HE FOUND THAT IT PAID.

"Wait a minute Will."

"What for?"

"I want to get that bunch of bluebells."

Ned laid down his fishing-tackle and sprang over a fence, presently to return with a handful of flowers, with their dainty coloring thrown out by a background of two or three ferns.

"You're a great fellow for flowers.

"Oh, they're not for myself; but mother's always crazy over wild flowers."

And all through the walk home, notwithstanding he was already well-laden with rod and fishing-basket, Ned gave good heed to his flowers, once stopping to wet his handkerchief to wrap about the stems, that they might not suffer from the warmth of his hand.

"There she is!" While still at a distance Ned spied his mother, and made a dash toward her across the large yard. Will, following more slowly, saw him drop his rod, and take off his hat as he offered the flowers with a bow and a smile. A little stir of pain was in Will's heart, as he saw them received with a kiss and some words, evidently loving ones, which he could not hear.

"Come round to the barn with your traps, and then you can stay to supper; mother says so," said Ned, rejoining his friend.

"You're different from most boys," said Will; and Ned colored a little, for he was inwardly a trifle afraid of his mother's display of fondness provoking ridicule from the boys.

"How?" he asked, although knowing well what was meant.

"Oh—that," said Will, with an indefinite backward nod over his shoulder. "But I like it—I do, really."

"I like it," said Ned, his deepening color now due to feeling. "Don't know how I'd get along if my mother wasn't just that way. And, as she is just that way, how can I help being just that way, too? Of course it comes natural that I should be."

Ned's mother, if she had heard this, might have smiled in remembrance of the many lessons it had taken to inculcate the grace of politeness, which was now, indeed, if not natural, rapidly becoming second nature to the boy.

"If I had a mother, I'd like to be so," said Will.

"Well, it isn't only just mothers, you know. That is, of course, nobody else can be like your mother; but I mean you can be it to other folks—in a way; to anybody in our home. They all like it."

Will burst into a laugh.

"All, hey! I wish you knew my Aunt Susan. But you will, for, now we're getting settled, you must come over. You'll laugh at the ideas of such doings for her. Why, if I should bring her a flower or take off my hat to her, she wouldn't know what to make of it. She'd think I was crazy."

"I don't believe it," said Ned. "That is, if she's a good woman. And, of course," he added, in quick politeness, "your aunt must be."

"Good! I guess she is! She's so good herself she thinks there's no good in such a thing as a boy. I believe she thinks boys were only made to be a torment to such as she."

"Some boys are, I suppose."

Will colored a little as he inwardly realized that Aunt Susan might be somewhat justified in holding such an opinion.

"Well," continued Ned, "I thought all ladies liked flowers, and liked to be nicely treated, too. And," he added stoutly, "I think so still."

"I don't believe Aunt Susan would take the trouble to notice either flowers or nice behavior," replied Will.

"Have you ever tried?"

Boys are not much in the habit of reading moral lectures to one another, so it is not likely Ned would have enlarged on the subject, even if they had not just then been ready to carry in their string of fish, to be duly admired by Ned's mother.

But Ned's lightly spoken, and quickly by him forgotten question, returned to Will's mind, as, later, he walked alone in the direction of his own home.

"Have you ever tried?"

"Well, I haven't, that's a fact. But," he gave a little laugh, "the idea of bringing flowers to Aunt Susan! Fancy her stare! She would not know what to make of it."

But the remembrance of Ned's graceful thought of his mother, and the sweetness of the caressing tenderness between mother and son, had touched the conscience as well as the heart of the motherless boy.

"If it wasn't flowers, I suppose it might be something else. She's as stiff and proper as a poker, and I suppose a boy might smile, and bow, and be polite all his life, and she'd never know but that he was cutting up some new kind of pranks. But, then, perhaps it's no wonder. She doesn't know much about any boy but me. I guess she thinks all they're good for is to carry mud in on their shoes, and slam doors, and leave the flyscreens open, and be late to meals. But, I say!—I've a great mind to try Ned's way; that is, partly—just for the fun of seeing how she'll take it." With which determination Will walked around the house, to find his aunt approaching the side door with a huge parcel in her arms. At any other time he would not have troubled himself about this, but now he stepped up and opened the door for her. She took little notice of him except to ask:

"Do you know where Hiram is?"

"No, I don't."

"I've been looking for him. I want to send this bundle down to Mrs. Brown's."

