WHITE LILAC.

Paris in May, when the lilacs are in bloom! Brightness, gayety, sunshine and the fragrant scent of the lilacs everywhere! What place is not beautiful in the first flush of summer, but more especially so is the gay French capital! Life is not so complex to these Gallic people; they take the good things of the present, forgetting the sorrow of yesterday. Paul Waring was conscious of keen pleasure in his holiday, as he sat lazily turning a cigar between his fingers and looking out on the sunny courtyard of the hotel.

His room was in the annex, and very high up, selected with an eye to economy. But what does poverty matter when one is only 28 and life still stretches out in an endless vista with all its glorious possibilities? It says much for Paul that he had still faith in himself.

"There she is again!"

The exclamation came involuntarily from his lips as the windows of a room on the first floor of the hotel were thrown open and a woman appeared. Young, and with loveliness of that rare type which seems almost too ethereal for this work-a-day world, she made a beautiful picture as she stood framed in the woodwork of the window, with the blue silk curtains as background. In her hands was a big spray of white lilac, and as Paul looked down eagerly she raised her eyes and swept a long searching glance over the windows opposite. Then for the space of a second her eyes met his and with an almost imperceptible motion of recognition she turned away.

"Was it intentional?" The vainest man could not be quite certain, and, although Paul waited patiently, there was no other sign. Twice before he had seen her, and, although unacknowledged, it was this vague expectation that kept Paul dawdling in his room.

"Pshaw! I am an idiot. Why should she not look from her window if she wants to? Still, I'll go out," which wise resolution he immediately put into practice. But he lingered for a moment near the fountain which was directly under the fair unknown's window. Did she watch for him? A tiny spray of lilac from an unseen hand fell at his feet. For more than an evening Paul sat in his room regardless of all engagements, but the coquette, my fair lady. Well, better luck to-morrow! Perhaps there is a curtains opposite remained closed, "A strict maman or jealous mair, or she is frightened at her own temerity. Those fellows are waiting, I expect." But Paul was dimly conscious of a disappointment, and the gay little chansons sung by the sprightliest of charming Parisiennes, fell on deaf ears.

"Mon ami," his chum D'Albert said to him, "what is the matter? You are quiet, as you express it yourself, 'glum.' Is it indigestion, or a line of the new libretto that troubles you? Debts sit lightly on you, I know, and you have never been in love. Be gay, my friend. A countryman of yours, Anstruther, is coming to supper in my studio."

Paul laughed lightly in answer to his friend's raillery, but vouchsafed no explanation.

A momentary glimpse of her the next day; a slight motion of a white hand—that was all! In the evening the windows were open, and the curtains drawn far back so that the whole of the lighted room was revealed to Paul's eyes. It was empty, but presently she came in, dressed in rich, soft robes of satin and filmy lace. Almost simultaneously the door leading from the corridor opened, and a man entered, who went straight up to the lady and began to talk with much animation. Paul took up his opera glasses. He was well built and tall, with a bearing of a soldier, but his face bore the impress of sensual indulgence. Presently he pressed a bell and gave an order. In response to the command, the servant returned with a leather-bound box, which he laid before the gentleman.

The box was opened, and sparkling gems flashed before Paul's eyes as they were lifted from their velvet beds. Then with a light laugh, the man drew the girl nearer to him, and proceeded to unfasten the pearl collar which was round her throat, replacing it by a necklace of diamonds; on the slender arms he fitted bracelets, and placed a curiously wrought spray of the same magnificent gems on the golden hair. Hes hands lingered over their task as if he loved it, and while the girl stood immovable, in an attitude of passive endurance, Paul divined, with quick intuition, that she knew it was only to enhance the man's own pleasure in the possession of her that she was decked in these rare jewels. A sneering expression passed over the man's face, and he appeared to utter some unkind words, for the golden head dropped.

"What is she to him? Daughter? No, a girl would have thanked her father for such jewels. Wife—no, not that! God help them! Will women always sell themselves for wealth?"

