"I am going to London," he said, "I shall leave here by the early train and in all probability I may be away for a week or ten days. Ah—her ladyship sees me! I will tell her now."

Lady Neslie had caught sight of him as he stood by the old sun-dial. He left Vivien then, and went over to her.

"I was just telling Miss Neslie that I wish very much to go to London to-morrow morning," he said, "and, if I have your ladyship's permission, to remain there for a week or ten days."

Lady Neslie was in one of her most gracious moods.

"Certainly," she replied. "Lancewood will miss you, Mr. Dorman. There will not be a letter written or an account attended to until your return. I hope it is nothing unpleasant that takes you away from us?"

"Miladi" was beginning to understand his value. It was something in these days, when her time was so fully occupied in an unceasing round of dissipation, to have one on whose honesty, truth, and integrity she could implicitly rely. No matter how careless she was, the accounts were always right. When she was irritated, Lady Neslie spoke of his leaving the Abbey, but "miladi" had the sense to know the value of a good, faithful dependent. So she was very gracious to Gerald. She asked him to spend the evening in the drawing-room. For reasons of his own, he consented, while Vivien, as the darkening night fell around her, lay with her face on the ground, crying—

"If it be wrong, oh, may I be pardoned! It is my only hope!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"It is all nonsense," said Lady Valerie; "all servants are alike—they love a sensation. The child is right enough."

"It is just possible," remarked her companion, the Comte de Callaoux "that he may have strayed somewhere in the park."

"He has not strayed," she said impatiently. "It is only the nurse's idleness. Just because she did not find him where she had left him, she has to come to the conclusion that he is lost. People do not steal children in these days."

"You are not a very anxious mother," observed the count, with a smile. "You will not break your heart about your child."

"You are mistaken," said "miladi." "That child represents Lancewood, and I value him accordingly. Setting aside all love, I would not lose him for the world; in losing him I should lose this grand old house and a large part of my income. I hope nothing will ever happen to him."

This conversation took place between "miladi" and the count five days after Gerald Dorman had left the Abbey to go to London. The morning was warm and sultry, "miladi," with the daintiest of lace shawls and the most coquettish of hats, had gone out because it was cooler sitting under the shade of the cedar than being in-doors. The Comte de Calloux had hastened to join her—his intended journey to Paris had been deferred, and he had availed himself of Valerie's presence under the cedar to renew his suit. While he was talking, making love after the most approved fashion, the nurse, Mrs. Corby, had come with a pale, scared face, to tell "miladi," that she could not find Sir Oswald. Lady Neslie was indignant at the fact of her very pleasant tete-a-tete being disturbed, also annoyed at what she deemed a sensation about nothing.

"Go and look for him," she said; and the woman who stood greatly in fear of her mistress's anger, hastened away.

Half an hour passed—"miladi" had forgotten the absurd little incident. She was listening to some of the sweetest and prettiest compliments she had ever heard—really the count had a genius for saying pleasant things—when the nurse came again, her face looking white and even more scared.

"My lady," she said, "I am very sorry, but indeed I am frightened—I cannot find Sir Oswald."

"Where did you leave him?" asked Valerie emphatically.

"He did no lessons this morning; your ladyship said that it was too warm, and that I was to take him out."

"I know!" was the impatient interruption. "Where did you take him?"

"We went through the Hyde woods as far as the river Ringe."

"Well?" said Valerie, for the woman stopped and began to sob.

"Then," she continued, "Sir Oswald turned cross; he said that he would fish, and that I must go back to fetch his fishing-tackle."

"Miladi's" brilliant face grew pale.

"Surely," she said, "you never were so foolish, so mad, as to leave the child alone on the brink of the river?"

"My lady, he kicked me, he screamed, he bit my hands—he was so violent that I did not dare to refuse him. He sat down on the fallen branch of one of the trees, and promised me not to stir. My lady, when I went back with the fishing-tackle, he was not there."

With a long, low cry, Lady Neslie sprang from her seat.

"Call all the servants in the house together," she said, "and let them begin to search at once. Do not lose a moment!" she cried, wildly.

"It would be wiser to have the river dragged," said the count.

Valerie looked at him with dazed eyes.

"Dragged!" she repeated. "Do you not know that the Ringe is a swift, deep stream, and that it flows into the sea? I remember—oh, heaven, how well I remember!—Sir Arthur told me of a girl—a fair-haired girl—who drowned herself in the river, and her body was found many miles away on the southern shore."

"Do not agitate yourself; the boy may have strolled into the woods—he may have chased butterflies, or followed a bird. It does not follow that he must have fallen into the river because he was left on the bank. That nurse of yours deserves to be reproved."

