A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont.)

"Yes," he replied, still looking at the neat carpet, so seldom profaned by the steps of men, "if only I could be sure you were happy here, that no harm would come to you." He paused and sighed, his heart was riven asunder by the two duties, one calling him abroad, one bidding him stay with Jessie. While away from her it had seemed comparatively easy to leave her, but now, in her presence and touched by the added sorrow he felt rather than saw in the child's thin face, it seemed impossible. "If you could say that you didn't much care—that you could make yourself happy for this year until you could come out to me—whatever we may wish—they refuse their consent to your marriage till you are eighteen."

"I should think so," she interrupted, a faint rose tingeing her transparent face. "It is no use to fret. You have to go to India, I have to stay here. After all, you may as well be in India as at Plymouth or Aldershot. You can't very well live at Miss Blushford's, you see. And I can't very well live in barracks. Miss Blushford says it will improve my style to write to you by every mail. And you will be able to describe your tiger hunts and—oh! all the wonderful things you will do and see——"

Jessie's eyes were full of tears though she was laughing, her voice broke into a little sob; but Philip's heart grew light as he listened, grateful to her for taking it so easily and sparing him the lamentations that would have made things so much worse. Yet he wondered that she was so slightly constituted and could take things so lightly.

"I am glad at least to be able to see you settled at Miss Blushford's" he said; "she is a kind old woman and must of course be prim in her position, and that will be all the better, it would be impossible to place you in safer hands. Shall you like it, Jessie?"

It was a crime even to look out of the window in that house, while to say one hated anything was shocking and unladylike; she wondered if prisons could be more cramping; but it was better than living altogether with Cousin Jane, her only alternative.

"I shall do very well here," she replied; "but you don't know what it is to be a girl and be taken care of. If I were but a boy and could knock about as I liked!"

"You little rebel!" he exclaimed. "A precious pickle you would be as a boy; you would want a thrashing a day at least."

Before he left England, and resigned Jessie to the temporary care of her other guardians, they went together to the graves of their father and mother, which Jessie had made pleasant with flowers and greenery. As he stood there, Philip thought of all that they had done for him. But for Matthew Meade's beautiful charity to an orphaned child-waif, what might his lot have been? A workhouse boy, a nameless, homeless unit in that mass of shipwrecked humanity, untaught and unloved, what chance of even a decent life would have been his?

He was glad now that he had chosen the lowly home at Stillbrooke rather than Marwell; what would the more brilliant-seeming life have profited him if he had remained a comparative stranger to those two kind hearts, now stilled forever?

Yet he must now be a nameless, kinless man; his last forlorn hope that he might discover his own origin in looking through Mr. Meade's papers was gone. He decided once for all to think no more of his dubious origin, from the knowledge of which, in spite of his efforts to learn it, he shrank, fearing dishonor. He felt that he ought to know, but since he had failed to find out from Matthew Meade, he would remain henceforth ignorant. But for the Medways, the secret would have died with Mr. Meade. Something more than pride or fear restrained him from consulting Sir Arthur Medway, who would probably conclude that Matthew Meade had told him all there was to know on his coming to man's estate. And, after all, if there were any profit in knowing, they would surely have told him before.

All who had cared for him and his orphan sister lay there beneath the turf; he must carve out a place in life of his own.

"My loss was greater than yours, Jessie," he said, after a long silence; "I owed them more."

"Yes," she replied, looking up from her flowers with a faint smile. "And I often thought they cared most for you. Especially father. They were so proud of you."

"And I such a beast," he thought.

Then he asked Jessie to renew the death-bed promise, and they clasped hands solemnly over the graves, and he put a ring on her finger.

"Oh! Philip," she exclaimed, when they turned to leave the spot, "it is an opal ring."

"Don't you like opals?" he asked. "I thought you did; that is why I chose them."

"Ah! but they bad luck!"

"Foolish child," he said, tenderly, his heart going out to her in a rush of pitying love, "how can a true-love gift be unlucky?"

They sat alone together in Mrs. Plummer's house till late that night, counting the minutes. Next morning they drove together to Cleeve station whence Philip started for Dover, on his way to India.

