

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE.

NEWS FROM IRELAND BRIEFLY TOLD DAY BY DAY.

Many People of the Emerald Isle—Occurrence That Will Interest Irish-Americans. The report of the Registrar-General shows crime in Ireland steadily on the decline.

Belfast corporation granted the freedom of the city to General Sir George White. There are coal mines in Antrim, but the output is not great, nor is the quality first-class.

General Sir George White has consented to accept a charger from his admirer in Belfast.

One of the chief features of this season is the great number of cycle tourists in Ireland. Baron Leagh will spend between £20,000 and £30,000 in improving the dwellings for the poor of Dublin.

The man who murdered the Protestant rector of Tredegar has been declared insane by a Limerick jury. The death is announced of Alderman the Right Hon. Joseph Meade, Dublin. He was twice Lord Mayor of the city.

The Belfast steamer Lord Londonderry has been awarded £100,000 for salvage services to the steamer De-la-Beche.

The London boycott of Irish cattle creates a good deal of ill-feeling among the farmers and graziers of Ireland. Sir Robert Hart is essentially an Ulster man in appearance, in manner, with the indestructible Ulster brogue to the very end.

The death is announced of Lord Farman, an Irish representative peer. His son, the Hon. Arthur Kenis, succeeds to the title.

An Irish girl of 15 is charged with imposing on a middle-aged woman in Donegal by pretending to receive letters from heaven.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has appointed Col. Neville F. F. Chamberlain, I. S. C., to be Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Bobs grandfather, the Rev. Canon Roberts, was one of the minor canons of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, towards the close of the century.

The famous Irish Nationalist who was just dead at the age of 90, Michael Cavanagh, was a poet, a writer, a Gaelic writer, and a fierce politician.

Canon Knox Little, who was the first in connection with chaplaincy work, is a member of an old Ulster family, born in 1839 at Startstown, Tyrone.

At Fort Camden, near Queenstown, two soldiers of the Cork militia were killed and three injured through the bursting of a gun of a 40-pounder gun during target practice.

The Queen graciously admitted the flowering polyanthus and coloured primroses that have been so gay in some of the gardens of private houses in the outskirts of Dublin.

In the course of a case in Liverpool it was stated that millions of eggs are annually imported from Russia to Belfast and then sent over to England and Scotland and sold as "Irish eggs."

At a meeting of the Limerick Corporation, Mayor John Daly, in the chair, it was decided that the royal arms over the entrance to the Town Hall, which is used for municipal purposes, should be removed.

MALARIAL FEVER.

AFTER EFFECTS LEAVE THE VICTIM WEAK AND DEPRESSED.

Miss Emma Huskinson, a Captain in the Salvation Army, tells how she recovered health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont. Among the oldest and most highly respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. John Huskinson, whose daughter, Emma, has for a number of years been an acute sufferer from the after effects of malarial fever.

A reporter of the Sun bearing of the wonderful effects which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had on Miss Huskinson, called at her home to enquire into the truth of the rumor. After stating the reason of his visit, he kindly received by Mrs. Huskinson, who gave him the following facts of the case: "Some years ago," said Mrs. Huskinson, "my daughter Emma, who is now captain of the Newmarket corps in the Salvation Army, was attacked by malarial fever. She was under a doctor's care for a long time and although she recovered sufficiently to go about, the after effects of the fever left her very weak and the doctor did not seem able to put any life into her. She had frequent headaches, was very pale, and the least exertion brought on a state of great fatigue. We thought a change might do her good and consequently she went on a visit to Toronto. While there she was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and at once purchased a supply. Before she had finished the second box she noted a marked change for the better, her appetite improved, her color returned, the feeling of exhaustion had disappeared, and by the time she had taken half a dozen boxes she was enjoying the best of health, and all her old-time vigor had returned. Although her work in the Salvation Army is hard and exposes her to all kinds of weather, she has since been able to do it without the least inconvenience.