Paul was waiting at his window again next morning, and presently, when the window opened, he leant forward to attract her attention. A moment later a pair of steadfast blue eyes met his in a long, upward gaze. Yielding to an impulse, he snatched up the tiny spray of lilac that had fallen at his feet two days before, and, was now withered and dead. She smiled, and then the remembrance of an old schoolboy accomplishment flashing across his mind, Paul spelt out on his fingers: "Did you send it?" She smiled and nodded in reply. "Tell me your name."

There was a pause, and then, half hesitatingly, the answer came, "A—d—e—l—e, Adele." Again the white fingers were spelling out some words, "You—are—my—friend?"

"Yes—yes," was the eager answer, and then Paul lifted the withered lilac blossom, to his lips, but instead of the action bringing that rare beautiful smile to her face, she made a quick impetuous movement as if he were to throw it away, and, holding up her left hand, touched the third finger significantly. Then the curtains were drawn and Paul saw her no more that day.

But again the lilac blossoms brought him a message, for when he returned in the evening it was to find that some one had left for him a basket filled with the lovely flowers. "Was there any other message?" Paul asked himself the question eagerly as he examined it. Yes; deep down, nestling among the soft green leaves, was a twisted scroll, which Paul opened with trembling hands. At last! a message from her—from that strange beautiful girl, between whom and himself there seemed to be some curious affinity.

"Ah! do not think unkindly of me, monsieur," he read, "because I crave for a little sympathy and true friendship. You cannot realize how much alone I am. There is none to whom I dare speak my innermost thoughts; no friend to understand or give me any sympathy. My parents—I dare not, for it is they who have sold me—nay, worse, for they imbued me with the idea that what I did was right and true. My soul revolts against the lies which I uttered at the altar, and which I must live every day as long as my life lasts. My husband! I shrink from his touch, and yet that is cruel to him. Religion might bring me some consolation, but it bids me honor and love those who have made me what I am. All my life long I have been surrounded by those who told me what they deemed expedient—never the truth. I am only a weak woman, and somehow it comforts me to think you will read these lines, and there will be one in the world who will understand. I am alone—alone—alone."

There was no signature. The simple lines touched Paul and roused every chivalrous instinct in him. Every luxury that wealth could give her, and beauty such as any woman might delight in, and yet—that letter with its pitiful wail of loneliness.

All the brightness and gayety seemed to have gone, and the hum from the busy, merry streets resolved itself into discords that beat into Paul's brain. He felt as if a nightingale were being dissected before his very eyes. With a comprehension that was almost feminine in its insight, he knew that there was no ulterior motive in her desire for sympathy, that it was not the cry of the would-be emancipated woman longing to break her vows and indulge in a vulgar amour.

It was a little time before Paul dared venture on a written message to her, and then he had to wait his opportunity to convey it to her hands unseen. At last he managed by dexterously throwing it in on her balcony.

"Madame," he wrote, "I have to thank you for your confidence, and for the friendship with which you have honored me. These written words can but inadequately express what I owe to your sweet and gracious sympathy. You have brought a charm into my life that time and distance can never efface, for the thought of you never fails to bring purer ideals and to stir my weak efforts to better ends."

And so for more than a week this strange friendship held him in its thralls. At certain hours the window opposite would be opened, and for some brief minutes they held that subtle sweet communion with each other, and Paul rejoiced to see that some of the deep sadness was leaving the lovely face.

But the inevitable came at last. One morning, when the curtains remained closed, Paul could give himself no rest from tormenting fears. Had they been discovered? So far as he knew no eye could overlook them from the situation of the rooms, but who knew what tales a spy might not carry? Had he been so careless of her?

It was late in the evening before he ventured out, and then he took his way round to the side of the court underneath the windows of the suite of rooms occupied by Adele and her husband. There were some figures on the balcony, and Paul's breath came quickly as he recognized them. Would she know him? Yes. A long suede glove dropped at his feet, and almost immediately he heard a voice saying, "Joseph, madame has dropped her glove."

