A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XXIX.

Ada watched the water flash down to the pool, and heard the story of the death-bed betrothal, to the accompaniment of its manifold murmuring, without interruption or comment till the end, then she turned her face from the water to Philip with a little sigh.

"Yes, you ought to have told me," she said, in low and gentle tones unalloyed by reproach.

He could not speak or trust himself to look at her for a moment; yet, in spite of the keen unspoken reproach those gentle words contained, his heart throbbed with triumphant joy.

"If I had ever dreamed—" he began, "but I never ventured," he added after a long pause, "I thought you so far above my reach. We were on such friendly terms from the first. I knew that your people would never hear of anything of the sort. You seemed so safe. I did not think that I—a rough-hewn sort of fellow—could ever touch you like that—until—"

"Until yesterday?" she asked, in the same low, gentle voice.

"How could I help it?" he cried, "how could I? I heard that mare's hoofs strike the wall, I heard the crash—ah! And when I saw you lying there you were so white, so still! I shall never forget it. I was mad, dearest, I can only ask to be forgiven." He put his hand before his face as if to exclude something from his sight. Ada had turned again toward the rushing waters, her breast was shaken by a little sob and her eyes were full of tears. He brushed away the intruding vision and looked at her quivering face outlined against the rocky fall with mingled feelings.

"But you wished," she said, turning her face once more toward him so that he saw the tears shining in her eyes, "to tell me of your trouble. Never mind yesterday. May I see the letter?"

They read it together, he explaining here and there what seemed necessary. It was written immediately after Jessie's last visit to Marwell Rectory, when Miss Ingleby had received her with such marked coldness; it related the scandal as it was buzzed about the place, also Mr. Ingleby's view of the actual facts, his conviction of Jessie's perfect integrity and child-like ignorance of conventionalities. It spoke of Mrs. Plummer's practical neglect of Jessie in suffering her to go about unattended, and of the total impossibility of making either the Plummers or Cheeseman comprehend the kind of guardianship a girl like Jessie required, and of the impossibility of keeping a young woman of her breeding and tastes chained to the homely occupations and companionship of one so uncultivated as Mrs. Plummer. Jessie's previous foiled attempts at confidence to herself were recapitulated, her mental and moral loneliness, her great beauty and charm, her talents, her dangerous visit to Marwell Court and false position there; all were dwelt upon affectionately, even lovingly. His sister's line of conduct toward Jessie was regretted, and the conversation he had had with her on her way from the Rectory was related. But, bravely as Jessie had accepted the consequences of her error, Mr. Ingleby said, in conclusion, he did not think she could possibly remain in the neighborhood after such a scandal, and great as was his confidence in her integrity and high principle, one never knew what unadvised steps a girl might take in despair. There was no doubt, he added in a postscript, that this fascinating man of the world had to a certain extent attracted and influenced Jessie; he trusted it was no more than the influence of a strong nature over a weak one, and would pass away. But in the circumstances he thought it unwise to have her out to India just yet.

"There is but one course," Ada said, after carefully reading the letter, "and I know that you have already decided upon it."

"Yes," he replied, "yes, that seemed the only right course, but I wanted your opinion first."

"You know," she continued, as if pleading against some objection upon his part, "this is no ordinary engagement; it is not merely a question of keeping faith with a—fiance—but keeping faith with the dead, and with all your past life. Perhaps this engagement with one so young was not well done—but, Philip—it is done."

"It would be a scoundrelly desertion, though she did offer to release me from it," he replied.

"Release you?"

"Yes, she offered that," he said, and told her as much as he could remember of the letter and his reply. She turned away and looked at the foaming water for some time, and then turned and looked straight in his face, with an earnest, candid gaze that went through him. "Philip," she said, "do you think that she loves you?"

"I never thought about it," he replied, with the utmost simplicity; "I took it for granted."

"How like a man!" she commented, with a strange little half-smile playing over her face, as she turned again to consider the rushing waters.

"If she does not, I cannot force her to marry me," he said, rather wistfully.

"But if she does not, she may be won," she urged, turning again with the same earnest gaze. "You may think it strange," she added, with a vivid flush, "but girls expect to be courted. It is a homage that ought not to be withheld."

"And yet—" he paused, remembering that he had said no word of love to Ada, though every time he looked at her his eyes told the tale.

"Do you remember Andromache's parting from Hector?" she continued. 'Father, thou art to me and mother dear, and brother too, kind husband of my heart.' That is the relationship between you and Jessie, my friend."