Jessie stood on the platform by the carriage-door with him till the last moment; every tick of the station clock seemed to beat some life out of their throbbing hearts; they held each other's hands, and when the last bell clanged and their hands were forced apart, the jangling strokes crashed on the two bruised young hearts. The engine panted away, Philip looked back till the bend of the road swallowed him up and he could no longer see Jessie, and the yearning gaze of each was met by vacancy.

Then Cousin Jane, who had been standing at a bookstall showering tears upon the monthly magazines, came bustling forward and bid Jessie make haste home to Miss Blushford's.

"He'll write from Dover to-night," she said, "and that you'll hev to-morrow. Then at Calais he's to write, and at Paris. Dear, dear, what expense he'll be at with postage to be sure. Look up, Jessie, look up, 'tisn't many of our sort can be engaged to a fine young officer like Philip."

Jessie did not heed, she saw nothing but Philip's vanishing face; it seemed as if her life had been violently wrenched from its place.

As for Philip, he felt that all that was most vital in him was left behind with Jessie, while he rushed on aimlessly into a blank, homeless void.

Yet one thought throbbed glowingly in his breast; this agony of yearning, this tenacious clinging of the heart, meant nothing less than love. He was quite sure now he should love her and no other to the end of his life.

CHAPTER VIII.

In retrospect this year of Jessie Meade's life seemed five. She shot up several inches in height and her mental and moral growth kept pace with the physical. The utter destruction of her early associations, the loss of home, the sudden and repeated irruption of death, gave her the emotional experience of years. The sorrow of her triple bereaval—for she was bereft, if only for a time, of Philip—was too great, she cared not think of it. Occupation was her great panacea. She had always done her school-tasks easily if unwillingly, she now manifested a hunger for knowledge, a hunger that Miss Blushford was unable to appease by the genteel fringes of knowledge and the flimsy "accomplishments" which composed her school bill of fare. Happily Cleeve boasted of a fair public library to which Mr. Cheeseman was a subscriber, and in that library, which was little troubled by the corn-dealer himself, Jessie pastured at will.

She had never dreamed that the universe was so wide, so wonderful, so teeming with interest—life seemed worth living in spite of the shadows darkening it. One happy day she lighted on the "Fairy Queene;" then she discovered Chaucer; Shakespeare, duly Bowdlerized, had been presented to her in driblets in the school course, and was now commended to her in seven expurgated, calf-bound, musty volumes by Miss Blushford, who was in blissful ignorance of Chaucer's infinitely direr need of a Bowdler.

Miss Blushford had been too much edified at finding her pupil anything more solid than a story-book, to look for rocks ahead in books that bore the respectable word History on their backs; the ologies and onomies inspired her with confidence; it was not until the sad day when she found Jessie poring over a large volume inscribed with the alarming name of Byron, that she awoke to the duty of tasting the child's mental food. Byron, carefully shrouded in brown paper, lest respectable citizens should be scandalized by seeing him borne openly through their streets, was promptly returned to the dusty shelf on which he had long mouldered by Miss Blushford's own correct hands, and the works of Cowper were given to Jessie in compensation; she was further bidden to devote more time to her "accomplishments," and in particular to paint a group of flowers on velvet, and do some wool-work for the sofa.

Poor Miss Blushford! The evening following the procession of Byron to his dusty seclusion was not a happy one for her.

The girls were gone to bed, the assistant teacher was spending an evening out, and she was alone with her parlor boarder, who was apparently taking the opportunity of improving her mind by instructive conversation. Miss Blushford had conversed with fluent urbanity about an hour in reply to Jessie's timid questions on history, literature, science, and art, under the impression that she was filling her listener's mind from her own superabundant stores of knowledge, when all of a sudden it flashed upon her that she was playing the part, not of philosophe to disciple, but of pupil to examiner. Miss Blushford quickly turned the conversation to lighter themes, and Jessie stitched thoughtfully at the abhorred wool-work, wondering if Miss Blushford's colossal ignorance were normal in schoolmistresses.

Miss Blushford was a good woman and loved Jessie, who loved her in return. She was about fifty, upright, thin, exact, self-denying, timid and rigid. What intellect she ever possessed had been worn away in mill-horse drudgery and petty anxieties, what little knowledge she ever acquired frittered away in constant mechanical repetition to her pupils. Her school had a good reputation, it was select. Jessie had with great difficulty and much heart-searching been admitted to it; it was expensive and yet Miss Blushford was poor. And she had nothing put by for old age or sickness. She was a lonely woman, yet she had many to support.

