to the accomplishment of a certain un-dertaking! Practically his mission

He was puzzled for a moment.

"You think that you could never care for it enough," he suggested;

"yet you have scarcely had time to judge it fairly. London in the spring is gay enough, and the life at some of our country houses is very different to what it was a few years ago. Society is so much more tolerant and broader."

"It is scarcely a question," she said, "It is scarcely a question," she said,
"of my lkes or dislikes. Next to Parls,
I prefer London in the spring to any
city in Europe, and a week I spent
at Radnett was very delightful. But,
nevertheless, I could never live here.
It is not my destiny!"
The old curiosity was strong upon
him. Radnett was the home of the
Duchess of Radnett and Ilchester,
who had the reputation of being the
most exclusive hostess in Europe! He
was b wildered.

was b wildered.

most exclusive hostess in Entrope: The was bwildered.

"I would give a great deal," he said earnestly, "to know what you believe that destiny to be."

"We are bordering upon the forbidden subject," she reminded him, with a look which was almost reproachful. "You must please believe me when I tell you, that for me things have already been arranged otherwise. Come, I want you to tell me all about this country into which we are going. You must remember that to me it is all new!"

He suffered her to lead the conversation into other channels, with

the suffered her to lead the conversation into other channels, with a vague feeling of disquiet. The mystery which hung around the girl bird her uncle seemed only to grow denser as his desire to penetrate it rew. At present, at any rate, he as baffled. He dared ask no more

questions.

The train glided into l'eterborough station before either of them were well aware that they had entered in earnest upon the journey. Wolfenden looked out of the window with amaze-

"Why, we are nearly half way here!" he exclaimed. "How wretched!"

She smiled, and took up a magazine. Wolfenden's servant came respectfully to the window. "Can I get you anything, my lord?"

wolfenden shook his head, and open-g the door, stepped out on to the piatiorm. "Nothing, thanks, Selby," he said. "You had better get yourself some linch. We don't get to Deringham un-

til four o'clock."
The man raised his hat and turned

The man raised his nat and turned away, in a moment, however, he was back again.

"You will pardon my mentioning it, my lord," he said, "but the young lady's maid has been travelling in my carriage, and a nice fidget she's been in all the way. She's been muttering to herself in French, and she seems terribly frightened about something or other. The moment the train stopped here, she rushed off to the telegraph office."

She seems a little excitable," Wolf-

"She seems a little excitable," Wollenden remarked. "All right, Selby,
you'd better hurry up and get what
you want to eat."
"Certainly, my lord; and perhaps
your lordship knows that there is a
flower-stall in the corner there."
Wollenden nodded and hurried off.
He returned to the carriage just as He returned to the carriage just as He returned to the carriage just as the train was moving off, with a handful of fresh, wet violets, whose perfume seemed instantly to fill the compartment. The girl held out her hands with a little exclamation of pleasure. "What a delightful travelling companion you are," she declared. "I think these English violets are the sweetest

in the world." She held them up to her lips. Wolf-ender was looking at a paper bag in

'May I inquire what that is?" he asked. "Buns!" she answered. "You must not think that because I am a girl

I am never hungry. It is two o'clock, and I am positively famished. I sent my maid for them."

He smiled, and sweeping away the

bundles of rugs and coats, produced the luncheon basket which he had se-cured at King's Cross, and opening it,

Alike by Their Wonderful Cures.

the most painful and the most dread-ful fatal diseases to which man is

takable and the evidence goes to prove that no treatment has ever been so successful as a cure for dis-

Kidney-Liver Pills. Pains, aches, or

painful or scalding urination, puffi-

ness under the eyes and emaclation are the indications of kidney dis-

Mrs. Pursley, 130 Lippincott street, Toronto, says: "I may say that Dr. Chase's Receipt Book has been the consulting physician in our house for

years, as I have always been able to control any sickness amongst our children by using the receipts given in its pages. For the past few years

in its pages. For the past few years I have suffered much with my kid-

neys, accompanied with severe pains in the back, almost unbearable at times. After using Dr. Chase's Kid-mey-Liver Pills for a time I am en-strely restored to health, the pains in my back have left and I feel bet-

in my back have left and I feel bet-tag in every respect. It is a plea-Co., Terente.

