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E. N. HUNT, 180 Dundas Street

The Strange Metamorphosis.

Dick mumbled some apology, and then, having found his tongue, and remembered his necessities, said, with a nervous catch in his voice, "Oh, I say, papa, will you—can you let me have some pocket-money, please, to go back with?"

Paul looked as if his son had petitioned for a latch-key.

"Pocket-money," he repeated, "why, you can't want money. Didn't your grandmother give you a sovereign as a Christmas box? And I gave you ten shillings myself."

"I do want it, though," said Dick; "that's all spent. And you know you always have given me money to take back."

"If I do give you some, you'll only go and spend it," grumbled Mr. Buttrick, as if he considered money an object of art.

"I shan't spend it all at once, and I shall want some to put in the plate on Sundays. We always have to put in the plate when it's a collection. And there's the cab to pay."

"Boaler has orders to pay your cabs as you know well enough," said Paul, "but I suppose you must have some, though you cost me enough, heaven knows, without this additional expense."

And at this he brought up a fistful of loose silver and gold from one of his trouser-pockets, and spread it deliberately out on the table in front of him in shining rows.

Dick's eyes sparkled at the sight of so much wealth; for a moment or two he almost forgot the pangs of approaching exile in the thought of the dignity and credit which a single one of those bright new sovereigns would procure for him.

It would insure him surreptitious luxuries and open friendships as long as it lasted. Even tipping, the head boy of the school, who had gone into tails, brought back no more, and besides, the money would bring him handsomely out of certain pecuniary difficulties to which an unexpected act of parental authority had exposed him; he could easily dispose of all claims with such a sum at command, and then his father could so easily spare it out of so much!

Meanwhile Mr. Buttrick, with great care and precision, selected from the coins before him a florin, two shillings, and two pence, which he pushed across to his son, who looked at them with a disappointment he did not care to conceal.

"An uncommonly liberal allowance for a young fellow like you," Paul observed. "Don't buy any foolishness with it, and if, toward the end of the term, you want a little more, and write an intelligible letter asking for it, and I think proper to let you have it—why, you'll get it, you know."

Dick had not the courage to ask for more, much as he longed to do so, so he put the money in his purse with very qualified expressions of gratitude. In his purse he seemed to find something which had escaped his memory, for he took out a small parcel and unfolded it with some hesitation.

"I nearly forgot," he said, speaking with more hesitation than he had yet done, "I didn't like to take it without asking you, but is this any use? May I have it?"

"Eh?" said Paul sharply, "what's that? Something else—what is it you want now?"

"It's only that stone Uncle Duke brought mamma from India; the thing, he said, they called a 'Pagoda stone,' or something, out there."

"Pagoda stone? The boy means Garuda stone. I should like to know how you got hold of that. You've been meddling in my drawers, now, a thing I will not put up with, as I've told you over and over again."

"No, I haven't, then," said Dick; "I found it in a tray in the drawing-room, and Barbara said, perhaps, if I asked you, you might let me have it, as she didn't think it was any use to you."

"Then Barbara had no right to say anything of the sort," snapped Paul. "But may I have it? I may, mayn't I?" persisted Dick.

Have it, certainly not. What could you possibly want with a thing like that? It's ridiculous. Give it to me."

Dick handed it over reluctantly enough. It was not much to look at, quite an insignificant looking little square tablet of grayish-green stone, pierced at one angle, and having on two of its faces faint traces of mysterious letters or symbols, which time had made very difficult to distinguish.

It looked harmless enough as Mr. Buttrick took it in his hand; there was no kindly hand to hold him back, no warning voice to hint that there might possibly be sleeping within that marble block the pent-up energy of long-forgotten eastern necromancy, just as ready as ever to awake into action at the first words which had power to evoke it.

There was no one, but even if there had been a person, Paul was a sober, prosaic individual, who would probably have treated the warning as a piece of ridiculous superstition.

TEA.

All grocers sell Tea, but all Teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not. We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

Pure Indian or Ceylon.

Make your Tea in an earthen pot, use boiling water, let it draw seven minutes.

Buy our 25c or 35c Indian or Ceylon.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick

As it was, no man could have put himself in a position of extreme peril with a more perfect unconsciousness of his danger.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Buttrick put on his glasses to examine the stone carefully, for it was some time since he had last seen or thought about it. Then he looked up and said once more: "What use would a thing like this be to you?"

