A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER IV.

The war cloud had burst in tempest and raged itself to stillness; England breathed freely once more. For two weary years of humiliation and exultation, of indignation and mourning, of sorrow and pride filled the land. There were vacant places at many a pleasant hearth, desolate homes, fatherless children, age bereaved and strong youth hopelessly crippled, but there was peace at last. The sword of England, the army, had been tested and found wanting; the material was excellent, but the organization vile, and what avails a sword of finest temper without a skilled hand to wield it? Yet this splendid sword reaped laurels.

The first swallows came about Stillbrooke Mill bearing this gentle message on their wings. Mrs. Meade shed tears of joy on hearing the news one bright morning, then instantly began to make grand household preparations for Philip's reception. Mr. Meade went out into the garden, where everything seemed to be putting forth its strength and beauty to welcome the returning exile. He went to stick a row of young peas with a slow smile deepening the numerous wrinkles about his mouth, while Jessie flitted about the sunny garden, tangling the sunbeams in her flowing hair, gathering spring flowers and singing patriotic songs in her bird-like voice.

'Phil 'll never know the little maid she's shot up that tall and slim,' he thought.

News did not travel so rapidly then as now; war correspondents then only began to be; papers were fewer, dearer, and less accurate and well-informed than now, rumors from private sources circulated vaguely and inaccurately. It was terrible to the Meades to hear of Alma and then wait in long suspense ignorant of Philip's fate, the more so as Mr. Ingleby's brother fell in that action, and his name was duly reported with so many nameless rank and file of his and of Philip's regiment among the killed. Balaclava and Inkerman brought the same sickening doubt, and the Meades wrote letters which seemed ghastly in the light of that uncertainty to one might be lying dead on those battlefields.

The wound which Philip received at Inkerman, and his subsequent hospital troubles left them longer in doubt; but once satisfied that he was recovering, the winter hardships did not cause them so much anxiety, especially as the the accounts of those hardships were to a certain extent discredited in England and Philip made light of them in his letters, so that by the time the summer came his parents were sufficiently case-hardened to think of other things than the war, and were disposed rather to under-rate the perils and privations of the long siege of Sebastopol.

When the oaks were exchanging their tints of dull crimson, russet, and warm gold for the pure, fresh, pale green of full leafage at the meeting of May and June, the whole people rejoiced in the peace, the country echoed with clashing bells and booming guns; the larger towns blazed at night with such illuminations as the limited resources of those bygone days permitted, and even the sober burgesses of Cleeve filled their windows with candles, lit bonfires and otherwise recklessly comported themselves.

"Matt Meade's doing it handsome" said a portly citizen at shut of eve, on the feast day, as he passed the mill with a companion. "And he came down smartly for the town decorations. He's reckoned a warm man, is Matt, though they do say he's dipped pretty heavy in mines and other speculations."

"Not he. You may warrant Matt Meade knows what he's about," returned Mr. Cheeseman, now an alderman. "You'll have to get up early to catch him asleep. He's warmer than anybody knows. Scrapes and hoards for young scapegrace. 'Tis rough on the girl, but she'll be a catch by and by after all, trust me if she isn't."

Holiday groups crossed and recrossed the bridge, glancing at the illuminated mill as they went; loungers leant on the parapet, where the lamp stanchions were twined with laurel, to criticise Miller Meade's patriotic lamps and candles, and the Chinese lanterns swinging from the trees; amongst these idlers was a fine young man, whose trim moustache, erect carriage, and short, well-brushed hair, stamped him in the eyes of bystanders as a military officer.

"You are gay here to-night," said the stranger, lounger at the end of the parapet, to the man in charge of the horses.

"We be gay, sir," replied the man; "there baint a man on this blessed place to-night, indoors or out, excepting me and Sarah, the serang-ooman, and when I've racked up, there won't be only she left."

"The family gone out to see the sights?"

"Aye, they be all gone up top of down, to see em light the big bonfire Terble fine doings, to be sure! They do say as London itself can't beat Cleeve for lighting up and gineral lyalty. I never see nothen like it afore in all my barn days. And I breckon 'tis nothen but bright now we've done for Wold Nick and put an end to this yer Rooshian job."