It's Not Like Dr. Chase

His Great Receipt Book Die Not Disappoint, and Dr. Chase's

Kidney-Liver Pills Have Astonished Physicians and People

Derangements of the kidneys cause the most painful and the most dread-ful fatal diseases to which man is subject. The symptoms are unmissubject. The symptoms are unmissubject and the evidence goes to prove that no treatment has ever been so successful as a cure for discusse of the kidneys as Dr. Chase's remedies."

James Clark, Consecon, Prince Edward County, Ont., states: "Eleven years ago I was taken with pains in my back, settling in my hips and extending up my spine. The pain was very severe, and at times almost under the pain was not weakness of the back deposits like the most dread-incomplete the most dread-incomplete the most painful and the most dread-incomplete the most painful and the most dread-incomplete the most painful and the most dread-incomplete the subject. The symptoms are unmissible that the subject that t

To Disappoint People.

"No, I could never live in this country," she said, "even if my liking for it grew. It would be impossible!"

He was puzzled for a moment.
"You think that you could never are for it enough," he suggested; "yet you have scarcely had time to judge it fairly. London in the spring is gay enough, and the life at some of our country houses is very different to what it was a few rears ago. past, she distinctly avoided the future. Once, when he had made a deliberate effort to gain some knowledge as to her earl'er surroundings, the reproved him with a silence so marked that he hastened to talk of something else.

"Your maid," he said, "is greatly distressed about something. She sent a telegram off at Peterborough. I hope that your uncle will not make himself unpleasant because of my travelling with you."

"Your maid," he said, "is greatly distressed about something. She sent a telegram off at Peterborough. I hope that your uncle will not make himself and your account," he assured her.

"It is only on your account," he assured her.

"Then you need not look serious at all, "she continued. "I am not under my uncle's jurisdiction. In fact, I am quite an independent person."

"I am deligited to hear it," he said heart'ly. "I should im gine that Mr. S. bi'n would not be at all a pleasant person to be on had terms with."

She smiled thoughtfully.

"There are a good many people," she said, "who would agree with you. There are a great many people in the world who have come to regret having offended him. Let us talk of some thing else. I believe that I can see the sea!"

They were indeed at Cromer. He found a carriange for her, and collected her absolute indol-nce in the midst of the bustle of arrival. She was evidently unused to doing the slightest of the bustle of arrival. She was evidently unused to doing the slightest thing for herself. He took the address which she gave to him, and repeated to the sea she which she gave to him, and repeated to the sea himself and singly appearance; a continued of him and the world of discouragement or disbellef in the startling facts which him then, listening daily to the mews of his progress, andcareful never lously awaiting it. His wife instinct the hear of is remained with him then, listening daily to the news of his progress, andcareful never lously awaiting it. His wife in the startling facts which him then, listening daily to the news of his progress, andcareful never lously awaiting it his the hear of his course, sating with him then, listening daily to

"It is only on your account, assured her.

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"I am del'girted to hear it," he said beart'ly. "I should im gine that Mr. Sub'n would not be at all a pleasant person to be on bad terms with."

the sea!"

They were indeed at Cromer. He found a carriage for her, and collected her belongings. He was almost amused at her absolute indol-nee in the midst of the bustle of arrival. She was evidently unused to doing the slightest thing for herself. He took the address which she gave to him, and repeated it to the driver. Then he asked the question which had been trembling many times upon his lips.

"May I tome and see you?"
She had evidently been considering

She had evidently been considering

She had evidently been considering the matter, for she answered him at once and deliberately.

"I should like you to," she said:
"but if for any reason it did not suit my uncle to have you come, it would not be pleasant for either of us. He is going to play golf on the Deringham links. You will be certain to see him there, and you must be guided by his manner towards you." "And if he is still—as he was in Lon-

st this be good-bye, then?" he sked, earnestly.
She looked at him with a faint color in her cheeks, and a softer light in her proud, clear eyes. "Well," she said, "good-bye would be

the last word which could be spoken between us. But, n'importe, we shall She flashed a suddenly brilliant smile upon him, and leaned back amongst the cushions. The carriage drove off, and Wolfenden, humming pleasantly to himself, stepped into the dog-cart which was marting for him.

CHAPTER XIII. A Great Work.