Dick would have considered it a very valuable prize indeed; he could have exhibited it to his friends, and it would have proved a most agreeable distraction—he could have played with and fingered it incessantly; invented astonishing legends of its powers and virtues; and, at last, when he had grown tired of it, have bartered it for any more desirable article that might take his fancy. All these advantages were present to his mind in a vague, shifting form, but he could not find either courage or words to explain them.

Consequently, he only said awkwardly, "Oh, I don't know, I should like it."

"Well, any way," said Paul, "you certainly won't have it. It's worth keeping whatever it is, as the only thing your uncle Marmaduke was ever known to give to anybody."

Marmaduke Paradine, Mr. Buttrick's brother-in-law, was not a connection of which he had much reason to feel particularly proud. One of those persons endowed with what are known as "insinuating manners and address," he had, after some futile attempts to enter the army, been sent out to Bombay as agent for a Manchester firm, and in that capacity had contrived to be mixed up in some more than shady transactions with rival exporters and native dealers in the country, which had resulted in an unceremonious dismissal by his employers.

He had brought home the stone from India as a propitiatory token of remembrance, more valuable, he supposed, than the lacquered cabinets, bronzes, and stiffs, and carved work which are expected from friends at such a distance, and he had been received with pardon, and started once more, until certain other proceedings of his, shadowed by still, had obliged Paul to forbid him the house at Westbourne Terrace.

Since then little had been heard of him, and the reports which reached Mr. Buttrick of his dissipated and reckless connection with the promotion of a series of companies of the kind affected by the widow and curate, and exposed in money articles and law courts, gave him no desire to renew his acquaintance.

"Isn't it a talisman, though?" said Dick, rather unfortunately for any hopes he might have of persuading his father to intrust him with the coveted treasure.

"I'm sure I can't tell you," yawned Paul; "how do you mean?"

"I don't know; only Uncle Duke once said something about it. Barbara heard him tell mamma, I say, perceiving it's like the one in Scott, and cures people of things, though I don't think it's that sort of talisman, either, because I tried it once on my chilblains, and it wasn't a bit of good. If you would only let me have it, perhaps I might find out, you know."

"You might," said his father dryly, apparently not much influenced by this inducement, "but you won't have the chance. If it has a secret, I will find it out for myself (the little I know, however, he was to be taken at his word), and by the way, there's your cab, at last."

[To be Continued.]

A CREED.

[From Black and White.]

I have no faith; but this one fact I find.

That love is growing lovelier every day.

What we call sin is what it leaves behind.

What we call good attracts it on its way.

I have no hope; with God's love in my heart.

What is a selfish loss to care about, if in the world I've played my little part.

Let him who lit the candle put it out.

I have no creed but love; is there a hell?

Where some poor tortured thing cries out in pain?

Then let me take his hand and wish him well.

And wait until he finds his heaven again.

FULL MODERN EQUIPMENT.

The Tappin—How on earth do you manage to go at such a pace without any sort of exertion?

The AHGator—I'm an automobile, you duffer, I just swallowed an electric eel.

FEMALE MAIL.

That sounds more contradictory than it is, when attention is called to its being a description of the largest mail received by any man in the United States exclusively from women. This "female mail" is received by Dr. R. V. Pierce, the celebrated specialist in women's diseases, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is only fair to say that it is not the man that women write to, but the doctor. One of the remarkable features of this correspondence is that years after a cure has been effected, grateful women continue to write to Dr. Pierce, being thankful for health and for the kind and fatherly advice, which was blended with the physician's counsel, and which was so helpful in preserving the health when regained.

The offer of a free consultation by letter is extended by Dr. Pierce to every sick and ailing woman. Every letter received is read in private, answered in private and its contents treated as a sacred confidence. To exclude any third party from the correspondence, all answers are mailed in a plain envelope, bearing upon it no printing or advertising whatever. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the great remedy for female troubles, irregularities, debilitating drains, inflammation and ulceration, is for sale by all dealers in medicine. Accept no substitute which may be recommended as "just as good" that the dealer may make a little extra profit.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick

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BACK FROM THE CLOSED LAND

Mrs. Susie Rijnhart Tells of Her Troubles in Tibet.

Is Still Awaiting News of Her Husband—Investigation by a Chinese Expedition—Why Tibet is Closed to Foreigners.

Mrs. Susie Rijnhart, formerly Dr. Susannah Carson, of this city, and wife of the missionary, Peter Rijnhart, supposed to have been killed in Tibet, arrived in Toronto on Saturday night, and is spending a few days at the residence of Rev. C. F. Paul, 104 Haron street.