Paul felt inclined to dispute possession as the touch of the smooth-scented kid made itself felt—a stiff rustle—ah! a paper—quick as thought it was in his hand, and only just in time when the valet appeared with his "If you please, monsieur?"

Paul surrendered it willingly enough then, and walked on congratulating himself on the narrow escape they had had. It was very imprudent, and yet he was glad he had risked it. A little detour, and then he was in his room again with the precious missive.

"Ah! how much pleasure your letter gave me you will scarcely believe, although without words I felt you understood. But it opened my eyes to the danger for you and me also, and now I must never see you again. Fate is cruel, for now I must deny myself the solace of your friendship. To-morrow we leave Paris, and believe me when I say that I shall never forget these days. I am writing this not knowing if I shall have the opportunity of placing it in your hand. And now, my friend, the veil of silence must fall between us. You have given me new courage, and I am no longer so lonely. I will try and be good—I will be good—and, perhaps, in that world beyond, we shall know each other again, and all will be made perfect. In that hope, my friend, adieu—adieu. —Adele."

One evening in Covent Garden Theater, five years later, Paul looked across and saw in a box a man whose face haunted him with a curious remembrance, "Who is that do you know, Anstruther?" he said to his friend. "I seem to know the face."

"That man? An imperial highness, no less. The grand duke—he is very fond of cutting about the world incognito. When I was in St. Petersburg often saw him and his wife, a lovely woman, but very fragile-looking and such a sad face. I think she found life could be a tragedy for a royalty even in the nineteenth century. She died about a year ago—May, I think it was."

"Anything else?" Paul asked, in a curious choked voice. He had recognized Adele's husband. It was the man who had placed the gems on her neck and arms, the man who had taken one of the fairest creatures God had made to cherish and protect, and yet had made her life a sorrowful burden

"Oh! he is married again," Anstruther answered. "Morganatic affair with a baroness something. It was pretty notorious before, and I often wondered if it had anything to do with the princess' sad looks. Everybody loved her, they said she was so good."

The years pass away, bringing fame and wealth to Paul Waring, and the tide of time obliterates many hopes, and fears, and loves, but the memory of Adele will always come, pure and sweet as the blossom itself, when the white lilac blooms.

POCKET-KNIVES FOR WOMEN.

The tradition is—and maybe it was true ever so long ago, when woman always had a kitchen knife within easy reach—that women have no use for pocketknives. That is what man believes to this day. He thinks that she sharpens her lead pencil with her teeth, opens her letters with a hairpin, cuts string with scissors and borrows some man's knife when there is a can of potted ham or corned beef to be opened at a picnic.

But nearly every woman has a penknife and finds plenty of use for it. Usually she has bought it herself, for she prefers that it shall not be a gift. Any man who gives a woman a penknife will find himself regarded with suspicion. It isn't that she is superstitious. Oh, no, of course she isn't. She will buy one for her husband or for her son, but nevertheless she doesn't like to be given one, and will look askance at the dainty little implement unless she has paid the traditional penny for it.

The jewelers carry in stock knives for women. Some of the knives they carry in stock have jeweled handles or decorations that raise their cost from $5 to $50. Women don't buy such expensive ones—that is, not from jewelers—although they often buy them from friends at the price of 1 cent—an astonishing bargain, indeed.

The popular knives for women are tiny bits of knives, not so long as the little finger, and sometimes not longer than a finger joint. Some of these dainty little knives have handles of gold or silver studded with jewels. Very often they have chatelaine attachments or are worn with other little articles on a chain.

DENMARK'S COWS.

Denmark has about 1,000,000 cows. The Director of the Agricultural School, J. Peterson, has issued a brochure, in which he calls attention to the fact that cows give considerably more milk if they are kindly spoken to and patted on the back than when roughly handled. He also calls attention to the fact that in milking a cow it takes 172 pounds of the first streams of milk to make a pound of butter, and only 12 of the last streams.