"Had you any friends in the East?" the officer asked.

"Well there! there's my master, he'd a got a bwoy there; couldn't do nothen with en at home. But darnee they wild ums never comes to no harm. Then there was my brother Jim, he got hisself knocked on the head at Balaclava, the Roosins pretty soon done for he. A smartish chap a was."

"And the good-for-nothing escaped?" asked the officer.

"When I says good-for-nothing, I don't know as a was a bad un drough and drough," continued the serving-man, "I never had nothen to say agen en. He's coming home to-morrow, hrose to be a officer, they say. I breckon this yer town wun't be gig enough to hold en."

"Conceited?"

"Well, there, 't was like this yer, he was rared above his vittles. He wouldn't bide nowhere. Master bound en to a lawyer. A wouldn't bide long with he. Then a bound to wold Dr. Maule, and darned if a didn't knock the wold chap down one night. Then a goes out in street and knocks the parson down and gets hisself penned up in station. Master he thinks he med so well knock Rooshians down while he's about it, so a sends en off to the war. Misable wild chap! Good night, sir, and thankee."

"Miserable wild chap!" laughed the officer to himself, as he strolled up and down and looked thoughtfully at the homely mill and house so strangely transformed by the festal lights.

He knew so well which way they would come in, not by the front door, but round by the lilac bushes to the kitchen, at the door of which stood Sarah looking up at the rain of rockets in the sky. Swift as a thought he glided round, unobserved by the servant, and then as they approached, stepped tranquilly forth to meet them.

"Sir," exclaimed the miller, stopping short when he saw him with something between defiance and welcome, "what might you be pleased to want?"

"Don't you—don't you know me?" faltered Philip with a hot pain in his eyes.

Jessie gave a little cry of delighted surprise, and Mrs. Meade rushed forward and clasped the stranger in her arms.

"Lord ha mercy!" exclaimed her husband at intervals, "this can't be Philip. Why, bless the boy," he added when his mother and sister had duly welcomed him, "Sir Arthur Medway could not have bred up a finer gentleman than he's made of himself."

There was little sleep at the mill that night, so much had to be related on both sides, but especially on Philip's: the dawn stole in through the parlor window and made the candle-light pale, before anyone of going to bed.

"If you had but been a cavalry-soldier, Philip," Jessie said, "you might have been one of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, like Mr. Medway."

"Aye, and finely cockered up is young, Mr. Medway," said Matthew, "enough to turn any young fellow's head."

"Lucky fellow! to be in that," Philip said. "Jessie, I have brought you a pet and one for father."

Mr. Meade's pet was a Russian poodle, a mass of black wool, with little beady eyes invisible beneath the long fell falling over its face. Jessie's pet was a tiger cat on four legs, with one eye missing, a scarred body, and the worst temper ever known in a cat.

She would have liked Philip to relate his Crimean adventures from morning till night, they never tired her.

Sometimes of an evening in the garden while Mr. Meade smoked, Mrs. Meade and Jessie were busy with their needles, and perhaps a neighbor had dropped in, and Philip was gradually beguiled into Crimean reminiscences, he was startled by the intensity of Jessie's absorbed blue eyes upon him, as she motionless in the background, her work lying forgotten in her lap, her slender hands clasped, her thoughts far away on battle-fields or among the hazards and horrors of the icy winter siege. There was a magnetism in the intent dream-hazed face which insensibly stole Philip's memories from him until he too forgot himself and wandered mentally among those past scenes, reproducing them almost involuntarily like one in a magnetic sleep. Balaclava was Jessie's favorite battle. Philip had seen something of the charge of the six hundred, and heard more of Claude Medway's gallant deed in entering the deadly defile a second time to rescue a wounded trooper under the fierce fire. The grand charge of the heavy brigade appealed less to her imagination, and Philip had not seen anything of the Russian cavalry charge and its splendid repulse by the Ninety-third Highlanders, the redoubtable "thin red line."