"Fetch Miss Neslie," she said to one of the servants who had just approached—"send to Hydewell—let the keepers scour the woods. Oh, my boy, my boy, I have lost Lancewood if I have lost you!" and then she rose up and hastened toward the house.

The little motherly feeling that she possessed was all called into action. In a few minutes she stood in Vivien's room, panting, pale, and scared.

"Vivien," she cried, "my boy is lost! He has fallen into the river I am sure!"

There was genuine surprise in Vivien's face as she listened. Lady Neslie repeated the nurse's story.

"I have told him so often," she said, "that the river was dangerous—that he must not go near it. Oh, Vivien, what shall I do?"

There was genuine distress in Miss Neslie's face, real pain.

"I am very sorry," she said, gently—"but we will not waste time in talking. Let us send people out at once."

And, while the hot August sun beat down with merciless heat and power, a whole crowd of servants and laborers searched the grounds, the gardens, the woods—but there was no trace of the little heir.

Hour after hour passed, and no tidings were heard of him. Lady Neslie suffered keenly. Despite all her frivolity, her greed, her worldliness, she loved the child after a fashion of her own. Vivien too was grieved. It was one thing to wish the boy out of the way, because of the evil he had brought on to the place, it was another to find that he was probably drowned in the swift, clear river.

Noon and afternoon passed; the heat grew less intense, a purple light seemed to fall over the trees. Then came news of the little Oswald—sad, terrible news. Some miles down the river, where the current was swift and strong, where it ran straight into the sea, they had found the child's hat and cape—they had evidently been in the water for some time, and the ebbing tide had washed them on to the bank. Further down they found the little whip which he had held in his hands.

"He is drowned, sure enough," said the count, when these articles were brought to the house.

The unhappy mother fell into a fit of violent hysterics.

"If I have lost him, I have lost Lancewood!" she cried; and Vivien, standing by, with pity shining in her clear eyes, said—

"I would give all that Lancewood holds to have him alive again." And she meant what she said.

For some few days they preserved a vain semblance of hope; the men continued their search, advertisements were inserted in all the newspapers, large rewards were offered. It was all in vain; every one came to the same conclusion—that the young heir had been drowned in the river, and that his body had been carried by the swift current out to sea.

"Could he have been stolen?" asked "miladi," with a slight glimmer of hope.

She was told that it was unlikely, that the whole county had been scoured, and that it was well known that neither gypsies nor tramps had been seen near Hyde woods or Hydewell.

All hope was gone. Her ladyship went into deepest mourning; the nursery was closed; the head-nurse, under whose charge the child had been at the time he was lost, was dismissed with all possible ignominy; a marble tablet was placed in Hydewell church; all the newspapers had a paragraph telling how suddenly and unhappily the little heir of Lancewood had come to his end, and that the estate reverted to Sir Arthur's daughter, Miss Neslie.

Gerald Dorman was still detained in London; he wrote from time to time, expressing his regret at what had happened, and asking her ladyship's indulgence because of his delay.

Then the lawyer, Mr. Greston, appeared again on the scene. Once more Vivien Neslie was heiress of Lancewood.

"Believe me," she said, with tears in her eyes, "I would far rather never have had it than that the boy's death should have given it to me."

"We cannot choose," observed Mr. Greston; "we must accept whatever Providence sends. I am sorry for the child—sorry, after a fashion, for his mother; but I am pleased that Lancewood is in good hands again. The whole estate and family too would have gone to ruin had the child lived. Now I suppose her ladyship, with her train of French visitors, will go?"

"I suppose so," said Vivien, thoughtfully. "Yet I am so sorry for her that, if I thought she would care to do so, I should be almost tempted to ask her to remain."

To be Continued.

GERMANY'S COSTLY NAVY.

Rich Harvest Reaped by the Two Builders of the Kaiser.

The armor of the new German battleships is to consist of nickel steel-plate, the total cost being estimated at £13,000,000. The whole of it is to be furnished by two firms of Krupp and Stumm, whose net profits is estimated at $8,350.00.

Some members of Parliament suggested that the Government should establish works of their own or invite competition. The Government's delegate replied that this was impossible now, owing to the enormous cost of setting up such establishments.

With reference to Mr. Goschen's statement that England built her ships 20 per cent cheaper than other countries, which means that Germany is now spending £12,400,000 more than England would do for the same number of ships, the Government's delegate said that in England shipbuilding yards were well equipped, materials and coal were cheaper and there was sharper competition among builders.

Great Cures Brought About

By the Use of the Famous Prescription of the Venerable Dr. A. W. Chase.

Here are reported three cases in which Dr. Chase's family remedies proved a blessing of incalculable worth. There are thousands of others just as remarkable, for Dr. Chase, through his recipe book and home medicines, is the consulting physician in the majority of homes in Canada and the United States.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

Mr. Joseph Geroux, 22 Metcalf St., Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I was nervous, had headache and brain fag. I was restless at night and could not sleep. My appetite was poor, and I suffered from nervous dyspepsia. Little business cares worried and irritated me. After having used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for about two months, I can frankly say that I feel like a new man.