The Countess of Deringham might be excused for considering herself the most unfortunate woman in England. In a single week she had passed from the position of one of the most brilliant leaders of English society to be the keeper of a recluse, whose sanity Admiral the Earl of Deringham, had Admiral the Earl of Deringham, had been a man of iron herve and constitu-tion, with a splendid reputation, and undoubtedly a fine seaman. The horror of a single day had broken up his life. He had been the awe-stricken witness of a great naval catastrophe, in which many of his oldest friends and com-putous had cone to the bottom of the many of his oldest friends and com-panions had gone to the bottom of the sen before his eyes, together with nearly a thousand British seamen. The responsibility for the disaster lay chiefly with those who had perished in it, yet some small share of the blame cured at King's Cross, and opening it, spread out the contents.

"For two!" she exclaimed, "and what a delightful looking salad! Where on earth did that come from?"

"Oh, I am no magiclan," he exclaimed. "I ordered the basket at King's Cross, after I had seen you. I et me spread the cloth here. My dressingcase will make a cani'al table."

They picknicked together gally. It it, yet some small share of the blame was fastened upon the onlookers, and he himself, as admiral in command, had not altogether escaped. From the moment when they led him down from the bridge of his flagship, grey and fainting, he had been a changed man. He had never recovered from the shock. He retired from active service at once, under a singular and marvelously persistent delusion. Briefly, he it, yet some small share of the blame was fastened upon the onlookers, and he himself, as admiral in command, had not altogether escaped. From the moment when they led him down from the bridge of his flagship, grey and fainting, he had been a changed man. He had never recovered from the shock. He retired from active service at once under a singular and marvel.

endurable, and many days I was not able to do an hour's work. Though I had consulted many first-class phy-

sicians and tried several advertised medicines, I could get no relief. "At this time my father-in-law told me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and said he knew they would

ure me. I secured one box and great was my surprise when I began to feel better after using only one box. I continued their use until I had taken

about four boxes, which made me a sound man."
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will

not elisappoint you. They act directly and specifically on the liver, kidneys and bowels, regulating them and invigorating them to perfect action. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates &

amining his chest, so I drew Richardson on one side.
"Is this true, Richardson? I asked. The man shook his head,
""No arms."

believed, or professed to believe, that half the British fleet had perished, and that the country was at the mercy of the first great l'ower who cared to send her warships up the Thames. It was a question whether he was really insane; or any ordinary topic his views were the views of a rational man, but the task which he proceeded to set himself was so absorbing that any other subject seemed scarcely to ed. The man shook his head,
"'No, your ladyship,' he said bluntly; 't ain't; there's no two men
been here at all! The master
dragged the chest out himself; I
heard him doing it, and I saw the
light, so I left my box, and stepped into the room to see what was
wrong. Directly he saw me he yelled out and let fly at me with his
revolver! It's a wonder I'm alive,
for one of the bullets grazed my
temple!' to set himself was so absorbing this any other subject seemed scarcely to come within the horizon of his comprehension. He imagined himself selected by no less a person than the Secretary for War, to devote the rest of his life

for one of the bullets grazed my temple!"

"Then he went on to say that he would like to leave, that no wages were good enough to be shot at, and plainly hinted that he thought your father ought to be locked up. I talked him over, and then got the Admiral to go back to bed. We had the place searched as a matter of form, but of course there was no sign of anybody. He had imagined the whole thing. It is a mercy that he did not kill Richardson!"

"This is very serious," Wolfenden was to prove by figures, plans and naval details (unknown to the general public), the complete helplessuess of the Empire. He bought a yacht and commenced a series of short cruises, lasting over two years, during the whole of which time his wife was his whole of which time his wife was his faithful and constant companion. They visited in turn each one of the fortified ports of the country, winding up with a general inspection of every battleship and cruiser within British waters. Then, with huge piles of amassed information before him, he settled down in Norfolk to the framing of his report, still under the impression that the whole country was anxlously awaiting it. His wife remained

"This is very serious," Wolfenden d gravely. "What about his resaid gravely.

"I managed to secure that," the Countess said. "It is locked up in my drawer, but I am afraid that he may ask for it at any moment."
"We can make that all right," Wolfenden said; "I know where there are some blank cartridges in the gun-room, and I will reload the revolver with them. By the by, what does Blatherwick say about all this?"
"He is almost as worried as I am, poor little man," Lady Derligham

"He is almost as worried as I am, poor little man," Lady Deringham said. "I am afraid every day that he will give it up and leave. We are paying him five hundred a year, but it must be miserable work for him. It is really most amusing, though, to see how terrified he is at your father. He positively shakes when he speaks to him,"

"What does he have to do?" Wolfenden asked.