"Some time after my daughter's cure I was myself completely run down, and to add to my trouble was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism. Remembering the benefit my daughter had received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to use them, and before I had taken half a dozen boxes I felt fully recovered and have been in the best of health ever since. My advice to all suffering is to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored more weak and ailing women and girls to robust health than any other medicine ever discovered, which in part accounts for their popularity throughout the world. These pills are sold by all dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Have you been scolding Daisy again, Septima?" he asked, angrily, taking the penning little damsel from the floor and seating her upon his knee, and drawing her curly head down to his rough-clothed shoulder, and holding it there with his left hand.

"What have you been saying to my little Daisy that I find her in tears?"

"I was telling her if she did not mend her willful ways she might turn out like her mother."

"Hush!" exclaimed John Brooks, excitedly. "I shouldn't have thought would have dared say that. What does Daisy know of such things?" he muttered, indignantly. "Don't let your senses run away with you, Septima."

"Don't let your senses run away with you, John Brooks. I haven't got the sense to know that Daisy is getting too big for you to take on your knee and pat in that fashion? I am really ashamed of you. Daisy is all right, but you are a strange dead-end fellow."

"Mis Pluma," she exclaims, in amazement, "is there any one ill at the Hall?"

"No," replied Pluma, in a low, soft, guarded whisper. "I wished to see you—my business is most important—may I come in?"

"Certainly," answered Septima, awkwardly. "I beg your pardon, miss, for keeping you standing outside so long."

As Pluma took the seat Septima placed for her, the dark cloak she wore fell from her shoulders, and Septima saw with wonder she still wore the shimmering silk she had in all probability worn at the fest.

The rubies still glowed like festoons, leaping fire upon her perfect arms and snowy throat, and sprays of hyacinth were still twined in her dark, glossy hair; but they were quite faded now, drooping, crushed, and limp among her curls; there was a strange dead-white pallor on her haughty face, and a lurid gleam shone in her dark, slumberous eyes.

Pluma had studied well the character of the woman before her—who made a man's heart dialke for the child thrust upon her bounty—and readily imagined she would willingly aid her in carrying out the scheme she had planned. Slowly one by one the stars died out of the sky; the pale moon drifted silently behind the heavy rolling clouds; the winds tossed the tops of the tall trees to and fro, and in dense darkness which preceded the breaking of the gray dawn settled over the earth.

The ponies which the groom had held for long hours parked the ground restlessly; the man himself was growing impatient.

"She can be up to no good," he muttered; "all honest people should be in their beds."

The door of the cottage opened, and Pluma hurriedly walked slowly down the path.

"All is fair in love's warfare," she muttered, triumphantly. "Foot with your baby face and golden hair, you shall walk quickly into the net I have spread for you; he shall despise you, crush with his heel into the earth the very flowers that bear the name of Daisy."

CHAPTER VI.

Under the magnolia-tree, among the pink clover, Rex lay paced uneasily to and fro, wondering what could have happened to detain Daisy. He was very fond of charming Rex, but she had yet to learn the depths of love which, sooner or later, brightens the lives of lovable women.

Daisy looked at the envelope with a wistful glance.

"I am going to make a lady of you, my little sunbeam. I am going to send you off to boarding-school. That's what you have always wanted; now I am going to humor your whim."

"But I—I do not want to go now, Uncle John. I—I have changed my mind."

"What?"

"I—I don't want to go off to boarding-school now. I had rather stay here with you and my dear little Daisy."

John Brooks laid down the pipe he was just lighting in genuine surprise.

"Why, it's only last week you were saying those pretty eyes yours out to the truth of the rumor. I—well, I—well, I don't understand the ways of women. I always thought you were different from the rest, Daisy, but now you are all the same. Never two days of the same mind. What is the reason you've changed your mind, pet?"

"Indeed, I don't want to go now, Uncle John. Please don't talk about it any more. I—I am happier here than I can tell you."

John Brooks laughed cheerily.

"It's too late for you to change your mind now, little one. I have made arrangements for you to start bright and early to-morrow morning. The stage will be here by daylight, so you had better start off to bed at once, or there will be no roses in these cheeks to-morrow."

He never forgot the expression of the white, startled face Daisy raised to his. For once in her life Daisy was unable to shake him from his purpose.

