A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued.)

Jessie laughed without embarrassment, Claude appeared to be interested in a little mechanical puzzle which lay on the table. "Oh! Miss Medway," she replied; "they are not love-letters. You see, we are not like other people—" here she broke off and colored, as Claude looked up. She would have turned the subject, feeling that she had already said more than was becoming of her own concerns, but that something in that swift, electric glance was like a challenge and aroused her. "We are more like brother and sister," she continued, with gravity; "but why should I weary you with my affairs, Miss Medway?"

"Oh, I like to hear, please go on" was the inevitable girlish rejoinder.

"We were brought up together like brother and sister," she continued; "we were not like people who find each other out bit by bit, and are unread romances to each other."

"Then how did you become engaged?" asked Ethel.

"My parents had always wished it, and when my dear father was dying he joined our hands; and that," she added, looking up after a long, breathless pause and meeting Claude Medway's dilated gaze with a sort of defiance, "makes it so very solemn and binding."

"I don't think so," returned Ethel, disgusted at the want of romantic interest in the narrative; "people ought to fall in love and be proposed to, and refuse a little at first just to bring the other one on, before they are married. If papa told me to marry anybody I should instantly hate him, and run away with somebody else. Why, people never fall in love with the people they are told to, do they Claude?"

"Not such naughty girls as you," he replied, touched by the thought that there could be none of these youthful experiences for that poor child, and willing to turn a subject which had become embarrassing to Jessie; "we shall know how to deal with you when an ineligible makes his appearance, just order you to have him, Miss Wilful."

He knew when the father died, he knew when Philip went out to India, he knew Jessie's age, the whole stor ywas clear to him, and particularly her intention in proclaiming the special solemnity of her engagement; his eyes grew softly brilliant, a smile played over his face, which seemed instinct with triumph and happiness; even Ethel wondered at the unusual beauty of her handsome brother.

Jessie was thankful for the timely interruption of tea. She had lived among simple outspoken people, and was herself of a noble simplicity of thought and speech, but she had the instinctive lady's dower of reticence, and shrank from the publicity she had thought it necessary to give to her relations with Philip. "So very solemn and binding," she repeated to herself while busy with the tea-cups. She lived in thought again in that death-ded scene, felt the clasp of the tremulous, dying hands tighten and then slacken upon hers and Philip's; as her father's hands grew cold and nerveless, she remembered Philip's grasp growing warmer and firmer, and she felt herself pass from the keeping of one to that of the other.

There was a solemn, prayerful look on her face, that gave a deeper charm to her beauty, when she handed Captain Medway his tea, avoiding his gaze; a feeling of victorious strength lifted her above the thrill which the chance touching of their fingers sent through them.

The rain gradually ceased, and a flood of blinding glory poured in through the bay window at the other end of the gallery, and streamed slantly through the long gallery, touching them with a softened radiance as it reached them. The upper portion of the window was filled with stained glass, chiefly showing armorial bearings, the Medway quarterings shed rays of gules, or, and azure upon Jessie's dress and moved upon her hands. Outside, the park was a living emerald of sun-steeped verdure, birds were singing in the fragrance of the rain-awakened earth, all seemed pure, beautiful, and joyous within and without in the lovely summer evening. Joy so pure as well as deep had never before been Claude's, the memory of his past life and especially his first thoughts of Jessie, whose beauty and purity had so changed and elevated him, filled him with remorse; what did he owe to that gentle and gracious creature who had discovered his soul to him, and who would give him a life of purest happiness? The precious moments flew while he sat in Elysium alone with the two beings most dear to him, watching Jessie's tender ways with Ethel and the girl's affectionate though selfish clinging to her; it seemed that a deeper tenderness came into Jessie's voice and eyes when she spoke to Ethel, the thrilling thought came to him that she must love her, as indeed she did with a pure love made up of pity and an association of which perhaps she was unconscious.