"Oh, draw maps and make calcu-

'Oh, draw maps and make calculations and copy all sorts of things. You see it is wasted and purposeless You see it is wasted and purposeless work, that is what makes it so hard for the poor man."
"You are quite sure, I suppose,"
Wolfenden asked, after a noment's hesitation, "that it is all wasted

work."
"Absolutely," the Countess de-clared. "Mr. Blatherwick brings me, sometimes in despair, sheets upon which he has been engaged for days.

which he has been engaged for days. They are all just a hopeless tangle of figures and wild calculations! Nobody could possibly make anything coherent out of them."

"I wonder," Wolfenden suggested, thoughtfully, "whether it would be a good idea to get Denvers, the Secretary, to write and ask him not to go on with the work for the present. He could easily make some excuse—say that it was attracting attention which they desired to avoid, or something of that sort! Denvers is a good fellow, and he and the admiral were great friends once, weren't they?"

The Countess shook her head. of dignified and kindly appearance; a handsome man still, save that the fire of his blue eyes was quenched, and the firm lines of his commanding mouth had become tremulous. Wolfenden, on his arrival, was met in the hall by his mother, who carried him off at once to have tea in her own room. As the test a low active prosite to her be once to have team her own room.

In took a low chair opposite to her he was conscious at once of a distinct sense of self-reproach. Although still a liandsome woman, the Countess of Deringham was only the wreck of her former brilliant self. Wolfenden, know-team to her like words he under its

former brilliant self. Wolfenden, knowing what her life must be, under its altered chromstances, could scarcely wonder at it. The black hair was still only faintly streaked with grey, and her figure was as slim and upright as ever. But there were lines on her forehead and about her eyes, her cheeks were thinner, and even her hands were wasted. He looked at her in silent pity, and although a man of singularly undemonstrative habits, he took her hand in his and pressed it gently. Then he set himself to talk as cheerfully as possible.

gently. Then he set himself to talk as cheerfully as possible.

"There is nothing much wrong physically with the Admiral, I hope?" he said, calling him by the name they still always gave him. "I saw him at the window as I came round. By the by, what is that extraordinary looking affair like a sentry-box doing there?"" The countess sighed.

"That is part of what I have to tell you," she said. "A sentry-box is exactly what it is, and if you had looked inside you would have seen Dunn or. Heggs there keeping guard. In health

he and the admiral were great friends once, weren't they?"

The Countess shook her head.

"I am afraid that would not do at all," she sald. "Besides, out of pure good nature, of course, Denvers has already encouraged him. Only last week he wrote him a friendly letter, hoping that he was getting on, and telling him how interested every one in the War Office was to hear about his work. He has known about it all the time, you see. Then, would break down altogether."

"Of course, there is that to be feared," Wolfenden admitted. "I too, if the occupation were taken from your father, I am afraid he wonder what put this new delusion into his head? Does he suspect anyone in particular?"

The Countess shook her head.

"I do not think so; of course it was Miss Merton who started it. He quite believes that she took coples of all the work she did here, but he was so pleased with himself at the idea of having found her out that he has troubled very little about itt. He seems to think that she had not reached the most important part of his work, and he is copying that himself now by hand." your father seems as well as ever; mentally, I am afraid that he is worse. I fear that he is getting very had indeed. That is why I have sent for you, Wolf!"

Wolfenden was seriously and genuis copying that himself now hand."

"But outside the house, has he no suspicions at all?"
"Not that I know of; not any definite suspicion. He was talking last night of Duchesne, the great spy and adventurer, in a rambling sort of way. 'Duchesne would be the man to get hold of my work if he knew of it,' he kept on saying. 'But none must know of it! The newspapers must be quiet It is a terrible danger! He talked like that for some time. No. I do not think that he suspects anybody. It is more a general uneasiness." "But outside the house, has he

inely concerned. Surely his mother had had enough to bear.

"I am very sorry," he said. "Your letter prepared me a little for this; you must tell me all about it."