"She has no one else," he asserted awed by the pathetic tenderness which Ada's beautiful voice gave to these words.

"And is six thousand miles away, in grave peril, alone and unprotected," she continued, looking down upon him through eyes brilliant with tears. She had grown rather pale during the interview; she was now bending slightly toward him, her face partially shaded by one hand, her attitude, as she sat inclining toward the cascade with one knee on which her arm rested, higher than the other, singularly sweet and graceful, and expressive beyond all words.

"There is no one like you!" he cried. "No one. Who could help loving you?"

"There is no one," she continued, suffering two bright tears to fall unheeded, "like Philip Randal in honor and truth. Philip, which would you rather have, a disloyal lover or a staunch friend?"

"But I must leave you and never see you again," he murmured, huskily, "never see you, never!"

"You will get over this, you will conquer yourself," she replied, with the same sweet gentleness and the same earnest gaze. "Some day you will show me your Jessie, and all the trouble will be forgotten. Life has great things in it, and pleasing one's self, even in the way of marriage, where choice is usually duty, does not bring blessing. You have talent and energy, a great future is before you, though you must now miss one of the best opportunities possible to one so young, as my father says. It is hard, Philip, very hard, but after all, true prosperity and promotion only come through duty. I shall hear of you, Philip, and be glad and proud.

'Not once nor twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory,'"

she added.

He moved toward her, his eyes kindled with holy fire and a half articulate cry on his lips, but something in the very tenderness of her sorrowful gaze made him pause, overawed, and then draw back again.

"And you, Ada? What will you do?" he asked, in half smothered tones.

A sudden burst of tears was the unexpected and disquieting reply. He stood with his back to the rock, and his arms folded across his chest, and looked at her with a white face and gleaming eyes.

"Anything but this," he groaned. "I cannot bear this."

She checked herself, quietly dried her eyes, and summoned a sweet, tender smile to her face.

"I hope I shall do well," she replied, resuming her former attitude; "I have a thousand plans and projects, all for the good and welfare of mankind," she added, with a little dainty sarcasm.

"I could not help it, I did not mean it. I tried so hard," he said, heavily. "I tried after the ball to forget you, and then, that ruby! it seemed enchanted. Chance took me to Gossamjee's house, and I could not avoid you. But I ought not to have seen you again at Lucknow. And then, when your rose struck my face that day I lost my head, but I never dreamed of hurting you."

"Do not reproach yourself," she replied. "I would not be otherwise, and even if you had not told me, I am afraid—Oh! it began at the ball! I never thought of anyone else in that way. It was my own fault. There was never a word from you till yesterday."

"Ah, yesterday!"

"I did not know till yesterday," she, said, bringing the shadow of her hand more completely over her face and speaking in those low golden, clear tones of deep feeling, "but it must have been in my heart always. We must go. See how the shadows slant. They will be looking for us."

"One minute more. I may never see you again," he cried, trying to prevent her from leaving her rocky seat, "and I must never even think of you again."

"Not yet," she replied, taking the hand extended to help her down from her niche by the water, "not till things are right at home. And then I think we shall always be glad to have known each other, Philip," she added, with an infinitely tender and sorrowful smile.

"If I might die for you!" he cried.

"Live instead; live well, live nobly," she rejoined. "Oh, Philip, dying is easy enough, living is the hard part."

He turned away.

"Philip!" she exclaimed, "Philip!"

He turned, extended his arms and would have embraced her, but that she drew back gently and repelled him.

"Never again," she said, and he fell back a pace, but pleading that it was their last moment together.

"We must go now," she added, hurriedly. "You know," she added, with the old tenderness, "most people would blame me——"

"Blame you!" he echoed, indignantly.

"Not such as you," she replied, with a smile of perfect trust, "you are too chivalrous. But the world, conventional people, if they knew what I have let you know. So, Philip, never let me blame myself, never let me regret, never let me be anything but proud of you."

She moved from the waterfall as she spoke, the hoarse murmur of the waters became fainter and fainter, the shadows of the trees deepened above their heads, the river faded once more into blue glimpses beneath leafy canopies. Philip made some fervid, half-articulate rejoinder as he walked by her side full of sudden perfect peace, and lifted up in heart as he had never been before.

