

## WITH UNCLE SAM

## INTEREST FROM THE UNITED STATES.

Interest in his doing—Mitt and Mirth gathered.

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## FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

"Should old acquaintance be forgot?" The answer comes mechanically from every Britisher. Nor should new acquaintance be forgot. Remember that on the bloody fields of South Africa your brave soldier boys were on the firing line flanked by loyal British subjects from Ceylon and India. In the midst of danger lasting friendships were formed, and you, ladies of Canada have it in your power to cement those bonds. The Green teas of Ceylon and India appeal to you from sentiment. By using them you not only aid your brother colonists, but you get absolutely the best tea. Those of you who drink Green Japan teas have a revelation in store if you make the change. Blue Ribbon, Salads and Macaroni packets may be had from your grocer.—Colonist.

"Johnny, what have you been doing in the kitchen all this time—bothering Bridget?" "No, mamma; I went out there to study my geography lesson." "Why, what made you go in the kitchen to do that?" "Oh, I wanted to look at Bridget. I heard papa say she had the map of Ireland on her face."

## Shudders at Her Past.

"I recall now with horror," says Mail Carrier Burnett Mann, of L'Anse-au-Loup, "my three years of suffering from kidney trouble. I was hardly ever free from dull aches or acute pains in my back. To stoop or lift a sack made me groan. I felt tired, worn out, about ready to give up, when I began to use Electric Bitters, but six bottles completely cured me and made me feel like a new man." They're unrivaled to regulate the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by J. E. Richards. Only 50 cents.

There's a barker in the house? she gasped. I have never yet uncovered my head for any man, her husband rejoined, with an effect of hauteur.

## Warts are Unsightly.

That is the reason no one is clamoring for a few more warts—make them fashionable and a remedy to grow warts would quickly be a success. Yes, Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor removes them, works quickly and without pain—any druggist will tell you more about this remedy. Sold by J. E. Richards.

Uncle Ned—How do you like your new steam engine? "Johnny—Isn't it a dandy? I wonder if we could burst the boiler?"

## Fought for his Life.

"My father and sister both died of Consumption," writes J. T. Weatherwax, of Wynant, Mich., "and I was saved from the same frightful fate only by Dr. King's New Discovery. An attack of pneumonia left an obstinate cough and severe lung trouble, which an excellent doctor could not help, but a few months' use of this wonderful medicine made me as well as ever and I gained much in weight." Infallible for coughs, colds, and all throat and lung trouble. Trial bottles free. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00 at J. E. Richards' drug store.

He—You look sweet enough to kiss in that dress. She—My dressmaker told me she did not think I'd be disappointed in it.

## Sheldon's Opinion.

Learnington, Ont., May 23. Mr. Sheldon states that for two years he unsuccessfully sought a remedy to cure his son of catarrh, but permanent results were not attained until Catarrhoxone was used. It cured his little boy like magic, and he has been quite free from Catarrh ever since. Catarrhoxone cures all forms of catarrh, bronchitis, throat irritation, coughs and colds. No remedy like it. Quick to relieve, pleasant to use, guaranteed to cure. Clears throat and nose at one breath. Try Catarrhoxone, 25 cents and \$1.00. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Sold by J. E. Richards.

I think there will be increased suffering in the Klondike this winter. Why? Well they say that every new party of gold seekers that arrive brings a fresh batch of popular songs.

## It Saved his leg.

P. A. Danforth, of La Grange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For ulcers, wounds, piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by J. E. Richards.

Stockings were first used in the eleventh century; before that cloth bandages were used on the feet.

## Children Cry for CASTORIA.

## Old Soldier's Experience.

M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "My wife was sick a long time in spite of good doctor's treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, which worked wonders for her health." They always do. Try them. Only 25c at J. E. Richards' drug store.

But you said she sang beautifully. No, I didn't. What did you say? I said she was a beautiful singer.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fact is that Castoria is the only medicine that is so gentle and so effective.

## Gold Beneath Dross

BY T. C. DEAN

Author of "Cui Bono," "Love Tales of a Convent," "The Bread Winners of a City," Etc., Etc.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred, by T. C. Dean, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

A warm affection soon ripened between the duchess and her ward, the girl soon discovering the elder woman's worth of heart. Lady May found her chaperone generous, indulgent and loyal to principle, capable of loving intensely, and of arousing the better natures of those around her.