Sitting there in the beautiful evening glory, beneath his own ancestral roof upon the fine full-leaved trees glowing in the fresh sunshine, listening to the pure tones of Jessie's voice and entranced by her youthful and touching beauty, he wondered at himself. What different pleasures and interests would now be his in the simple yet full and dignified life he would hereafter lead. How stale and unprofitable all previous pleasures and dissipation seemed; there were incidents in his life for which he blushed for the first time; present associates the thought of which filled him with disgust. All that poets said of love was true. He thought with a sort of self-pity how litte pure human affection there had been in his lot till now. It was with the selfish love of the utterly helpless that Ethel clung to him, another sister had died in childhood, leaving a sorrowful memory; Lady Gertrude had fondled him over much in infancy, and when he ceased to be a baby, repulsed him. He might not throw his arms around her neck because he rumpled her hair; he must not come too near, she didn't like boys treading on her dress and pulling her about, their hands were never clean. And when he grew up, a curled darling, an ornamental as wel las useful social appendage, he knew too well what value to put upon his mother's appreciation of him. There was instinctive affection between himself and his father and brothers, but no tenderness. Yet but a month or so since he would have laughed at the idea that he needed tenderness; married bliss was a thing to smile at; conjugal virtue, though respectable, a thing too rare, at least on the one side, to enter seriously into an estimate of life. Once Jessie caught his rape gaze as he thought these thoughts, and it flashed upon her that he had a look of Philip, something less than the molding of a feature, something more than a passing express. She glanced from him to a picture on the wall of a young cavalier with plumed hat and flowing curls, who had fallen in the Civil War. He turned, following her gaze.

"You are interested in Sir Philip?" he asked; "you often look at him."

"He reminds me a little of my broth—of Captain Randal," she replied.

"It is curious; but we have thought so, too."

"But he is considered much more like you, Claude," Ethel added; "my brother was dressed as Sir Philip for a fancy ball, Jessie."

After tea Jessie read aloud from the grand romance which has set so many hearts beating and charmed so many minds in such different ages; those who first dreamed it are dust. and so are those who earliest felt its glamour: all the successive moulders and compilers have been ashes for centuries, and yet to-day its charm is fesh and irresistible as ever.

Ethel soon slept, lulled by the sweet voice.

The golden glory, with its crown of armorial jewel, fell full upon Jessie, sitting sidewise close to the sleeping girl; it fell upon Claude, who was facing her on the other side of his sister, on an antique, cross-legged oaken seat; his head slightly bowed against the hand which shaded his eyes, his elbow resting on his knee, in a negligent attitude, suited to a suppliant or courtier. But shadowed as his eyes were, there was no mistaking his look; and he was so absorbed that he did not perceive the approach of an onlooker, whose light footsteps were unheard on the thick-piled carpet.

The new-comer stood and silently studied the scene; the sleeping girl, the reader and the listener, her face was touched with scorn and fear, hatred and love, she was breathless and motionless; while Jessie, conscious of Claude's furtively adoring gaze and fearing to pause or lift her eyes lest she should meet it, read in a thrilling voice, "And there is no knight living that ought to give unto God so great thanks as ye; for he hath given unto you beauty, seemliness, and great strength, above all other knights——"

"How very appropriate!" broke in the new-comer, with clear and cutting emphasis, and Jessie, looking up, saw Clara Lonsdale standing dark against the flood of dazzling light, with a curling lip, and a fire of dark passion in her eyes.

CHAPTER XX.

Claude thrown off his balance for a moment, uttered a faint exclamation, then he rose and turned to receive his cousin with a grave smile.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, offering his hand, which she did not take. "Have you only just arrived?"

"I ought to apologize," she replied, with infinite scorn, "for breaking in upon so delightful a moment. But I was told you were alone with your sister."

He met her gaze with a level direct glance that was like the cutting of a sword.

It was but a moment, during which the long sunbeams slanted away, leaving that part of the gallery in chill grayness, before Miss Lonsdale turned with the faintest droop of the eyelids and Captain Medway's features lost their stern rigidity in something like a grim satisfaction.

Jessie's only memory of that scene was the glance Clara had thrown upon her, after those few words between the cousins, a glance of blended fear, hatred, and scorn, and of the emotion in Claude's face.

She understood too well what it all meant; one of the white moss-roses was in her dress; he had handed it to her at his sister's nesire; she took it out when she reached home, and looked at it long. She carried it into the kitchen, where a wood-fire was burning low on the hearth, and placing it in the heart of the red embers, watched till it was consumed. It seemed like killing a child.

There Sarah found her drooping some minutes after when the dusk was falling.

A few days after Miss Lonsdale's unexpected arrival, Jessie received a note, bidding her come to the Court, an honor which she declined, upon which Clara appeared at Redwoods. Jessie was in the garden gathering fruit for those endless pots of jam which Cousin Jane delighted to make, and thither Miss Lonsdale penetrated without invitation, to Jessie's secret indignation.

"Miss Meade," she said, "will you have the goodness to walk through the plantations with me? I cannot tell you my errand here."

