SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

t—f

YOU MUST KEEP GROWING.

Every Day a Man Gains Additional Wisdom.

A passion for growth, a yearning for a larger life, is characteristic of all great souls. A man is measured by his power to grow, to become larger, broader, nobler. The intensity of his desire to reach out and up defines his capacity for development.

Any one, young or old, possessed by a passion for growth is constantly adding to his knowledge, always pushing his horizon a little further. Every day he gains additional wisdom, every night he is a little larger than he was in the morning. He keeps growing as long as he lives.

We often find plants and trees that are not fully developed, but have reached the limit of their growth. They cannot be made to respond to the wooing of enriched soil or copious watering The power for the extension of cell life seems to have departed.

There are many human plants of similar nature. Early in life they settle into grooves from which nothing can displace them. There is no further growth, no more progress for them. They have reached their goal.

Employees often think that they are kept back designedly and that others less deserving are pushed ahead of them, when the real trouble is with themselves. They have ceased to grow. They continue to move in a circle. They have not been wise enough to keep pace with the trend of the times.

BABY'S VITALITY.

The vitality of infants and young children is at its lowest point during the hot weather. More children die in summer than at any other season. This is because the little ones suffer more from bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Prompt action often saves a valuable little life, and troubles of this kind can be promptly met and cured by giving the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, which should be kept in every home ready for emergencies. These Tablets speedily relieve, and promptly cure all stomach, bowel and other hot weather ailments, and give sound refreshing sleep. Mrs. P. Ferguson, 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, says: "My baby was attacked with dysentry and was hot and feverish. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and they promptly cured him. Before this he had been rather delicate, but since using the Tablets he has been better and stronger in every way."

These Tablets can be given with an absolute certainty that they will do good to all children from a new born upwards. They contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff. Sold by medicine dealers or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing direct to Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

REFRESHMENT

The proprietor who has been working hard for several months needs a rest. The employes who have been working faithfully for a busy season need a rest. The people of the town and country surrounding who have been buying liberally need a rest. It is the rest season, the vacation time of the year. The store will be the better for the vacations taken by all connected therewith. The place will be the brighter for turning the employes out to rub against new ideas and new opportunities. The customers may be the better for getting away and seeing how the stores in other towns are conducted. If the merchant is careful in piecing out the vacations he will find the store management is not embarrassed by the absence of the clerks and will be better equipped for larger business and better work when the vacationers come back. A trip to lakes, mountains, seashore or country will get the musty ideas of the old season out of the brain of the hard worker and will put new energy into each. Vacations pay, even if they are made at the expense of the establishment. They are far more desirable since the better class of employes are willing to pay their own expenses and welcome the opportunity to get away if they want to go. Other ways may be devised by which the store force can be rejuvenated but none can be used as easily and successfully.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous services.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED.

"What was the happiest moment of your life?" asked the sentimental maiden.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the practical matron.

"Oh, I have a theory," replied the sentimental maiden, "that practically the same causes contribute to the happiest moment in every woman's life. I know how it is in my own case. Last evening Arthur told me—but first tell me about the happiest moment in yours."

"Well," replied the matron, thoughtfully, "I think the happiest moment in my life was about two years ago. I had been without a girl for three weeks, and was just about discouraged when one applied fo, the place. That made me reasonably happy, but when she said she didn't object to children, wanted only one evening out a week and was willing to do the washing, why—well, that was the happiest moment of my life."

EXPECTED, BUT—

"Bobby, your mamma tells me you are a very sharp boy, and she expects you to be a great man," said Mr. Blossom, as he sat waiting for Bobby's sister.

"Ma never does 'spect nothin' right. She doesn't know what she's talkin' about. She told pa she 'spected you and my sister would be married 'fore summer, and that was more'n a year ago."

In Peace and War

Or, The End of It All

CHAPTER XXIII.—Cont.

"But," added Mrs. Wylie with conviction, "he is not half good enough for you."

Brenda smiled a little wistfully and rose to preside at the tea-tray, which the maid brought in at that moment.

During their simple tea and the evening that followed there were other things to talk of, and it was only after dinner, when they were left alone with their work and their books, that Mrs. Wylie made reference to the afternoon's proceedings.

"On my way back from Hicks'," she said conversationally, "I met Sir Edward."

"Ah! Indeed! . . ."

Brenda looked up from the heavy volume on her lap and waited with some interest. Mrs. Wylie paused some time before continuing. She leant to one side and took up a large work-basket, in which she searched busily for something.

