### GREEN OR BLACK.

Trade is confederating the Empire. Britain is Canada's best Customer. Britain cannot buy if she does not sell. Use TEA Grown in a British Colony by British capital.

Ceylon Teas are sold in sealed lead packets only, never in bulk, Black, Mixed or Uncolored Ceylon Green. Samples on application. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

too, but I found a key that fitted it. Come with me. Be careful! Make

winspered, touching it; may hand is stendier than yours."

But the admiral shook his head; he made no answer in words, but the butt end of the revolver became almost welded into the palm of his hand. Wolfenden began to feel that they were on the threshold of a tragedy. They had received the ground floor.

They had reached the ground floor now; straight in front of them was the library door. The sound of muffled movements within the room were distinctly audible. The admiral's breath care foot.

came fast.
"Tread l'ghtly, Wolf," he muttered.

was no light one. There was a sudden

riveted upon the other end of the room; yet he was filled with a nervous dread lest at any moment that revolver might change its direction. His ears were strained to the utmost to catch the slightest sign of any movement.

At last the silence was broken there was a faint movement near the window, and then again, without a second's hesitation, there was that level line of fire and loud report from the Admiral's revolver. There was no

tonic hear ner nurried breathing; a faint, familiar perfune, shaken out by the movement of her skirts, puzzled him; it's very familiarity bewildered him. She knew that he was there; she must know it, for she had

paused. The position was terribly critical. A few yards away the Admiral was groping about, revolver in hand, mumbling to himself a string of terrible threats. The casting of a shadow would call forth that death, dealing fire. Wolforder there the

a shadow would call forth that death-dealing fire. Wolfenden thrust out his hand cautiously; it fell upon a woman's arm. She did not cry out, although her rapid breathing sank al-most to a moan. For a moment he was staggered—the room seemed to be going round with him; he had to bite his lips to stifle the exclamation

which very nearly escaped him. Then he stood away from the door with a little shudder, and guided her through it. He heard her footsteps die away alone the constant of the stood of the stood of the alone the constant of the stood of the st

it. He heard her footsteps die away along the corrider with a peculiar sense of relief. Then he thrust his hand into the pocket of his dinner coat and drew out a hox of matches.

"I am going to strike a light," he whispered in his father's ear. "Quick, then," was the reply, "I don't think the fellow has got away yet; he must be hiding behind some of the function."

Of the furniture.

There was the scratching of a match upon a silver box, a feeble flame gradually developing into a sure illumina-

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

no noise!"

CHAPTER XXVIII. A Midnight Visitor.

Wolf! Wolf!" Wolfenden, to whom sleep before the early morning hours was a thing absolutely impossible, was founging in his easy chair meditating on the events of the day over a final eigarette. He had come to his room at midnight in rather a dejected frame of mind; the rather a dejected frame of mind; the day's happenings had scarcely gone in his favor. Helene had looked upon him coldly—almost with suspicion. In the morning he would be able to explain everything, but in the meantime Blanche was upon the spot, and he had an uneasy feeling that the girl was his enemy. He had begun to doubt whether that drive, so natural a thing as it really happened, was not carefully planned on her part, with a full knowledge of the fact that they would meet Mr. Sabin and his niece. It was meet Mr. Sabin and his niece. It was all the more irritating because during the last few days he had been grad-ually growing into the belief that so far as his suit with Helene was concerned, the girl herself was not alto-gether indifferent to him. She had refused him definitely enough, so far as mere words went, but there were lights in her soft, dark eyes, and something indefinable, but apparent in her manner, which had forbidden him to abandon all hope. Yet it was hard to believe that she was in any way subject to the will of her guardian, Mr. Sabin. In small things she took no pains to study him; she was evi-

dently not in the least under his dominion. On the contrary, there was dominon. On the contrary, there was in his manner towards her a certain deference, as though it was she whose will was the ruling one between them. As a matter of fact, her appearance and whole bearing seemed to indicate one accustomed to command. Her femily or connections she had never the bear of the back set the femily or connections she had never spoken of to him, yet he had not the slightest doubt but that she was of gentle birth. Even if it should turn out that this was not the case, Wolwas democratic enough to think that it made no difference. She was good enough to be his wife. Her appearance and manners were almost typically aristografic—whatever there might be in her present surroundings or in her past which savored of mystery, he would at least have staked his soul upon her honesty. He realized very fully, as he sat there smoking in the early hours of the morning. that she was no passing fancy of his; she was his first love—for good or for evil she would be his last. Failure, he said to himself, was a word which the would not admit in his vocabulary. She was moving towards him already some day she would be his! Through the mists of the blue tobacco smoke which hovered around him he seemed, with a very slight and very pleas-ant effort of his imagination, to see some faint visions of her that more softening mood, vaguest recollection of which set his heart beating fast and sent the blood moving through his veins to music. How delicately handsome she was, how exquisite the lines of her