She could say "will you have the goodness?" so as to convey the impression of "you will refuse on your peril;" the fascination which she had exercised upon Jessie, lessened though it was since she had discovered that Clara Lonsdale was not only capricious but rude, had always contained an element of fear, and between this fear and the tenderness she still felt for the lonely woman, she yielded and followed her.

"Jessie," Miss Lonsdale said when they had crossed the intervening fields and reached the plantation, "you know that you have been dear to me, that I have treated you as a friend."

"You have been very kind," she replied, "and I shall always be grateful. But you are tired of me, and have often been both unkind and rude of late. I was a toy to amuse you when you when you were dull, and now that the paint has worn off me——"

"Nonsense, why, if tired of you, have I taken all this trouble to see you? Come, sit on these faggots and talk rationally. You expect too much. You ought to know that I have your best interests at heart," she said. drawing the slender figure caressingly toward her.

Jessie took a seat as desired, and after various allusions which she declined to understand, Clara said, with more plainness, "Lords of Burleigh are all very well in poetry, but in real life they simply don't exist."

"Probably not; one does not expect everyday life to be a poem," Jessie replied, with quiet indifference, as she rose. "And now, dear Miss Lonsdale, I really must say good-by——"

"Nonsense, child, sit down," Clara returned, a flash of green light coming to her eyes as she detained her with no gentle hand. "You either do not or will not see your danger. As you say, it was I who brought you to that house and I should indeed be grieved if harm come to you there."

"Pray don't distress yourself," she said, with burning cheeks, "no harm has ever come to me at Marwell. Why should it? No one in that house but yourself has ever shown me anything but kindness——"

"Kindness!" echoed Clara in an accent that burned into Jessie like corrosive acid, "kindness from a man like Claude Medway to a girl like you! Why, he is one of the fastest men of his set! Jessie, such men have no mercy on girls in your position. We who live in the world know these things."

"Then I am sorry for you," cried Jessie, rising once more and drawing her shawl round her; "and I am sorry if such things are true. And I do not believe any ill of the gentleman to whom you allude. And it is not of the smallest consequence whether I do or not. He has never said a word to me that the whole world might not hear. I must really go; it is late."

"I hate her," Clara said, stopping at the plantation fence, on her homeward way, resting her arm upon the rail while she looked with asightless glance over the beautiful Marwell woods. "I think I never hated any one so much. I hate her beauty, her intelligence, her graceful ways. What right have such as she to graceful ways, ensnaring men's hearts? But he has said nothing; thank Heaven for that, oh, thank Heaven! That girl cannot lie. Her face cannot lie. And she loves him, the baby-faced fool. And Heaven only knows what folly a man so infatuated may commit. He might even marry her. She must be got away from this place. One of them must be removed."

Jessie believed no harm of Claude Medway, and was indignant at the aspersion cast upon him. To her he was a heroic, chivalrous figure, as different from the real Claude Medway as the latter was from the heartless rake Clara had suggested. To figure perfectly as a hero it is necessary to be slandered a little.

Though he was not angelic, or even heroic, there were good thoughts in Claude Medway's heart on the day of Clara's arrival. These thoughts made him happy; they gave him courage to do what he had long been nerving himself to do—make a confession, one that must come sooner or later, to his father.

So the very next day Sir Arthur heard with tribulations and dismay, not the mournful words, "Father, I have sinned," but those still more dreadful to some paternal ears, "Father, I am in debt."

It was the first time that the offence had been of such magnitude, and with what Sir Arthur deemed so little excuse, for this was no debt incurred by indulging his own pleasures.

"I must live quietly for some time," he added, to his father's intense surprise, since he had never before manifested any such intention. "I must sell the hunters—a pity, too; those two young ones at the trainers' are turning out so well, no end of money in them. I don't want to sell out if I can possibly pull through without."

"Far better sell out than give up hunting. Do you suppose all these small squires and farmers will vote for a man who doesn't hunt, or otherwise make himself pleasant and popular?" cried Sir Arthur. "Upon my soul, sir, this is pleasing intelligence, with my affairs in such a condition. At you rage to put your name to bills for such a fellow. You must have known that he could never meet them."

"The poor beggar was so confoundedly hard up."

"Beggar, indeed! Such men are indeed beggars. They are always hard up. How can a man be otherwise if he lives at the rate of three thousand a year, when he has but three hundred."

Claude murmured something about expectations.