In most families there is one helpless member dependent on the rest, it was so with the Blushfords; one daughter was imbecile, Miss Blushford supported her in a private house. One male Blushford had failed in business and passed his prime in hunting for odd jobs, looking for commissions, and hovering on the verge of bankruptcy, whence Miss Blushford perpetually plucked him; she educated his nine children and set them out in life. Her father's second family she also educated and set out in life, and supported her stepmother till her death. No wonder Miss Blushford was poor. Her elder brothers were men of substance, it is true, but they had families whom they could not rob. Her sister "kept her carriage," and was ashamed to own poor Bessie, but no help was forthcoming from her; it was preposterous to suppose that her husband would rob his children to support his wife's relations! So Bessie, upon whose youth one golden beam of romance had fallen, renounced the husband and children and carriage that she might have had, and drudged on, in most prosaic, unrecognized heroism, to maintain the helpless members, winning little but the contempt of all in return.

"I wonder what poor Bessie will do now?" the family said, when anybody came to grief.

But Jessie knew of Miss Blushford only that she was ignorant, narrow, so she chafed against her yoke, as her own nature expanded. After the Byron episode, Miss Blushford began telling her pupil that it was unfeminine as well as unladylike to read much; it was particularly unladylike to have strong feelings; more unladylike still to wish to be independent and work for bread (which Jessie began to hint she should like to do).

"May I never do anything because I like it? Must I only do what men like me to do?" Jessie asked.

"Certainly, my dear," Miss Blushford replied, with her little didactic air; "it is unfeminine to have strong likings. Gentlemen always know what is truly feminine and ladylike. Sweetness, submission, unselfishness are the chief qualities required of females. Mr. Philip Randal justly observed in his last epistle to me: 'I wish Miss Meade to read less and give more time to strictly feminine pursuits,' such as needle-work, dancing, housekeeping, and accomplishments"—such was Miss Blushford's translation of Philip's request that Jessie should not be made to learn too much. "Gentlemen dislike blue-stockings. Ladies of superior attainments should always endeavor to conceal them, lest they should be deemed unfeminine."

"I suppose, Miss Blushford!" said Jessie, "that it matters nothing what women think, the great point is what people think of them."

"Quite so, my love."

"Their conduct should be entirely ruled by public opinion?" continued Jessie, with a curious glitter of her eyes.

"In everything, my sweet girl," returned Miss Blushford, pleased at signs of grace in her charge.

After this Jessie read with more ardor, but less candor. She did not hesitate to deceive Miss Blushford by false covers to her books, most of which she kept in a hiding-place she had discovered under the roof-tiles opening from her bedroom. Here also she kept a store of smuggled candles and matches, which she used to light her studies after her candle had been removed from her room. Was it not lawful to conceal things from children? Jessie argued; why, then, should a grown-up baby like Miss Blushford, however amiable, know all that she did?

Her pupils came little in contact with Jessie, and when they did, regarded her with no sense of fellowship. As a parlor-boarder and grown up young lady, they looked up to her, while the fact of her being engaged, and especially engaged to a fine young officer, invested her with all the glamour of romance. A letter from Philip created a flutter of pleasant excitement in the house; unlike the pupils' letters, it was inviolate; Miss Blushford actually dared not open it. The letters came fast and thick at first, Philip dotted them all along his route, whenever he found a post-office. "My own Jessie—My precious child—My darling," they began, and were all heart-break and tenderness, but slightly relieved with sketches of travel as far as Calcutta, where they settled down into "Dearest Jessie," and so continued at that affectionate level.

Jessie's letters were of necessity fewer, since she could not dot them along Philip's route; they too were at first tender and full of heart-break, but resigned and meek; they lacked the stormy revolt of Philip's; gradually the tenderness and heart-break faded out of them, and the letters on both sides became chronicles of what befell each, mingled with requests on Jessie's part and good advice by way of answer from Philip. Almost immediately after he started for India, the news of the Meerut and Delhi outbreaks thundered through England, to be followed by still more tragic tidings throughout the summer and autumn.