To her noble traits of character was added the fairest beauty Lady May had ever seen, and so Lady May ceased to wonder why her brother, the dead fair duke, had loved this woman sufficiently to give her the Beaufort title. These two lived very happily together, so the girl thought, for she did not know what oppressed the elder woman's heart, and in their rambles over the fields and through the forests, her highness always exhibited an outward show of pleasure sufficient to make the girl believe she was happy. But there were moments when Lady May came upon her chaperone unexpectedly, when she noticed a sad light in the elder woman's eyes, and a wistful expression on her delicate face, but what had occurred to place these changes there the girl did not know nor could she even guess, nor did the comradeship of the elder woman towards the younger extend sufficiently far for the latter to see beneath the veil. But by and by there was a change in the elder woman that she could not disguise. It was a total absence of all gaiety from her, no matter how zealously she sought recreations that were in themselves pleasurable. The duchess had ordered a newspaper sent to Hestmead containing an account of her marriage, together with all the details of the duke's immediate death, and she had felt sure that as soon as Hestmead received that he would come at once to her. She did not know that he read the heading only which told him she was married and that he had then thrown the paper from him without gaining a knowledge of the other details. So she waited, her anxiety and depression increasing as the weeks merged into months and the months into years without any sign that he was coming to her. At last she received tidings of him, but of a different character altogether to what she had anticipated, and the tidings came to her as follows:

"Appropos," said Sir Stafford—the Prime Minister, to her one evening as he led her into the dining hall at a peer's London residence, after some very exciting by-elections in which Sir Stafford's party had been triumphant, "I saw a friend of yours in the middle part of Italy last week."

"Indeed. May I be curious enough to inquire who that friend might be?" "It was Hestmead that fellow who threw over the consulship after you had secured it for him. When I saw him, however, he looked as if he had found something more interesting to himself than consulships."

The woman let fall her handkerchief and then bent down for it to cover her sudden start at the name. When her escort had recovered the trinket for her with a motion quicker than her own, she had controlled herself sufficiently to inquire: "Some new detective work, I presume?" The Prime Minister laughed. "No; you could not guess. It is the old story of Southern environment upsetting prosaic traditions. He seems very much in love with a Tuscan girl, who lives near Fontaine, and my memory of the place is correct, and she is as beautiful as Ruskin's conception of the Southern ideal, which is saying much."

As he seated her at the table now, they both gave their orders to the garcon and the subject of Hestmead was not again referred to by them. political small talk taking the place of more emotional conversation. But that night the duchess herself resolved to go to Italy, and before many days thereafter she had placed Lady May in the care of an aunt of the latter's who lived in Devonshire, and she, the duchess, was carrying out her resolve.

The words of the Prime Minister had set loose a strange feeling in her heart. She was very loath to doubt Hestmead's constancy to herself, but what else but a circumstance like that outlined by the minister could account for Hestmead's absence now. The idea that she had a rival started into existence many new sensations within her, and she felt a feverish desire for a test of comeliness between herself and Hestmead's new flame. When she arrived at her destination she intended to teach this feminine upstart her true position, which would no doubt be that of an orange seller in the street. She did not question for an instant that when she was in his presence again her influence over Hestmead would be equal to the task of recalling him to his senses. The passion of jealousy, which for the first time in her existence touched her with its serpent-like venom, stifled while it poisoned the better

instincts of her womanhood. Like other women before her, under similar circumstances, she allowed the canker of hatred to destroy all her noble impulses and to even threaten the throne of her refining love. She made herself believe that all she wanted to do was to show herself to her rival and then to wither her with contempt and scorn, while at the same time convicting Hestmead of his double dealing, she would dismiss him forever. If she had allowed her reason to plead for her she would have known that a man that could have suffered for her what George Hestmead had suffered, would be true to the end, but when jealousy fills the heart there is not a nook or crevice therein in which reason can find a lodgment.