"My appetite is good, I rest and sleep well, and this treatment has strengthened me wonderfully. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Pills are certainly the best I ever used, and I say so because I want to give full credit where it is due."

KIDNEY DISEASE.

Mr. James Simpson, Newcomb Mills, Northumberland County, Ont., writes:—"This is to certify that I was sick in bed the most of the time for three years with kidney disease. I took several boxes of pills—different kinds—and a great many other kinds of patent medicines; besides that I was under treatment by four different doctors during the time and not able to work. I began to take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and since that time have been working every day although a man nearly 70 years of age. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured me."

ECZEMA ON BABY.

Mrs. A. McKnight, Kirkwall, Wellington County, Ont., writes:—"I feel it my duty to let you know what Dr. Chase's Ointment has done in a very bad case of eczema on our baby. We had tried any number of cures without any permanent relief, but from the hour we commenced using Dr. Chase's Ointment there was great relief and the improvement continued until there was complete cure. We think it the greatest of family ointments."

Dr. A. W. Chase's portrait and signature are on every box of his genuine remedies. Sold everywhere, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

SOMETHING QUITE NEW—
SALADA
CEYLON GREEN TEA
Same flavor as Japan, only more delicious.

GREAT FAMINES OF INDIA.

Twenty-Seven Millions of People Swept Away by Starvation in a Hundred Years.

Some statistics from Indian Government reports give an idea of the tremendous loss of life that has taken place from starvation since the date when Great Britain established her rule in India; and of the enormous sums of money expended in relief works without, as yet, providing any safeguard against the recurring calamity.

In the year 1770 Bengal was visited by a famine. The crop of 1769 being a total failure, it is computed that within nine months out of a population of 30,000,000, one-third, or 10,000,000, perished from starvation and disease. In order to obtain food, parents sold their children into slavery until no buyers could be found. For a time thousands subsisted upon leaves of trees and grass until even that source of nourishment failing, the living actually fed upon the bodies of the dead. As if fate were determined to revel in irony, it is recorded that while the rainy season of 1770 brought an abundant harvest, in the meantime millions of starving wretches crawled despairingly from one deserted village to another in a vain search for food,

DYING IN MULTITUDES

through inability to live through the few weeks that separated them from their harvest.

The effects of this famine were felt for two generations. The children and young people having almost succumbed, there was no rising generation to till the field. So jungles grew up where there had once been flourishing farms and villages, and tigers and elephants multiplied to such an extent that the population lay at the mercy of the beasts.

In 1837 the Northwest Provinces were ravaged by a famine of which it is recorded that in two cities the inhabitants died at the rate of 1,200 a day, and in the rural districts human beings perished by villages.

By the three great families of 1860, 1866, and 1869 in the Northwest Provinces, Orissa and Rajputana, three millions of people are said to have been swept away, in the 1866 the famished wretches again resorted to cannibalism.

Bengal was again visited by a famine in 1873, when 3,900,000 people received daily relief at a cost to the Government of $32,500,000, and to private charity of $1,140,000. On this occasion the previous opening up of the country by roads and railways, as well as the relief efforts, were successful in holding the grim scourge at bay, so that few actually perished.

From 1876 to 1878 the provinces of Bombay, Madras and Mysore were swept by famine and pestilence that almost equalled the disaster of a century before. At a cost to the Government of $35,000,000, 1,500,000 people were temporarily relieved; but that this sufficed little is demonstrated by the fact that in one district of 2,129,000 people, 570,000 are supposed to have perished.

From the subsequent epidemic of cholera, the deaths were returned at 357,000 for Madras, 58,000 for Mysore and 57,000 for Bombay. In all, during this period, the Famine Commissioners reported that in the provinces under British administration out of a population of 190,000,000, 5,250,000 deaths took place in excess of what might have been looked for during the same period in ordinary seasons.

IN THE YEAR 1897

famine once more raised its head in the northwest provinces, threatening a population of 80,000,000. By October, 1897, the total cost of relief had reached $50,000,000; but yet many hundreds of thousands perished. The disaster was quickly followed by the plague, which had a death roll in the Province of Bombay of 100,000; to be in turn succeeded by the present famine.

It is computed that from the year 1770 until 1879, India has been visited in different parts by no less than thirty-one famines, with a loss to human life directly and indirectly of 27,000,000. A glance at the map of India will show the enormous extent of territory subject to these visitations. With the exception of the strip of coast beneath the mountains from Bombay to Cape Cormorin, the greater part of the provinces of Assam and Burmah, together with the deltaic districts at the head of the Bay of Bengal, the rest of the peninsula is liable to drought and consequent famine, with 40,000,000 people at all times on the verge of starvation.