A hat for smart occasions is on the bonnet style, edged with a narrow black chenille border, and with a design of black chenille embroidered on the white lace. This toque fits close to the head and is quite long down over the ears. Directly in front are three black Prince of Wales plumes fastened with a most effective rhinestone ornament in the shape of a coronet. Below the plumes is a knot of black velvet ribbon that rests on the hair, and at the left of the hat is also a knot of black velvet ribbon. To wear with this bonnet is a white boa made of white mousseline de soie ruching edged with a narrow border of black chenille, which is very full and fluffy, and most becoming, particularly when worn with the hat.

THE EYE AS A CAMERA.

Furious Photographic Experiments With the Human Retina.

Under the title "In Dead Eyes," an evening contemporary recently made a statement which carries its own confutation with it, says London Lancet. It is to the effect that a physician and enthusiastic photographer, being desirous of testing the amount of truth in the theory that dead eyes retain complete images, had carefully examined the eyes of hundreds of dead people, and though he had never seen anything like a distinct picture mirrored he had certainly distinctly traced both letters and objects on the iris of the eye, and that when the photographic test was applied these images became visible. In one case a capital letter of peculiar form was shown which could be traced to a Testament held in the hands shortly before death. In another case a numeral was distinctly pictured which was traced to a clock-face in the room. The article in question continues: "The chief scientific paper of France only the other day gave full particulars of a case where a woman who died in one of the hospitals had two numbers, 10 and 45, mirrored in the iris of her eyes."

These absurd stories originate in the well-known experiments of Kuhne on the visual purple of the retina, in the course of which he showed that by making special arrangements the crossbars of a window focused on the retina could be brought into relief. The enthusiastic photographer, if he be not misquoted, ought to have known that no well-defined images of the external world are cast upon the iris, and none, therefore, could be preserved. The surface of the iris is far too uneven to act as a mirror. Moreover, as no arrangements were made to prevent the further action of light after death, they would if ever formed be certainly obliterated as the image of a photographic plate would be if permanently exposed. The only mode in which an image impressed on the retina could be rendered visible would be to adopt the Kuhne—viz., by exposing the eye previously kept in the dark for a minute or two to an illuminated object, then extirpating it, opening it, and immediately plunging it into a solution of alum. The image develops in the course of twenty-four hours.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A TROUBLE THAT CAUSES ITS VICTIMS MUCH INCONVENIENCE

Winfred Schofield, of Gaspereau, N.S., Tells How He Obtained a Speedy and Permanent Cure.

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N. S.

The many cases brought to his notice of residence in this vicinity being cured from physical disorders through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, have created in the mind of the Acadien representative a sincere belief in the healing powers of this remedy. Yet withal he was a little incredulous the other day when told of a young man who had been cured of a very serious and deplorable disease by the use of only some two boxes of these little miracle workers. It seemed impossible that such a remarkable healing could be wrought even by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such short order. Accordingly he was possessed of a strong desire to investigate. Mr. Winfred Schofield, of Gaspereau, was the address given us by our informant, and were not long in hunting him up. We found Mr. Schofield to be a bright young man of about twenty years of age and of more than ordinary intelligence. His air of candor and straightforwardness dispelled any doubts we may have had. In a very few words he stated to us his case. "Two years ago," he said, "I was taken with an attack of St. Vitus Dance. Sometimes when at work I found that my fingers would all at once straighten out and I would be compelled to drop anything I was holding. One day I was using an axe when seized with one of these attacks. The axe slipped from my hands and in falling struck my foot and gave it a nasty cut. After that you can depend upon it I left axes alone, and it was not long before I had to give up using any kind of tool. My complaint rapidly grew worse and I was soon unfitted for any sort of work. Everything possible was tried by me in order to get relief, but I got no better. At last one day a neighbor of mine, Mr. Fred Fielding, who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised me to give them a trial, offering to pay for them himself if they did not help me. As it turned out he was safe enough in making the offer. I followed his advice, but had scarcely begun to use them when I began to feel very much better. After using two boxes I was perfectly cured and have never been troubled with the complaint since. I am confident that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone I owe my cure.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box. If in doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed to you post paid at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

A FATAL DAY.