"I know best, little one," he said. "I mean to make a lady of you. You have no fortune, little Daisy, but your pretty face. It will be hard to lose my little sunbeam, but it's my duty, Daisy. It is too late to back out now for once I am firm. You must start to-morrow morning."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sobbed Daisy, throwing herself down on her little white bed when she had reached her room, "what shall I do? I can't go without seeing Rex. I never heard of a girl that was married being sent to school. I—I dare not tell Uncle John I am somebody's wife. Oh, if I could only see Rex! Daisy springs out of bed and crosses over to the little white curtained window, gazing out into the still calm beauty of the night. "If I only knew where to find Rex," she mused, "I would go to him now. Surely he would not let me be sent away from him." She turned away from the window with a sigh. "I must see Rex to-morrow morning," she said, determinedly. And the weary little golden head, tired out with the day which had just died out, sank restfully down upon the snowy pillow in a dreamless sleep, the happiest, alas! that poor little girl- bride was to know for long and weary years.

A dark, dreamy silence wraps the

unconscious that it bore away from him his treasure, he never once glanced up from the letter he was reading.

Again Rex laughed aloud as he glanced it over; reading as follows: "Dear Brother Rex,—We received the letter you wrote, and the picture you sent with it, and my heart has been so heavy ever since that I could not write to you because big tears would fall on the page and blot it. Now, dear old Brother Rex, don't be angry. I wish your little Birdie is going to say. Mamma says you are going to marry and bring home a wife, and she showed me her picture, and said you was very much in love with her, and I must be so too. But I can't fall in love with her, Brother Rex; indeed, I've tried very hard and I can't; don't tell anybody, but I've really said I don't like her one bit. She looks stylish and her name Pluma sounds real stylish too, but she don't look kind. I thought, perhaps, if I told you I did not like her you might let me up and come home. I forgot to tell you the blue room and the room across the hall is being fixed up for you just lovely, and I am to have your own little box. Don't bring any one with you."

"Your loving little sister, Birdie."

"There's no fear of my bringing Pluma home now," he laughed, holding a snatch of "The Pines" chorus. "Birdie won't have anything to fear on that score. I do wish my marrying Birdie was as easy as getting a ring, choosing whom their children shall marry and whom they shall not. Love goes where it sees fit."

He looked at his watch again. "Eight o'clock," he muttered, starting very pale upon seeing another hour had slipped away. "I can not stand this a minute longer. I must see what has happened to Daisy."

To be continued.

THE POWERFUL ICE-BREAKER. "BAIKAL."

The great English firm of Sir William Armstrong, Whitehead & Co., has built upon Lake Baikal one of the most remarkable steamships in the world.

People who move into rented houses are likely to encounter water bugs and cockroaches, and only vigilant efforts will effectually rid the premises of the pests.

Wash black lace with rain water, and add a teaspoonful of borax and a tablespoonful of alcohol to each quart of water used.

Wash white lace with boiling water and borax soap, after first soaking it in a bottle covered with white cotton. Let the lace dry on the bottle.

TO PRESERVE MEATS. Cut meat into small pieces and put in a bottle with salt and pepper.

Do not eat meat that has been kept in a refrigerator for more than a few days.

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Japan tea drinkers!

SALUDA CEYLON GREEN TEA is more healthful than Japan tea.

About the House.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS. Vinegar will "set" dubious greens and blues in gingham.

Vinegar is an antidote for poisoning by alkalis.

For a summer picnic luncheon there should be plenty of relishes and a few sweets.

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and other pieces in the "set." Cottage furniture was always sold in a set.

It was very cordially despised, after tastes turned toward the antique wooden furniture, brass beds and all the similar improvements that came during the past score of years. The cottage sets were relegated to country residences, servants' rooms and other inconspicuous places.

Since that time painted furniture has not been seen until the white enamelled chests of drawers and other wooden pieces began to be seen. Now there are signs that the days of painted furniture may return, although it is not likely that the taste for it will ever be strong enough to recover the slight favor for the cottage set.

Painted furniture of the day is very more artistic and elaborate than its predecessor ever was. It is as expensive, too, as nearly any of the painted, indeed, with all the excellences of a background. It is decorated with sprays of flowers, very artistically and charmingly disposed.

Probably this same degree of difference exists between all articles popular for household decoration.

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If quality counts for anything then in

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA. You find the best obtainable, that is the reason of its great popularity. In Lead Packs 25, 50, 40, 80 and 90.