"Yes," she murmured at length, with her face literally in the qasket; "and . . . Theo is in St. Petersburg!"

"St. Petersburg!" repeated Brenda slowly. "In the winter. I rather envy him!"

"I do not imagine," said Mrs. Wylie, still occupied with the disheveled contents of her work-basket, "that he is there on pleasure."

Brenda laughed lightly.

"Theo," she observed in a casual way, "is not much given to pleasure in an undiluted state."

"I like a man who takes life and his life's work seriously."

"So do I," assented Brenda indifferently.

She knew that Mrs. Wylie was studying her face with kindly keenness, and so she smiled in a friendly way at the fire, which seemed to dance and laugh in reply.

"Is it generally known that he is in St. Petersburg?" she asked with some interest.

"Oh, no! Sir Edward told me in confidence. He says that it does not matter much, but that he and Theo would prefer it not being talked about."

"Why has he gone?" asked the girl.

Mrs. Wylie laid aside the basket and looked across at her companion with a curious, baffled smile.

"I suppose," she said presently, as she turned a page, "that it means war."

The widow shrugged her shoulders.

"We must not get into the habit," she suggested, "of taking it for granted that every action of Theo's means that."

"He lives for war," said the girl wearily as she bent over her book with decision.

Mrs. Wylie worked on in silence. She had no desire to press the subject, and Brenda's statement was undeniable.

They now returned to their respective occupations, but Brenda knew that at times her companion's eyes wandered from the work toward her own face. Mrs. Wylie was evidently thinking actively—not passively, as was her wont. The result was not long in forthcoming.

"My dear," she said energetically, "I have been thinking. Let us go down to Wyl's Hall."

Brenda pondered for a few seconds before replying. It was the first time that there had been any mention of the old Suffolk house since its master's sudden death. Mrs. Wylie had never crossed the threshold of this, the birthplace of many Wylies (all good sailors and true men), since she returned in the Hermione to Wyvenwich a childless widow. All this Brenda knew, and consequently attached some importance to the suggestion. During the last six months they had lived on in an unsettled way from day to day. Both had, perhaps, been a little restless. There was a want of homeliness about the chambers in Suffolk Mansions; not so much, perhaps, in the rooms themselves as in the stairs, the common door with its civil porter, and the general air of joint proprietorship.

Brenda did not lose sight of the possibility that Mrs. Wylie might be longing for the familiar faces and pleasant voices of the humble dwellers in Wyvenwich; but the proposal to return to Wyl's Hall was apparently unpremeditated, and therefore the girl doubted its sincerity.

"Not on my account?" she inquired doubtfully, without looking up.

"No. On my own. I am longing for the old place, Brenda. This fog and gloom makes one think of the brightness of Wyvenwich and the sea, which is always lovely in a frost. Let us go at once—to-morrow or the next day. The winter is by no means over yet, and London is detestable. Even if we are snowed up at Wyl's Hall, it does not matter much, for it is always bright and cheery despite its loneliness. We will take plenty of books and work."

The girl made no further demur, and presently caught the infection of her companion's cheerful enthusiasm. Mrs. Wylie possessed the pleasant art of making life a comfortable thing under most circumstances, and for such as her a sudden move has no fears. While Trist adapted himself to circumstances, Mrs. Wylie seemed to adapt circumstances to herself, which is, perhaps, the more difficult art.

The good lady seemed somewhat relieved when the move was finally decided upon and arranged; nevertheless, there was a look of anxiety on her round face when she sought her room that night.

"I wish," she observed to her own reflection in the looking-glass, "that I knew what to do. I must be a terrible coward. It would be so very easy to ask Brenda outright . . . though . . . I know what the answer would be . . . poor child! And I might just as well have spoken out boldly when I went to see him that night. It is a difficult predicament, because—they are both so strong!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

It does not fall to the lot of many travelers by sea to plough through the yellow broken waters of the German Ocean where the coast of Suffolk lies low and fertile. Thus it happens that these shores are little visited, and never overrun by the cheap tourist. Upon this bleak, shingly shore there are little villages and small ancient towns quite unknown to the August holiday-seeker, who prefers crowding down to the south coast.

Suffolk by the sea is not all marsh There are high sand-dunes, where oaks grow to a wonderful stature and a mighty toughness; where clean-limbed beeches rustle melodiously in the breeze that is never still on the hottest autumn day; and where pines grow straight and tall despite the salty breath of ocean.