She passed on through th hall as if speaking more to herself than to any one else. Will was rushing up to his room two steps at a time, when he suddenly paused—

"I'll take it to her, Aunt Susan."

She stopped and looked at him unsmilingly, concluding at once in her own mind that he had some business of his own that way, yet still surprised that he should be willing to include in it a service for her self.

"Well, if it won't bother you," she said.

More intercourse with Ned awakened in Will a more honest resolution to make the best of himself in the matter of grace of manner and behavior. It is a pity that every boy should not reflect how largely his conduct influences those among whom he is thrown. Will increased his efforts to avoid small annoyances to his aunt, and began showing her small attentions, which sometimes won for him an approving smile.

He began to feel touched and conscience-smitten at perceiving that what he had begun in an unworthy spirit of fun should be making the impression on Aunt Susan which should belong with honest effort. It was pleasant to the boy whose home-life was so lonely to find himself looking for Aunt Susan's smile, and for the softened voice in which she answered his good-morning. And one day he ran up to his room, and laughed by himself till he was out of breath.

"I look off my hat to her as I met her on the corner, and she actually turned red with astonishment."

"More shame for me that it should take her off her feet so," came with a sobered reflection. "If I've done it in fur before, I'll do it in earnest now. I think it pays for a boy to be decent in his ways, whether anybody notices it or not. It pays just in the feeling he has himself."

Which was as wise a conclusion as a boy often arrives at.

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER X.

Deprived of her accustomed avocations, Vivien spent more time than usual in the library, quietly, without noise or unpleasantness. Valerie had managed to take all authority from her. The servants never went to her now for orders, having found out that, when they did so, Lady Neslie invariably countermanded them.

"Flowers always greet the rising sun," said the girl, bitterly. "They seem to forget that I am still heiress of Lancewood."

Yet, though Lady Neslie asserted her authority, and Sir Arthur upheld it, Vivien was by far the best loved. "Mildai" gave liberally—she was generous to her servants; but, with the quick instinct of their class, they saw that she was not a lady like their "own young mistress." She lacked the high bred manner, the innate good taste, the air of command natural to one born to rule. She was affable and courteous one day, haughty and imperious the next. She was either too familiar or too severe; she did not in the least understand the science of governing.

There were times when she would fain have consulted Vivien, or asked her assistance, but that she feared showing her ignorance. It was a fact that the beautiful, bright, courted Lady Neslie, mistress of Lancewood, stood more in awe of Sir Arthur's daughter than of all the world besides. Those dark, proud eyes seemed to look into the very depths of her soul—they seemed to pierce through all disguises, all affectations. She felt uneasy in that fair, stately presence; her pretty airs and graces, which seemed so charming at other times, suddenly appeared vulgar. Vivien outshone her as the grand, clear light of the sun outshines the flame of a taper. It was the unconscious influence of truth over falsehood, of a noble soul over an ignoble one, of a lofty nature over a mean one.

As time passed on, and their mutual dislike increased, Lady Neslie studied how she could hurt and wound Sir Arthur's daughter. One morning, under some slight pretext, she paid a visit to Vivien's apartments. More than once she had tried to obtain an entree, but Miss Neslie would not consent. She had a suite of rooms oin the eastern wing—rooms that she had chosen for herself!—and she was determined that they should be sacred from all intrusion. As Lady Neslie walked along the broad corridor, she met Joan Habley, Vivien's maid.

"Is Miss Neslie in her room?" she asked. And Joan was compelled to answer "Yes."

"Shall I say your ladyship is here?" asked Joan, who knew how unwelcome such a visit would be.

"No, I will go to Miss Neslie's boudoir," said her ladyship; and Joan looked after her with a darkening face.

"What is she going there for—some piece of mischief or spite?" she asked herself. "Ah, well, please Heaven, it will be my young lady's turn to rule some day!"

The fact was, that on the previous evening Lady Neslie had overheard Vivien talking to her father about a distant relative, Clarence Howard—a distant cousin of her mother's—whose photograph had been sent to Miss Neslie. She was showing it to Sir Arthur and speaking of it when Valerie overheard them.

"It is a glorious face, papa," Vivien was saying, "noble, thoughtful, high-bred. It is like my mother's face—and I have seen none so beautiful as hers. Have you, papa?"

"No," replied Sir Arthur, "that I certainly have not." And Vivien was so delighted with the reply that she kissed him lovingly, as of old, before the young wife came between them.