She saw Hestmead and Anastasia Campagna one afternoon during their latter rambles. Perfectly concealed in some bushes she saw them as the girl sat on the grassy mound and Hestmead sat at her side, but she in the bushes did not watch them long. She noticed the perfect Southern beauty of the girl, and, with a woman's unerring instinct, saw by every look and every motion how this girl worshipped the man who caressed the silken glory of her hair. She noticed, too, how changed Hestmead was, the tall-tale grey dotting his head with a few single hairs here and there, and the lines of a voiceless agony settled closer around his large and still truthful eyes. For a brief space the watcher let the fires of jealousy and hatred consume her, and in those few moments she suffered as keenly perhaps as she ever suffered in her life. The impulse was strong within her to advance towards them with words of scorn on her proud lips. But the gold beneath the dross of her nature soon triumphed. Gradually the impulses of envy, malice and revenge died within her soul and gave place to holier sentiments, pity for the girl, and self sacrificing love for the man crowding out all other sensations.

"Oh, God, how I love him," she whispered to herself, as she stole out of her shelter and retreated through the grove that grew down to the bushes. "Oh, God, how I love him! I love him enough to give him to her if it will make him happy—I am not good enough for him. Oh, my love! be happy with her if you can!" and staggering along the road she soon caught a conveyance that took her to her hotel, and without a moment's hesitation, she paid her bill there and departed, and ere another sun spoke joy and gladness to a sin-cursed earth she was far away from the cyprian skies of bloom-blessed Tuscany.

## CHAPTER III.

## A Priest of the Oblat Order.

It was upon her return from Italy that the change mentioned in a previous chapter came over the new duchess, in which she could no longer disguise or hide the sadness that was her daily guest. During this time it was her custom to take long walks in the forests, without even the companionship of Lady May. The younger woman, with the alertness of youth, perceived that the mistress of Edwardsdale was struggling against some mental trouble that had touched her eyes with an undisguisable plainness, and was slowly but surely stealing the bloom from her cheek. Lady May was also instinctively conscious that the new duchess was making persistent efforts to throw off the spell that bound her, but that the fatality of the efforts only made more palpable the sadness that claimed the lovely woman for its slave.

"Your highness, let me go with you?" Lady May pleaded one afternoon as the duchess was preparing for one of her solitary walks. "You look grieved at something. Let me go with you and I will endeavor to cheer you as we ramble together." The elder woman stopped down and touched her lips to the fair young forehead. "Not to-day," she replied, "go and play tennis with Laura Sedgworth. I fear you have too much of my sober company as it is for one so young."

But the young arms were instantly around the titled lady's neck. "I would rather be with you. I like you the best," the young girl pleaded, "and you are sad because of something you never told me about. Let me go with you and you can tell me about it. I would so like to make you glad if I could."

The elder lady's heart was touched. "My child," she said, kissing the pure high brow again, "you could not help me. It is nothing. It will pass away." "But you are sad so long," the girl still pleaded, "please let me go with you. Has some one said some very unkind thing about you? I would not care if I were you, for I know you

everything that is good and noble and so much better than the other things."

"Thank you, my sweet child; but it is not that. You could not understand, and God forbid that I should cloud your fair brow by any grief of mine. Go and be happy while you may. Some day when you are older you may know that there are some things a woman must bear in silence."

Then as tears overflowed the fountain at the young girl's eyes: "Don't weep for me, Lady May, go and be everything that is true and pure. I know you will. You may know this, that any grief of mine now is of my own creating. I am but justly punished for untruthfulness years ago. Now go and play."

"You may say that about yourself, but I could not believe anything could change my faith in you. You are too beautiful and good to do a wrong."

"May, I always merit such words. Now I must command you to go and play. See, there is Laura, and she is calling for you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BRANDS OF CIGARS.

## New Ones Come and Go, Like the Flowers of Spring.

"What becomes of all the different brands of cigars which are placed upon the market each year?" said a Washington cigar dealer. "Well, that's a question which is easier put than answered."

"I carry a large stock of cigars, and I have on my shelves over 50 different brands of cigars which sell wholesale for \$35 a thousand and retail for 5 cents. I have over 25 different brands of 10 cent cigars and a dozen or so different brands of the higher grade cigars respectively."

"This is an appetizing array to the professional smoker and affords an almost unlimited choice. The launching of a new brand of cigars upon the market is an expensive undertaking and one which is attended with more or less risk. It takes a lot of capital, because cigars, and new brands of smoking tobacco, for that matter, require a lot of persistent and costly advertising. The maker must compel his new buyers to give up some other brand for his, and in order to accomplish this he must offer an inducement to attract the smoker."