"I don't know, Mr. Randal," observed Mr. Cheeseman, the corn-dealer, during one of these social evenings, "that I should care myself to go into battle. Shouldn't like the feel of cold steel in my inside. And when my time comes, I should like it all done proper on my bed, doctors and nurses and clegymen, and a respectable funeral at the end. I can't abide being hurried; never could. Somehow it don't seem decent to go out of the world in such a deuce of a hurry. Our family always died respectable in their beds and left everything regular down to the last farthing and the hatbands. Now I dare say you went into Alma as bold as a lion and took no more notice of cannon-balls flying about than if they'd been snowflakes. I should a turned as white as the stem of this pipe."

"I don't know what color I turned, Mr. Cheeseman," replied Philip, "but I do know that I felt awfully queer that day when we crossed the Alma. I had never been under fire before, and it is a precious queer feeling, I can tell you. When the enemy opened fire from the heights we began to advance. My knees shook, and there was a sound like the sea in my ears. I seemed to see them all at home and know what they were doing at the moment, and I remembered everything I had ever done. We marched into a confusion of roaring cannon, rattling musketry, galloping aides, clouds of smoke and dust with flashes of fire and gleams of steel between; we had a general sense of moving masses, like the moving of the sea. While we were advancing I was all right, quite happy. Then we halted and I felt queer and shivery again. There we stood for a good hour, and the battle came surging gradually upon us like a great sea-wave. A laughing Irishman next me was twitting me with being afraid, when he fell shot dead at my feet, the smile still on his face and his blood splashing over me. Soon the fire was so hot that we shifted out of range. Just then our colonel rode down the ranks, pale, and with his bridle-hand quivering, brave man as he was and proved himself there. He bid us stand firm a little longer; while he was speaking, a shot rolled him and his charger together in the dust. He was soon on his feet and finished his speech, only the horse was killed. Then at last we advanced under fire of a battery, holding one own fire. The moment was like a drink of wine to us, it gave us new life. By this time I knew all the different sounds of the different kinds of shot and shell, and started at nothing. At last the order to fire came and we went and I suppose for I remember nothing after the first splendid excitement but a hurly-hurly of smoke and shot and the gleam of bayonets, sabres, and men's eyes. Then gradually through the thunder of guns and quick crack of muskets pierced bugle calls, words of command, shrieks of horses, groans of men unheard before. Then English cheers and French shouts became more frequent, battery after battery was silenced, and before evening we were firing at the Russians' backs, and stumbling over the arms they threw away as they ran."

"And so the battle of the Alma was won after four hours' fighting," added Mr. Meade. "'Twas a September 26, 1854, a fine sunny autumn day. Jessie was out blackberrying."

"Dear heart, yes," added Mrs. Meade; "and toward night it thundered and made me think of Russian guns. Balaclava day was later. The elder berry wine now, I made that day; walnuts were turning ripe, and there was a dahlia show in Marwell Park. Mr. Ingleby was there, and his brother lying dead on the field and Mr. Medway badly wounded."

"Victory's a fine thing," said Mr. Cheeseman, settling himself easily in his chair in the sunshine, "though I'd as soon lose as win, I reckon, if I'd run my head agen a cannon-ball. I'll warrant you slept well after Alma, Mr. Randal."

"We did, Mr. Cheeseman. But you wouldn't sleep to-night, Jessie, if I told you what the field looked like. We lost three officers that day, our whole force only lost twenty-six, and our ranks were terribly cut up. After all, the roll-call is the worst part of an engagement. It turns you sick to hear name after name and no answer."

"And were you as frightened at Balaclava, Philip?" Jessie asked with some disdain.

"No, Miss Fire-Eater," he replied with a grave smile; "but I never have and never shall go into action without horror and dread, though one feels a terrible joy in the thick of it. Wait till you hear a wounded horse cry, Jessie. And that is a small part of the horror of war."

"Why not sell out and settle to business, young sir, if you don't like war?" suggested Mr. Cheeseman.

"The very reason not to sell out, Mr. Cheeseman; why a soldier's chief duty is to promote peace."

"Well now, Phil, that's a queer notion," objected Mr. Meade.

"Besides, my dear," added Mrs. Meade, bewildered, "how can you love your enemies when you shoot them?"

"Why, that makes us love them all the better, mother. You always like a fellow you've licked. And you only care to fight good fellows. Those Russians are splendid fellows, much finer soldiers than the French. Well worth licking they are."