"Which he throws to the winds by marrying a barmaid, and making his uncle cut him off with a shilling."

"Not a barmaid, sir, a governess, a lady by birth, a very pretty and charming girl——"

"Barmaid or governess, it is all the same: the girl had not a penny," cried Sir Arthur, with irritation; "neither beauty nor charm pay butcher's bills, much less wine merchant and Bond Street tailors. "What I cannot conceive is that you should have done the thing twice," continued Sir Arthur, indignantly. "A man may make a fool of himself once—but this second bill seems a deliberate act—a—upon my soul, Claude, it is too much."

"Of course it was foolish, but, by George! sir, I think you would have done the same," he replied. "You see the poor devil was to be sold up and utterly done for, and his pretty wife came and cried to me, and—and brought her baby, and,—and—well! what can a man do in such a case?"

"I know what a soft-hearted fool can do," he returned, half laughing; "every time a pretty woman cries, or has a baby, I suppose my timber is to be cut down, and my land mortgaged. I hoped you would settle down and marry, and take your proper position in the country. And here I am with Jim to send to Oxford, and Jack's commission to buy, and with Hugh vowing that an attache must live beyond his present allowance, and what with bad times the state of the country, losses here and losses there—perhaps it is well that this place is not entailed like the Suffolk property, though I should be sorry to sell Marwell——"

"Sell Marwell!" cried Claude; "surely you cannot be serious." His last chance of breaking the subject of marrying Jessie was gone now.

"I am sorry to say," continued his father, "that I am in but too sad earnest"—he paused, and reflected awhile, and the in turn made his confession, one that, like his son, he had long brooded over, but feared to make; a story of growing expenses and diminished income, of bad times, remitted rents and unfortunate investments, culminating in large purchase of shares in a phantom company, the promoters of which had recently vanished with the spoil.

"There is but one hope," Sir Arthur said at the conclusion of this melancholy narrative, "a most natural and pleasing aope, and one that I had expected you would yourself before this have realized, and that is your marriage."

"My marriage!" repeated the unfortunate young man while all the lovely aurora hues of his new and beautiful hopes faded away from the horizon of his life, "my marriage!"

"You know your own affairs best," Sir Arthur continued, "but to me it seems that the thing has been too long about. No doubt there is a private understanding between you, it should be made public. It is not fair to Clara, that sort of thing puts a woman in a false position; it looks as if you were hanging back, which, of course, you cannot do, you have gone too far. She will make you a good wife, Claude; she is a thorough woman of the world, and though not beautiful, has an air of distinction that is beyond beauty. It is true that she has had several rather serious flirtations, but through them all she has always been devoted to you. She has her peculiarities, but her heart is sound at the core, while her property—"

He paused and both men sighed deeply.

A few days later urgent business called Captain Medway away from Marwell.

(To be Continued.)

BANISH THE WRINKLES.

In Many Cases They Are Merely Signs of the Ailments of Women.

A woman's face plainly indicates the state of her health. Wrinkles, which every woman dreads, are not necessarily a sign of age. Palor of face, wrinkles and a prematurely aged appearance are the outward indication of those ailments that afflict womankind alone, and from which she too often suffers in uncomplaining silence, rather than consult a doctor. In this condition Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are women's best friend. They actually make new, rich, red blood, and this blood acting upon the nerves and all the organs of the body, brings new health and happiness to weak, weary and despondent women. Mrs. John McKerr, Chickney, N.W.T., tells for the benefit of other suffering women how she found new health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "For some years," says Mrs. McKerr, "I was greatly afflicted with the ailments that make the lives of so many of my sex miserable. The suffering I endured can only be understood by those who are similarly afflicted. I tried many medicines but found none that helped me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have actually made me feel like a new person, and the suffering I had endured almost continuously has passed away, and life is no longer the burden it once seemed. I think these pills worth their weight in gold to all who suffer from female complaints or general prostration."

We ask every suffering woman to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. They will not disappoint you, and the benefit they will give is not for an hour or a day—it is permanent. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around the box.

NATURE'S WARNING SIGNAL.

The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. If a little one is fretful, nervous or sleepless, the safe thing to do is to administer a dose of Baby's Own Tablets. They speedily cure all the little ills of childhood, and give sound, natural sleep, because they remove the cause of the wakefulness and crossness. Mrs. T. L. McCormick, Pelee Island, Ont., says: "I am never worried about baby's health when I have the Tablets in the house; they always give prompt relief for all little ailments." The Tablets are good for children of all ages, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate. If you do not find the Tablets at your medicine dealers send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail post paid.