girlish, yet graceful and queenly figure! With her clear, creamy skin, soft as alabaster below the red gold of her hair, the somewhat haughty poise of her small, shapely head, she brought him vivid recollections of that old aristography of France as that old aristocracy of France, as one reads of them now only in the pages of romance or history. She had the grand alr—even the great Queen could not have walked to the scaffold with a preserve and the scaffold with a preserve and the scaffold the sca with a more magnificent contempt of the rabble, whose victim she was. Some more personal thought came to him; he half closed his eyes and leanthe Admiral's revolver. There was no groan, no sign of anyone having been hit. The Admiral began to move slowly in the direction of the window; Wolfenden remained where he was, listening intently. He was right, there was a smothered movement from behind the screen. Someone was moving from there towards the door, someone with light footsteps and a trailing skirt. He drew back into the doorway; he meant to let her pass, whoever it might be, but he meant to know who it was. He could hear her hurried breathing; a faint, familiar perfume, shaken out ed back in his chair steeped in plea-sant thoughts; and then it all came ao a swift, abrupt end, these reveries and pleasant castle-building. He was

and pleasant castle-building. He was back in the present, suddenly re-called in a most extraordinary manner, to realization of the hour and place. Surely he could not have been mistaken! That, was a low knocking at his locked door outside; there was no doubt about it. There it was again!

He heard his own name softly but up? He heard his own name, softly but un-mistakably spoken in a trembling voice. He glanced at his watch, it was between two and three o'clock; then

lked quickly to the door and it without hesitation. It was father who stood there, fully his father who stood there, fully diessed, with pale face and angrily burning eyes. In his hand he carried a revolver. Wolfenden noticed that the fingers which clasped it were shaking, as though with cold.

"Father," Wolfenden exclaimed, "what on earth is the matter?"

He dropped his voice in obedience to that sudden gesture for silence. The Admiral answered him in a hoarse

The Admiral answered him in a hearse

A great deal is the matter! I am

being deceived and betrayed in my own house! Listen."

They stood together on the dimly dit landing; holding his breath and distening intently, Wolfenden was at once aware of faint, distant sounds. They came from the ground floor almost immediately below them. His father laid his hand heavily upon Wolfenden's shoulder.

"Someone is in the library," he said. "I heard the floor open distinctly. When I tried to get out I found that

heard the door open distinctly. the door of my room was locked; there is treachery here!" is treachery How did you get out " Wolfen-

den asked.

"Through the bath-room and down the back stairs; that door was locked

alone. But the window was wide open and a chair in front of it had been thrown over. The Admiral been thrown over. The Admiral strode to the casement and called out ggs! are you there? Is no one

tion. Wolfenden carefully lit the lamp and raised it high over his head. The room was empty! There was no doubt about it! They two were alone Rut the window was wide

There was no answer; the tall sentry box was empty.

Wolfenden came over to his father's side and brought the lamp with him, and together they leaned out. At first they could see nothing; then Wolfenden threw off the shade from the lamp and the light fell in a broad track upon a dark, motionless figure stretched out upon the turf. Wolfenden stooped down hastily.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "it is Heggs! Father, won't you sound the gong? We shall have to arouse the house."

There was no need. Already the library was half full of hastily dress-

library was half full of hastly dress-ed servants, awakened by the sound of the Admiral's revolver. Pale and to them in a long white dressing-

to them in a long winter dressing gown.

"What has happened?" she cried.

"Who is it, Wolfenden—has your father: shot anyone?"

But Wolfenden shook his head, as he stood for a moment upright, and looked into his mother's face.

"There is a man hurt," he said; "it is Heggs, I think, but he is not shot. The evil is not of our doing!"

CHAPTER XXIX. "It Was Mr. Sabin."

no noise!"

They were on their way downstairs now. As they turned the angle of the broad oak stairway, Wolfenden caught a glimpse of his father's face, and shuddered; it was very white, and his eyes were bloodshot and wild, his forefinger was already upon the trigger of his revolver.