They separated before appearing at the river side, where the yacht was about to set sail; the young people supposed Ada to have remained with her mother, who imagined her to have been with the party exploring the temple. The eligible civilian reproved her for her desertion, and she told how stiff and aching her yesterday's tumble had made her, and was more gracious to him than he remembered to have seen her. Philip devoted himself to Mrs. Maynard, whom he helped on board; then he had a brief chat with the colonel, telling him that family affairs called him suddenly home, and that he was obliged to give up his staff appointment and ask for leave, at which Colonel Maynard was greatly concerned. He plainly told Philip that such an opportunity as he had now fell to the lot of few, and might never occur again, and implored him to consider before he threw it away. Afterward, he told his wife that he verily believed "that little flirt Ada" had refused him, and that, on the whole, perhaps it was as well that she should not have taken a nameless adventurer like Randal, even though old maidhood must now be her doom.

Philip had sent his horse back and made one of the party on board the yacht. The wind was not fair for them, they had to tack and delay their course, while the sun burned away in the west and went down in great pomp of crimson and gold, its glory reflected and redoubled in the river.

Though Ada and Philip did not speak during the voyage, it was a secret and sweet memory for their future lives. Each could see the other, each was blessedly conscious of the other's presence, each would have liked to sail on forever over the broad river, which was steeped in the splendid ardors of that glowing sunset. On and on forever over those richly hued waters, in the peace of the cooling evening, in the exquisite hush which follows the dying sun, they would have liked to glide, enjoying the picturesque features of that foreign shore, its waving palms and mango groves, its dark groves of unfamiliar trees, its oriental houses, the domes and minarets of the little towns, the dusky, brightly clad people passing in native boats and moving by the river side—on and on, their keel cleaving now a wave of molten gold, now a sea of liquid rose, now of amethyst, violet, amber, primrose, now floods of dissolved rubies.

But, the glowing radiance burned too swiftly away, the last stain left the waters, the sudden night fell long before they reached their landing place. They saw great stars orb themselves in the dark sky and tremble upon the river's breast, and when they landed, a broad moon was just peeping above the horizon, its mellow light was gliding the dark and glossy leaves of the orange-trees, and lending a new witchery to the slender palms and delicate acacias in the garden.

Philip and Ada lingered behind, unnoticed in the darkness, and walked together in the shadow of those beautiful trees, touched now and again by the mystical glory of the rising moon. Here they clasped hands for the last time, and bid each other farewell with over-full hearts. Then Ada mingled with the others on the verandah, people wished each other good-night there, she shivering in the chill air, though Philip had wrapped her in a warm shawl.

She heard his quick firm steps as he passed beneath the orange-trees and out of the compound into the road, on which he had been walking when her rose struck his face. Then they died away, and she owned, on being questioned, that she was very tired.

A week or two later Philip stood on the deck of a steamer and watched the Indian shore, with the gilded domes and light minarets of its brooding city lessen and fade in the distance. Not quite two years before he had landed in the unknown, marvel-teeming Asian country, a stranger and an exile, with a deep yearning for pale English skies and pale misty English shores; he had clouded with terror; out of the dark heart of the horror and strife of those days he had plucked the beautiful flower he might never wear, he had fought and suffered, and won himself a name that he must now bury in obscurity; he was bidding good-bye to everything he cared for. Farewell now to the blazing suns, the broad rich plains, the mighty mountains ranges, the beautiful cities rich with unfamiliar architecture and dense dark groves, the palm-circled temples, the dark picturesque people of many creeds, races, and tongues, the castle-crested hills, the thick forests haunted by fierce beautiful beasts and fierce beautiful reptiles, the brief but glowing dawns and sunsets, and the sudden star-lit nights. Farewell to the dignified politeness of the grave, brightly clad, jewelled nobles, the sound of the rich southern languages, the mystery surrounding beings so alien to European habits and thoughts. All was fascination to him in that land of marvel. Even the stately tramp of elephants, those huge sagacious creatures with more than human intelligence, even the jolting swaying pace of a camel, had a sort of charm when one was not riding it. But how much greater was the charm of rose gardens, orange and lime groves, and above all of that rocky waterfall, shadowed by its slender bamboos and drooping palms! The sound of those falling waters would always haunt him, blended with the sweeter sound of Ada's voice. Farewell now to those memories; he must never dwell upon them again. Yet that hour by the waterfall served him to his duty, and his love, then entered upon a higher phase. It had till then been so hard to give up, now it seemed simply right and inevitable; loyalty was no more divided; in being loyal to earlier claims he would best keep faith with Ada.