"Well! I don't know but I'd as soon you didn't take a fancy to me, if that's how you show it," commented Mr. Cheeseman."

"But it was our duty to fight the Russians and theirs to defend their country," contended Philip; "so how could there be bad blood between us. Why, mother, one day in some public gardens, I heard a Russian cavalry officer on crutches with a bandaged head, ask an Englishman in plain clothes to what regiment some Highlanders belonged. 'To the Ninety-third Highlanders, my own,' he replied. 'Then sir,' said the wounded Russian, 'permit me the honor of shaking hands with you. I belonged to the brigade of cavalry whose charge you repulsed so grandly at Balaclave. I had the honor of being wounded in that charge. I at once recognized the uniform.' Now, mother, if that isn't loving an enemy, I don't know what is."

Philip's cheek glowed as he spoke, he looked at Jessie, who turned away, her eyes full of tears, a sense of the chivalry of war and the grandeur of human emotion rushing over her like a billow.

Mr. Cheeseman left; and Philip was moved by the electric glance of Jessie's tear-bright eyes; his heart went out to her. He drew her on to his knee and passed his hand through the waves of her bright falling hair, and her beauty, which he had hitherto enjoyed without considering, like sunshine and field-flowers, suddenly became apparent to him as something distinctive, full of promise for the future.

"And pray, miss, what do you learn at Miss Blushford's," he asked, "besides spelling and neddlework?"

"Manners," Jessie returned, demurely.

"She will be a woman soon," he said, half to himself, while his thoughts vainly strove to fashion some future for her.

"Turned fifteen," added Mr. Meade, with tranquil contentment, "knows French and most things."

It was a time of intense happiness and pride to Him, the happiest time he had ever known; though, on the whole, as he had told his wife, he had had a happy life.

His heart swelled with love and pride whenever his eyes rested on Philip and Jessie; such a pair, he thought, could not be matched. He had reared the boy to be a gentleman, and there he stood, tall, straight, and strong, looking so distinguished in comparison with the simple burghers of Cleeve, not only an "officer and gentleman," but a tall-blown hero with medalled breast and a halo of glory, little lion of Cleeve, feted and made much of. This lionizing, together with Mr. Meade's undisguised pride and desire to show him off, would have been a trial to any youth not wholly destitute of modesty, or of that fine delicacy to make one's self ridiculous which so often does duty for that gracious quality, and was sometimes little short of an affliction to Philip, who, as his adopted father dimly perceived, had inherited fine instincts.

He joined in their homely talk, till Jessie and her mother went in-doors and Matthew rose in the warm light that now fell from the cloudless summer moon, and stretched himself with an air of content, meaning to follow them. But Philip, who had been silent and pensive for a while, detained him. "Father," he said hurriedly, "I am of age. I ought to know now who and what I am."

"You're a officer in Her Majesty's army, a gentleman born, a gentleman by profession, and a gentleman by act, and a credit to them that begotten you," replied Mr. Meade. "If I was you I wouldn't ask no more."

"You told me to wait till I came of age and I waited," Philip persisted.

"Look her, Phil," said Mr. Meade. "It's like this. Everything is pleasant now; your mother and me is glad to have you home safe and sound after the war; 'tis like one of them warm spells in the fall, it can't last. Let's enjoy ourselves while the Lord gives us the chance."

"Then it is very bad?"

Mr. Meade paused awhile, his unwonted flow of speech deserting him, then replied, slowly: "Family things is like this; they stir folk up in their feelings—and the e's bygones—let sleeping dogs lie, say I."

"I ought to know my true position it may influence my actions," urged Philip.

"It won't do that, Phil, I can answer for that. I'm bound to tell

(To be Continued.)

ON A RANCH.

Woman Found the Food That Fitted Her.

A newspaper woman went out to a Colorado ranch to rest and recuperate and her experience with the food problem is worth recounting.

"The woman at the ranch was preeminently the worst housekeeper I have ever known,—poor soul, and poor me!

"I simply had to have food good and plenty of it for I had broken down from overwork and was so weak I could not sit over one hour at a time. I knew I could not get well unless I secured food I could easily digest and that would supply the greatest amount of nourishment.