It is said that Saturday has been a fatal day to the royal family of England for the last 185 years. William III., George IV., Queen Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV., the Duchess of Kent, the Prince Consort, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Albany and Princess Alice all died that day.

Agricultural

A TALK ON BARNS.

While the great majority of our readers have good barns, a chapter on this subject is of interest to all, for no one knows how soon he may be called upon to build, as barns are much more liable to be burned than houses, especially by lightning, and I recall a day in August two years ago that there were five barns struck by lightning within six miles of my home, and four of them burned, in a single storm. Then there are many barns that can be remodelled at small expense so as to make it much more convenient to feed the stock in them, or a simple addition of small cost will enable the farmer to shelter more stock. The farmer who studies the subject of barn building and understands it well, will not only build a more convenient barn, but do it for less money than the one who leaves all the details to his carpenter. I have built four barns for myself, and can now build a barn of given size for from $100 to $200 less money than it would cost me if I was entirely ignorant on the subject. Barn building, like almost everything else connected with farm management, says Waldo Brown has undergone great improvement, and there is no way in which there is so great saving as by the use of light timbers for the frame, and the best and strongest frames are now made of two by eight inch timbers, not a stick larger being used in the largest barns, and when the barn is completed it is stronger than any barn built on the old plan with heavy timbers. This kind of a frame is called the "plank frame," and is made entirely of two eight inch joists put together with carriage bolts and spikes, and it is so thoroughly braced as to make a frame something like a truss bridge, and while it is a great saving of lumber and of labor, as there is not a mortise or tenon in the building, the frame is stronger than it is possible to make one on the old plan. The posts and the two long sloping braces are made each of two by eight timbers and the short horizontal braces pass between them, and a six-inch bolt, with good washers, holds them fast. The sills are made of three two by eight joists, and the foot of the two post pieces are set between them and are spiked fast. The basement should be made first and the floor on it, so that the bents can be put together and raised from this floor. The posts for the basement should be made of timbers of the same size, two by eight, and two of them for each post, and they will at the top pass between the sill timbers and be spiked or bolted fast, and a two-inch block a foot long should be placed between them at the bottom and spiked in. For a foundation to a basement barn simply make a good floor of Portland cement, and where each post is to stand for a space of fifteen inches square put down a foot of concrete, and as a basement floor is likely to be damp at times it is wise to make a cement pillar a foot high and a foot square for the posts to stand on. If this is not done I would advise that the posts be sawed out of good seasoned locust timber. One advantage of this barn apparent at a glance is that it does away with all cross beams, on the inner bent, so that there is nothing in the way in filling the bays or in getting wheat to the thresher, when the thresing is done in the barn. The bents are fastened together by spiking two by six nail ties to the outside of the posts and then long braces are set up sloping from the foot of one post to the top of the other and spiked to each nail tie and the two braces are bolted together where they cross each other. The plates are made by spiking a two by six and two by eight joist together as though you were making a hog trough, and it is put in place and one part of it spiked to the tops of the posts and the other to the outside of them, and thus it takes the place of the upper nail tie. I very much prefer a basement barn for keeping stock, and after twenty-five years' experience with a barn built on the level and twenty-five years' experience with basement barns, I would always build the latter for stabling stock, as it costs less to furnish a given amount of space in this way than when the barn is built on the level, and the feeding is easier to do when the feed is dropped down from above than when it must be lifted and put in mangers. I would rather make the barn on level, or nearly level, land and make it all of wood, than to dig into a hillside and make a stone wall. It is as cheap, or cheaper to bridge, to give access to the upper floor than to make a fill, and much more satisfactory. Probably the best plan is to compromise between the two, making a partial fill and then a bridge for twelve or fifteen feet next to the barn. Stables in bank barns are usually dark and badly ventilated, but if the basement barn is built on level land, and with board sides instead of stone, it will enable you to have plenty of sunshine and a good circulation of air through the stables. A wise arrangement of the stables will enable you also to adopt the plan of a hay chute, and this will not only enable you to get the feed to the stock, with the least labor, but also give perfect ventilation to the stables. In another article I will give some details about the building of a barn for stock.