"He has suddenly become the victim," the countess said, "of a new and most extraordinary delusion. How it came to pass I cannot exactly tell, but this is what happened. He has a bed, you know, made up in an anteroom, leading from the library, and he sleeps there generally. Early this morning the whole house was awakened by the sound of two revolver shots. I hurried down in my dressing gown, and found some of the servants already outside the library door, which was locked and barred on the inside.

was locked and barred on the inside

Send for Morton and Philip Dunn

he cried. 'Let the shrubbery and all the Home Park be searched. Let no one pass out of either of the gates.

one pass out of either of the gaves. There have been thieves here!

"I gave his orders to Morton. 'Where is Richardson?' I asked. Richardson was supposed to have been watching outside. Before he could answer Richardson came in through the window. His forehead was bleeding, as though from a blow.

'What has happened. Richardson?' sked. The man hesitated, and look

'I woke up five minutes ago,' he

I asked. The man hesitated, and look ed at your father. Your father an

"I woke up five minutes ago,' he cried, 'and found two men here. How they got past Richardson I don't know, but they were in the room, and they had dragged my chest out there, and had forced a crowbar through the lock! I was just in time; I hit one man in the arm, and he fired back. Then they botted right past Richardson. They mut have nearly knocked you down. You must have been asleep, you idlot," he cried; "or you could have stopped them!"

"I turned to Richardson; he did

"I turned to Richardson; he did not say a word, but he looked at me meaningly. The Admiral was ex-

inely concerned. Surely his mother had

"Foor old chap!" Wolfenden sald softly. "What does Dr. Whitlett think of him? Has he seen him lately? I wonder if there is any chance of his getting over it?" of his getting over it?"

"None at all," she answered. "Dr. Whitlett is quite frank. He will never recover what he has lost—he will probably lose more. But come, there is the dressing bell. You will see him for yourself at dinner. see him for yourself at dinner. Whatever you do, don't be late—he hates anyone to be a minute behind time."

was locked and barred on the inside. When he heard my voce he let me in. The room was in partial darkness and some disorder. He had a smoking revolver in his hand, and was muttering to himself so fast that I could not understand a word he said. The chest that holds all his maps and papers had been dragged into the middle of the room, and the iron staple had been twisted, as though with a heavy blow. I saw that the lamy was flickering and a current of air was in the room, and when I looked towards the window I found that the shutters were open and one of the sashes had been lifted. All at once he became coherent. The Tempting of Mr. Blatherwick. The Tempting of Mr. Blatherwick.
Wolfenden was careful to reach
the hall before the dinner gong was
sounded. His father greeted him
warmly, and Wolfenden was surpirsed to see so little outward
change in him. He was carefully
dressed, well groomed in every respect, and he wore a delicate orchid
in his button-hole.

During dinner he discussed the little
round of London life and its various

round of London life and its various social events with perfect sanity, and permitted himself his usual good-natured grumble at Wolfenden for his dilatoriness in the choice of a profes-

He did not once refer to the subject of his own weakness until descert had been served, when he passed the claret to Wolfenden without filling his own

glass.
"You will excuse my not joining you," he said to his son, "but I have still three or four hours' writing to do, and such work as mine requires a very clear head—you can understand that, I dare say."

(To be continued.)

The Times asks if the large amount of American securities that has been returned to the United States signifies mere change of in-

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INDIA TEA AND

GREEN OR BLACK

Because of their PURITY and CLEANLINESS British grown teas are becoming more popular every day. Don't drink impure and doctored Japan or China tea any longer. Insist that your grocer furnish you with the delicious, palate-pleasing teas of

CEYLON AND INDIA

************************ WANTED:

A RECIPE FOR REFINEMENT.

A FABLE BY GEO. ADE.

A Gangling Youth who was old enough to get out and rustle for a Salary remained at Home becaust his Mo har set such a Good Table and knew how to wait on him. There was no necessity of his Buckling Down so long as both his Parents had their Health, so he spent mort of his time thuking about his Complexion.

He was a Humid Young Man, with no Vickous Traits, and he wore there tall Side-Board Collars and let his Hair float down over his Temples, the same as a Trick Bicycle Rider.

This young man was very anxious to be Refined, he had been told that one who seeks to Share Out a Girlich he work have and

one who seeks to Share Out a Girl with Money in her own name and get her to think about him until she is Feverish must be there with the

get Ber to think about him althi sie is Feverish must be there with the Refinement.