"One day I obtained permission to go through the pantry and see what I could find. Among other things I came across a package of Grape-Nuts which I had heard of but never tried. I read the description on the package and became deeply interested so then and there I got a saucer and some cream and tried the famous food.

"It tasted delicious to me and seemed to freshen and strengthen me greatly so I stipulated that Grape-Nuts and cream be provided each day instead of other food and I literally lived on Grape-Nuts and cream for two or three months.

"If you could have seen how fast I got well it would have pleased and surprised you. I am now perfectly well and strong again and know exactly how I got well and that was on Grape-Nuts that furnished me a powerful food I could digest and make use of.

"It seems to me no brain worker can afford to overlook Grape-Nuts after my experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the minature book, "The Road to Wellville" in each package.

Was All Crippled With Rheumatism

Could Scarcely Walk, But the Pains and Aches Have Entirely Disappeared Thanks to

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

The kidneys, after all, are responsible for rheumatism as well as most of the other pains and aches of the body, and lasting cure can only be obtained when the kidneys are set right.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the most popular and successful kidney medicine of the day, because they act promptly and are of lasting benefit.

Mr. Charles Morrish, Dorchester Station, Middlesex county, Ont., writes:—"I desire to acknowledge to you the benefit I have received from Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For about twelve months I could hardly walk, on account of being so crippled up with kidney derangement and rheumatism.

"I had tried many medicines without benefit, and hearing of many being cured by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I made up my mind to give them a trial. After having taken six boxes of this medicine in succession, I can truly say that I am in better health to-day than I have been for twenty years. The rheumatism pains have entirely disappeared, and I am well and hearty. As I am nearly seventy years of age, I consider my cure remarkable, and give all credit to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

HE'S WELL-KNOWN IN PORT HOPE

MR. CHAS. GILCHRIST DECLARES DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS DIABETES.

He Suffered for Ten Years and Could Get no Relief Till He Tried the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Port Hope, Ont., March 14.—(Special).—It has long been admitted that what will cure Diabetes, will cure any form of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured the long standing Diabetes of Charles Gilchrist of this place.

Mr. Gilchrist is easily one of the best known men in Port Hope. For fifteen years he was Chief of Police and for twenty-two years Fishery Overseer of the Dominion Government. When asked regarding his cure, he had no hesitation in saying it was caused by Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else.

"I had Diabetes and Kidney Disorder for ten years," he said. "My urine was like brickdust and I had a terrible backache. I tried doctors, tried everything, but could get no help till I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I commenced taking them, soon began to get better and am quite well now.

"If I had not used Dodd's Kidney Pills I am sure I would have been in my grave."

Sound Kidneys take all impurities out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make sound Kidneys. They are the greatest tonic of the age.

BRITISH AMERICA.

Seventieth Annual Meeting—Began in "Family Compact" Days.

Prominent among the older of the Canadian financial corporations stands the British America Assurance Company of this city, which commenced business in the days when the affairs of this Province were conducted by the old "family compact." It was organized in 1833 and has its Governor, Deputy Governor and Court of Directors, which offices were filled by men whose names are prominent in the history of those stirring times in the Canadian political world. The seventieth annual meeting of the shareholders was held yesterday and the report presented shows that the company has not only been of late years modernized by having a Board of Directors, a President and Vice-President substituted for the more stately titles of its early years, but that it has been keeping pace with the growth and prosperity of the country. In regard to volume of business it compares favorably with many of the leading fire insurance companies of Great Britain and the United States, its premium income having reached last year the large sum of $2,373,336.47. This is derived from agencies established throughout Canada and the United States, though some of its income comes from business beyond the boundaries of this continent. As will be seen by reference to the figures published in the report of yesterday's meeting, the year 1903 showed very favorable results and bears evidence of the favor with which Ontario's oldest financial institution is regarded by the insuring public, not only at home, but in its wider field of operations outside the limits of Canada.