The shores faded into the general blueness, and he turned away from the charmed scenes of romance, love, and glory, forgetful of the horror and suffering through which these had been won, and set his face toward chill gray England and the hill prose of duty.

Deeply as he pitied Jessie, and strongly as he felt his responsibility toward her, he was extremely angry with her, angry with the cold disapproving anger that only a man can feel, and only toward a woman who belongs to him, and who has, however slightly, compromised herself. He did not think Jessie capable of a wrong thought, but he did think that, through folly or ignorance, or both, she had got into a very serious scrape; and such folly, or such ignorance, in women is unpardonable in male eyes. Their womenkind, however foolish and ignorant in other respects, are expected not only to be faultless in deed and thought, but also in circumspection, tact and knowledge. Every man is Caesar to his wife and sister. Caesar's wife must be not only above suspicion, but beyond misconception.

Such is the arrogance of this frail and erring atom, man, to the woman he deigns to love and respect. A more thoroughly and unconsciously foolish biped does not exist upon earth, doomed as it is to bear the tread of so many foolish things. My womenkind, says this little autocrat, though silly, ignorant, and weak, dwell upon heights of unapproachable purity, cased in armor of invulnerable virtue; women in general, on the contrary, are—well, we all know what women are! He has no mercy on the errors of his own sister, however tempted, but is ever tender to the failings of other men.

Philip was not particularly angry with Claude Medway. How could he blame him for amusing himself after the manner of his kind? He would of course think that girls must take care of themselves, and that if girls are ignorant of what is due to themselves, so much the worse for them. Woe to the weak! Are gilded youth responsible for the misery of those who fall in their way? Is not the world the world? Yes, my good Philip, and the devil is the devil, and a strong one to boot; but that is no reason why we should knock under to him.

Once or twice it crossed Philip's mind that irretrievable disaster might have befallen Jessie, but he dismissed it as insulting to her. But Ada had fully faced this ghastly possibility. She could also conceive redemption and healing for a woman, as for a man; if, as she heard, a good woman could lead a husband from a dark past to a holy future, surely a good man might lead a wife. But Ada was only a woman, she had not had the advantage of hearing men of the world instruct each other upon the different code of ethics proper to each sex, as Philip had; and having early discovered that conventional morality is for the most part a hybrid, between real morality and the expediency invented by ages of male selfishness, resolved to accept none not based upon justice and truth. Therefore she expected Philip to save to the uttermost the one human being dependent upon him.

Philip's heart beat strongly when, after having taken the quick overland route, he saw the gray Dover cliffs rising from the pale sea. In less than twenty-four hours he would look again upon Jessie's sweet, pathetic child face. He would be very gentle with her, would appear to know nothing of those ill-judged rambles; would place her under some suitable lady guardian, far from the scenes of those idle tales, and gently and gradually win her heart. Never till then had he felt how closely Jessie's life was entwined with his, or how strong and ineradicable are the affections that begin with life itself. He little suspected the calamity that had long since fallen upon him.

(To be Continued.)

WHEN A ROWBOAT UPSETS.

How Best to Keep Yourself Afloat Till Saved.

If you are in a rowboat and it overturns, when you come to the surface and have yourself comfortably settled in the water, look about for the upturned boat or an oar, and if the closer of the two is not far away you can undoubtedly cover the distance by using your hands and by kicking gently with your legs, after alternately drawing them up about twice as much as for treading.

If you reach an oar, grasp it with your hands, placed about three feet apart. Then, just as if you were working pulleys in your room, alternately shove the oar in front of you at arm's length and pull it back to your chin. If your lung power is good and you observe the rule to breathe deeply and exhale scantily, you can easily keep afloat 20 minutes. Help out your hands by using your legs the best you know how; and religiously keep out of a standing position. By all means give the lungs opportunity to "take hold" in the water; in other words, to perform their work freely.

A capsized rowboat is ordinarily a splendid buoy. If you reach it, all you have to do to keep afloat indefinitely is to touch it with your hands. It is not necessary for you to try to scramble upon it. In the effort you may send it away from you, or release the air caught in it when it capsized, and thus cause it to sink. The safer plan is simply to rest your hands on it.

But if you were in a sloop or any sort of craft with rigging, keep away from the boat. If the sloop capsizes, your first move should be to get clear of the rigging, and after that to stay clear of it. I have known many a good swimmer to drown simply because he got foul of a boat's gear. Trust to your efforts alone; you will be in far less peril

ANAEMIA—POOR BLOOD.