SHEEP EATING WOOL.

This trouble is of the same nature as the depraved appetite of cows which leads them to eat all manner of articles other than ordinary feed, says the National Wool Growers' Journal. In sheep it causes loss of wool, occasions mortality among lambs, and is at all times a source of great annoyance to the shepherd. Some are of the opinion that the disease is the product of imitation, arguing that when one lamb starts the wool-eating habit, others follow suit, until several will be seen eating wool from the same sheep, until it may be entirely denuded. Others consider it as the result of malnutrition, either from an insufficiency of feed, or lack of some required chemical ingredient. In sheep it is seen most often in winter, when feed is scarce or lacks variety; in lambs it happens ordinarily, according to Friedberger and Frohner, when the milk-giving ewes are fed too sparingly and where there is a deficiency of milk, or if its chemical composition is poor. It is said that, in such cases, the trouble has been cured by furnishing the lamb with cow's milk; while, in spring it disappears under the influence of a change of diet, or green grass. We incline to the opinion that both imitation and lack of needed nutrients, produce the wool-eating habit. It is not so much imitation, we think, as a habit acquired by the young lamb from accidentally getting wool locks into its mouth when sucking an udder that has not been denuded of its wool tags by the attentive shepherd. We think, that lambs suck the wool at first just as young calves do each other's ears, and that they gradually learn to eat the wool in this way, and, later on, may develop wool balls in their stomachs and succumb to their presence. When lambs, become confirmed wool-eaters digestive troubles appear; they lose flesh, their growth is retarded; they become constipated and may die of inflammation. Treatment indicated is largely preventive. Strip the udder of all wool before allowing the lamb to suck. Change the feed of all sheep or lambs showing the habit, and separate the wool-eaters from the rest of the flock. See that all are well nourished, and that the rations are properly balanced. Supply the flock with salt or a mixture of salt, bicarbonate of soda, powdered wood, charcoal, and ginger root.

TAKING OFF HIDES.

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well applies to the taking off of hides as to anything else—in fact, a hide may be so injured in removing it from the animal that enough will not be realized for it to pay for the time occupied in doing the work. A writer, speaking of removing the skins from cattle and caves, gives the following hints, which it will pay any farmer or stock raiser to make note of, for even though one may not kill any animals for eating purposes, no one is so fortunate to never lose one by accident or disease. In skinning beef hides and calf skins keep the back of the knife close to the hide, and draw it tightly with the left hand. This is a simple rule, but by following it, the liability to cut or score is considerably lessened. On the foreleg the knife should go down to the armpit, so called, and then forward to the point of the brisket. On the hind leg the cut should be made from the hoof of one down to the back of the leg, semi-circularly across one to the other, and on to the hoof. The throat should never be cut crosswise, and the horns and tail bones should always be removed. The operation of salting is equally important. To salt hides thoroughly a waterbucket full of good salt should be used to each sixty-pound hide, the quantity for large and small hides being in proportion. After this they should be rubbed and rolled up. Independent of cuts and scores hides which are not taken off in the manner specified are classed as No. 2s, and if dried on fences or exposed to the sun or weather are only fit for the glue maker. A butcher's skinning knife should always be used, and no employee should be permitted to take off hides without one, as the loss from one hole in a hide would buy several such knives. These few rules are simple enough, but their adoption means a great deal to the country slaughterer.

Catarrh

How This Disagreeable Disease May Be Entirely Overcome.