SERVANTS IN RUSSIA.

Law Excludes Them as Witnesses Against Employers.

The Russian servant is hired for one year, and is told exactly what his particular duty is to be. He then sticks to that one duty. As long as each servant faithfully performs the special duties of his position all is well; but the neglectful butler, or cook, or coachman is sent by the employer with a written note to the Police Judge, who after carefully investigating the complaints has a right to order bodily punishment or to write a bad mark in the book kept for the purpose.

In great Russian households often from twenty to fifty servants are kept, and even the middle class families have two to four. The pay of these servants varies according to the line of work. While the "chiefs" in the kitchens of wealthy families often receive $1500 a year, a cook in an ordinary citizen's employ gets no more than $60 a year, and a maid of all work never gets more than $25 a year. At Easter every servant gets a present, generally a suit or dress.

Every other Sunday the servants in a Russian household are entirely free. Their work stops Saturday night after supper, when the servants leave the house not to return until the next Monday morning. The employers never ask where or how the free time is spent.

Russian servants will pilfer. Since Russian ladies leave everything to the care of the servants, the latter do as they please.

The men servants smoke cigars belonging to their masters and pay frequent visits to the wine cellars of the house, but a gentleman would consider it "demeaning" himself to prosecute a servant for this.

The Russian servants will talk about fellow servants, but never about their employers. Even when they quit one place and take service in another family they would never mention anything about their former masters. This discretion goes so far that even the law considers it. In Russia the law excludes servants as witnesses against their former or present employers, so long, at least, as these servants are not suspected of having taken part in the crime.

CURE FOR INDIGESTION.

Scientific investigation has discovered that that troublesome disease, dyspepsia, can be cured by short intervals of exposure to intense cold, followed by hearty eating. M. Raoul Pictet, a Swiss gentleman was experimenting with a low temperature. He had produced an artificial temperature in a sort of pit which caused the thermometer to sink to 140 or 150 degrees below zero. Among other experiments he exposed himself for a brief interval to this temperature by lowering himself into the pit. On emerging he found himself intensely hungry and ate freely. The process was repeated several times, and as a result he found himself cured of chronic indigestion, from which he had suffered for years.

FOOD FACTS.

What an M. D. Learned.

A prominent physician of Rome, Georgia, went through a food experience which he makes public:

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food and I also know from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients that the food is a wonderful rebuilder and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients always gain just as I did in strength and weight very rapidly.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely and go to the mountains of this state, but two months there did not improve me; in fact I was not quite as well as when I left home. My food absolutely refused to sustain me and it became plain that I must change, then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without the least fatigue and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers I consider it a duty to make these facts public." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Trial 10 days on Grape-Nuts when the regular food does not seem to sustain the body will work miracles.

"There's a reason."

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

MORE EVIDENCE FROM MONTREAL

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ALWAYS CURE DROPSY.

It Is a Kidney Disease and is Cured by Curing the Kidneys—Dodd's Kidney Pills Never Fail to Cure the Kidneys.

Montreal, Que., June 27.—(Special).—Every day brings forth fresh proof that Dropsy is caused by diseased Kidneys and that the one sure way to cure it is to make the Kidneys steong and healthy by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Geo. Robertson, 392 St. James Street, this city, is one of those who has proved this beyond the shadow of a doubt. Mr. Robertson says:

"My feet were so much swollen from Dropsy that when I got out of bed in the mornings I could hardly put them on the floor. My arms used to swell at times so that I could not put on my coat.

"I had to be tapped to relieve me of the terrible pains.

"On the advice of a friend I began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and before I had used the second box I began to feel better. Seven boxes cured me completely."

Rheumatism, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, are some of the many forms of Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure promptly and permanently.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What Is Going on in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

Cowlairs Ward Committee, Glasgow, resolved to urge upon the Town Council to supply baths and a swimming pond for the district.

A calender worker in Dundee, named William Foreman, was found dead in his house in Ireland's lane. Death was caused by strangulation.

A working man named Alexander Great, 40, was found to have committed suicide by hanging himself in an old granary at Shipbriggs, about a mile from the village of Errol.

The Inverness members of the Highland Railway Ambulance Corps have resolved to form a branch of the Red Cross section of the St. Andrew's Ambulance Association.

The sergeants and constables of the Inverness-shire police force have petitioned for an increase of pay. They state that the police in neighboring counties are paid at a higher rate.