Headaches, Dizziness, Heart Palpitation and Consumption Follows.

Anaemia—watery blood—is a treacherous trouble. It steals insidiously from slight symptoms to dangerous diseases. The thin watery blood shows itself at first in pale lips, wan face, breathlessness, heart palpitation, lost appetite. If the trouble is not checked and cured, consumption follows; coughing, spitting, clammy night sweats, a total breakdown and death. What the anaemic sufferer needs is more blood—more strength. And there is nothing in the whole wide world will give new blood and new strength so surely and so speedily as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to send new, rich, red blood coursing through the system, bringing strength to weak lungs and all parts of the body. Thousands testify to the truth of these statements, among them Miss Enerine Vilandre, St. Germain, Que., who says:—"While attending school my health began to give way. I had trouble came on gradually and the doctor who attended me said it was due to overstudy and that a rest would put me right. But instead of getting better I grew weaker. I suffered from headaches and dizziness, and at night I did not sleep well. I was troubled with pains in the back, my appetite left me and I grew pale as a corpse. Finally I became so weak I was forced to remain in bed. As the doctor did not help me any, I asked my father to get me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had used two boxes there was an improvement, and when I had taken a half dozen boxes I was again in perfect health. I believe all weak girls will find new health if they will take the pills."

Anaemia, indigestion, heart trouble, rheumatism, kidney trouble, and the special ailments of women are all due to poor blood, and are all cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BOERS LIKED BERMUDA.

Are No Longer Guests of the British Government.

This reminiscence of the Boer war is going the rounds of the English papers:—Seven happy Boers have been leading a luxurious life in the beautiful Bermudas at the expense of the British Government. At last the British Government has put its foot down, and the seven Boers are now on their way to South Africa.

They were the last of the irreconcilables, and they resolutely refused to barter their Bermudian luxury in return for an oath of allegiance to the King of All the Britains. They were not in the least home-sick, but exceedingly contented with the fate that made them exiles-de-luxe.

Various modes of conciliation were essayed by the British Government. All were fruitless. At last the Boer General Pretorius was sent from South Africa to Bermuda to show this seven the error of their ways.

The officers of the garrison asked him to lunch, but Pretorius was anxious to get right away to his fellow-countrymen. He came back soon afterwards, rather in a huffy. The lotos-eaters had stoned the prophet.

Then the British Government grew angry with the Boers, and turned them out of their pension quarters. They camped out in the chief street of Hamilton—still happy.

They did their cooking, their eating, and their washing in the open street. The police swooped down, threatened to arrest them as vagrants, and to make them work.

This was too much for them. They capitulated at once, and asked for the nearest place where they could take the oath of allegiance.

Finally they were bundled on board a steamer, shipped to the States and thence to England on the way to South Africa. They arrived at Liverpool recently on the Baltic.

A DANGER TO BABY.

Doctors have preached against the so-called soothing medicines for years, but they are still used altogether too much. The fact that they put children to sleep is no sign that they are helpful. Ask your doctor and he will tell you that you have merely drugged your little one into insensibility — that soothing medicines are dangerous. If your little one needs a medicine give it Baby's Own Tablets, and you give it a medicine guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. You can give these Tablets just as safely to a new born infant as to the well grown child, and they will cure all the minor ills of childhood. Mrs. J. M. Gilpin, Bellhaven, Ont., says: "Since I gave my little one Baby's Own Tablets there has been a marvellous change in her appearance, and she is growing splendidly. You may count me always a friend to the Tablets." Ask your druggist for this medicine or send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get a box by mail post paid.

A young man thinks he is unworthy of the girl during courtship, but after marriage he soon discovers his error.

HE TELLS THEM TO ASK THE I. O. F

JOHN J. BURNS CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He Had Chronic Inflammation of the Kidneys—Says His Brother Foresters can Tell all About it.

Darnley, P. E. I., Aug. 29—(Special)—John J. Burns, a prominent member of the I. O. F. here, whose cure of Chronic Inflammation of the Loins and Kidneys caused a sensation some time ago, reports that he is still in splendid health. "Yes," says Mr. Burns, "my cure is entirely satisfactory. I have had no trouble since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. They drove away the disease from which I suffered for eight years.