Catarrh in the head, with its ringing noises in the ears, buzzing, snapping sounds, severe headaches and disagreeable discharges from the nose and throat is permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and enriches the blood, soothes and rebuilds the delicate tissues, giving them a tendency to health instead of disease, and cures the affliction, in a natural way, simply by removing its cause and repairing the injury it has done. If you have catarrh take Hood's Sarsaparilla before the disease develops into something more serious. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It Canada's Greatest Medicine. Price $1.

Hood's Pills cure Indigestion. 25 cents.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A woman's look may affect a man more than her words.

No one has been able to prove that Bacon was Shake's peer.

Realization is never a luxury to the man who did not hope.

Only the fear of endless torment causes some sinners tto repent.

It is safer to learn from an enemy than it is to instruct a friend.

It's useless for a man to seek a steady job if he isn't that way himself.

Turn some men loose in a brewery and trouble would very soon begin to brew.

It is easy enough for a man to figure out a plan whereby he may obtain wealth, but——

Nature's laws are disregarded by the officeholder who occupies two places at once.

The woman who takes in all a man tells her often does it merely for the purpose of taking him in.

It isn't much to the worm's credit to turn when trod upon; any old barrel-hoop will do the same thing.

Nothing ever upsets the even tenor of a woman's way so much as the intuition that her bonnet isn't on straight.

A GIRL'S TRIBUTE.

SHE TELLS HOW DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS GAVE HER HEALTH.

Thousands of Girls Need the Same Remedy, For They are Suffering from Similar Diseases—Dodd's Kidney Pills Will Cure Them.

Toronto, Dec. 5.—There are thousands of girls in this city who are passing the best years of their lives in sickness and misery, when they should be enjoying the blessings of health, strength and vigor.

The observer who will watch the crowds of girls and young women streaming homeward every evening, after their hard day's work, cannot but be struck by the many faces—young faces—that should be rosy with the glow of health, with sparkling eyes, and well-rounded cheeks, but which are pale and careworn, with dark circles round eyes that have lost their brightness.

A glance is enough to show that these tired and worn-out girls are suffering. And such a spectacle is doubly sad, because there is no need for it. Dodd's Kidney Pills would bring the brightness back to the eyes, the bloom to the cheek, the firmness to the step, the vigor to the entire body.

No other medicine on earth can produce such astonishingly beneficial results in these cases, as Dodd's Kidney Pills can and will.

Miss Mary Dinsdale, 73 Esther street, has proved the truth of this statement She says: "I have been a sufferer from Female Weakness, Nervous and Liver Troubles and doctored without derriving any benefit. I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills and my recovery dated from that time. They have cured me thoroughly."

A trial will speedily convince any sufferer that Dodd's Kidney Pills will positively restore her to health.

CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

In England goose is more often the Christmas bird than turkey. To those who think of substituting a goose for a turkey the caution is given that the former, though it may present an ample and tempting appearance as it is brought to the table crisp and aromatic, will serve by no means generously.

only the breast is available. Under the modern treatment of removing the tough leg tendons, thus gaining all the drumstick meat, there is no edible bird to compare in economy with the turkey.

MOSS & PHOSPHATE.

"The Border Counties, Advertiser, also has letters from farmers who attest to Alberts' Thomas-Phosphate powder having eliminated moss the general reason being given that the clover which comes seems to lift the moss out of the ground. They recommend as well to harrow such lands when putting on the phosphate, to allow it to get down into the earth. Another correspondent under the nom-de-plume of Yorkshire" attests to the coming of clover and general improvement from his personal knowledge.

BANK CHECKS.

The bank checks passing through the Clearing Houses in London and New York in one month exceed the value of all the gold and silver coin in the world.

Cure Yourself of Rheumatism.

The application of Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—which possesses such marvellous power over all nerve pain, has proved a remarkable success in rheumatism and neuralgia. Nerviline acts on the nerves, soothes them, drives pain out and so gives relief. Try it and be convinced.

NOISE AND SLEEP.

Experiments now show that during profound sleep a noise not sufficient to awaken the sleeper produces a perceptible rise in the temperature of the brain.

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