As a laborer named James Bannon, 33, Clyde street Model Lodging-house, Glasgow, was proceeding along the Glasgow and Paisley road near the Hald-way House, he was knocked down by an electric tramway car, receiving shocking injuries about the head. He was removed to the Western Infirmary, where he succumbed to his injuries.

There has died suddenly, while proceeding home from the fishing, David Webster, Lanark, one of the most noted anglers in the west of Scotland. Deceased, who was 78 years of age, followed fishing as a profession. Many years ago he published a book on angling. "The Angler and the Loop Rod," which is recognized as a standard work on the subject.

While climbing the zig-zag path up Alva Glen a millworker named Thos. Mowatt, Park street, Alva, stumbled and fell a distance of 50 feet, severely injuring his head and shoulders. But for his fall being broken by his coming against a young lady, who was ascending the path, Mowatt would have gone over a precipice. The lady, though very much shaken, was uninjured.

A boy named Alexander Edmonds, nine years of age, son of Alexander Edmonds, railway surfaceman, while gathering primroses at the cliffs, tried to reach a bunch near the brink at a point called Devil's Head, and overbalanced himself, falling 120 feet on to the beach below. When found he was unconscious, and he died in about 20 minutes. His skull had been fractured.

About two hundred clansmen and clanswomen paid a visit to Beaufort Castle and presented a silver casket and address signed by clansmen all over the world to Lord Lovat in recognition of his services "for Queen King and country." In accepting the gifts Lord Lovat said that the proudest sign in their crest was the three crowns, which showed that the Fraser Clan saved the Crown of Scotland on three different occasions.

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed in a Dalkeith Evangelical Union church on Sunday, when the minister, the Rev. R. D. Brown, desired to read an intimation from a meeting held recently, to the effect that the sessions clerk should hand over the title deeds of the church property to a firm of lawyers. Protesting that the meeting referred to had been unconstitutional, the sessions clerk marched out of the church, several others following. There was a struggle at the church door between some of the persons, and Police Court proceedings are likely to ensue.

CONVICTS AS VOLUNTEERS.

Russia Gives Prisoners a Chance to Fight in East.

The following is taken from a general order issued by the Viceroy of the far east:—

At my request the Emperor has granted to the exiles in Sakhalin who have expressed a desire to enrol themselves in the volunteer corps the following favors and privileges:

(a) Each period of two months' active service performed by a convict shall count as a year of penal servitude, to be deducted from his sentence, and those among the convicts who take part in any action against the enemy will be immediately admitted into the class of colonists. Further, colonists who live in the prisons will be transferred to the divisions of convicts who are allowed to live outside the prisons.

(b) Prisoners in the division of correction and detention will have remitted a year of their sentence for each four months of service with the army.

All brilliant feats of arms will be reported to me in order that I may reduce the punishment of the convict distinguishing himself, and, in exceptional cases, report them to the Emperor to obtain a full pardon for the author of the achievement.

WATCHES HEART'S ACTION.

An exceptionally useful little instrument has lately been invented and is in constant use in the Massachusetts Hospital. It enables any one to observe the slightest changes in the action of his own heart. Among other things the instrument indicates the stimulating effect of a glass of alcoholic liquor. The spirit is found to increase a man's vitality and working power seven per cent. for thirty minutes. Then follows a falling off of five per cent. below the normal.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 815

THE FIFTY MILLION DOLLAR WORLD'S FAIR ST. LOUIS.

District Passenger Agent McDonald of the Grand Trunk Railway who recently returned from St. Louis, states that it is hard to find suitable language to describe the magnitude and beauty of the greatest Exposition ever held.

The site of 1240 acres being two miles long and one mile wide is covered with beautiful buildings, broken with lagoons, canals, grand courts, monuments, statuary, parks, etc., all forming a picture that must be seen to be realized.

An Electrical railway, called the Intramural, makes it easy to get from one part of the grounds to another, and follow out the daily programme, enjoying an hour listening to "Sousa's" or other famous bands, or taking in a lecture or address, or Art Gallery.

When you consider the immensity of the buildings, one alone having over 20 acres of floor space, and reflect that they are filled with the choicest of exhibits from all over the world, one exhibitor vying with another to obtain the coveted Gold Medal, it seems to suggest the thought of what a grand opportunity and an education it will be, to the young men and women of our land, to spend a week or two at St. Louis this year. Really no intelligent man, woman or child can afford to miss this great World's treat.