The little town of Wyvenwich lies upon the northern slope of such a bank as this. Before it spreads a bleak sandy plain seven miles across, while behind all is fertility and leafy luxuriance. To the south, over the hill, lies a vast purple moor, which undulates inland until a mixed forest of pine, oak and beech shuts out further investigation. The heathland slopes gently down to a vast marsh, in the midst of which stands a solitary red-brick cottage, the home of the marsh-man. The nearest house to it is the Mizzen Heath Coastguard Station, set back from the greedy sea upon the height of the moor; and beyond that surrounded by trees on all sides except the front, is Wyl's Hall.

The parish register tells of Wylies since the thirteenth century. Nothing of great importance, perhaps, but the name is there, and the possessors of it appear to have done their duty faithfully in the state of life in which they were placed. And now the old race is extinct. A lonely widow, childless, almost kinless, lives in Wyl's Hall; and the last possessor of the name, kindly, honest Admiral Wylie, lies in his great solitude among the nameless northern dead, far away in the deserted Norse churchyard upon the mountain-side.

Brenda Gilholme found a place for herself. Even to her it was clear that Mrs. Wylie had need of someone to bear her company in her widowhood, and so she stayed unquestioningly at Wyl's Hall now that Mrs. Wylie had returned there.

Here she lived just like an ordinary little country maidon. She knew all about the tides, and sympathized with the marshman, when the north-east winds blew against the ebbing tide, and laughed at his five creaking windmills. She learnt the names of all the six stalwart coastguardsmen stationed at Mizzen Heath, and was deeply versed in the smuggling lore of this famous smuggling country. These coastguardsmen, with their civil tongues and ready ways, occupied an important position in the domestic economy of Wyl's Hall. Their little turf refuge was at the foot of the kitchen garden, and there a pleasant-spoken man was to be found by night and day.

Women are weak where sailors are concerned. Mrs. Wylie set an example with the London newspaper, and the portly cook followed with surreptitious cold pudding when her dishes were washed on a warm evening. There was always something requiring a man's hand at Wyl's Hall, and the coastguards had a certain leisure, during which the most somnolent could scarcely sleep. No man slumbers quite peacefully about five o'clock in the evening, however actively employed he may have been during the previus night; and, indeed, at all times of day or night there was usually one of the six Mizzen Heath guardians awake and off duty.

Into this little world, shut off by shallow seas in front, closed in by vast moors behind, Brenda had quietly made her way like some new and gracious flower when the flowers of earth were still frozen in. In it she had found a place, among its denizens a welcome. And this was life. This the end and aim of all existence. To do a little good, to leave a pleasant memory in a few hearts.

Mrs. Wylie was almost her old self again. At times the former cheerfulness of demeanor would lighten up the old house. There was the same capable sense of comfort in her presence, the same readiness to make the best of unpropitious environments. Her own sorrow, never publicly aired, was hidden deeply beneath a certain cheerfulness which can only be described as worldly. If she never referred to her late husband in touching terms, it was not because his memory was devoid of meaning to her; it was because she cordially disliked any approach to cant, because the memory was too sacred a thing to be discussed. Of course, society at large and her neighbors in particular had a say in the matter—the usual kind of say—flavored with tea and thin bread, garnished with spite and kindly malice. But Mrs. Wylie had always been rashly indifferent to criticism.

All through February and March the two ladies had lived happily at Wyl's Hall, without longing for the busier life of London. At times Mrs. Wylie heard abopt Theodore—usually a vague rumor that he was in London, or Paris, or Berlin, and once directly from him a short note, sent with some quaint old jewelry he had brought back from the Slavonski Bazar in Moscow for herself and Brenda.

March was drawing to a close, and the low Suffolk lands were already green by reason of their dampness, when a second communication arrived at Wyl's Hall from the busy correspondent.

"May I," he asked tersely, "come down for a day or two to see you? Please answer by telegraph."

The note came at breakfast-time, and a messenger was at once dispatched to Wyvenwich, with a telegram.

"It is quite an age since we have seen Theo," observed Mrs. Wylie pleasantly, as she wrote out the message.

Brenda, who was occupied with her letters, acquiesced carelessly; but in a few moments she laid the communications aside and took up the newspaper. With singular nonchalance she opened it and went toward the window. There was nothing very peculiar in this action, and yet the girl's movements were in some slight and inexplicable way embarrassed. It seemed almost as if she did not wish Mrs. Wylie to notice that she was looking at the newspaper. During breakfast there was a furtive anxiety visible in the manner and voice of these deceitful women. Each attemped to rejoice openly over the advent of Theodore Trist, and at the same time carefully avoided seeking a reason for his unusual mode of procedure; for Trist was a man who never invited himself.