As each tragic episode in the drama of the Mutiny unfolded itself and was read in England with all the exaggerations of fear, mystery, pity, and indignation, a sort of madness seized upon the people, to whom the knowledge that Christian women and children of their own race were slaughtered and tortured by that inferior and subject heathen race to had been accustomed to hold so cheaply, was a horror beyond endurance. War, which to other nations means invasion and the suffering, if not the slaying, of women and children, the breaking up of homes, with famine, fire and pestilence, has a milder face for inviolate England, whose soldiers alone taste its immediate horrors. All the prejudices and antipathies of religion, race, and caste were stung into fierce vitality by the suffering and degradation of helpless English in India, whose countrymen at home were powerless to succor them. A wave of passionate vindictiveness swept over men's hearts, an unsuspected trait in the national character was brought to light. Not only in Idia, where their position was so desperate, but at home, where people were maddened by their impotence, there were loud cries for vengeance—vengeance alone in its naked ferocity. Pious clergymen, peaceful laymen, gentle, kindly people, did not hesitate to say that no reprisals could be too severe for those monsters of iniquity, and much that was only said with impotent passion in England was done with steadier vindictiveness in India.

It was a ghastly satire on our boasted progress and civilization; it might have been still more ghastly but for a few brave and noble men, who turned a deaf ear to popular clamor and public obloquy, and did justly, and loved mercy even in that awful tempest.

Jessie, in the conventual seclusion of her school, where newspapers were rare, heard little of these things; she did not realize the awfulness of the crisis; she had grown accustomed to war in the Crimean days, and feared comparatively little for Philip even when she knew him to be in the thick of the fighting. Had he not already tried the fortune of war?

But in those rare occasions when she mingled with the outside world, she was horror-struck at the way in which people talked of "those black devils," and one or two passionate expressions in Philip's letters made her shiver and hope they were but momentary ebullitions, caused by righteous indignation at the first hearing of such cruelties as will forever throw a mournful horror upon the word Cawnpore. She did not inquire too closely into Indian details; she dared not let her thoughts dwell upon Philip's danger, any more than upon her parents' death; she deliberately lulled the emotional side of her nature to sleep, by continuous strenuous mental occupation. Instinct told her that madness lay in feeling

(To be Continued.)

A SPRING MESSAGE.

To All Who Are Weak, Easily Tired and out of Sorts.

Spring should be the most joyous season of the year. It is the harbinger of sunshine, and birds and flowers; it breathes of freedom and out-of-door life. But unfortunately there are thousands who cannot enter into the spirit of the season. Close confinement during the long winter months has left them weak, dispirited and oppressed; the appetite is fickle; the blood is sluggish with impurities; the eyes lack the lustre of health; weariness and lassitude have taken the place of vigorous energy. What is needed at this season by such people is a health-renewing, blood-making tonic—something that will send new, rich red blood coursing through the veins, bring brightness to the eye, a healthy appetite, and a clear skin free from pimples and eruptions.

In all the world there is nothing can do this so effectively and so thoroughly as Dr. Williams Pink Pills. Every dose creates new blood, strengthens the nerves, and up-builds the whole body. Here is a bit of strong proof, given by Mr. John Burke, of Elmsdale, P. E. I., who says:—"I was left an almost hopeless wreck by an attack of pneumonia, my nerves were almost paralyzed and though under the care of an excellent doctor I found I was not regaining my health. My wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have reason to be thankful I took her advice. for under this treatment my system has been built up and I am again well and strong."

If you were at all unwell give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and see how speedily they will restore you to health and strength; but you must get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FRETFUL CHILDREN.

If children are cross, or fretful, or sleepless, in ninety-nine times out of a hundred the reason can be traced to some little trouble of the stomach or bowels. Remove the cause and the little one will be bright, good-natured, and will sleep soundly and naturally. There is just one always absolutely safe medicine for little ones—Baby's Own Tablets. In homes where this medicine is used there are no sickly, cross, crying children. The Tablets will cure all the minor ills of little ones, and will do it safely and speedily—there is no doubt about this. Give the Tablets a single trial and you will be as enthusiastic about them as other mothers are. As for instance, Mrs. David Duffield, Ponsonby, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets saved my baby's life. They are a wonderful medicine for children and I gladly recommend them to other mothers."