Since May 19 she has travelled alone from the interior of Tibet, after making every endeavor to "discover some trace of her husband. In an interview with the Toronto Globe, Mrs. Rijnhart said:

"It was very difficult for us to the cure an entrance to Tibet. We lived for some time on the border of the province, hoping to secure passports, but these were denied us. We entered with the assurance that the responsibility for any injury to us would be upon us alone. Tibet is, of course, a dependency of China, and the Chinese government refuses passports to any white people who enter the country, which is a great tea-consuming country, buys enormous quantities of tea from China, and the government is afraid of losing this trade, as the tea could be obtained from the interior of the province. Then the Chinese government has seen that Britain has taken over British Tibet, and this, with the prejudice of the priesthood, will, I think, keep Tibet closed to foreigners for many years to come. We penetrated to within 150 miles of the capital city, that being closer than any other white people had previously succeeded in reaching. We could do nothing, however, as the people were instructed to keep away from us. We distributed over 500 copies of the Gospels, and the Chinese government, the higher classes is appalling. A prominent Lama and one of the leading officials of the district gave us his own idea of the geography of the world, and said that the globe was divided into London, Paris, England, France and 'Tien Chu Kiao.' The Chinese phrase signifying the Roman Catholic Church. It was on our trip to the border that we met the robbers and that my husband went for help and never returned. I had to return to the coast alone, and only obtained a passport and an escort to the interior to remain in the country if they were not given me. Arriving at the coast I found the consul of the Netherlands, and he, with the English consul, obtained all they could for me from the Chinese government. I have, however, had no reliable information as to the fate of my husband. Some traders, who were within a few miles of the spot where Mr. Rijnhart disappeared, brought down word that an European had been killed, but they could give no details. I made several requests of the Chinese government. I asked that it should discover what happened to my husband, that the officials who gave us the guides who misled us should be punished—for they were still ignorant of the whereabouts of the robbers that the men who attacked us should be apprehended and that an indemnity should be paid me. We lost fourteen loads of goods and all our horses. The Chinese government have sent an expedition in to investigate the matter, but they refused to allow me or other foreigners to accompany it, and I am waiting anxiously now for word as to the result."

"I intend to visit my relatives in Ontario, and in spite of the splendid trip which I enjoyed across the continent over the Canadian Pacific, I feel a little worn out. I want to thank those who came to my assistance, and who responded to my appeal for financial aid."

Mrs. Rijnhart will lecture on her experiences in Tibet.

LAD KILLED IN A MILL

Was Caught by the Machinery—Run Over by a Street Car—Walkerville Man Swallowed a Lot of Lead.

KILLED IN A MILL

Ottawa, Sept. 19.—F. Gagnon, 15 years old, was killed in Gilmour & Hughes' mill at Hull on Saturday, while playing around the mill, being caught by a shaft. He lived only a few minutes after being released.

DROPPED DEAD WHILE DRESSING.

Toronto, Sept. 19.—Miss Eliza Wilkes, sister of Mr. Robert Wilkes, at one time a member of parliament for Toronto, dropped dead of heart disease at her residence on Gloucester street, Monday morning, while dressing. Miss Wilkes was very well known to the older generation of citizens.

HIS LAST DANCE.

Detroit, Sept. 19.—Frank Czapski borrowed a dollar of his landlady at 709 Du Bois street, and said that he was going to a dance. He left the house at once. About midnight he was picked up along the railroad tracks on Dequindre street, near Alexandrine avenue. He was struggling and murmuring, but unconscious, and he died soon after reaching St. Mary's Hospital.

Czapski was 27 years old, an employee of the Cleveland Silex Stone Company, and was engaged to marry Miss Mary Apple.

LARGE DOSE SAVED HIM.

Windsor, Sept. 19.—Discouraged over domestic troubles, Wm. Lappan, 22 years old, of Walkerville, attempted suicide by swallowing half an ounce of laudanum while sitting in Clinton Park, Detroit, last evening. Patrolman Boersig heard him groaning, and took him to the city physician's office, where he was treated. Later he was taken to St. Mary's Hospital. The bigness of the dose saved him.

THREE PERSONS KILLED AT A CROSSING.

Montreal, Que., Sept. 19.—A terrible accident occurred last night at LaSalle, near Montreal. A Mr. and Mrs. Suave and their young child were out driving, and in attempting to cross the C. P. R. track the buggy was struck by the engine and the occupants were instantly killed. The accident was due entirely to carelessness, as they knew that the train was approaching, and the engineer did everything possible to avert the accident.