"Let me have that," Wolfenden whispered, touching it; "my hand is steadier than yours." It was still an hour or two before at was still an hour or two before dawn. No trace whatever of the mauraders had been discovered either outside the house or within. With difficulty the Earl had been persuaded to relinquish his smoking revolver, and had retired to his room. The doors had all been locked, and two of the most trustworthy servants left in charge of the liberty. Wolfonder

of the most trustworthy servants left in charge of the library. Wolfenden had himself accompanied his father upstairs, and after a few words with him had returned to his own apartment. With his mother he had scarcely exchanged a single sentence. Once their eyes had met, and he had immediately looked away. Nevertheless he was not altogether unprepared for that gentle knocking at his door which came about half an hour after the house was once more silent.

He rose at once from his chair—it seemed scarcely a night for sleep—

"Jon't let them hear us! Let us catch them red-handed!"
But the last dozen yards of the way was over white flags tasselated, and polished like marble. Wolfenden's shoes creaked; the admiral's tip-toe walk seemed scarcely a night for sleepand opened it cautiously. It was Lady Deringham who stood there, white and trembling. He held out his hand and she leaned heavily on it during her passage into the

was no light one. There was a saden cessation of all sounds; they had been heard! The admiral, with a low cry of rage, leaped forwards. Wolfenden followed close behind.

Even as they crossed the threshold He wheeled his own easy chair before the fire and helped her into it. She seemed altogether incapable of speech. She was trembling violently, and her face was perfectly bloodless. Wolfenden dropped on his knees by her side and began chafing her hands. The touch of his fingers seemed to revive her She was not elseady intered. the room was plunged into sudden darkness; they had but a momentary and partial glimpse of the interior. Wolfenden saw a dim, slim figure bending forward, with his finger still pressed to the ball of the lamp. The table was strewn with papers come.

pressed to the ball of the lamp. The table was strewn with papers, something—somebody—was fluttering to hind the screen yonder. There was barely a second of light; then, with a sharp click, the lamp went out, and the figure of the man was lost in obscurity. Almost simultaneously there came a flash of level fire and the loud report of the admiral's revolver. There report of the admiral's revolver. There scurity. Almost simultaneously there came a flash of level fire and the loud report of the admiral's revolver. There was no groan, so Wolfenden concluded that the man, whoever he might be, had not been hit. The sound of the report was followed by a few seconds breathless silence. There was no movement of any sort in the room; only a faint breeze stealing in through the wide-open windows, caused a gently netwing in through the rable was strewn, and the curtains swayel gently backwards and forwards. The admiral, with his senses all on the alert, stood motionless, the revolver tense in his hand, his fiercely eager eyes straining to pierce the darkness. By his side, Wolfenden, equally agitated now, though from a different reason, stood holding his breath, his head thrust forward, his generally decreased his preach, his head thrust forward, his preath, his head thrust forward, his preath, his head thrust forward, his gloom which lay like a thick barrier between him and the screen. His fear had suddenly taken to itself a very real and terrible form. There had been a moment, before the extinction of crat. Perhaps this was the most mis erable moment of her life. Her son was looking at her with cold, inquiring nim. She towed her head and spoke: "Tell me what you thought, Wol-

had suddenly taken to itself a very real and terrible form. There had been a moment, before the extinction of the lamp had plunged the room into darkness, when he had seen, or fancted that he had seen, a woman's skirts fluttering there. Up to the present his father's attention had been wholly riveted upon the other sent of the 'Forgive me," he said, "I could only think that there was robbery and that you, for some sufficient rea son, I am sure were aiding. I could not think anything else, could I?" "You thought what was true, Wolfenden," she whispered. "I was helping another man to rob your father! It was only a very trifling theft—a handful of notes from his work for a magazine article. But it was theft, and I was an accomplice!

There was a short silence. Her eyes, seeking steadfastly to read his face, could make nothing of it. "I will not ask you why," he said slowly. "You must have had very good reasons. But I want to tell you one thing. I am beginning to have grave doubts as to whether my father's state is really as bad as Dr. Whitlett thinks whether in the state is really as bad as Dr. Whitlett thinks—whether, in short, his work is not after all really of some considerable value. There are several considerations which incline me to take this view."