"No, I'll never forget Dodd's Kidney Pills. The doctor could not help me. I got so bad I could scarcely walk, sit or sleep. I was about to give up entirely when an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Now I am in good health. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

If any one doubts Mr. Burns' story he simply refers them to his brother Foresters. They all know how he suffered and that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him.

MATHEMATICAL PRODIGIES.

Intuitive Faculty of Zerah Colburn and His Kind.

Infant musical prodigies are intelligible and even natural, compared with infant mathematical prodigies. How account for the intuitive faculty by which some children, unable to read, write or cipher, can answer instantaneously the most complicated arithmetical problems? Zerah Colburn, e. g., at six, could neither write nor cipher, and yet could answer, apparently by intuition, and unhesitatingly, all kinds of arithmetical questions. At eight he came on show from the United States to London, and answered in a moment and accurately such questions as: "How many minutes are there in 48 years?" The child not only answered it at once and correctly, but instantly added the number of seconds contained in that period. By what mental process he arrived at these answeres he could not explain.

Here, again, is a question which George Bidder, the son of a Devonshire laborer, answered at the age of 12, in one minute. It was put to him in the London Stock Exchange: "If the pendulum of a clock vibrates the distance of 9¾ inches in a second of time, how many inches will it vibrate in the course of seven years, 14 days, two hours, one minute and 56 seconds, each year of 365 days, five hours, 48 minutes and 55 seconds?" Within the minute the boy had answered correctly: Two thousand one hundred and sixty-five million six hundred and twenty-five thousand one hundred and seventy-eight miles, four hundred and seventy-five yards, two feet and three-quarters of an inch.

But the classical case of this kind was that investigated by a committee of such scientists as MM. Arago, Libri and Lacroix at Paris. They examined Vito Mangiamele, the son of a Sicilian peasant, 11 years of age, putting to him such questions as "Find the cube root of 4,295,416" which the boy did within half a minute. "Find the tenth root of 282,475,249"—which he did within three minutes. Then came this poser: "What number has the following proportions—that, if its cube is added to five times its square, and then 42 times the number and the number 40 be subtracted from the result, the remainder is equal to 0 or zero?" M. Arago repeated this question, but while he was finishing the last word the boy replied correctly, "The number is five."

Two things strike you about this extraordinary congenital faculty—its mysteriousness and its uselessness. In exemplification of the two take the case of Jedediah Buxton. He also worked out almost instantaneously the most complex problems: but he could give no account of the mental process by which he solved them. This process was so far from being correlated with intellect, or even intelligence, that when Jedediah went to hear a great preacher or went to see Garrick in "Richard III." his sole interest in the sermon or in the play was the counting of the number of words uttered by the preacher or by the actors.

In only one household can we imagine such a calculating machine to be of use—in that of the Yorkshireman who resented the parson's complaint of the inaccuracy of his clock: "What's wrong wi' t' clock? It goes reet enev for thim that knav how t' read it. When its hands are at twelve, it strikes two, and then aw knau its half-past seven."

SOLID SILVER FURNITURE.

Magnificent Order From an Eastern Prince.

A prominent Sheffield, England, firm, has just received at the hands of an eastern potentate and order on a scale of magnificence never before heard of in either the city itself or the country at large.

One's thoughts turn to the "Arabian Nights" when mention is made of a bedroom suite in solid silver, but such is the character of the order just placed in Sheffield. The name or the only information which can be obtained is that the instructions have come from the Far East, and that the question of price is only a minor consideration.

The designs are of Oriental character and of a most elaborate description. The suite, which is in solid silver throughout, includes a bedstead, a cabinet, a dressing table, a dozen chairs, three foot-baths, and three hot water cans.

The bedstead is of the most ornate character. Each of the four pillars will be surmounted by gracefully modelled female figures nearly three feet in height. The moulding of the room and other decorations will also be in sterling silver.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

A cheese-mite a quarter of an inch long can jump out of a vessel 6 inches deep. To equal this feat a man would have to jump out of a well 144 feet deep.

Flies Carry Contagion

Wilson's Fly Pads

kill the flies and disease germs too.

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

GOT A BITE.

In a certain town in the North of Ireland there is a fishing-tackle shop, the sign whereof is a brazen trout dangling at the end of a fishing-rod of massive proportions. Late one night a townsman who had been dining "not wisely but too well" happened to see this fish. He looked at it, then went cautiously to the door and knocked gently.

"Who's there?" demanded the shopkeeper from an upper window.

"'Sh-h! Don't make a noise, but come down as quietly as you can," was the reply.