"That does my heart good, papa," she said. "I thought you had quite forgotten my mother."

"My dear Vivien," returned Sir Arthur, earnestly, "when you know more of life, you will know that a man never forgets and never ceases to love his first love." And Lady Neslie, overhearing the words, felt the bitterest hatred for the dead mother and the living child.

"I should like to see what the face was like that he thought so beautiful," she said. And that evening she called her maid to a solemn consultation.

"Marie," she said, "I want you to discover for me—first, whether there is a portrait of the late Lady Neslie; secondly, where it is. You can find out by a few well-directed questions in the servants' hall."

In twenty minutes' time Marie returned to tell the "miladi" that there was a very beautiful picture of the late Lady Neslie, and that if hung in Miss Neslie's boudoir—it used to be in the Blue Room, but, when the pictures were removed from there, Miss Neslie insisted on having it taken to her apartments. "Miladi" laughed a mocking little laugh, and instantly made up her mind, that, if it were possible to give Miss Neslie something disagreeable to think of, she would do so. She was jealous—jealous of the dead wife who had been so dearly loved, and whose child was heiress of that grand domain.

So, with a sharpened arrow in her heart and a smile on her lips, she went into Vivien's room. She was so bland and smiling that it was hard to imagine she could be so unkind.

"I ought to offer you a thousand apologies, Vivien," she said. "I know that I am intruding, but I wanted to ask you if you would recommend me some really good book to read."

Vivien was not pleased at the intrusion, but she was always polite. She answered kindly—

"I do not know what your taste in literature is—I have not seen you read many books. Try one of Dickens'."

"I will. What a pleasant room this boudoir of yours is! You have a beautiful view from the window. How fond you are of flowers! Your room is full of them."

"Yes; I love flowers," assented Vivien.

Then Lady Neslie went to the door, as though about to leave; she looked round the walls.

"You have some nice pictures. Dear me, what a strange face that is! Is it a portrait?"

She was looking at the pictured face of Vivien's mother. Vivien made no answer. Lady Neslie walked up to it.

"It is a strange face," she said, as though studying it. "I do not like it; the expression is disagreeable, sullen, and proud—the eyes want intelligence. I should not keep such a picture in my room. Is this one of your boasted Neslies, Vivien?"

Vivien had grown white even to the very lips; her anger was so great that she was literally speechless. Lady Neslie looked at her.

"Have I annoyed you?" she said, quickly. "I am sorry. Surely this is not the portrait of any one you care for? If so, I am sorry. I would not have spoken of it had I known."

Vivien's anger was terrible.

"Lady Neslie," she said, slowly, "that is my mother's picture."

"Your mother's! exclaimed Valerie, "How sorry I am! Why did you not stop me? How could I know? I always understood she was a beautiful woman."

"That is my mother's portrait," repeated Vivien, "and you know it. You are very clever, Lady Neslie, but you are not clever enough to deceive me. From some motive of your own you have come here purposely to insult me through my dead mother; you have achieved your purpose. Will you oblige me now by leaving me?"

Lady Neslie turned scarlet with shame at having been detected.

"I assure you—" she began.

"Hush! said Vivien, calmly. "There is no need for further words. That is my beloved mother's picture—and she was as worthy of honor and esteem as you are of contempt."

But Lady Neslie had recovered herself by this time. She laughed.

"What an absurd mistake! I am really sorry. I must tell Sir Arthur. But it is foolish of you to be cross about it, Vivien."

She found that she was talking to the air—Miss Neslie had left the room.

"Never mind," said her ladyship to herself, "I have hurt her; but the victory is not a great one, after all."

That little incident simply deepened Vivien's contempt for her father's wife, while it increased in some vague way Lady Neslie's awe of her.

There had been a slight disagreement over the jewels that Vivien's mother had worn. At her mother's death they were all locked away; but it was the right and privilege of the reigning Lady Neslie to wear them, and Valerie was not one to forego her privileges. Sir Arthur had spoken to her about the jewels, and she was all anxiety to see them. It happened that more than once Sir Arthur had also spoken to his daughter of them.

"They are family heir-looms," he had said. "As I have no wife to wear them, you must wear them, Vivien, when you come of age."

That promise he could not keep. Lady Neslie mentioned them when she had been some days at Lancewood.

"I should like to see them, Arthur," she said. "Perhaps some of the settings are old-fashioned. If so, the stones must be reset."