suggestion visibly disturbed Lady Deringham. She moved in he

air uneasily. You have heard what Mr. Blathe wick says," she objected. "I am sure that he is absolutely trustworthy." There is no doubt about Blather wick's honesty," he admitted, "but the admiral himself says that he dark trust no one, and that for weeks has given him no paper of importance to work upon simply for that reason It has been growing upon me that we may have been mistaken all along, that very likely Miss Merton was pail to steal his work, and that it may possess, for certain people, and for certain purposes, a real technical importance. How else can we account for the deliberate efforts which have been made to obtain possession of it?" beer made to obtain possession of it?"
"You have spent some time examining it yourself," she said in a low tone; "what was your own

low tone; "what was your own opinion?"
"I found some sheets," he answer-ed. "and I read them very care-"I found some sheets," he answered. "and I read them very carefully; they were connected with the various landing places upon the Suffolk coast. An immense amount of detail was very cleverly given. The currents, bays and fortifications were all set out; even the roads and railways into the interior were dealt with. I compared them afterwards with a map of

Suffolk. They were, so far as one could judge, correct. Of course, this was only a page or two at random, but I must say it made an impression upon me."

There was another silence, this time longer than before Lady Deringham was thinking. Once more, then, the man had hed to her! He was on some secret business of his own. She shuddered slightly. She had no curbosity as to its nature. Only she remembered what many people had told her, that where he went disaster followed. A piece of coal fell into the grate hissing from the fire. He stooped to pick it up, and catching, a glimpse of her face became instantly graver. He remembered that as yet he had heard nothing of what she had come to tell him. Her presence in the library was altogether upexplained.

"You were very good," she said slowly; "you stayed what might have been a tragedy. You knew that I was in league with the man who was trying to steal those papers."

"There was no mistake, then!

"There was no mistake then! you were doing that. You!"
"It is true," she answered. "It was I who let him in who unlock was I who let him in, who unlocked your father's desk. I was his ac-

complice?"
"Who was the man?"
"Who was the man?"
"She did not tell him at once."
(To be Continued.)

### <u></u> The English Woman As Seen by an Indian.

It is often a great trial to a young man fresh from India who is thrown into English society to know how to behave. You visit a friend. You ring, and the door is opened by a young maid-servant, who invites you to enter, and closes who livites you to enter, and closes the door as soon as you have entered. You follow the servant into the drawing-room, where your friend soon meets and greets you. After some conversation, your friend beings in his mother and introduces her to you. The mother is 'vefy' pleased to make your acquaintance and asks you to sit in a chair near hers. But you hesitate. Is that the proper thing to do? In India no hers. But you hesitate. Is that the proper thing to do? In India no mother of no friend of yours asks you to do the same. If at all, you always stood at a respectful distance and answered the mother's questions. But here it is so different. You obey with hesitation, and sit in the chair rather awkwardly, both your legs thrust as far beneath your chair as possible—of ccurse, as a mark of respect to your friend's mother—and yourself only answering the mother's questions in monosyllables. The mother wonders what is the matter with you; why you are so sly, and why wonders what is the matter with you; why you are so shy, and why you appear so dull. Are all Indians like this—so dull? IOf course, she cannot divine the nature of the things which perplex you. She does not understand; you are only trying to be on your best behavior—in fact, to pass for a very good boy. For a moment your perplexities increase. Your friend's mother has dropped her handkerchief. She is not aware of it. But you have seen it drop. What are you to do? Are you to pick it up and give it to her? Is that the proper thing to do? Althome you laine not do it. But it is so different here, and, at last, you make up your mind to pick up the handkerchief; and you do it so awkwardly that your friend's mother, while secretim; it with the si-

estion often is meaningless. Your riend generally does not expect you to accept the invitation, and the invitation is often made without making any provision for you. You are generally expected to say "No," and you say "No." But it is not so in England. And, with some hesitation, you have a word middle. you interpose a word which may be interpreted as "Yes" or "No," but which your good friend understands as signifying assent. In the mean-time, other members of the household are ushered into the room, and to each of them you are introduced, and among the number to your friend's sister, whose eagerness to shake hands with you sends a thrill through your whole frame. Fancy your friend's sister being introduced at home in India! Can anything be more atrocious? But such is the custom in England, And then the time for dinter arrives. ner arrives. And, as the chief guest of the evening, you are asked to lead the lady of the house, your friend's mother, to the dining-room. You are more perplexed than ever. The idea of giving your arm to a lady whom you respect as your cornective to the control of the contro you respect as your own mother! You never touched your own mother! You never touched your own mother—at least not after you became a man. And how could you now touch your friend's mother.