Poultry, Butter, Eggs and other Produce. If you have any correspondence with us, we want 100 CARLOADS.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

HIS PEDIGREE. Is any letter here for me? Who's your bill?

Per the lan' sake, don't you know me? I'm Bill, that married Susan, that married Tom, that died last harvest, when cotton was worth 'fethin' enough for pay for the pickin' an' ol' Jones of a nigger fer stealin' a mule that was lame in one leg an' foundered in all four; an' ef you hain't got no letter fer me gimme postal card!

"A Man's a Man for a That." Even if he has come on his feet. But he is a stronger, happier, and wiser man if he uses Putnam's Painless Corn Extract and gets rid of the unsightly corn painlessly and at once.

THE GENTLE READER. What has become of the Gentle Reader? One does not like to think that he has passed away with the weeklies and the weekly newspapers; and that henceforth we are to be confronted only with the stony glare of the Intelligent Reading Public. Once upon a time that it is to say a generation or two ago, he was very highly esteemed. To him books were dedicated with long rambling prefaces and with epistles which were their own excuse for being. In the very middle of the story the writer would stop with a word of apology or explanation addressed to the Gentle Reader, or at the very least with a nod or a wink. No matter if the title of the hero be in suspense or the plot be impossibly involved.

"Hang the plot!" says the author. "I must have a chat with the Gentle Reader, and find out what he thinks about it."

And so confidences were interchanged, and there was gossip about the universe, and suggested in regard to the queerness of human nature, until, at last, the author would jump by side with the British tea planters of Ceylon and India.

LET DEEDS RATHER SENTIMENT. Ladies of Canada: The world never saw such an exhibition of patriotic sentiment as the African war called forth in the breasts of Canadians, Australians and the splendid youth of Natal fought side by side with the British tea planters of Ceylon and India.

Australia drinks the tea of Ceylon and India, while Canada already drinks their Black Tea. Drinkers of Japan tea should try their greens tea, a large pier glass at the head of a stateroom. I was bewildered, but I remembered distinctly that the gentleman who advanced on me out of space struck me as being rather a distinguished-looking person. I felt proud of him after I discovered his identity and asked him to have a drink on it.

Without exception, everybody I have ever spoken to on the subject has admitted to me that he was pleased by the appearance of his double. So there's a hard metaphysical nut to crack—why is it that we generally look better than we had supposed?"

THE LEARNED SOCIETIES. Through their members have testified to the great efficacy of Putnam's Painless Corn Extract. It provokes no line of demarcation, securing alike the good will of the highest and the most humble, and with strict impartiality, removing with equal celerity the corns of each. Try Putnam's Corn Extract.

Dinglebat has original ideas about family government. He says every home should be a little republic, where universal toleration prevails and everyone has a voice in the government. Yes, his family is managed on that plan; but he and Mrs. Dinglebat have the same old wrangle every day as to who shall be president.

Our Special Bargain lots are decidedly lower than any ever offered. Lot No. 3 contains 20 pieces of 10c Music for 50c. This means we give you music for

50c, worth \$2.

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING: I Want My Lu Lu, My Lady Lu, I Like to Hear that Song Again, I've Waited Long for You, Come Back to Erin in the Song I Love Best, Oh My Old Missouri Shore, Let Music Break on this Best Morn'g, Let Me Dream Again, The Letter in the Candle, INSTRUMENTAL, Topsy Turvy, Cake Walk, Topsy in Town, Cake Walk, Mascotte Marche, X-Cross Quadrille, Mac-cette Potpourri, Cador, Cooling Doves, Curious Story, Patinka March, Hevatan March.

Postage, 10c extra.

ALFRED J. KLEIN, (SUCCESSOR TO R. B. BUTLAND), TORONTO, ONT.

Will Cure You

If you are suffering from Weakness, Pain in the Back, or any other ailment, you will find relief in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

PAY WHEN CURED.

My beautiful illustrated book is sent FREE on application, and it tells all about my wonderful pills and how to get them.

Dr. W. B. McLaughlin, 180 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

When everyone has tried Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea there will be no need to advertise it. Once tried, always tried.

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