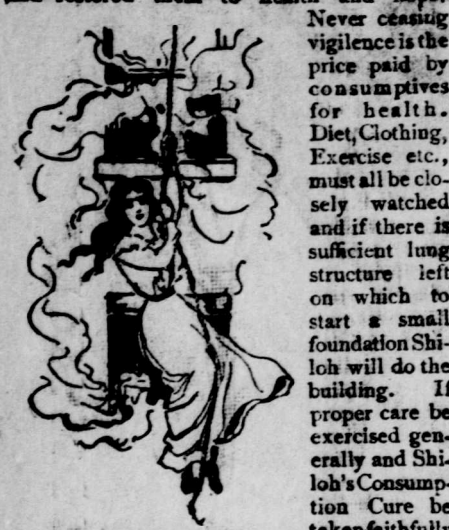


DEATH TO LET GO.

Until a consumptive be actually in the grasp of the Grim Reaper it is foolish to give up the struggle and let go. In thousands of cases Shiloh's Consumption Cure has wrested afflicted people out of Death's grasp and restored them to health and hope.



Never ceasing vigilance is the price paid by consumptives for health. Diet, clothing, exercise, etc., must be closely watched and if there is a shadow of lung trouble on which to start a small foundation Shiloh will do the building. If proper care be exercised generally and Shiloh's Consumption Cure be taken faithfully as directed the building will be sure, there will be no failure. This grand restorer is guaranteed not to fail. The whole purchase money is returned if it does not fulfil our promise. **Aurora, Ontario, Feb. 20, 1899.** S. C. WELLS Co., Toronto. "I have taken your Shiloh's Consumption Cure and can thoroughly recommend it for Consumption. I have taken one bottle and am able to get out of bed. I would advise all suffering from that disease or any lung trouble, to try it and be convinced. Yours truly, Mrs. Horbury Turen.

Sold in Canada and United States at 50c, 50c and 50c a bottle. In Great Britain at 2s, 2s 3d and 4s 6d.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUE LOVE

Ten minutes afterward they were all seated at the dinner table. Both the ladies thought Lord Vivian looked exceedingly well; but Beatrice alone read a new expression on that face, the expression of a man who would be thoroughly satisfied with himself, and no word was said of himself during dinner; but they talked of the young hero, Bertie Temple, and of his early home.

"It must have been a comfort to his father to have seen you," said Mrs. Selwyn, with the proud, quiet complacency of patronage. "They are people quite in humble circumstances, I suppose?"

The young earl's face flushed; a quick word rose to his lips, then he checked himself. What need to feel angry? If they were in humble circumstances, he could soon remedy that.

"They are not millionaires, mother," he replied, "nor even what the world calls rich. The father, Mr. Temple, is a gentleman; not only well educated, but a scholar; he is a lawyer by profession, and lives in a very pretty house called Oakside."

"And the sister?" said Mrs. Selwyn, after a few minutes. His dark face flushed.

"She is older than I thought to find her," he replied, "and she has hair just like poor Bertie's."

Beatrice looked up at him with a quick, keen glance, but the flush had died away then, and Vivian was most composure eating his dinner.

But when dinner was over and they had returned to the drawing-room, he did not seem quite so much at his ease. Beatrice drew an easy chair to the open window, and looked out at the blooming garden.

Mrs. Selwyn reclined upon a couch near her, and Vivian sat down upon a little low stool at his mother's feet. She laid her hand caressingly on the dark hair.

"And now, Vivian," she said, "what is the surprise?"

Again his face flushed. "That was the very thing I was walking to speak of," he replied. "I hope you will be pleased to listen to my story—pleased as I am to tell it."

"Oh, then, the surprise is something you have to tell. Beatrice thought you had brought something for us."

"My acquisition is chiefly for myself," he said, with a grave smile. And then Beatrice Leigh looked up at him with a new expression in her beautiful face. "The truth is, mother, I have done what you always told me I should do; I have fallen in love."

The beautiful face drooped again. No sound escaped Beatrice Leigh, no word came from her lips; but had any one observed her closely, they would have seen that the small hands

were so tightly clenched the delicate skin was bruised. "I am in love at last," he continued. "All my life long I have wondered what this strange passion men call love was like. I used to believe it would pass me by, and I should never know it, but when I went down to poor Bertie's home, I met my fate."

Not a stir, not a word from Beatrice Leigh. Mrs. Selwyn moved uneasily. "I hope what you call your fate is worthy of you," she said. "Remember you are head of an ancient and glorious race—head of a grand old family that has never known anything save honor. There is no duchess in England who would not proudly give you a daughter."