While the table was being cleared Brenda left the room on some small errand, and Mrs. Wylie literally pounced upon the newspaper the moment the door was closed. With practiced hand and eye she sought the column containing foreign intelligence. Eagerly she scanned the closely-printed lines, but disappointment was the evident result.

"Not a word," she reflected—"not a word. But perhaps that is all the worse. Theo is coming down here for some specific reason, I am sure. Either to say good-bye or—or for something else. War—war—war! I feel it in the air!"

And the good lady stood there in the bow-window gazing through the rime-shaded panes away across the moor, over the green and mournful sea.

CHAPTER XXV.

It happened that there were some warm balmy days toward the end of March, and on one of these Theodore Trist arrived at Wyvenwich. Mrs. Wylie and Brenda were on the little platform to meet him, and the elder lady, in her practical way, noted the lightness of his baggage and drew her own conclusions.

They walked to Wyl's Hall through the High Street of the little town, down toward the sea, up a steep path on the cliff, and finally across the moor. All green things were budding, tender shoots and bold weeds alike. Overhead the larks were singing in gladsome chorus. Side by side the three friends walked, and talked of—the weather. Attention it because none of the three took much interest in the matter, as a rule, nor ever talked of it.

"Spring is upon us again," Mrs. Wylie had said during the first pause.

"Yes," answered Trist; "this weather always makes me restless."

"More so than usual? inquired Brenda innocently.

Trist looked at her sideqays.

"Yes," he murmured, "more so than usual. I suppose a new fund of energy creeps into my somnolent being."

"Do you really believe," inquired Mrs. Wylie, with exceeding great interest, "that the weather has so much effect upon one as that?"

"I am sure of it. There is no denying the fact that in the springtime, when all things are beginning to grow, men grow energetic. If they be working, they work harder; fighting, fight harder; playing, play harder. The majority of events happen in the first six months of the year."

"So the unexpected may be expected before July," suggested Mrs. Wylie quietly.

"That may be expected at all times."

Thus they talked on in vague commonplaces, not entirely devoid of a second meaning perhaps. Brenda scarcely joined in the conversation. It was enough for her to listen to these two strangely assorted friends, who seemed to her analytical mind to be rather different in each other's company than they were before the rest of the world.

When they had reached the house the girl went upstairs to remove her hat and jacket, leaving her two companions together in the library. This was g good-sized room, with a broad old-fashioned bow-window, of which even the panes of glass were curved, while all round it there was a low window-seat softly cushioned. In the broad fireplace some logs of driftwood burnt slowly and silently, with a steady glow of heat, as only driftwood burns.

Trist went straight to the window and stood in the center of it, with his strong lean hands hanging idly. His eyes were soft and meek and dreamy as ever, while his limbs seemed full of strength and energy. The old incongruity was still apparent.

Mrs. Wylie followed him, and seated herself by the window at the end of the bow, so that the man's profile was visible to her. Thus they remained for some seconds; then he turned with grave deliberation and met her steady gaze.

"Well—?" she inquired.

"Well—?" he reiterated.

"How long are you going to stay?"

"Till Monday."

"This being Friday—"

He signified assent and turned away again.

"Why have you come?" asked Mrs. Wylie abruptly, after a short pause.

This time he avoided meeting her eyes by the simple expedient of staring out of the window.

"I do not know—" he replied, with some hesitation.

"Yes—you do!"

He wheeled round upon his heels and looked down at her with an aggravatingly gentle smile.

"Yes, Theo, you do! Why have you come?"

"May I not be allowed," he asked lightly, "a certain desire to see you and—Brenda?"

"You may," she replied; "but that is not the reason of your coming."

She settled herself more comfortably on the window-seat, laid aside her muff, loosened her jacket, and composed herself to a long wait with a cheery determination eminently characteristic.

"In the spring—" he began, in a patient voice which seemed to contain the promise of a long story.

"The young man's fancy—" continued Mrs. Wylie.

"Lightly turns," he said gravely, taking up the thread, "to thoughts of—war."

At the last word he lowered his voice suddenly, and turned upon her as if to see its effect. She merely raised her eyebrows and looked at him speculatively. At last she gave a little nod of the head, signifying comprehension.