Your children will take this medicine as readily as candy, and it is guaranteed free from harmful drugs. Sold by all druggists or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"You don't mean to say he has paid you in advance for the full course of singing lessons?" said the first vocal instructor. "Yes," replied the other gleefully, "because of a lucky misunderstanding. I said to him: 'You doubtless know our first lesson begins with "do."' He immediately apologized and produced the dough."

Most people think too lightly of a cough. It is a serious matter and needs prompt attention. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

when the first sign of a cough or cold appears. It will cure you easily and quickly then—later it will be harder to cure.

Prices, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. 311

15—04

FOR NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

BIRDS AND ANIMALS WORK CURES ON HUMANS.

Parrot in an Imbecile Ward—The Dog in Lieu of a Doctor.

Dr. Cook, Commissioner of Lunacy recently recommended the placing of a parrot in the Imbecile Ward of the Redruth Workhouse Infirmary, and the other day the master of the workhouse informed the guardians that one had been given him for that purpose.

The idea is beginning to prevail amongst medical men that the chatter of these birds exercises a peculiarly beneficial effect in cases of nervous breakdown, and not a few wealthy patients are trying the new "cure"—if cure it can be called.

Amongst them is Mr. Russell Sage, the New York multi-millionaire, who has purchased a magnificent red-and-green talking specimen, which he has had hung up in a cage in his library. The bird was both recommended and chosen by the family physician, Dr. Munn. It cost five hundred dollars and its master declares that it has already done him five million dollars' worth of good.

There can be no reasonable doubt that men must originally have learnt from animals how to treat such injuries as cuts and bruises, and to this day the Australian aborigine, when wounded, seeks the services of his dog in lieu of a doctor, lying perfectly still several times a day for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time, while the faithful brute industriously licks the hurt clean of all foreign substances. The motion of the tongue has a

MOST SOOTHING EFFECT.

Wherever rattle-snakes abound in countries in which leprosy is also prevalent, the belief is current that the bite of the reptile in question is not only non-injurious to persons infected with that dread complaint, but that it in some way actually acts beneficially. Dr. M. deMoura, a Brazilian scientist, has deemed this belief worthy of careful investigation.

He first of all assured himself by actual observation that the leprous Indians of the Matto Grosso were in the habit of allowing themselves to be bitten periodically by full-grown "rattles," and with results which were, at all events, not unbeneficial. He next caught a number of the reptiles, pressed the poison from the glands, and administered it suncutaneously by means of an ordinary hypodermic syringe to fifteen selected leprous patients.

The results were so far encouraging that the novel treatment is now being systematically pursued, both at the leper asylum at Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands, and at that supported by our own Government at Robben Island, Cape Colony.

The bite of the terrible tarantula spider has long been credited with all sorts of curative and even

MAGICAL POWERS.

In Mexico many natives who are afflicted with paralysis allow themselves to be bitten by it periodically with beneficial results, Dr. Steinzforthe thinks; while in Peru the same drastic remedy is used in cases of verrugia, that bane of the high Andean valleys.

Bee-stings are said to constitute an almost infallible cure for rheumatism; provided, that is, the sufferer has nerve enough to stand a sufficiently large "dose" of the painful "medicine."

The negroes of the Congo basin allow themselves to be bitten by the terrible termites (white ants) when attacked by the dreaded sleeping sickness, and stoutly maintain that the "cure" is certain to be efficacious, if only it is applied in the earlier stages of the malady.

It was reserved for Kruskow, nearly a century ago, that the Siberian peasants, when bitten by a rabid dog or wolf, used to kill the animal at once—whenever possible—and inoculate themselves with its spinal marrow.

The learned Austrian physician only makes mention of the cure to laugh at it. But he admits that the sufferers had a rooted belief in its efficacy in warding off the attack of hydrophobia, which else, they averred, was almost certain to follow. A significant admission this, in the light of what we now know of Pasteur's treatment of the

SAME DREAD DISEASE.

EMPTY NOW.

How One Woman Quit Medicine.

"While a coffee user my stomach troubled me for years" says a lady of Columbus, O., "and I had to take medicine all the time. I had what I thought was the best stomach medicine I could get, had to keep getting it filled all the time at 40 cents a bottle. I did not know what the cause of my trouble was, but just dragged along from day to day suffering and taking medicine all the time.