The more you move in the company of English women, the more you are convinced that it is possible for you to admire the intellectual culture of your friend's sister, or even her personal charms, without harboring any unholy thought in your breast. Society as constituted in India does not recognize this distinction; in fact, people who have known no higher forms of life think it is impossible to separate the two. Woman has no individual existence in India. To quote the oft-quoted verse from Manu, "Her father maintains her in youth, and her sons maintains her in youth, and her sons maintains herself. She is always the ivy and her husband the oak. It is different here. She is a recognized factor in English The more you move in the company husband the oak it is different here. She is a recognized factor in English society. There is no society in England without her, whereas in India society knows her not. In London she is a familiar figure everywhere; she is at the shop-window, she is at the restaurant, she appears on the platform, she is connected with the press, she writes books, she talks politics, she has her own clubs and her own "societies." Her individuality is asserted in a thousand directions, so much so that one woman tions, so much so that one woman

# Manufacturers Life

## Insurance Company.

The Directors congratulate the policyholders and shareholders on the substantial progress made during the year, which has been the most satisfactory in the Company's history.

There were received during the year 1778 applications for assurances amounting to \$3,063,863. The business actually taken up and paid for in cash during the year amounted to \$2,486,703, and, leaving out single payment policies, the first year's cash remuiums collected thereon, was \$115,782.01, as against \$107,160.86 for the previous year, and \$100,013.93 for 1888.

The Assurances in Force amount to \$15,409,620, an increase of \$1,011,384 over the previous year.

The Premium Income was \$590,875.04, showing the handsome increase of \$63,695.23 here were received for Interests and Rents \$87,461.11, making the total Income \$676,336.15, an acrease of \$84,137.92. After paying the policyholders for claims, dividends and surrenders \$127,664.73, and roviding for all other expenditures, the Assots were increased by nearly half a million dollars, which \$228,495.01 was added to Policy Reserves and \$67,268.35 to Surplus, an eminently satis-

The Assets now amount to \$2.279,175.94 and the Policy Reserves to \$1,350,507.00 on the mpany's standard. After making provisions for all other liabilities the surplus on policy-iders' account is \$301,024.36, which would be considerably increased by adopting the Government standard of valuation for Policy Reserves.

GEORGE GOODERHAM. J. F. JUNKIN.

President. Managing Director. SUMMARY OF STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31st, 1900.

DISBURSEMENTS.

8794,624 15

ASSETS. Municipal Bonds, Stocks and Debentures.....\$ Loans on Policies. SLoans on Policies. 104,511 53 9.8,140 12 36,845 25 147,124 09 

LIABILITIES.

All other Liabilities. Surplus on Policyholders' Account \$2,279,268 64

Dr. James Mils, of Gueiph, moved the adoption of the report in an excellent address, from which the following is a short extract:

At a meeting of this nature it is always a pleasure to be in a position to congratulate those interested, and on this occasion I can do so most heartily.

We have really a most satisfactory statement to present to the shareholders and policyholders of the Company, a statement which will bear the closest inspection. We can speak with more definiteness than ever in the past in regard to our investments and our standing, for we have more information at our disposal, furnished us in the splendid report of our consulting actuary. There has been progress all along the line. There has been progress all along the line.
A comparison of 1990 and 1899 is in the report, so I need not refer to that again. I would,

owever, refer to one other point: The question of our progress during a longer period, 1894 to 1990, being that of the present management.

After a lapse of six years we find many points which are alike creditable to the manage

t and gratifying to the persons most interested in the suc olders and the policy-holders. The following figures will illustrate the vigorous growth of the Company:

Net Income Gross Assurist Year's from ance in force. \$296,468 \$ 9,555,3 666,717 15,409,6 Premiums. \$ 61,685 1894.....\$ 821,321 \$ 9,555,300

The assets are practically three times what they were six years ago. Amount of income from new business shows 100 per cent, increase. Net income from Premiums and Interest has increased over 100 per cent. The assurance in force has grown from 9½ to 15½ millions. I want also to refer to the character of our assets and the expense ratio, both being important items in a concern of this kind. Our securities were never before in the splendid condition they are to-day. I doubt if any Company can show such a record of invested assets of over \$2,000,000 and only \$501.30 over 402 interest.

In new companies the expense ratio is always large. These expenses should gradually decrease, and our record is as it should be in this respect.

The ratio is about 11 per cent. less than it was two years ago. I think that is one of the most satisfactory features in our business. The ratio is decreasing rapidly.

I thank our manager, his staff and the field force for the results we are able to report to-day, and I do so most sincerely, and I must congratulate the policyholders and shareholders on the position we have attained.