Thinking something serious was the matter the man arose and stole downstairs.

"Now, what's the matter?" he inquired.

"Pull your line in quick; you have got a bite," roared the tipsy one as he erratically turned a corner.

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 surfaces.

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 all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Although Russia's Asiatic possessions are six times the size of ours they have but 25 million people, compared with 297 million under British rule.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

After sizing up his neighbors a man ceases to worry about his own inferiority.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Some men have no visible means of support when their wives are absent.

Madrid now holds the record of being the most unhealthy capital in Europe. Its deaths were 9,374 last year in a population of little over half a million.

I was Cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT
J. M. CAMPBELL.
Bay of Islands.

I was Cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
WM. DANIELS.
Springhill, N. S.

I was Cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
GEO. TINGLEY.
Albert Co., N. B.

There is no better way of dusting carved furniture than with a painter's brush. This will penetrate all the little crannies which could not be touched by an ordinary duster or brush.

CANADIAN NATIONAL FACTS AND FIGURES.

The Independent Order of Foresters have just issued from the press a very neat little booklet giving a great grist of facts and figures with regard to Canada, its resources, mineral and agricultural, etc. Historical points, territories and other Canadian information of great value. This little booklet should be in the hands of all. It will be sent on application to Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger, of the I.O.F., Temple Building, Toronto, Canada.

Within the past 50 years, Hamburg, and the coast of Germany in its neighborhood, has sunk 5 feet 9 inches.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto

Dr. Chase's Ointment

WELL-MANNERED BURGLAR.

Left a Note of Regret in the House he Robbed.

A young man of 24, named Christopher Gregory, who pleaded guilty at the Clerkenwell Sessions, London recently, to having broken into the dwelling house of Thomas Foster Reid, at Warwick road, Paddington, left the following letter upon the dining room table:

Warwick Road, Maida-vale W.

Foster Reid, Esq.,

Sir,—No doubt you will be surprised to receive this note, but I take this means of finding a place to rest my head. I have been very unfortunate, and for the last 12 months I have been out of employment, and living goodness knows how.

I took an oath that the first day I was without food I would get into the hands of the police, and this is the first time I have been in want of food and shelter. I dare not sleep in the open air, for my health is not the best. I am sorry for the damage done to the shutters, also to the tree in the garden.

I judged the height of the wall from outside, and, of course, had an unexpected fall, happily without any harm to myself. You will see that I helped myself to a little food, also a little wine, and for that I thank you.

I shall give myself up at the police station. I have taken a few articles to make up a case—a cigarette case and a card case—from the whatnot in the drawing room, a French coin (50 cents), and a jewel.

Again assuring you that my regret for damaging your house, but it had to be, and you will be doing me a service if you prosecute.—I am, sir, yours respectfully.

C. GREGORY.

The next day Gregory surrendered to the police. He is described as well educated and of good address.

ISSUE NO. 35—04.

Imitations at best are imitations, substitutions never satisfy - Insist on having Blue Ribbon Tea.

TRADE MARK ISLAND CITY

USE— "ISLAND CITY" HOUSE AND FLOOR PAINTS

Will Dry in 8 Hours.

On Sale at all Hardware Dealers

P. D. DODS & CO., Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you good prices.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO, Limited

Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

LOWER PRICES USE BETTER QUALITY

FIBRE EDDY WARE

CAN BE HAD IN

Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

MEDICAL CONVENTION.

Delegates to the Medical Association at Vancouver can return through San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Denver and the "World's Fair" St. Louis, by purchasing tickets sold to San Francisco, account Knights Templar meeting.

Tickets on sale from August 15th to September 9th, good for return until October 23rd, with stopover privileges in each direction. This is an open rate to the public, as tickets are not sold on the certificate plan. The rate from Toronto will be $70.25. Correspondingly low rates from other points. Tickets can be purchased going via Vancouver, returning through above cities, or vice versa.

By writing H. F. Carter, Traveling Passenger Agent, Union Pacific Railroad, 14 Janes Building, Toronto, Ont., he will give you full information.

St. Peter's at Rome is in the form of a cross 636 feet long and 450 feet wide. Its height is only 2 feet less than its width.

Pendennis—"I've made an awful mistake. I sent a messenger boy up to Miss Cashley's with a lot of flowers. Thinking it was her birthday, and now I learn that her birthday is to-morrow." Warington—"That's all right; the messenger boy may get there in time."