"About six months ago I quit tea and coffee and began drinking Postum and I have not had my prescription filled since, which is a great surprise to me for it proves that coffee was the cause of all my trouble, although I never suspected it.

"When my friends ask me how I feel since I have been taking Postum I say, 'To tell the truth I don't feel at all only that I get hungry and eat everything I want and lots of it and it never hurts me, and I am happy and well and contented all the time.'

"I could not get my family to drink Postum for a while until I mixed it in a little coffee and kept on reducing the amount of coffee until I got it all Postum. Now they all like it and they never belch it up like coffee.

"We all know that Postum is a sunshine maker. I find it helps one greatly for we do not have to think of aches and pains all the time, and can use our minds for other things." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The one who has to bother with coffee aches and pains is badly handicapped in the race for fame and fortune. Postum is a wonderful rebuilder. There's a reason.

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

RESULT ALL THAT COULD BE ASKED

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED STRAIN CAUSED BY HEAVY LIFTING.

William Sharam Tells of His Precarious Condition, and His Happy Release From It.

Murray Harbor South, P.E.I., April 4.—(Special.)—William Sharam, who keeps a general store here, is one of many hundreds in Prince Edward Island who have been rescued from chronic sickness, and made sound and well by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Sharam, who is always glad to say a word for the remedy that did so much for him, relates his experience as follows:

"I sprained my back with heavy lifting, and the result was urinary and Kidney trouble that left me in a very weak state, and at times I got so weak that I almost fainted, and could scracely hold up.

"After trying several other medicines without relief, I concluded that it was a Kidney Disease I had, and would find the cure in a Kidney remedy, and decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"The result was all that could be asked. I used ten boxes all told, and can now enjoy sweet sleep without being disturbed as heretofore, and my old troubles were banished."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ills from Backache to Bright's Disease.

When a young man is in love he never stops to investigate the girl's cooking.

At Norfolk assizes some of the jury were going to toss to see who could be allowed to leave the court, ultimately the matter was decided without tossing; Mr. Justice Channell said he did not think there would be any illegality in tossing.

The interior Osborne has been changed beyond recognition since the house ceased to be a royal palace. The house will shortly be available for the reception of convalescent officers of both services, but there will be no opening ceremony.

Persons of previously blameless life who suddenly committed an offence that brought them into the custody of the police should be medically examined, said Dr. Waldo, London coroner, in a lecture on "Insanity in its medico-legal aspects."

During his life the King has borne three distinct names. For the first twenty years he was "Albert, Prince of Wales." On his accession his Majesty reverted to a single name, "Edward VII."

Little Bravos.—Old time a quarter-a-box "Purgers" are quitting the field in whole battalions. Dr. Agnew's Little Pills at 10 cents a vial are driving them out at all points. Because they act gently, more effectively, never pain, and are easy to take. Sick Headache succumbs to one dose.—69

"You misjudge me," said the hypocrite, reproachfully. "I admit I am a poor, weak mortal, but lying is not of my failings." "It certainly is not," agreed the hard-headed man. "It is one of your successes."

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 815

LEAP YEAR PREROGATIVES.

How many people are aware of the origin of that special female prerogative belonging to the leap year? By an Act of the Scottish Parliament passed during the reign of Margaret, "every maiden of both high and low degree shall have liberty to speak to the man she likes." And mark this, all ye bachelors of the year 1904: "If he refuse to take her to be his wife he shall be mulct in the sum of $500 or less, as his estate may be, except and always if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman then he shall be free."

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—9

"You don't mean to say you girls have started a secret society?" "Yes, it's a society whose members pledge themselves to tell all the secrets they know."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

Wife:—"James, do you know that you are a very small man?" Husband:—"How ridiculous! I am nearly six feet in height." Wife:—"That makes no difference; whenever I ask you for money to go shopping you are always short."

A Cry for Help. A pain in the back is a cry of the kidneys for help. South American Kidney Cure is the only cure that has ever a failure written against it in cases of Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Inflammation of the bladder, gravel and other kidney ailments. Don't neglect the apparently insignificant "signs" This powerful liquid specific prevents and cures.—70

"Are you aware, sir," said the man in the rear, fiercely, "that your umbrella is poking me in the eye?" "It isn't my umbrella," replied the man just in front, with equal fierceness. "It's a borrowed one, sir!"