The beautiful Electric lighting of the Pan American Exposition, which few thought would ever be approached is entirely eclipsed by this Monster Fair.

One of the features of the fair, is the "Inside Inn," a hotel accommodating 6,000, splendidly run, and at reasonable rates.

The total expenses of a trip to St. Louis based on half railway rates, is within the reach of all and permits stop over at Chicago, and other points, and the trip is made quickly and comfortably.

It is the intention of the Grand Trunk to run through cars from Montreal and Toronto to St. Louis, commencing June 13th, and possibly before.

The Canadian Press Association were unanimous in their praise of the Grand Trunk and Illinois Central route, and with the Exposition.

28-04.

When a widower begins to tell his troubles to a widow she knows he is going to ask her to share them.

She—What do you think of young Joblot's engagement to Miss Pinkleigh! He—Oh, I don't know. He might do a good deal worse. She—Yes, and I'm sure he will—if he marries her.

We may beat our swords to ploughshares
And our spears to pruning-hooks,
And betake ourselves to farming
In the peaceful country nooks;
But we want them back as weapons
When we find at early dawn
That our neighbor's scraggy chickens
Have been scratching up our lawn.

How's This

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A man in trouble is apt to discover that his friends are not as friendly as they might be.

An old bachelor who was very bald fell in love with a pretty widow, whose late husband's name was Robin. One evening the bachelor dropped in to have a cup of tea with the widow. After tea was over she commenced to sing 'Robin Adair.' The bachelor picked up his hat and said: "Madam, even if your husband did have hair, it's no fault of mine that I haven't." Then he fled.

"Harkins," said the head of the firm to the foreman, "the firm has decided to inaugurate a system of profit-sharing with its employes." "Good!" replied the foreman. "What were the firm's profits last year?" "Last year the firm lost $3,000. That necessitates a reduction of 10 per cent. in wages under the new system. Tell the men the new arrangement comes into effect immediately."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

CLEVER TOMMY.

"Where do the bees get the honey from, daddy?"

"Why from the flowers, of course, Tommy. I did think you knew as much as that!"

"Oh, I know. But I wanted to find out if you did!"

Quality should always be the first consideration, price the next, remember this if you are ever tempted to buy a Tea which does not bear the brand Blue Ribbon

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.

HAUNTS OF FISH AND GAME.

Attractions for Sportsmen on the Line of the Grand Trunk.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company has issued a handsome publication, profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings, descriptive of the many attractive localities for sportsmen on their line of railway. Many of the regions reached by the Grand Trunk seem to have been specially prepared for the delectation of mankind, and where for a brief period the cares of business are cast aside and life is given up to enjoyment. Not only do the "Highlands of Ontario" present unrivalled facilities for both hunting, fishing and camping, but the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay, Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River, Rideau River and Lakes, Lake St. John, and the many attractive localities in Maine and New Hampshire, present equal opportunities for health, pleasure and sport. All these localities are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System. and on trains unequalled on the continent. Abstracts of Ontario, Michigan, Quebec, New Hampshire and Maine fish and game laws are inserted in the publication for the guidance of sportsmen. The Grand Trunk Railway has also issued descriptive illustrated matter for each district separately, which are sent free on application to the agents of the Company and to Mr. J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, G. T. R., Union Station, Toronto.

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

FACES IN COINS.

In connection with the new issue of coins it is not generally known that the Duchess of Portsmouth has been the Britannia on all British copper coins since Charles II. Mrs. Martha Washington used to beam from the United States Treasury notes. A century ago the Rothschilds similarly adorned their notes with the benevolent face of Baroness de Rothschild; and in 1897 the State Bank of Buda Pesth engraved the radiant countenance of Mme. Luise Blaha, the prima donna, on its thousand-gulden notes.

At the Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. Boys' Camp held at Tusket Falls in August, I found MINARD'S LINIMENT most beneficial for sun burn, an immediate relief for colic and toothache.

ALFRED STOKES,
General Secretary.

"My boy," said the old gentleman, "there's only one thing that stands between you and success." "And what is that?" asked the youth. "If you worked as hard at working as you do at trying to find out some way to avoid working, you could easily acquire both fame and fortune!"

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

The Fair Visitor—I suppose selecting pictures is largely a matter of taste. The Artist Host—Not necessarily. I've seen it done without any.

La grippe, pneumonia, and influenza often leave a nasty cough when they're gone.
It is a dangerous thing to neglect.
Cure it with

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

The cure that is guaranteed by your druggist.