And one morning when a sudden shower of rain prevented their going out, Sir Arthur asked his wife and daughter to join him in the library, where the cases were all arranged for inspection. They had never been touched since the dead Lady Neslie had closed them, and Sir Arthur remembering that, looked gravely at them. Vivien felt it deeply.

"Papa," she said, "I can be of no use here. Why did you send for me?"

"I thought you would assist Valerie in selecting what should be reset—you have so much taste in such things."

"I can suggest nothing," said Vivien. "They were my mother's jewels. If I were consulted, I should say, keep them for her sake just as they are."

"Perhaps you are right," said Sir Arthur; but Lady Neslie cried, abruptly—

"No, I cannot wear them as they are. They would not suit me. I should like these pearls arranged as flowers, and this huge, old-fashioned diamond comb made into a pretty tiara. They will not do for me at all as they are."

"Well, you shall please yourself, Valerie," said her husband. "They are yours to wear during your life-time. Vivien, is there anything amongst them that you would like?"

The girl's proud dark eyes were dim with tears. It was inexpressibly painful to her to see what had been her mother's taken possession of after this fashion. She took up a pretty little pearl pendant.

"The last time I saw my mother she wore this. I should like it, papa. I remember taking hold of it, and she told me to mind that I did not injure the stones. I should like this."

Lady Neslie, looking up, saw the softened expression on her husband's face.

"Every time he sees that on his daughter's neck he will think of her mother," she said to herself; and again a quick unreasonable jealousy of the dead came over her.

"You will spoil the set if you take that," she said, quickly.

Vivien laid the pendant down.

"I will not take anything, papa," she said, quietly, and fearful of betraying how keenly she was hurt, she quitted the room.

Sir Arthur's face clouded over.

"That was not very good-natured, little wife," he said; and she laid her hand coaxingly on his shoulder.

"Wait until you hear why I did it, dear. You do not know what a tender-hearted, earnest girl your daughter is. If she had taken that pendant, every time she wore it she would have been miserable; I believe me, I did it from kindness. I knew she might not understand it—but I thought you would. Arthur, let us have a beautiful pendant made for her—she will be pleased."

"My dear, generous wife," said the easily persuaded baronet, "I hardly gave you credit for so much consideration. We will send the order to London at once."

Some weeks afterward a beautiful pearl necklace and pendant arrived for Vivien—but she never wore either.

CHAPTER XI.

Though there were all the elements of strife in the household at Lancewood, yet all was perfectly calm. People might surmise what they would—they knew nothing for certain, insensibly they ranged themselves on either side—they became partisans either of Lady Neslie or of the heiress of Lancewood—but outwardly all was calm and gay.

Only one person saw beneath the surface, and that was Gerald Dorman. Sir Arthur's marriage had considerably increased his labors. Before that Sir Arthur would at times answer a letter, audit his accounts, give audience to his tenants; now he did none of these things—they all fell upon the secretary. Sir Arthur was too deeply engrossed with his wife. He had to attend to her whims and caprices, and to escort her during her visits; he had not been so busily occupied for years. Yet, though his work was increased, Gerald found time to watch the course of events.

He soon grew to dislike the new mistress of Lancewood; beneath all her seeming carelessness and light-hearted gaiety, he saw malice and jealousy. Every slight, every trifling insult, offered to Vivien made his blood boil. He had kept his word—without ever intruding, he had been her most faithful friend. In a thousand ways that no one save himself understood he shielded her. He was careful to show her the greatest deference and respect—more, if possible, during this the time of her downfall than he had shown in her prosperity. He always spoke of her and to her as though she were still mistress of the Abbey. Whenever she was not present, and he could make an opportunity, he spoke of her as heiress of Lancewood.

For the secret of this man's life was that he loved Vivien Neslie with the whole force of his heart and soul—loved her silently, desperately, hopelessly. He never dreamed of any return; he was content to lavish his adoration on her, to pour out the love of his soul at her feet. He had never dared to raise his eyes with love to her face. He worshipped her as pagans do the far-off bright stars. He was not one of those who delude themselves. He never said to himself that he had talents, and that he would work until, by his success, he should win her. He raised for himself no such false hopes, he dreamed no foolish dreams, he never imagined that he should win her; but his love was so great that he was content to give all and look for nothing in return. It was the very madness of love—it was too great, too entire, to have any alloy of selfishness. If the fair proud young heiress had bidden him lay himself at her feet, that she might trample on him, he would have done so; had she bidden him give her his life, he would have laid it down with a smile on his face. He gave her all—he asked nothing; he was content to live in her presence as flowers live in the sun. He asked for nothing but permission to serve her, to live and die for her. He was content if from time to time she gave him a smile, a kind word, or even a kind look—if she allowed him to do something for her that required both time and skill.