Mr. J. F. Junkin, the Managing Director, in seconding the adoption of the report, If we look back over two years, we fird that the premium.

remarked;

If we look back over two years, we find that the premium income for 1900 was almost \$\frac{14}{2}\$ 140,000 more than for 1808, or an increase of 31 per cent., while our expenses for 1900, as compared with 1808, only show an increase of about \$2.000, or 1½ per cent. The result is that we have now, not only the lowest expense ratio of any active company of our own or similar age on the continent, but we compare very favorably in this respect with even the oldest and largest Canadian and American Companies.

### SAT ON THE TIARA.

minded Then.

Tuesday.-An untoward of Westminster two days before the wedding morn gave rise to the im-pression that the young nobleman pression that the young nobleman was of a somewhat nervous disposition. The diamond that presented by the prospective groom to his bride-elect had been duly passed around among a few friends for admiration, when the Duke deposited the precious diadem on a chair.

The next moment, to the horror

The next moment, to the horror of the bystanders, the young Duke absent-mindedly sat down on the chair, plump on the spikes of the ti-ara, with the result usual on the ocara, with the result usual on the occasion when a person attempts to sit casion when a person attempts to sit on the business end of a pin. Everybody of the company declared it a case of absent-mindedness, and proceeded to chaff the hero of the Pretorla flag-raising episode on his identification of Kipling's doggerel hero. The young Duke said nothing, but, like the proverbial parrot, the write deal. but, like the proverbial parrot thought a deal. The tiara was mend ed in due time, and the wedding cere mony went off according to pro

gramme.

After the bridal party had gone. After the bridal party had gone, a little bird whispers the reason for the Duke's apparent absent-mindedness. It said that, following the bearer of the ducal thara, came a shabby-genteel individual, of a type associated with Dickens' novels. He had a blue document, which he could delive the beat a state of the could be a state of the could deliver only to the Duke personally.

Printed at the head of this document was a legend which the observant parrot, who vouches for the truth of the story, says read: "Summers Winds (Sec. 4.1). mons; King's Court, Probate and Di-

mons; kings court, Prodate and Divorce," or words to that effect.

Just exactly what followed after the printed matter is not yet fully known, except that somewhere down the body of the document, hidden among a lot of legal manuscript, was a reference to a certain Major was a reference to a certain Major Atherton, who bears His Majesty's Commission in the Lancers. Just why Major Atherton should wish to send such a wedding present to the Duke on the eve of his marriage may not be known till the Court opens. In the meantime, other explanations failing, it is held as a good excuse for the Duke's nervousness in sitting on the diamond tiars.—London Edition New York Herald.

Cleveland longshoremen, and dock managers have closed an agreement for the season.

### POETRY TO ORDER,

Duke of Westminster Was Absent- And More of it That Was Not Wanted.

The Stratford Beacon reproduces ncident which occurred to the Duke | this from its files of 40 years ago: The recent census having enabled the Town Council to issue another license, it was given to a hotel in Avon Ward. The landlord was so overjoyed that he wanted something striking to intimate the good news to his customers, so a traveling rhymster, by which he earned a treat, supplied the needful by writing as follows:

Within this hive we're all alive, Good liquor makes us funny,
As you pass by, step in and try
The flavor of our honey."

This was printed and pasted on the inside of the bar-room window, so that it could be seen and read by the passer-by. A temperance poet, not to outdone, wrote as follows:

"We've liquors here of every kind, And sell them as cheap as you

find;
They'll make you feel quite funny.
Perhaps they'll sprawl you on the floor,
If so, we'll kick you out the door,

After we've got your money.

After we've got your money.'

This the poet pasted on the outside of the bar-room window during the night. The landlord next morning was fusious and offered \$50 reward for the temperance poet, and, of course, destroyed the poetic effort. The very next night the temperance poet, as is supposed, tried his hand again, and this was what he wrote and affixed to the same bar-room window: room window:

Within this hut And very cheap we sell. Don't stop to think, Come in and drink And speed your way to h-li!

Nerveiine Cures

Rheumatism. The remarkable strength and marvellous soothing property of Nerviline—nerve pain cure—renders it almost infallible in cure—renders it almost infallible in Rheumatism. Five times stronger than any other, its penetrating power enables it to reach the source of pain and drive out the disease. Nerviline is more penetrating, stronger, and more highly pain-subduing in its action than any medicine heretofore devised for the relief of man's infirmities. Druggists sell-it-everywhere. everywhere.