When the Daughter of the Steam Baker married (h. Plano Tuner there had been a good deal of Knocking to the Effect that she had picked a Doad One, but the Matchi was finally adjusted on the Grounds that, although he was a Crab as to Business Get-up-and-Get and a Blacksmith with a Piano, he Graded Up middling strong on account of his Refinement. The Young Man who wanted to be Refined had read the Short Stories in the Evening Papers, and he had noticed that invariably it was the Refined Kid with a Name something like Llewellyn or Sutcliffe who has the Girl to Rights. When the Storyends with a Bump down toward the tail-end of the Column, the Refined Lover has Celeste doing the Cling and Smiling through her Tears, which is no easy trick, if you stop to Think about it. Then one or the other whispers "Forever," and the Reading Matter runs into a Paid Notice of a Spavin Cure.

The Young Man knew that if he could get himself well dosed with Refinement he would be all the Eggs and a guaranteed Lady-Killer. And

and a guaranteed Lady-Killer. And the was sure that it would not take long to soak up a lot of Refinement after he got the Hang of it.

He knew a Girl who went away to a Normal S hool just as Common as an Old Shoe and she came back in Nine Weeks so Refined that it in Nine Weeks so kelined that the Hurt her at Times. Also he had a Friend with Burnsides who had been in the Plug Class until he attended a Veterinary College for one Term, and then he came Home with a Raglan Overcoat and a Yellow Muffler, and he was so Refined that Everyone spoke about it. The Other Felows with Ordinary Sleeves in their

one spoke about it. The Other Fellows, with Ordinary Sleeves in their Coats and no Symptoms of Refinement, were not One-Two-Seven.

Unfortunately, the Young Man who yearned for Refinement and heard so much about it, was unable to decide what kind of Treatment he would have to take in. He surmised that he would have to let his Cuffs show and carry a Tooth-Brush and always take hold of a Lady's Arm when escorting her, but he had no ways take hold of a Ladys Arm
when escorting her, but he had no
Doubt there were other Points to be
observed. In the Spirit of Inquiry
he went out asking Questions.
The Answers did not seem to Jibe.
A Heavy Swell, who had met stacks
of Period Peeple on Trains and

of Refined People on Trains Steamboats, told the Young Man that a Chap could not be set down as thoroughly Refined unless he em-ployed Cheap Foreign Labor to ployed Cheap Foreign Labor to put the Dress Studs in his Shirt, and had the Moral Courage to wear Clothes made on the other Side.

This Answer did not clear up any thing, so the Young Man went to a Hiotel which was said to be a Hang-Out for refined Folks because the cheapest Room was Six per Day.

"I suppose the Best People stop here?" said the Young Man to the

here?" said the Young Man to the Head Clerk.

"If they have the Momey we don't dare to turn them away," was the Reply of the Head Clerk.

"A Man in your Exalted Position rubs up against plenty of refined People," suggested the Young Man. "Now tell me, what are the Outward Evidences of True Refinement?"

The Head Clerk meditated before giving Answer and then spoke as follows—"I have noticed that all who are Refined on the Level want the Best in the House, kick hard and long for Private Baths and always have their Meals served in the Room."

Room."

But this Expert Testimony did not bring any Light to the puzzled Seeker, so he spoke to ome of the Chambermaids. She said that Refinement meant going to see at least ome Frohman Troupe every Season, wearing French Heels and not having nothing to do with no Travelling. Man from St. Louis.

"Those are the Requirements in your Case," said the Young Man, gently. "But what would you advise me to do?"

"You will have to Hoe your own Row," said the Chambermaid "It's all I can do to keep myself Refined."

It having become evident that there were several Brands of Refinement, the Young Man decided to continue his investigations, hoping that he might find two Witnesses who would Get Together on the Definition.

A Minstrel Man standing in front of the Hotel said that in order to be Refined, one should wear a blue plush Spike-Tail and sing something about a Death-Bed. He knew he was right, because he had heiped to give many Refined Performances. But this Expert Testimony did

a Death-Bed. He knew he was right, because he had helped to give many Refined Performances.

A Gentleman who followed the Ponies said that a party to be Refined ought to be able to throw open on a Salmon-Colored Vest, keep his Shoes shined and never bring out his Rubber Pouch of Fine-Cut while conversing with a lady.

A Traveller from the Far East said that Correct Pronunciation was the vestment by English holders or selling out of capital to meet current

Final Test of Refinement, although it would Help Some to carry a Green Bag and wear a Plaid Shawl and put on an Intense Look whenever the Concord School of Philosophy was mentioned.