In his remarks in presenting the annual report the President, Hon. George A. Cox, stated that the amount of the losses of the "British America" by recent conflagration at Baltimore had been ascertained to be somewhat under $210,000 (the original figures published immediately after the fire), which amount he pointed out represented about ten per cent. of the annual fire premium income of the company. These losses are being promptly settled, and it will be gratifying to Canadians to know that in the case of this company, as well as in that of the "Western," these being the only two Toronto fire insurance companies having agencies in Baltimore, the losses resulting from this exceptional disaster will be met without seriously affecting their financial standing.

An English curate, on entering Glasgow Central Low Level Station, noticed a man rolling about the platform a little the worse for liquor. The curate asked the porter if drunken people were allowed to enter the station. "Weel, sir," replied the porter, "if ye gang an' staun' in below the stair ower there, where it is kin' o' dark, nacbody'll see ye."

Those whom neglected coughs have killed were once as healthy and robust as you. Don't follow in their paths of neglect. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic

right now. It is guaranteed to cure. It has cured many thousands.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 308

1o—04

CHURCH ROBBERY.

Si Medders—"So they charged ye twenty-five cents for yer supper at the church fair?"

Josh Whitltree.—"Ya-as; they soaked it to me, b'gosh! Why, all I got was some scalloped oysters, an' stewed veal, an' devil'd ham, an' chicken-salad, an' pork an' beans, an' a leetle piece o' lemon pie, an' some coffee an' doughnuts an' pecanuts."

ALL DOWN.

Mrs. Newlywed—Doctor, that bottle of medicine you left for baby is all gone.

Doctor—Impossible! I told you to give him a teaspoonful once an hour.

Mrs. Newlywed—Yes; but John, and I, and mother and the nurse have to each take a teaspoonful, too, in order to induce baby to take it.

BRILLIANT SUGGESTION.

Pat—"Oi'd wrote to Callaban fer a job if Oi knew his address."

Mike—"Phy don't yez wrote to him an' git his addriss?"

After being married some forty years a man had a disagreement with his wife, and told his clergyman about it. "The best thing you can do," said the parson, "is on returning home to put your arms round your wife's neck and give her a kiss like you used to give her when first married." The next time the clergyman met the man he asked him if he had taken his advice, and how the remedy worked. "Oh," replied the old man, "that about the kiss was all rubbish. When I went home I put my arms round my old girl and tried to kiss her, but she pushed me iron hee and said, 'What's gone wrong with you, you old fool?'"

Issue No. 11—04.

The satisfaction of having the washing done early in the day, and well done, belongs to every user of Sunlight Soap. 10B

A BAD BREAK.

At last Mrs. Newlywed rose to her feet at the annual business meeting of the Very-best-society Club.

"Nominations for the presidency being in order," she said, "I propose the name of Mrs. Tenderfeelings It is the opinion of a majority of us here that she is our only member capable of filling our retiring president's shoes."

Mrs. Tenderfeelings sprang up hastily, her eyes blazing.

"You horrid, hateful thing!" she exclaimed, "when you know as well as I do that she wears three sizes larger than I do, and always has! I won't have your old nomination—so there, now!"

BACK'ARDS OR FOR'ARDS.

She—"You say you love me a little bit?"

He—"Yes, I do."

She—"And do you think your love will grow?"

He—"I'm sure of it."

She—"Which way?"

INTERESTING FIGURES.

During the year 1903 the Independent Order of Foresters paid Old Age Benefits to over 200 members who had passed the 70th year of age mark and had become disabled. Under the Constitution of the Order such members receive each year after that age one-tenth of the amount of their policy. It ought to be noted also that this Order does not collect premiums from any of its members after the 70th birthday. The accumulated funds of this great institution increased during 1903 by over $4,— for every working day of the year. The position of the institution, therefore, was this, that while it paid out over $6,000 each day to widows and orphans and disabled brothers, it was able to lay up against the future over $4,000 each day. It is even still more important to note that the assets of the Order increased in per cent. during the year by a little over four times as much as the obligations or the insurance at risk. The cheques of the I. O. F. counting Death Claim cheques, Disability cheques and Sick Benefit Claims amount into thousands during the twelve months. The operations of the Society have, therefore, brought financial help in greater or smaller amounts to a very large number of people at times when it was most needed.