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething it soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 23-G

Never put off till to-morrow the friend who is willing to lend you money to-day.

Minard's Liniment Cures Blistemper.

Most of the black hair used in wigs and "switches" comes from the convents of Italy and Spain, while the fair and red hair comes mainly from the heads of Russian, Swedish, German, and Danish peasant girls.

Piet Cronje, the ex-Boer commandant, has been married, and we understand that the second Mrs. Cronje objects to her husband being described as a hero of a hundred engagements.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

CARGO OF GOLD.

Probably the largest cargo of gold specie ever shipped across the Atlantic has been unloaded from the Kaiser Wilhelm II. at Cherbourg. The amount, constituting an instalment of the Panama Canal indemnity from the United States, was 42,592,648 francs, or a little over $8,518,500. The money had been kept on board in an armored store-room, before which an armed sailor was on guard night and day. The door was closed by three locks, the keys being in the possession of three ship's officers respectively.

Emeline—"Sara and I can hardly understand each other over the telephone." Edgar—"Well, talk one at a time!"

The Vatican was thoroughly cleaned lately, and a quantity of repainting done. The work employed 5,700 people for six months. Merely in cleaning wallpapers 1,000 loaves of bread were used daily.

St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

Re-open Sept. 12th.

A high-class residential and day school for girls. Modern equipment. Specialists of European training and of the highest academic and professional standing in every department of work. For booklet apply to MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal; GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director (late Principal Upper Canada College).

Dominion Line Steamships

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.

Moderate Rate Service.

Second cabin passengers berthed in best accommodation on the steamer at the rate of $40 to Liverpool, or $42.50 to London. Third class to Liverpool, London, Glasgow or Queenstown $15.00.

For all particulars apply to local agents, or DOMINION LINE OFFICES, 41 King St. E., Toronto, 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal

CARPET DYEING

and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy Address Box 158, Montreal.

SWINDLER MET HIS MATCH.

The classical confidence trick has been neatly played on a would-be swindler by his intended victim. The latter, a cook on a transatlantic liner, had been done himself before, and was too old a bird to be caught again. He struck up an acquaintance with an engaging but obviously sham American millionaire in the train to Paris, confiding to him that he had 40,000 francs in his bag, and meant to abuse himself on the boulevards.

"Well met, indeed," said the millionaire; "I have also made my pile, and intend seeing the merry side of life in gay Paree." They started the evening with an expensive dinner, paid for by the American millionaire. At coffee the latter exclaimed: "Ifullo, I have not any cigarettes; I suppose you go and buy some. You can leave your bag here, where it will be quite safe. But, as you might be suspicious, here's my pocketbook. Keep it till you join me again."

As soon as the cook's back was turned the American millionaire of course bolted with the bag, but the latter only contained old newspapers and the cook's card, with the words: "I have been here before; you have met your match this time." In the would-be swindler's pocketbook was a sum of £24 in French notes, which the cook took to the police station, asking the officer to whom he told his tale with understandable relish to give the money to the poor.

Summer Colds

You should cure that cold at once. It is not only making you feel miserable, but it is doing you harm. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It is guaranteed to cure you. Your money refunded if it doesn't.

At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.

A few pieces of hoof-parings which horseshoers pare off the hoof before shoeing horses will make palms thrive luxuriantly. Simply poke the parings well down in the soil at any time of the year. Horseshoers give away the parings for the asking.

Skin on Fire With Eczema

Mr. McDougall Was for Twelve Years a Dreadful Sufferer—Now Proclaims the Virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Eczema's itch is torture, the skin seems on fire with the burning, stinging humor; at times it becomes almost unbearable, and in desperation you could tear the skin to pieces. You dare not exercise for fear of aggravating the itching, neither can you sleep, for no sooner does the body become warm than the trouble begins, and instead of restful, refreshing sleep, it is scratch, scratch, scratch all night long. There is scarcely a moment's respite from this maddening malady at any time. Of course you have tried nearly all the washes, salves, lotions and medicated soaps, but like thousands of others have been disappointed and disgusted.

Mr. Alex. McDougall, postmaster, Broad Cove Marsh, N.S., writes: "For twelve years I was a great sufferer from eczema on the inside of the leg. There was a raw patch of flesh about three inches square, and the itching was something fearful. One-half box of Dr. Chase's Ointment completely cured me, took away the itching and healed up the sore. I have no hesitation in recommending it as a wonderful cure for itching skin disease."

You