"Then you have come to say—good-bye?"

Here her voice failed a little. With care she could have prevented such an occurrence; but perhaps she spoke a trifle recklessly—perhaps she did not care to conceal the feeling which was betrayed by that passing break in her mellow sympathetic tones. When it was too late, she closed her lips with a small snap of determination, and looked up at him smiling defiantly.

"Not necessarily," he replied coolly. "It may mean that; or, at least, it may mean that I am summoned away at such short notice that there will be no opportunity of coming again. Personally, I should prefer it to be so. The pastime of saying good-bye may possess a certain sentimental value, but it is a weakness which is best avoided."

Mrs. Wylie continued to watch the young man's face with speculative criticism. It is just possible that she suspected him of talking nonsense, as it were, against time or against himself.

"Is your information of a general description, or have you certain advice that war is imminent?"

Trist smiled almost apologetically as he replied, with caution.

"I have reason to believe that there will be a big war before the summer."

"Turkey and Russia, of course?"

"Yes."

"And you go with Turkey, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"The losing side again?" inquired Mrs. Wylie diplomatically.

"Probably; but not without a good fight for it. It will not be such an easy matter as the Russians imagine."

"Where will you be?" asked the persistent lady. "At Constantinople or—"

"At the front!" said Trist.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Wylie, in a half-shamedfaced way, "I believe I am beginning to lose my nerve. Is it a fortaste of approaching old age? I really believe I am going to be anxious about you."

Her semi-bantering tone justified Trist's easy laugh. He took if for granted that Mrs. Wylie was not speaking seriously.

"You must not allow yourself," he expostulated, "to get into bad habits of that sort."

"Still," argued the widow in the same tone, "I do not see why you should be free from the restraining and salutary feeling that there is someone waiting for you at home."

It was hard to tell whether Mrs. Wylie meant more than the mere words conveyed or no. Trist seemed to hesitate before replying.

"I am never free from that—but it is not necessary; my foolhardy days are over."

"And this is to be the last time?" said Mrs. Wylie, consoling herself.

"Yes. The last time!"

(To be Continued.)

There are very few cleansing operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean.

t—f

1B

Jim Dumps and wife invariably
Had "Force" for Sunday evening tea,
When cook went out that afternoon.
"'Tis but a saucer and a spoon
To wash—a task not grim—
And all are pleased," laughed
"Sunny Jim."

"FORCE"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

pleases everybody in every way.

We Like It.

"We use 'Force' at home and like it exceedingly. "H. R. SAUNDERS."

W—11

HIS TROUBLES NEVER CAME BACK

ERNEST GRANT TOOK DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS—THEY REMOVED THE CAUSE.

He Had Backache and Urinary Troubles for Twelve Years Before he Used the Great Kidney Remedy.

Montreal, July 27.—(Special.—Ernest Grant, 287½ Urbain street, this city, is among those who never let an opportunity pass to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills. He has his reasons for this, and here they are in his own words:

"I had been troubled with Backache and Kidney Disease for twelve years," says Mr. Grant. "My urine was very dark and high colored. I would lose my rest at night on account of having to rise so often to urinate. I could get nothing to help me.

"I tried several remedies, but all failed until I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. When I had taken four boxes, I was able to go to bed and take my rest, my Backache left me and I was cured. It has never come back." When Dodd's Kidney Pills cure, the disease never comes back. They remove the cause.

THE WORTH OF WORK.

No man is safe from the sufferings of over-warm weather. No escape has been found from bodily discomfort where the thermometer runs above ninety. The best way to reduce to a minimum the physical discomfort is to hustle for business and forget the trying condition. If the weather is warm, think of something else and the heat will not be so offensive. If the perspiration starts out of the pores, think as little of it as possible, and think as much of something else. Work will prevent suffering from the heat, and a struggle for more business will give a better feeling to those who are associated with the one who runs the business. No day is so long as the idle day, and no one suffers so seriously from heat as the idler. The business man can therefore help his employes and his customers to a better appreciation of their comforts by providing barggains to occupy the minds of those whose minds might otherwise be unoccupied.

LITTLE THOUGHTS

Under a good cloak may be a bad man.

The average reputation is too brittle for rough usage.

After Nature stamps a man of genius, she breaks the die.

The fish story is generally weighed and found wanting.

The reversible cuff realizes that one good turn deserves another.

The brass band that plays the loudest does not make the most music.