It was not a presumptuous love, for he had never dared to touch even the hem of her dress. Once, in giving her a book, his hand touched hers, and it seemed to him that even that slight touch drove him almost mad. Her beautiful face often bent over the same page with his own, her hair brushed his cheek; he trembled then like a man seized with ague. She raised her dark, proud eyes to him once.

"Are you ill, Mr. Dorman?" she asked.

He answered "Yes," and with unsteady steps he left the room.

"How mad—how worse than mad I am!" he cried. "Dear Heaven, how is it to end, this love of mine?"

He saw no end to it but death. Well, many a man died for less; many a man had loved his life through, and met with reward. His fate was so different. "Only let me live, and, living, love her!" he would say to himself.

He had never betrayed this love of his. True, he had made her some ardent speeches. He had talked of living and dying for her, of thinking only of her; but, then, Miss Neslie was used to compliments—she was accustomed to homage. It was nothing new for her to hear that some one was willing to die for her. There were times when she was inclined to think the young secretary presumptuous—when she thought he was using words that only those whom she considered her equals should use. It was but natural, she thought, that he should offer her what all the rest of the world gave her—praise and homage. If any one had said to her that her father's secretary loved her with a love that was overpowering in its intensity, she would have thought it an insult. As it was, she had a kindly feeling for him. She placed a certain amount of trust in him. He would be faithful to her, she thought, if ever she required fidelity. She knew that it would be a pleasure to him to serve her—no matter in what manner—but that he was presumptuous enough to love her she never dreamed.

So he kept his love in his heart, and it grew there like a fair flower. A queen might have been proud of such devotion—it was so deep, so genuine, so entire, so utterly unselfish; it was the love of an artist for his ideal, of a musician for the most cherished offspring of his brain.

He did his best to serve her. When the news of Sir Arthur's marriage came, no one felt it more keenly than he did. He would a thousand times rather have endured pain himself than have seen Vivien suffer; and he knew that nothing could cause her such intensity of pain as this marriage.

It was to screen her from Sir Arthur's anger that he had worked so hard to prepare for the bride's coming home. He had both sense and self-control. He knew that fighting against fate was worse than useless—if Vivien showed her anger, it would be all the worse for her. There was no course open to her but submission.

"Had I been Sir Arthur," he said to himself over and over again, "I would rather have died than contracted this marriage." Now that it was done, all contention was useless.

He never knew whether his love gave him most pleasure or most pain. There was never a moment in which he dared indulge it. He dared not look long at the face he loved so well. He did so, hoping that it was unnoticed. Miss Neslie would say, "Did you wish to speak to me, Mr. Dorman?" She would not admit, even in the utmost depths of her heart, the faintest idea that her father's secretary presumed to love her.

Once, as she was crossing the drawing-room, a flower fell from her hair, and he believing that she had not seen it, hastened to pick it up. He took it in his hand, when she turned round with a calm face, and said—

"I will thank you for my flower, Mr. Dorman."

"Will you not let me keep it?" he asked. The proud calm deepened.

"I beg your pardon," she said, looking at him with clear, cold, pitiless eyes—"I did not understand."

And with those proud eyes gazing coldly at him, he did not dare to repeat the words. With a low bow he placed the flower in her hand and left her.

(To be continued.)

A Woman's Advice

TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUSNESS AND HEADACHE.

Mrs. Robins, of Port Colborne, Tells How She Found a Cure and Asserts the Belief That the Same Remedy Will Cure Other Sufferers.