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.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public
SEAL

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. 7-4

Irate Female—"Look here, do you mean to tell me that I have got such an ugly-looking nose as that?" Photographer—"But my apparatus cannot lie, madam." Irate Female—"Then, for goodness' sake, go and get one that can."

Ever Felt That Death Would be Welcome?

Mrs. Margaret Smith often did until Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave her new hope and cured her heart and nerves.

"I was for two years a great sufferer from heart trouble and nervousness. At times I was tossing in bed, the pain was so intense that I would have welcomed death with joy. I was attracted by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart by reading of some wonderful cures wrought by it. One dose gave me relief in 30 minutes. After using four bottles I can truly say I never felt better in my life."—Margaret Smith, Brussels, Ont. 23

Dr. Agnew's Pills, 40 doses 10c.

TELEPHONE GIRL.

Herr Baltazzi, a well-known sportsman in Vienna, is being sued for damages by a telephone exchange girl, whom, in the course of a dispute over the telephone, he had, in heated language, accused of not speaking the truth.

READING BY FLYLIGHT.

The lantern fly of Surinam, South America, has two sets of eyes to catch the light from all possible directions. The luminosity which glows from the head is so brilliant that it is easy to read by it.

"Well, boys," said the schoolmaster, as he prepared to take his seat one mild March morning, "I suppose you are all prepared for an early spring?" "Yes, sir," said the small boy who was invariably blamed for everything, "but I want to tell you I didn't put it on your chair." Then the schoolmaster discovered the bent pin and the spring was postponed.

Pale, Weak and Languid Girls

It is to Your Best Interests to Know About the Extraordinary Restorative Powers of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

There are hosts of girls in this city who are in need of just such a medicine as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

By monotonous work in factories, stores or offices they have exhausted their nervous systems, and suffer from nervous, sick headaches, loss of appetite, energy and ambition, and weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to their sex.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food forms new, rich blood, creates new nerve force and actually adds new flesh and weight. When you have read the letter quoted below we believe that you will be satisfied that this is the very treatment you need.

Mrs. E. McLaughlin, 95 Parliament street, Toronto, states:—"My daughter was pale, weak, languid and very nervous. Her appetite was poor and changeable. She could scarcely drag herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstrung. She could not sleep for more than half an hour at a time without starting up and crying out in excitement.

"As she was growing weaker and weaker I became alarmed, and obtained a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for several weeks, and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight, the color returned to her face, and she gradually became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favor of this wonderful treatment, since it has proven such a blessing to my daughter."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 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.

Blue Ribbon Tea is welcome morning noon and night. Are you drinking it?

THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the shareholders of the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the head office of the company in Hamilton on Tuesday, March 1, 1904. The President, Mr. David Dexter, in the chair. The following reports and financial statement were submitted.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Your directors have the honor to present the report and financial statement of the company for the year, which closed on the 31st December, 1903 and duly vouched for by the auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of one thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven applications for insurance, aggregating $2,841,250, of which nineteen hundred and sixteen applications for $2,748,172.50 were accepted.

As in previous years, the income of the company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the company have been increased by $251,572.89, and have now reached $1,893,960.70, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policy holders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to $2,763,960.70, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, $1,711,200, showing a surplus of $1,052,760.70. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to policy holders was $182,760.70.

Policies on seventy lives became claims through death, to the amount of $130,234.62, of which $2,000 was reinsured in other companies.

Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, $41,770.87, with annuities, the total payments to policy holders amounted to $204,018.49.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the company's funds, in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the company's policies, amply secured by reserves. Our investmenes have yielded a very satisfactory rate of interest.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the directors for your approval show an advance of fifteen per cent. in assets.

The assurances carried by the company now amount to $14,945,249.56, upon which the company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

The field officers and agents of the company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful in the company's services.

Your directors regret to report the death of Mr. T. H. Macpherson, the Second Vice-President of the company, and a valued member of the Executive Committee. The vacancy thus caused was filled by the election of the Rev. Dr. Potts.

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company

Gentlemen,—We have carefully audited the books and records of your company for the year ending 31st December last, and have certified to their accuracy.

The cash and journal vouchers have been closely examined, and agree with the entries recorded.