"What kept you so late at business last night, Archibald?" demanded Mrs. Popham. "Taking stock," replied Popham. "I knew it," she replied. "Smelt it on your breath the minute you came in. You'll keep on taking it till you get in the workhouse, and then, I hope, you'll be satisfied."

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.

SEAL A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

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. t-f

Pater—"Emmeline, there are rumors about. Come, now, is there really anything between you and that good-for-nothing Jack Tallboys?" Emmeline—"Yes, pa; but it's only you."

Where Doctors do agree!—Physicians no longer consider it catering to quackery" in recommending in practice meritorious a remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Nervousness as South American Nervine. They realize that it is a step in advance in medical science and a sure and permanent cure for diseases of the stomach. It will cure you.—6o

An Irishman, who was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in an agrarian outrage, was described at a meeting as "a man whose heart would be touched by the bleatin' of a bruised worm."

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.

All the people use it.

HARLIN FULTON.
Pleasant Bay, C. B.

An old soldier, in describing his first impressions of a battle, said he didn't exactly run away, but if he had been going for a doctor those who saw him would have thought somebody was awfully ill.

Fossil Pills.—The demand is proof of their worth. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are beating out many fossil formulas at a quarter a box. They're better medicine, easier doses, and 10 cents a vial. A thousand ailments may arise from a disordered liver. Keep the liver right and you'll not have Sick Headache, Biliousness, Nausea, Constipation and Sallow Skin.—6t

WISELY WON.

"Then you accept me, Ethelinda? Oh, what happiness!"

"Yes, but you must see father and mother, George."

"As regards your father and mother, Ethelinda," said George, who had been frequently snubbed by both during his courtship, "as regards your father and mother——" and he curled his lip and threw out his chest.

"Speak low, George," she said; "I think they are both listening."

"As regards your father and mother," continued the wily lover, raising his voice, "I think your father is one of the most gentlemanly men I ever met; and as for your mother she is one of the loveliest of women."

When you buy Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea you get the best in the market and remember there can only be one best.

LOWER PRICES — USE — BETTER QUALITY

FIBRE EDDY WARE (ESTABLISHED A.D. 1861)

CAN BE HAD IN

Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

2 Handsome BISQUE DOLLS FREE

Also a LOVELY BRACELET and SOLID GOLD-finished JEWELLED RING

GIRLS! Here is a Tremendous Bargain

We have in our factory hundreds of big Sleeping and Jointed Dolls that arrived from Germany too late for our Christmas trade. We don't want to carry them over till summer so you can have them Free for a few hours' work. They are great big beauties, yes!

1-2 YARD TALL

handsomely dressed in latest French Doll Fashion with Dress and Waist in lovely colors, trimmed with Lace, beautiful Lace trimmed Underwear, Lovely big hat, Real Stockings, Slippers, Buckles, etc. Stylishly dressed from head to toe. Turning Bisque Head, Full Jointed Body, Long Curly Golden Hair, Pearly Teeth, Beautiful Sleeping Blue Eyes. Dolly goes to sleep just like a Real Sweet Baby.

GIRLS, we offer a grand bargain. We will give you 2 lovely Bisque Dolls, one a handsome big Doll as described, the other a beautiful Bisque Baby Doll, also a lovely Heavy Sterling Silver plated Bracelet and a beautiful Solid Gold-finished Jewelled Ring, all FREE for selling only 16 packages at 10c a package of Marvel Washing Blue, the great washing blue. Send your name and address at once, no money. WE TRUST YOU and send Bluing by mail postpaid. When you send you with the Bluing handsome Gold-finished Scarf Pins and Brooches. You give a brooch or Scarf Pin Free with each package of Bluing you sell. Almost everybody will buy. Every lady needs Bluing. When sold return the money, $1.60, and we will send you the two lovely Dolls and the handsome Bracelet and Ring. The beautiful Premiums we offer are to be earned in a few hours' pleasant work and will be highly appreciated. No one firm ever offered such a list of valuable premiums for so little work. We are a reliable business firm and will treat you fair and right and expect the same from you. Write us your name now and you can have the Bluing to sell and earn some presents in a few days. Address, The Marvel Bluing Co., Doll Dept. 76 Toronto, Ont.

EXTRA PRESENTS Given to you FREE besides the 2 LOVELY DOLLS.