Mrs. Daniel Robins, of Port Colborne, Ont., is one of those who believe that when a remedy for disease has been found, it is the duty of the person benefited to make it known in order that other sufferers may also find the road to renewed health. Mrs. Robins says: "In the spring of 1897 my health gave way and I became completely prostrated. Nervousness, palpitation of the heart and severe headaches were the chief symptoms. The nervous trouble was so severe as to border almost upon St. Vitus' dance. The least exertion, such as going up stairs for example, would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. My appetite was very fickle and I was much reduced in flesh. The usual remedies were tried, but did not help me, and eventually I became so weak that I was unable to perform my household duties, and the headaches I suffered from at times made me feel as though my head would burst. I was feeling very discouraged when a cure in a case much resembling mine came to my notice, and I decided to give them a trial. After using two boxes I found so much relief that I was greatly rejoiced to know that I had found a medicine that would cure me. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken eight or nine boxes, when I considered my cure complete. The palpitation of the heart, nervousness and headaches had disappeared; my appetite was again good, and I had gained in weight nicely. I regard myself as completely restored and I would urge other women suffering as I did to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and I am sure they will have equally good reason to sound their praise."

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Robins did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along frequently feeling that life is a burden. To all such we would say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves; bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and despondent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GROWTH OF HAIR.

Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives 6 1-2 inches per annum. A man's hair allowed to grow to its extreme length rarely exceeds 12 inches or 14 inches, while that of a woman will grow in rare instances to 70 inches or 75 inches, though the average does not exceed 25 inches to 30 inches.

RHODES DRESSES PRISONER

Mr. Rhodes fitted out the tattered prisoners of Kimberley with new suits and transformed them into clean and respectable members of society.

Quality tells every time! This fact explains why Blue Ribbon Ceylon is fast displacing all other teas throughout Canada.

SALADA
CEYLON GREEN TEA
Is absolutely pure and uncolored.
40c. per pound.

AN INDIAN MURDERER'S FATE.

Punishment That Befell Him in a Primitive Mexican Tribe.

Speaking of primitive law among the Mexican Indians brings to mind a curious case that was told me some years ago in the state of Oaxaca by an old Zapoteca chief who had become a convert to Christianity.

He said that a long while ago an American botanist was traveling through the mountains of Oaxaca studying the rare and beautiful flora of that region. He had with him a mozo from another part of the country.

He carried several goldpieces sewed in the lining of his jacket. The mozo became aware of that fact, and one day, when the botanist got down on his knees to drink at a little spring, the mozo cut his head off with a machete, took the goldpieces and fled to the higher sierras.

Not long after the body was found by some Zapoteca Indians who had seen the botanist in former days studying the flowers and plants near their village. They knew that he was a harmless and good man because he loved the flowers. All Mexican Indians love flowers. So they took the body to the chief and told him what they had seen and found. The old chief was very indignant. "What!" he said "Shall the kind stranger with the white face who loved flowers and sought not our goods nor insulted our women come to such a dog's death among us and not be avenged?"

He then dispatched four swift Indian runners in different directions with orders not to return without the murderer. After a week's time they returned bearing the malefactor bound in their midst. A council of old men was called and the case was examined. The guilt of the mozo was proved, as he still had with him the strange pieces of gold.

Then the old chief gave the sentence. It was speedily performed. They led the trembling murderer to the center of the little plaza. There four green stakes were driven in the ground. The murderer was stripped naked and stretched by the wrist's and feet to the air among the four stakes, to which he was lashed. Then the Indians made a great heap of unslaked lime under the wretched man's body, and when the heap touched his breast and sides they poured water over it until the scalding steam of the burning lime had cooked all the flesh from the bones. Then they took the bones and threw them into a hole on the mountain side.

And so was the stain of the murdered man's blood covered and vengeance was wrought by the Indians in behalf of "the white stranger who was good and loved flowers."

Elopement in a Bread Basket.

The story runs that Lord Compton fell in love with the only child of Sir John Spencer, one of the most opulent of London's merchant princes, proverbially known at the shops as "rich Spencer." A writer in The Pall Mall Magazine tells the story. Sir John, he says, by no means approved of the advances of the young courtier, and positively refused his consent to the marriage. The course of true love, however, never running smooth, Lord Compton devised a plan to outwit Sir John and carry off his ladylove.

A bribe to the baker enabled him to disguise himself and deliver the loaves one morning. As soon as the basket was emptied the lady got in, and Lord Compton was boldly carrying his precious load down stairs when he was met by Sir John, who, luckily not recognizing him, gave him a sixpence as a reward for being so early, observing that that was the way to thrive. On discovering the truth Sir John was so angry that he disinherited his daughter, and the quarrel was only made up through the intervention of Queen Elizabeth, who invited him to stand sponsor with her for a child, whom he promised to adopt—to find it was his own grandson.

HORSE TALKS.

All the colts at Village farm are broken to harness as yearlings.