Prices: 25c. 50c $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. 309 LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

1—28

WONDERS OF FLOWERS.

The sensitiveness of plants and flowers to certain conditions of weather and light is such that it is always possible that they may have other properties not yet discovered. There is an American garden, for instance, in which the flowers are so selected that one set closes at each hour of the day. Others only open and shed perfume at night, others curl up and suppress their existence for months, yet will open in a few minutes and put forth buds in a few hours when immersed in water.

OVER THE WABASH.

To the Great World's Fair St. Louis, Mo., everything is now wide open, round trip tickets on sale until December 1st, at lowest first-class one-way fare, good fifteen days, fare and a third good sixty days. Now is the time to see this, the greatest of all Expositions in the history of the world. The great Wabash is the Banner Line, the shortest and quickest route from Canada to St. Louis. The through trains on the Wabash are the admiration of all travelers going to St. Louis.

For time tables and descriptive folder, address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Northeast corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

HE KNEW THE GENUS.

During a lesson on the animal kingdom the teacher asked if any one could give an example of an animal of the order of edentata, that is, one which is without teeth.

"I can!" cried Reginald, his face beaming with the pleasure of assured knowledge.

"Well, what is it?" said the teacher.

"Grandpa!" he shouted.

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 Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 22-04

Crabshaw—He has the inventive faculty very highly developed. Crawford—What has he invented? Crabshaw—Nothing, so far as I know. But when his wife goes out he can think of things to keep the baby amused by the hour.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

"Bobby, won't you kiss me?" "Naw." "Well, Bobby, may I kiss you?" "Yes, if you kiss me easy on top of my head."

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

Jimjones—"I met a ghost last night and it spoke to me." Samsmith—"What did it say?" Jimjones—"Haven't the least idea. I'm not familiar with the dead languages."

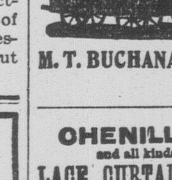
DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

INVESTMENTS
FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS

that are safe and earn good rates of interest. We offer good securities that are paying 3 to 4 per cent. half yearly, or better than 7 and 8 per cent. per annum. For full particulars address
"Executor," No. 11 Queen St. East, Toronto.

BUCHANAN'S UNLOADING OUTFIT



Works well both on stacks and in barns, unloads all kinds of hay and grain either loose or in sheaves. Send for catalogue to
M. T. BUCHANAN & CO., Ingersoll, Ont.
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CHENILLE CURTAINS
and all kinds of house Hangings, also
LACE CURTAINS DYED & CLEANED LIKE NEW.
Write to us about yours.
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO., Box 158, Montreal

AUTOMOBILE UNDERWRITERS

The Winton Touring Car is appreciated by the best informed because built on correct mechanical principles, of highest grade materials. As a prospective automobile purchaser you dare not, in full justice to yourself, take chances on an inferior car. By presenting a car of such imperial merit as is the 1904 Winton, we become "automobile underwriters"—insuring you against risk or loss. Have you seen our new catalog?

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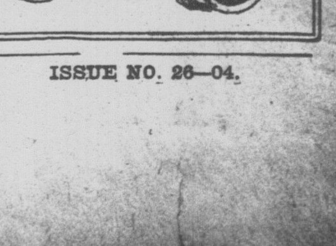
Sub Agencies in Chief Dominion Cities



The Druggist Recommended It

Because He Knew of Scores of Severe Cases of Piles That Were Positively Cured by

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

The writer of the letter quoted below suffered dreadfully from itching protruding piles for six years.

Like hosts of others, he was only disappointed with the many treatments he tried, until his druggist told him of what Dr. Chase's Ointment was accomplishing as a cure for this wretched ailment.

Mr. G. W. Cornell, who is with the Shaw Milling Company, St. Catharines, Ont., writes:—"In justice to suffering humanity I write to tell you of the world of good I obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. For about six years I was the victim of itching and protruding piles and was in dreadful agony day and night. Doctors were unable to help me and I could get nothing to relieve the suffering. I was about as miserable a creature as was to be found on the face of the earth.

"One day my druggist, Mr. A. J. Greenwood, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I did and obtained relief from the first box and complete cure with the second. My trouble was caused by heavy lifting, and I consider that Dr. Chase's Ointment would be cheap at fifty dollars a box in view of the good it did for me. A feeling of sympathy for others similarily affected prompts me to give this testimony."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.