CREW MISSING.

Malpeque, P. E. I., Sept. 19.—While a number of fishermen were about four miles off the coast, they discovered the wreck of a schooner, which had sunk.

be the Avon, owned by F. G. Loggie, of Chatham, N. B. The crew are supposed to have been drowned. They would number three or four men. The Avon was 4 tons, and commanded by Capt. Lee.

KILLED BY A STREET CAR.

Ottawa, Sept. 19.—John McGuire, for a quarter of a century head mailster at Keefe & Co., died Saturday at Ottawa, as a result of being run over by a street car on Wednesday.

Fall Exhibitions.

Central Canada Exhibition, Ottawa, Sept. 11-23.

West Middlesex Exhibition, Strathroy, Sept. 18-20.

Southern, Brantford, Sept. 16-21.

Huron Central, Chatham, Sept. 19-20.

Northern, Walkerton, Sept. 19-20.

Central, Guelph, Sept. 19-21.

Turnberry, Vinham, Sept. 19-20.

Northern Exhibition, Collingwood, Sept. 19-22.

Hay Ag. Society, Zurich, Sept. 20-21.

Petrobril, Petrobril, Sept. 21-22.

North Bruce Union, Port Elgin, Sept. 21-22.

Kincardine Fall Exhibition, Sept. 21-22.

North Riding of Ontario Agricultural Society, Woodstock, Sept. 21-23.

Elgin East, Aylmer, Sept. 21-23.

Provincial Exhibition, Halifax, Sept. 23-25.

North Brant, Paris, Sept. 25-26.

Sombra, Wilkesport, Sept. 26-27.

North Waterloo, Berlin, Sept. 26-27.

West Middlesex, Strathroy, Sept. 26-27.

Center Bruce, Paisley, Sept. 26-27.

South Grey, Durham, Sept. 26-27.

Haldimand, Cayuga, Sept. 26-27.

East Lambton, Watford, Sept. 26-27.

West Middlesex, Strathroy, Sept. 26-27.

Oxford, North and West, Sept. 26-27.

Palmerston, Sept. 26-27.

Mosa and Elfrid, Glencoe, Sept. 26-27.

West Middlesex, Strathroy, Sept. 26-27.

Lambeth, Sept. 26-27.

Northwestern, Guelph, Sept. 26-27.

West Kent, Chatham, Sept. 26-27.

Great Southern, Fergus, Sept. 27-28.

Wellington Center, Fergus, Sept. 27-28.

Wellington North, Harriston, Sept. 27-28.

Simcoe Center, Barrie, Sept. 27-29.

South Perth, St. Mary's, Sept. 28-29.

South Waterloo, Galt, Sept. 28-29.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity.

It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely.

CHASE & SANBORN,

MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES

Superseding Bitter Apple, Pils Coccia, Feasroyal, etc.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from

AVANS & SONS, LIMITED,

Montreal, Que., Toronto, Ont., and

B.C., or

MARTIN, Pharmaceutical Chemist, South

ampton, Eng.

"THISTLE"

RUBBER BELTING.

EVERY BELT GUARANTEED.

J. C. McLAREN BELTING CO.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

CEREALS

OF HIGHEST QUALITY

Tillson's cereals are

proven "best" by every

test that human ingenuity

can suggest. Some gro-

cers have taken it upon

themselves to try to trade

upon Tillson's reputation

for highest quality.

Do you know why?

THEY WANT TO MAKE

LARGER PROFITS.

The Tillson Co., Limited,

Tilburg, Ont.

Bladder Trouble.

One of the Most Distressing

Forms of Kidney Disease

Cured by Dodd's Kid-

ney Pills.

James Atwell, of Campbellford, Writes

of His Case—Suffered for Six Years—

After Trying About Everything Else

He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Campbellford, Sept. 19.—Probably the

most distressing form of kidney dis-

ease is that from which Mr. James

Atwell, of this place, suffered for six

months, namely Bladder Complaint.

Formerly it was not known that the

kidneys were responsible for troubles

of the bladder, but nowadays the con-

nection between these organs is bet-

ter understood.

Bladder Trouble is caused by failure

of the kidneys to dissolve the gritty

particles brought to them in the blood.

These escape to the bladder, where

they irritate the delicate inner coat-

ing and cause inflammation. Urinary

troubles of course follow accompanied

by much pain and distress.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are infallible in

cases of Bladder Trouble. Acting on

the cause of the disease, the kidneys,

they cut off the source of the irrita-

tion by dissolving the grit. The first