It is said that 289 of the 2:15 performers are out of untraced dams.

The Russian two mile record is now 4:48, made by Nominee, 2:17¼, by Stranger.

Charles Derby, with nine in 2:30, has three better than 2:10, an extraordinary average.

It is remarked that Biagen, 2:06¾, will be the only trotter out this year not eligible to the 2:08 class.

Mr. John S. Bratton is credited with having won nearly $10,000 in the show rings at Kansas City, St. Louis, Philadelphia and New York in 1898.

Mr. C. W. Williams is credited with having given standard records to over 300 trotters, which is said to be more than are to the credit of any other driver.

A statistician has figured out that the ratio of 2:10 trotters to 2:30 trotters is about 1 to 100. Among the newcomers for 1898 the ratio is figured at 1 to 55.

Mr. W. E. Richmond of Buffalo has purchased from D. Gutman, Jr., of Delfield, N. Y., the mare Epona, a half sister to Mr. Richmond's mare Repeat, 2:15. They will be driven to pole.

The Hon. Annas Sprague, the first president of the National Trotting association, is living and in good health at Cowesett, R. I., about 15 miles from Providence. He is 68 years old.

Mr. Truman G. Avery, a wealthy citizen of Buffalo, is branching out as a breeder. He has a farm at Hamburg, with quite a lot of stock on it, principally from the old Jewett farm stallions.

Maud, by Anteeo, Jr., recently pulled a bike wagon a mile in 2:18 on a wager to beat 2:20. She trotted the last quarter in 31½ seconds. She was driven by C. E. Newman, San Francisco.

The living sons of Hambletonian are said to be only 11, namely: Aladdin 24, Alert 24, Chester Chief 27, Dean Sage 25, Hambletonian's Last 22, Kentucky 24, Leland 22, Marlborough 23, Polonius 26, Richwood 26 and Sir Walkill 23. They are scattered all over the country.—Turf, Field and Farm.

The Facts in the Case.

There was trouble of some kind reported on Desplaines street the other night, and the editor told the new reporter to go over and get the details. He got them, as may be seen from his account of the affair, which was as follows:

"A man killed a dog belonging to another man. The son of the man whose dog was killed proceeded to whip the man who killed the dog of the man he was the son of. The man who was the son of the man whose dog was killed was arrested on complaint of the man who was assaulted by the son of the man whose dog the man who was assaulted had killed."—Chicago News.

The sycamore has been called the Egyptian fig tree. The date of its being planted in England is not known, but it was very early. Mary, queen of Scots, brought over from France a young sycamore, which she planted in the gardens of Holyrood, and from this have sprung all the beautiful groves of sycamores now to be seen in Scotland.

White men are said to bear up better against intense cold than against intense heat, the principal reason given being that the cold air is less tainted with the seeds of disease.

MIXED TRIBUTE.

On a tombstone in an old New England churchyard there is an epitaph which never fails to bring a smile to the face of the reader:

To the memory of Ann Sophia and Julia Hattie, his two wives, this stone is erected by their grateful widower, James B. Rollins. They made home pleasant.

EVERY DAY adds to the large list of drinkers of
LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA.
Words may not convince you, but a trial certainly will.
LEAD PACKAGES. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

"Canada's Greatest Seed House"

NEW SEED OATS
THAT WILL MAKE
THE FARM PAY.
NEW IMPROVED
"LIGOWO" OAT
THE HEAVIEST CROPPER KNOWN
Yielded 100 bush. 20 lbs. per acre at Brandon Experimental Farm in 1899.

The Improved "Ligowo" Oat is a large, plump, white variety, with a branching head and stiff straw, a vigorous grower, very prolific, and exceedingly early. It has been grown and tested at all the Experimental Farms, and has given as a result of four years' trial an average crop of 64 BUSH., 6 LBS. PER ACRE. With such favorable results as above reported by the Dominion Experimental Farms, we were induced to procure a supply of seed stock from the original source in France, and now offer for the first time the Improved Ligowo Oats grown from imported stock. Price per lb., 25c.; 5 lbs. for $1 (post-paid); ½ bush., $1.25; bush., $2.00; 5 bush. lots and over, $1.90 per bush.; bags, 20c. each extra.