Elegant Solid Gold-finished Jewelled Ring. Handsome Heavy Sterling Silver-plated Chased Curb Chain Bracelet.

BIG BEAUTY

Dolly Wide Awake Looking for Its MAMMA.

No money wanted, not a cent from your own pocket, as we make arrangements to deliver these handsome presents right to your address without costing you one cent. Remember, Girls, we give these lovely presents free for selling only 16 packages of Marvel Washing Blue.

The other day we heard of a boy who told his father he did not want to go into trade—he wanted to be something in the Post Office. "Something in the Post Office!" replied his father. "The only thing you would be useful for would be to stand outside the office with your tongue out, on which the people could wet the postage-stamps."

. or 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." 12—6f

Brown—"I thought you were a vegetarian, but I hear you eat mutton." Robinson—"I am not a bigoted vegetarian. I only eat the meat of such animals as live on vegetable food."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Smith—"Jones and I went shooting last week, but Jones is no good. He didn't shoot a thing." Brown—"You had better luck, I suppose?" Smith—"Oh, yes; I shot Jone's dog."

DID ALL HE COULD.

"Do you have mice in your house, Parker?" asked Wicks.

"Yes—lots of 'em," said Parker.

"What on earth do you do for them? I'm bothered to death with them at my house."

"What do I do for 'em?" said Parker. "Why, I do everything for them—provide 'em with a home, plenty to eat, and so forth. What more can they expect?"

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) to wash woolens and flannels,—you'll like it.

The truthfulness of what a man says doesn't always depend on the amount of noise he makes in saying it.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

One might as well look forward hopefully to the future. There's always a chance for an improvement in the weather.

Like Tearing the Heart Strings.—"It is not within the conception of man to measure my great sufferings from heart disease. For years I endured almost constant cutting and tearing pains about my heart, and many a time would have welcomed death. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has worked a veritable miracle."—Thos. Hicks, Perth, Ont.—59

Some people who pretend to tell the truth for the truth's sake merely tell it because it shows their neighbors up in a bad light.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Miss Fadd—"The meanness of some people is past comprehension." Mrs. Fadd—"What has gone wrong, my love?" Miss Fadd—"Last week I was elected an active member of the Young Ladies' Philanthropy Club, and to-day I began my ministrations by taking a basket of cold victuals to a poor woman whose name was down on the books. Well, when I got there I found that some meddlesome busybody had been there two weeks ago and given her work, and I had to carry all that stuff back."

Palpitation of the Heart Faint or Dizzy Spells and Nervousness

RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure not only cures the heart, but the nerves as well. In a trice it allays pain, in a twinkling it gives strength and vigor and it works a quick and permanent cure as by magic. This remedy cures by a new process and is an honest, harmless, wonderful remedy for weak hearts, weak nerves, weak blood. 20

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

In a certain school in the North of England the head master has recently taken to teaching natural history. The other day, when expounding some of the mysteries of creation, the master asked one of his boys if he could tell him the difference between himself and a tiger, meaning, of course, the difference in the scale of Nature. After some hard thinking the boy replied: "Please, sir, a tiger is an imperfect beast, but you are a perfect beast."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Hicks—"I think I shall bring up my boy to follow the sea for a livelihood." Dix—"Why have you settled on that?" Hicks—"It seems to be the only industry in which one is not expected to begin at the bottom."

An admirable Food of the

EPPS'S COCOA

Finest quality and flavour.

Nutritious and Economical. 48—21

FEATHER DYEING

Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, in per os. the best place is

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THE Dawson Commission Co., LIMITED TORONTO.

DON'T KEEP YOUR GROCERIES all Over the Kitchen. Send for one of Our

MOUSE-PROOF GROCERY CABINETS

In Oak, with Metal back. Sent to any address on receipt of $1.75

The Bennett Mfg. Co. PICKERING, ONTARIO.

Do not send stamps. Agents wanted

PAGE METAL GATES

3 feet wide, 4 feet high, including hinges and latch.....$2.75
10 feet wide, 4 feet high, including hinges and latch..... 5.75
Other sizes in proportion.

Supplied by us or local dealer. 208

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