In spite of the vast sums expended upon irrigation works, and the general development of the country under British auspices, the hopelessness of the situation was expressed by an eminent Anglo-Indian authority, who said that no compensating influences can prevent these recurring periods of continuous drought with which large provinces of India are afflicted. Waterworks on a scale adequate to guarantee the whole of India from drought not only exceed the possibilities of fiance, but are beyond the reach of engineering skill.

WHEN PAYING CALLS.

One who is unaccustomed to making formal calls should keep in mind the point of leaving, and when the call is ended rise quickly and easily, shake hands with her hostess, making some pleasant, friendly remark as she does so, and go directly out. Naturalness is the most potent charm in any one—man or woman. To stand at the door of the drawing room and gossip after one has risen to depart, keeping the hostess standing and uneasy, while her other guests impatiently wait for a few words before bringing their visits to a close, is not only selfish, but the height of ill-breading. Noncompliance with accepted customs may be forgiven in a genius or a great hero but an ordinary mortal must mind his "p's and q's" in this as in all other things connected with social usages.

FEW COOKS IN ENGLAND.

The Wide Wide World is Suffering From a Dearth of Housemaids.

The servant problem is, without doubt, an engaging one in London. There is hardly a town or country in England from which complaints on the subject have not been recently received. In addition, householders with experience abroad, in the colonies, India, China, Japan and America have contributed information.

Many objections are raised at the idea of importing Indian or Chinese servants on account of their code of morals and their peculiar views on sanitation. On the other hand, there are many who, knowing the silent Tamil or the catlike Cantonese, would welcome him in England with open arms.

Numerous letters have come from writers on domestic service, giving reasons for the scarcity. On one point there is unanimity—restriction of liberty.

Not enough consideration in the matter of personal comfort is also assigned by the servants themselves as the reason. If some of the descriptions of sleeping rooms given are not grossly exaggerated, certain British matrons have ample scope for reform.

"At afternoon tea the visitors chief topic is servants' failings. The mistresses, of course, are perfect!"

The sarcasm comes from a parlor-maid.

Lumbago
is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is
Dodd's Kidney Pills

THEIR USE.

Little Enoch—Paw, what are fools good for, anyhow?"

Farmer Flintrock—To teach us the results of blowin' into unloaded shotguns, buyin' gold bricks, guzzlin' patent medicines, lightin' the fire with coal-oil, goin' up in balloons, skatin' on thin ice, tryin' to beat other people at their own games, indorsin' our friends' notes, thinkin' we know it all, flirtin' with grass-widows, and so on and so forth, my son!

Man in Distress.

A whole family suffering. A dull aching of nerve or muscle, or the acuter pangs of neuralgia, toothache, or lumbago, makes life a misery. But Nerviline—nerve pain cure—will relieve all these. Nerviline is powerful, penetrating, and effectual.

POISONING A YOUNG MIND.

What is a bargain, pa?

A bargain, Freddy, is any shop-worn thing we don't need that your mother feels compelled to buy because it's cheap.

A FINE FELLOW

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. See signature on each bottle of Polson & Co. Get "Putnam's."

VALUABLE FOR RESEMBLANCE.

You have a fine collection of literary portraits, Miss Myrtilla.

Yes, aren't they lovely? Every last one of them looks like somebody I know.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea is always uniform and always the best. Try it

ALWAYS A WINNER.....
LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA has the reputation of being the most regular in quality.
Lead Packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c

Ready for Painting?

Well, a good start is half the pleasure. a poor paint will not give a good start, whether it is a cheap paint or a dear paint.

RAMSAY'S PAINTS

are not cheap paints, and they are not dear paints. They are high grade house paints at a reasonable price, made to wear, to look a little better than the best. Ask your dealer.

A. Ramsay & Son, MONTREAL. Est'd 1842. Paint Makers.

APPREHENSIVE.

What is the cause of your antipathy to foreigners? asked the knowledge seeker.

Well, answered the Chinaman, we're afraid pretty soon we'll be having trolley cars, and then we'll be told to step lively, and then we'll have scandals in our city councils, and altogether we feel as if we were taking terrible chances.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot, two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.

FINANCIAL TOMMY.

Ma—Tommy, you seem to love pa better than you do me.

Tommy—Oh, ma, I don't mean to, but, y' see, pa allus has his pockets full o' cents.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

ALL HE MAY EXPECT.

So, there, said Mrs. Henpeck, concluding her remarks, A word to the wise is sufficient.

Yes, my dear, replied Henpeck, and to the average married man a word in edgewise is sufficient.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D 1886.

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