A Representative Stockman who

tioned.

A Representative Stockman who had brought to Market some Yearlings opined that any one who clipped his Beard every spring and Fall and fought his way into a White Shirt on Sunday Merning was Refined enough for all Practical Purposes.

A Young Woman with a Red Jacket said that she never considered a Girl Friend truly Refined until she could

said that she never considered a Girl Friend truly Refined until she could play "Narcissus" on the Piano and been to a Course of Lectures and was using Wax on her Envelopes.

Another Woman, with a Hunted Look, said that Refinement depended on reading all the Late Books before they were dry from the Bindery. It kept her on the Jump, but she had got away with the whole Catalogue from "Alice of Old Vincennes" to "Father Goose." She was expecting to get some kind of a.

expecting to get some kind of a Medal for being Refined.

A regular Hickey driving a Plumber's Wagon pulled up long enough to say that a Young Fellow to be Good and Refined ought to get a Close Shave before going to a Ball, and was expected to Buy for his Calico before leading her back to Calico before leading her back to her Seat.

A Delegate on his way home from

a Reformers' Convention seemed to think that the Essentials of Refinement were White String Ties, hot from the Laundry, and smiling so as to show the teeth. A haggard Man with rumpled Hair

gave an entirely new Definition. He said that Relinement meant to go to a Piano Recital or a Symphony Concert and Cry all over the seats. By this time the Young Man who was out to locate the Relinery, had a very confused Notion of what he was trying to Run Down. While he was wondering where he could go to get some more Pointers, he chanced a paper and read a ed to pick up a Paper and read a Top-Lofty Editorial made in London, which said there was no Such Thing as Refinement in the West-ern Hemisphere, except at the Lunch Stations on the Canadlas; Pecific, where the British Tourists dropped off to get Tea and Biscuit.

So he had to pass up the Quest.
Moral.—The word Refinement no
Longer has any Meaning except as
Referring to Sugar and Linseed Oil.

IN THE HANDS

Smith Falls Chief Constable ? Arrests an Enemy.

Peace After a Hard Fight-Robert J., McGowan Captures and Forever Ends the Career of the Only Foe He Ever Feared.

Smith's Falls, Ont., Feb. 4.—(Special)—Robert J. McGowan, the popular chief of police, has been for a long time annoyed and seriously handicapped in the performance of his duties by rheumatism and gout. A friend suggested Dodd's Kidney. Pills as a remedy. He tried them and was cured. To-day he is well as ever. He has given the following for Smith's Falls, Ont.

Gentlemen,—I was recommended to take Dodd's Kidney Pills for rheumatism and gout, from which I was a great sufferer. The pills seemed just to fit my case.

I had been under the eminent

to fit my case.

I had been under the care of two eminent and skilled medical practitioners, and I have tried no end of patent medicines, but the first relief came with the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

I certainly recommend them to all who suffer as I used to from rheumatism or gout. I am now perfectly well.

If it will be of any service to you, you are at liberty to use my name

If it will be of any service to you, you are at liberty to use my name and testimonial.

ROBERT J. M'GOWAN,
Chief of Police.

Mr. McGowan's popularity will make the above story one of interest to many people in his neighborhood and the Province generally. What he has done anyone may do with the same means—Dodd's Kidsney Pills. They never fall.

Four Generations

As daughter, sister, wife and mother, Alexandra has fulfilled all the duties of her position conscientiously; but in no other relation of life does she shine with more radiance than as a grandmother. There are numerous pictures showing her with Prince Edpictures showing her with Prince Edward of York or one of the other children or her son George in her lap. A photograph somewhat rare in this country shows Alexandra with her little granddaughter, Lady Alexandra. Duff, daughter of the Duchess of Fife. This picture gives the four generations in the maternal line. The Queen, of Demorsh is setted in an armolair. of Denmark is scated in an armchair, holding upon her knee little Lady Alexandra, her fair head partly covered by a large white cambric sunbonnet. Behind the chair stands the then Princess of Wales, with one hand on her mother's shoulder. The Duchess of Fife, now Princess Royal, stands beside her mother, supporting her hands on the chair in which the Queen of Denmark is seated. This is a good picture of a clannish family group, of Denmark is seated in an armchair,

The Mexicans now buy nearly or quite \$1,500 000 worth of sewing machines annually.