A tactful man can pull the stinger from a bee without getting stung.

The slipper that spanks the children is the sceptre that rules the world.

Beauty is only skin deep, but that's deep enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

A woman can hold a dozen hairpins in her mouth a great deal easier than she can hold her tongue.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Carting Blue Ribbon Tea to Colombo

When Blue Ribbon Tea is hermetically sealed in lead it is carted from the upland districts of the interior of Ceylon—where only the best tea grows—to Colombo, there to be shipped to Canada. A queer cavalcade it makes—but it carries the richest, creamiest, most delicious tasting tea in the universe.

Black
Mixed
Ceylon Green

Forty Cents
Should be Fifty

Ask for the Red Label

302

PATHOS MOVES NURSE.

Mother Love Changes Her Opinion of her Calling.

The visiting nurse set out on her errand of mercy in a rebellious mood. This nursing was a wretched business. There was nothing in it but work, work—always work, however much the spirit might flag and the body grow weary. That there was poetry in helpfulness was a cream of the imagination.

The woman drew her cloak more closely about her to keep out the chill which follows rain when the east wind is blowing. Her own discomfort turned her thoughts upon human suffering—the futility of it all. She began to speculate upon the case before her with that indifference which comes from living too close to the world of pain. The application for aid had said that a young woman was dying, destitute, leaving a little child a few months old.

The nurse's mind lingered over the situation. Little children always moved her to tenderness, and she could not keep from wondering about this helpless little one who was soon to be left alone. And the mother—how did it seem to her? The nurse herself had once been happy holding a little child close in her arms. She lived the joy over again and sighed in her lonely walk.

In softened mood the nurse came into her patient's quiet room. In her new sympathy she was touched by the plain neatness of the place and by the aspect of the slight form on the bed.

It seemed to her incredible that even life could have touched roughly so tender and so young a thing. There must be some brute instinct in the vital force that moves the universe; how else could that frail creature lie on her bed of pain coughing away the little hope that she still held of a to-morrow with the tiny babe beside her? Yet perhaps her tender sorrows were not needed by such as she. Certainly it would seem from her expression that she found the present joy enough. Her eyes did not leave the baby's face.

"It's strange," she said, "do you know I'm lonely, just a little. The little fellow seems so far away somehow just because I can put my arms about him."

She fell back on the pillow white and mute. The future, her future, dropped its pale curtain low, and the room grew dark upon the nurse's sight once more.

LEFT IN PEACE AND PIECES.

"Please, sir," said the new office boy, "I took this letter where you told me to, but the lady wasn't in, so I've brought it back."

"Brought it back, have you?" fumed the irate merchant. "What d'yer mean by doing that? You don't seem to have any more sense than a hard-boiled egg. Take it again, and if she isn't in leave it in the letter-box, or push it under the door; leave it somewhere—go; go, before I bite you!!"

Presently the youth returned, and a satisfied expression was in his eye.

"You back this time, eh, Solomon jun.?" queried the merchant.

"Yessir," said the sparkling lad, "I couldn't reach the letter-box, and it wouldn't go under the door, so I tore it in pieces and bunged it through the keyhole, sir Was that right, sir?"

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin curbs, splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifles sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

British Columbia has produced $189,728,538 worth of gold and $58,989,572 worth of coal and coke.

The French colonial party wish the port of Diego-Suariez, a fine natural harbor at the extreme north of Madagascar, made a Gibraltar, from which France could dominate the Indian ocean.

The production of petroleum in Roumania has grown from 56,000 tons in 1893 to 310,000 tons in 1902. Three companies practically control the entire industry. Kerosene and gasoline go principally to Germany, Great Britain, Norway, Bulgaria and France, while the greater part of the exports of crude oil is taken by Austro-Hungarian refiners.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Little David—"Ma, can I play makin' believe? I'm entertainin' another little boy." His Ma—"Yes, dear, of course." Little David—"All right. Gimme some cake for him!"

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

She—"Yes, that is Mr. Gamboge, the artist. He is wedded to his art." He—"Judging from his appearance I should say that he didn't marry for money."

t—f

OUR BRANDS.

King Edward 10800
"Headlight" 5500
"Eagle" 1000 & 2000
"Victoria"
"Little Comet"

PARLOR MATCHES
E D B. D E. Y. C O.

HULL, CANADA

Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands, USE **EDDY'S**

Goodness First—Price Afterwards

Should be the motto in purchasing household articles—more especially in woodenware.

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