NEW "SENSATION" OAT
Very large Grain, Best Quality, Strong Straw

It is impossible to over-estimate the good qualities of this New White Branching Oat. It has been grown in this vicinity the past year with extraordinary results. The grain is of good size, the hulls are thin, and the kernel is the largest in proportion to the size of the oat we have yet seen, making it the best variety grown for feeding and milling purposes. The Sensation stools out well, and the straw is very strong, and does not lodge, even when others with a less weight of head go down. It is a very vigorous grower, quite noticeably so when seen growing beside other varieties. It is bound to take a leading place, and will, no doubt, become a very popular variety. Price per lb., 15c.; 4 lbs., 50c. (post-paid); bush., $1; 5 bush. lots, 90c. per bush.; 10 bush. lots and over, 90c. per bush.; bags, 20c. each extra.

IMPROVED "AMERICAN" OAT

This splendid oat has already proved itself to be entitled to rank among the very first and best varieties. It is a heavy growing strong strawed variety, and is of such vigorous constitution as to be almost proof against rust and other diseases. The grain is large, white, thin hulled, and in every respect first-class. Price per bush., 75c.; 5 bush. lots and over, 70c. per bush.; 10 bush. lots and over, 65c.; bags, 20c. each extra.

SELECTED "BLACK TARTARIAN" OAT

It is extremely hardy, grows with vigor and rapidity, stands well, and adapts itself to almost any soil. Grain very black, large and plump. Our seed is grown from imported stock. Price per bush., 70c.; 5 bush. lots, 65c. per bush.; 10 bush. lots and over, 60c. per bush.; bags, 20c. each extra.

STOCKS of these new and improved oats are limited; order early and avoid disappointment. The bushel prices are for shipment from Toronto.

You can get Steele, Briggs' Famous Garden and Flower Seeds from your Resident Merchant, or send for them direct. THE BEST SEEDS THAT GROW.

A Handsome Illustrated 112 Page Catalogue Free, send for one to-day.

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TORONTO, Ont.

AFTER THE CATASTROPHE.

The cashier confesses that he wrecked the bank.

And didn't the assistant cashier know anything about what was going on?

Certainly! He was assisting the cashier.

A Bad Case of Asthma.

Mrs. Samuel Ferndel, of Clementsport, N.S., writes: "It is with great pleasure that I write you to tell of the good I have derived from the use of Catarrhozone. I am in my eightieth year now and from youth up I have been troubled with Asthma, and not until I used Catarrhozone, did I get relief. It has cured my Asthma in an incredibly short time, and I heartily recommend it to all." Catarrh-g-zone is sold by all druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

HAPPY.

John, wrote a colored prisoner to his son, did you know dat yo' daddy is in a nice, steam-het jail, fer de winter? Ef you didn't you knows it now, by dis letter, wich leaves me well on hearty an thankful fer Providence. De weather is col', but, John, I is ez warm ez a political meetin'!

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

NOT ALWAYS REDCOATS

The British soldier has not always worn a red uniform. White was the prevailing color under Henry VIII., and dark green or russet in the time of Elizabeth.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

MIGHT BE EITHER.

She—They say the good die young. He—It's a wonder you didn't die long ago.

And she hasn't decided yet whether he meant it for a compliment or a slur.

"Pharaoh 10c." Parve, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturers.

EVEN THE LANDLADY SMILED.

What is a sausage? inquired the sweet singer.

A sausage, grinned the comedian boarder, is a ground hog.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF MALT
Invigorates and Strengthens.
LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

FINE SCORN.

Sometimes, said Meandering Mike, I wishes I had money.

Sometimes I echoed Plodding Pete.

Yes. Sometimes, but not often. Dere's millions of dollar bills issued by de government. What do we want wit' anyt'ing' so common?

Catarrh Cannot be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

AN ATTAINMENT.

So you studied the Russian language?

Yes. I make it a rule to learn something of the language of every country I visit.

Did you make any progress?

Yes. I got so I could tell whether the brakeman on a railway train was calling out the name of a station or catching cold.

THE LONG SLEEP.

King Arthur was moved to tears. Sir Galahad, he sobbed, is dead.

Say not so, exclaimed the court jester. Say, rather, he is enjoying a good knight's rest.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.
The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.
Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 day up. Adj. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop's.
AVENUE HOUSE—McGill-College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.
ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot, Bellevue. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.

Capt. Montmorency's Scouts have adopted the skull and crossbones as their emblem.

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Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevent infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.
F. C. CALVERT & CO.,
MANCHESTER - - ENGLAND.

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