The debentures, bonds, etc., in the possession of the company have been inspected, whilst those deposited with the Government or banks have been verified by certificate, the total agreeing with the amount as shown in the statement of assets.

The accompanying statements, viz., revenue and assets and liabilities, show the result of the year's operations, and, also, the financial position of the company.

Respectfully submitted,
H. S. STEPHENS, CHARLES STIFF, Auditors.

Hamilton, 1st March, 1904.

Financial Statement for 1903.

Premium and annuity income	$497,931 77	
Interest and rents	76,264 63	
		$ 574,196 46
Paid to policy holders	$204,018 49	
All other payments	173,378 68	
Balance	197,799 23	
		$ 574,196 46

Assets, Dec. 31, 1903.

Debentures and bonds	$649,742 20	
Mortgages	639,431 93	
Loans on policies, bonds, stocks, etc.	280,538 85	
All other assets	424,247 99	
		$ 1,893,960 76

Liabilities.

Reserve fund	$1,641,509 38	
Claims awaiting proofs	38,590 00	
Other liabilities	31,190 62	
Surplus on policy holders' account	182,760 70	
		$ 1,893,960 70
Assets	1,993,960 70	
Guarantee capital	870,000 00	
Total security		$ 2,763,960 70
Policies were issued assuring		$ 2,748,172 50
Total insurance in force		$14,945,249 56

The foregoing reports and statement were received and adopted on the motion of President David Dexter, seconded by Vice-President Lieut.-Col. Kerns.

The retiring directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the directors the following officers were re-elected: Mr. David Dexter, President and Managing Director; Lieut.-Col. Kerns and Rev. Dr. Potts, Vice-Presidents.

HANDSOME TALKING MACHINE FREE

Reproduces songs, speaches, band music, &c., loud and clear like a $50.00 Machine; enormous volume, can be used as concerts and entertainments, beautifully silver plated metal amplifying horn, spring motor, speed regulator, half records and all attachments same as on expensive machines, handsome ornamented base. Don't pay from $15 to $25 for a Talking Machine, we retail our Talking Machines at wholesale prices for selling only 30 packages at 10c. a package of MARVEL WASHING BLUE, the great wash blue. Send your name and address, we trust you and send bluing by mail postpaid; we also send Handsome Gold Finished Scarf Pins and Brooches to give away with the Bluing, you can sell it quickly every lady needs Bluing. When sold send us the money, $3.00, and we will send you this handsome Self-playing Talking Machine complete, also one Musical and Song Record My Old Kentucky Home, Laughing Water, Bedlia, Sun Dance, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Carry Me Back to Old Virginia, The Old Oaken Bucket, Hiawatha, Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night? Le O'rin Back to Dixie, Maple Leaf Forever, Home Sweet Home, Way Down Yonder in the Corn Fields etc. Send for the Bluing now and you can have the Handsome Talking Machine in a few days! Remember this Machine is not a Toy but a full size Talking Machine. It is in open for inspection at our offices any time after 9 a.m. We will forfeit $100 to anyone who sends us $3.00 and can prove we did not send the Talking Machine complete. Address at once

THE MARVEL BLUING CO., PREMIUM DEPT. 65 TORONTO, ONT.

"Money," said Uncle Eben, "is what makes de mare go. But sometimes it wants a sensible driver to prevent somebody f'um gittin' throwed hand."

Indigestion, that menace to human happiness, pitiless in its assaults, and no respector of persons, has met a conqueror in South American Nervine. This great stomach and nerve remedy stimulates digestion, tones the nerves, aids circulation, drives out impurities, dispels emaciation, and brings flack the glow of perfect health. Cures hundreds of "chronics" that have baffled physicians.—68

He—But, really, don't you think if it came to a pinch your father would help me out? She (versed in the slang of the day)—If it came to a pinch he might bail you out.

"Yes," said Subbubs, sighing, "the only girl I really cared for I couldn't have." "What," exclaimed Backlotz, "that doesn't sound very complimentary to Mrs. Subbubs." "Oh, she felt as badly about it as I do. You see the girl wanted $5 a week and we can't afford more than $4."

CHEAP ONE WAY RATES TO THE WEST VIA GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Effective daily during March and April, cheap one way Colonist tickets will be issued from all stations in Ontario to all points