"By advertising he gets a smoker to say, 'I'll try this new brand of the grade I smoke.' If he likes it, he may stick to it. If not, he wanders off to another or back to his old favorite. Men will swear by a certain brand for six months and then abandon it forever for another in a day. The dealer, if he is interested in introducing a new brand, will coax a customer to 'try' it, but the main reliance is in advertising and in putting up a good grade of tobacco for the price. The maintaining of the same grade year in and year out, however, is another matter, and I have seen the demand for a popular brand fall off right away as soon as an inferior tobacco is used. A smoker will say concerning it: 'That's no good now. Give me another brand.'"

"A happy choice of name has a great deal to do with the success of a cigar, and it is for this reason that makers use the names of popular stage favorites, statesmen and others. Sometimes a new brand will not take at all, and the makers retire it or substitute another name. Others catch popular fancy at once, and enormous sales are made from the start. Certain cigars sell well 'one day and not at all in another.'"

## His Limit.

"I'm getting along," said Mr. Curox. "I'm progressing slowly, but surely." "In what?" "Culture. I've been traveling around with Mrs. C. and the girls until I'm getting right refined. But there's one thing I don't think I'll achieve. I don't believe I'll ever be able to go into an antique store and tell the difference between bric-a-brac and junk."

## Second Thoughts.

On second thoughts, fair Rosalind, You now regret that you declined My ardent suit and scorned my plea With that unmerciful decree Who for your love in vain had pined. Long obdurate, no longer me You look so disinclinedly: Some pity in your breast you find On second thoughts.

Alas, had you but thus turned kind Ere those wounds healed you left behind, Ere from your toils I struggled free, When fairer Maud I chanced to see, But now—too late, have changed my mind On second thoughts.

## Fishers of Men.

Now, as for me, I took no serious view of matrimony. "Marry him by all means!" I exclaimed merrily. "For a cod, you know!" My sister shivered. She was a far more earnest, thoughtful girl than I. "He is too obviously a lobster for that," she answered sadly.

Of course I did not much mind, one way or the other.

## When it Hurts

## To Cough

The cough that hurts, the cough that gets tight in the chest is daily getting deeper and deeper into the bronchial tubes and is making directly for the lungs, to become pneumonia, inflammation of the lungs or consumption. Such coughs are sometimes referred to as "graveyard coughs," because they usually bring their victim to that last resting place.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has long been known as mother's favorite remedy for croup, bronchitis, coughs and colds. It gains in popularity every day and now has by far the largest sale of any similar preparation.

It loosens the tightness in the chest, allays the inflammation, cures the cold and prevents pneumonia, consumption and other lung troubles. 25 cents all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

## What is

## CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

## Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

## THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

THE CENTURY COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

## A Steady Growing Business

is the best evidence that the people are satisfied.

G. C. BRISTOW finds his trade to be increasing, which is the best proof that his goods are giving satisfaction, and is determined that he will in the future, as he has done in the past, spare no efforts to hold the confidence of the community by selling worthy goods. He has just taken into stock a line of men's and boys' Worsteds Suits in navy and black that are the very best for the money, and that sell readily at sight.

A large addition to the stock of stylish, useful and cheap shoes to fit your feet and pocket books.

Be sure and call at

## BRISTOW'S

Cheap Cash Store.

Bingham Block.

Right opposite the Central Hotel.

Butter and Eggs taken as cash.

G. C. BRISTOW.

## Waiting for the Oven

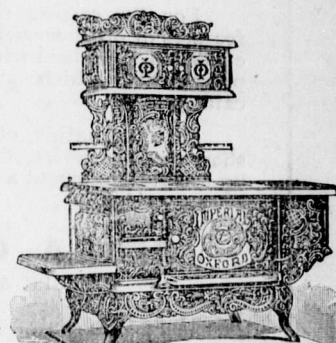
Isn't on the Programme when you

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IMPERIAL

OXFORD

RANGE



The Oven Thermometer shows the exact heat—the fire can at any time be swiftly regulated to keep it at any desired point, and the patent flue construction not only ventilates but keeps the heat uniform all over the oven—so that everything bakes or roasts evenly without any turning.

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John H. Glover, Agent, Aylmer.

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

## Books, Stationery

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We carry a full line of the above Goods and sell at the

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Possible for a Good Article.

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We make specialty of fine Watch and Clock repairing.

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