"It is no duchess' daughter that I have learned to love," he replied with a smile. "Oh, mother, you must not be disappointed. You must not damp my happiness. Love, mother, love, temple, and have asked her to be my wife."

"A lawyer's daughter!" cried Mrs. Selwyn; "a simple country girl! Oh, Vivian, what an end to all my dreams and plans for you!"

He laughed; bowing his handsome, stately head down to her. "Now, mother," he cried, "you are to kiss me and wish me joy. I can not, I can not!" she cried. "I can not, Vivian. I am most bitterly disappointed to think, when you might have chosen from the fairest and noblest of the land, you have thrown yourself away so cruelly."

"Nay," he said with imperturbable good humor. "Do not say so. You can not judge—you have not seen my love."

"I know what country lawyers and their daughters are like, as a rule," he replied; "and, Vivian, I am in despair."

There was an awkward silence, which lasted some minutes. "Is it irrevocable?" asked Mrs. Selwyn. "Have you really pledged your word?"

"In all honor," he replied. "I have even asked that my marriage may take place in September."

Mrs. Selwyn positively groaned. "It is useless for me to interfere," she said. "I can not forbid it. You are your own master. It would be nonsense for me to say that I shall not allow it; you will do as you like; but I must express my stern dislike and disapproval. It is an alliance quite unworthy of you, and you might have aspired, no matter how high."

"But, mother," he interrupted, "you forget. I love her! She is the only one I have ever seen and felt like. No other girl or woman has ever charmed me before."

He did not see the spasm of pain that passed over that beautiful, drooping face; but he seemed suddenly to remember Miss Leigh, for he turned to her.

"Beatrice," he said, "help me to convince my mother. You are young and beautiful, and love will come to you some day, as it has come to me. Tell me, help me to make her believe that love is the only thing for which a man should ever marry. Help me to make her like my love."

There was a world of dreary pain in the dark eyes that looked at his, a world of anguish and untold love.

"I should not know what to say," she replied in a strange voice unlike her own.

And then Lord Vivian Selwyn, of Selwyn Castle, stood embarrassed and uncertain what to do. He had had some misgivings as he journeyed homeward that his mother would not think that he had done anything to add to the family renown.

Lately Selwyn had been a woman of high birth; he was the first to break the rule. He had expected some opposition, but had thought a few words and caresses would set all right again. He had never seen his mother so completely vexed and annoyed. The thing that grieved him most was—

"What would his delicate, sensitive daughter suffer if she saw they did not like her?"

"Selwyn Castle is one of the proudest homes in England," said Mrs. Selwyn; "you want a noble, high-born accomplished lady to be its mistress. My dear Vivian—you have some idea of the fitness of things—do let me tell you: is a country lawyer's daughter a fitting mistress for such a home as this?"

Strange that she should quote Vivian's own words. "You must befriend me, mother," he said. "Beatrice and you, Vivian, are so far, and true and sweet. You will soon love her for her own sake more than mine. You must help her. You must teach her what she does not know. Remember, she will be your own daughter; she will be my wife."

There was a world of tenderness in those two last words—tenderness for which Beatrice Leigh could have slain the fair rival she had not yet seen.

"Well," said Mrs. Selwyn, with a resigned smile. "It is bad news—worse could not have come to me; but if it be irrevocable, I must make the best of it. I would far rather you had chosen a wife from your own class. I regret most deeply the choice you have made. Yet I promise you, having said this, I will say no more. I will do my best to like your wife, Vivian, and to make her as happy as I can."

And with these cold words, the master of Selwyn Castle was forced to be content.

Long after he slept that night, the two ladies, aunt and niece, sat up talking in low tones of what he had done, and Mrs. Selwyn concluded in the words Vivian had used: "It will not end happily, I fear."

(To be continued.)

FIGHTING IN FURS

How English Soldiers Were Clad in the Crimean War.

[London Daily Mail.]

During the terrible struggle in Russia in 1854-5 our troops were clad in costly furs to preserve them from the rigors of a Russian winter. The coats of the officers were made of a fine brown fur, cut in the well-known military shape of the time. The coats and cloaks for the men were not of so fine a quality, but were, nevertheless, of a good, supple material, and were, moreover, supplied with waterproof shoulder-coverings.

Both officers and men alike wore very strong overalls of cowhide, and it is on record that one city firm alone secured a contract to supply 50,000 suits of this material for the men, and 10,000 more for officers. A noted furrier made no fewer than 50,000 pairs of large fur gloves to complete a single order.

Those regiments that did not wear bearskins, as did the Guards, were supplied with a sealskin head-dress, an exact copy of that worn by Arctic explorers. This cap was pronounced to be both warm and easy to wear, and was a boon to many poor fellows who otherwise must have suffered terribly from frost-bite.

Whatever may have been the mistakes of that war, there was no stinginess on the part of the government in providing the soldiers with warm

clothing, as is evidenced by the fact that an assignment of stores included 250,000 pairs of gloves, 200,000 pairs of lambs' wool stockings, some 50,000 flannel gowns for the hospitals, and 60,000 greatcoats for wear over the others.

A Clergyman's Advice.

The Almost Miraculous Cure of John McDonald, Cape North, N. S.

For Years He Was Afflicted With Spinal Troubles and Paralysis of the Legs—Was Treated by the Best Specialists in the Victoria General Hospital, at Halifax, Without Benefit—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Him.

Mr. John McDonald, a well known merchant at Cape North, N. S., was for many years a sufferer from spinal trouble, which eventually resulted in partial paralysis. Treatment of many kinds was resorted to, but without avail, until finally Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were used, with the result that Mr. McDonald is again enjoying almost perfect health. Mr. McDonald's story is given as follows in his own words: "Almost thirteen years ago I caught a bad cold, which, in my case, produced a terrible pain. Liniments were at first resorted to, but they had no effect, and the trouble became so bad that I could hardly walk, and could not go out of doors after dark, as I would be almost certain to fall if I attempted to walk. Medical treatment did me no good. I tried six different doctors, but the result was always the same. I spent \$30 for an electric belt, but it was simply money wasted. Years went on, and I was continually growing weaker, until in the spring of 1885 my lower limbs were scarcely support me. In June of that year I went to the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, where I remained for two months under the treatment of the best specialists, but when I returned home I was actually weaker than when I entered the hospital. This thoroughly discouraged me, and I gave up all hope of ever getting better. I continued to grow weaker until about the first of January, 1886, when I felt alone so bad that I could not stand, and as my legs were like sticks under me. My only means of locomotion was crutches, and my legs dragged after me like useless pieces of timber. I could not raise them one inch from the floor. About the first of the following April, Rev. Mr. McLeod strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had heard many things without benefit, but that I did not think the pills could help me, but nevertheless decided to give them a trial. After using eight boxes I could see that there was a slight improvement. I then used the pills until I had taken thirty boxes, and by that time new life and vigor had returned to my legs, and I have since been able to attend to my business, and the appearance was not exactly that of a cripple. His hide was the color of cheap soap, and he had the disreputable, skulking, trampish bearing peculiar to yellow dogs generally. He kept that up steadily, rain and shine, for over a year, and never missed a trip. What's more, he showed a pride and interest in the task that was really half human. Sometimes, for instance, he would be a little late and find on the way to the house where he got out of the yard. Then it was comical to see him come tearing up the street, every hair bristling, and saying as plainly as he could: 'Stop! Hold on! Here! Don't let me be late! I'm a little late! On such occasions he would always insist on going back to the corner, which was the only place he recognized officially for the delivery of mail material."

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country, and both turned out small quantities of sugar while the wars of Napoleon were going on. In the beginning of this century ocean traffic became paralyzed, and it was at great risk that vessels loaded with merchandise reached their destination, and the price of sugar went up, till in some instances it was sold at 25 cents a pound. The high price of sugar caused a great interest to be taken in the production of sugar among European nations. In order to make France independent and self-supporting among other nations, Napoleon set his learned by the liberators of tropical climates, and threatened the ruin of the new sugar industry, but the new government placed a duty of 50 per cent on all imported sugar, which caused the sugar factories to again come into operation and multiply. It was claimed that beets yielded 10 per cent of sugar (they now yield from 12 to 15 per cent), and that it could be made at a cost not to exceed 7 cents a ton. From 1830 to 1835 beet sugar factories multiplied, and in 1839 produced 49,000 tons, but a duty of 14 cents a pound on domestic sugar caused a number of the factories to close. A change in the duty caused the industry to revive, until 1872, when the production of beet sugar amounted to 408,609 tons. In 1883 the average of sugar in beets was 6 1/2 per cent, and 473,671 tons were made from 7,228,000 tons of beets. For several years the percentage of sugar in beets fluctuated, until in 1890 it was 10 per cent, and beet sugar production became a fixed fact in the manufacturing enterprises of many European countries. In 1898 German farmers cultivated 1,092,228 acres of sugar beets, which yielded 13,697,891 tons of beets, or about 12 1/2 tons per acre, and produced 1,710,000 tons of sugar, or over 12-1/2 per cent of sugar, and 3,783 pounds of sugar to the acre. The farmer received \$4.75 a ton of beets. The European beet sugar crop for 1898 was 4,855,000 tons.

Dog Helped The Postman.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

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