# The True he True and The False

"Oh, Falconer, take back the message. Tell the man not to carry ft. I love them so. Sylvia loves them so."
He turned a look upon his little sister as if he could shake her embrace off, but tenderness prevailed over resentment and he drew her closer to him saying: "You don't know anything about it, Sylvia, else you would take sides with me," and turning fiercely assumd upon the servant, and beginning with, "Tell Daniel Hunter," he discharged another volley of defiant messages. And when he had done speaking and had sat down, Ellen spoke quietly, saying:

Ellen spoke quietly, saying:
"You are to report nothing whatever
of this to Mr. Hunter, John. You are to remember if you carry this disrespectful message to your master, from a mere boy to whom he never sent you, you yourself are guilty of disrespect; but tell him from me that I am grateful for his kind intentions, and will certainly give him further answer to morrow?" give him further answer to-morrow. And with this reply, the man bowed himself out, remounted his howe and de-parted. Falconer left the breakfast table and sat down in the window in morose silence. Sylvia would have gone to him, but his looks frightened and rep. iled her. She went to Ellen, who was quietly weeping and embracing her, asked:
"Oh, Ellen, what is the make with Falconer. And what is all that draadful thing he was talking about?
"Hush, my child, con't ask-you will

know some day. As for Falsoner, he is a wild, hot headed boy, who is letting his passions run ahead of his reason." "I hope he does not fancy,' continued Ellen, "that because once in a fiele a grateful mouse delivered a lion from a

grateful mouse delivered a lion from a net, that it is possible in fact for a mouse to entrap a lion." Falconer assumed a look of firm, stold determination, and made no answer. And nothing more was said at the time. In the afternoon, when the nother and son were both more composed, Eler and son were both more composed, El-len tried by every possible argument and persuasion to overcome the boy's hatred of Daniel Hunter, and to induce nim to accept his patronage, but her efforts were without any other effect than the ill one of increasing his animosity.

The renewal of the discussion the next morning was equally fruitless of good— Falconer declaring that before he would we his education and establishment in life to Daniel Hunter, he would -go to sea! And that last threat-dranfal to widowed mother-silenced ber, and

the widowed mother—silenced her, and ended the controversy. And now the poor, weak mother sigh-ed and groaned with vain repentance, that she had indulged and yielded to her noble-hearted but too headstrong boy from his early youth to the present, when he was too self-willed to be con-

She wrote to Daniel Hunter, again thanking him for his kind intentions, but ius." begging him to allow her to reserve her acceptance of his offer for tance of his offer for some future Thus she endeavored to escape the pain and the loss of a positive refusal.

# CHAPTER XXI.

"We understand," said the local paper the ambassador to France."

Such was the fact, and after an affec-

tionate parting with "sweet Maud," for whom Mrs. Hunter possessed an allconsuming love, the new ambassador and his wife set sail for Europe. Several years pased before the child

and the lady again met. Indeed, the child and the lady never met again, for in the years of absence, the child became the woman. Had either at the moment of their parting suspected the length of time that should separate them, scarcely could they have borne to say "good-bye." But hope buoyed them up at their leavetaking; and hope attended them, proming fairly through all the years of absence, until seven years glided away, and brought near the period when they should meet again.

perchance with a letter from Mrs. Hunter, Presently the latch of the door lifted, and Falconer came in. He threw the expected letter in her lap. It bore a foreign stamp. She tore it open and devoured its contents with a countenance that grew brighter and brighter as she read. She finished it with an exclamation of iov:

During his long-continued from his native country, Daniel Hunter and his great services were suffered to fall into forgetfulness by the fickle and

His own party in his own State had a new hero, a young demi-god, Falconer O'Leary, whose name became a party war cry, which, thundered among the ntains, could at any time convene a meeting or carry away a mob.

Ellen was dead. The weak, gentle creature slowly declined for several years, and easily sank away into her everlasting rest. During her gradual decay, Maud nursed her with more than a daughter's tenderness and devotion. At intervals during the last six weeks of her life Ellen had written a long, loving

linked together.

plump, active and energetic.

easily digested form.

girl's strength.

to Mrs. Daniel Hunter, requesting that lady to deliver it to her daughter; if she saw no objection, and when she thought

After the death of Ellen, Sylvia kept the cottage. The lovely child had bloomed into a lovely woman, a maiden whose supernal beauty must have immortalized her in the old heroic times, or defied her her in the old heroic times, or defied her in the ancient Olympic ages. It is seldom in these matter-of-fact days that a maiden, however beautiful, wins a nomme-de-fantaisie for beauty; yet Sylvia did gain such a one. The poetic taste of Mr. Bill Ipsy baptized her "The Star of Silver Creek," and as such, through mountain and valley, the peerless maiden was known. Falconer considered her as his own dear sister, he said. ered her as his own dear sister, he said But surely never was a sister leved with such a fierce, jealous, vigilant affection. He watched her whenever she left the cottage. Even at church, if a youth stole

cottage. Even at church, if a youth stole a glance of admiration at the maiden, it threw Falconer into passion; and at the village, if the handsome clerks were unusually polite to her, it was sufficient to destroy her brother's epace for a week. Ther life at the cottage was rather a singular one; some changes had also taken place in that little family besides the death of its gentle mistress and the growing up of the children.

Old Abishag had fallen into dotage and imbecility, and had been removed from the kitchen to a comfortable cabin near

the kitchen to a comfortable cabin near at hand where she sat over the fire al day long, picking wool, the only employment she was equal to now, and cron ing old songs in a low, monotonous key. Old Moll, grown too old for field labor, took her place as cook in the kitchen Big Len, too infirm for the plow, con-fined his work to the garden. Their only field hands were now Little Len and Young Moll, a strapping, able-bodied pair as ever lived, counting only for two at best. Consequent upon this failure of their laborers, the revenues of the little,

ever before. Had Faccher himself been a good farmer, his agricultural affairs would have prospered better. But as the moth-er had done; so did the son; he trusted entirely to the simple, ignorant negroes while he shut himself up in a room he called his studio, and busied with clay models and plaster casts, at all times and seasons, except when there was an election pending, and then down went the chisel and hammer, copy and model, and the artist would become the orator, and stump the whole district, making fifty flaming speeches in half as many days. Poor as he was, poverty had not taught Falconer the value of time and money; he threw both reck-lessly away in the direction of his "gen-

Sylvia, with the housewife's instinct, tried all she could to add to the narrow income of the family. She knit beautiful little socks and mitts, of a new patterns of the socks and mitts, of a new patterns of the socks and mitts. tern of her own invention, and sent them to the village shop to be sold. And Falconer guessed nothing of this, nor ever suspected where many of his

comforts came from.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovell still resided at
Howlet Hall. The fair young couple
were amply blessed with "the blessings
have" in the form of comforts came from happy peasants have," in the form of hal fa dozen pretty little creatures, al-

ternating girls and boys.

One evening, about the middle of Nov ember, Sylvia was sitting and knitting alone in the little parlor, wishing for her brother's return from the post office,

mation of joy:
"Oh, Mrs. Hunter: sne is coming

"Oh, Mrs. Hunter: sae is coming home, Falconer! she is coming home! I am so, so happy!"

With a sound between a sigh and a grunt, Falconer tossed his hat from him and strode up and down the floor in great excitement. She watched in perplexity his most unreasonable agitation, and after a little while inquired in a gentle, sad tone:

"Falconer, are you not pleased because Mr. and Mrs. Hunter are coming home? he exclaimed, pausing his hasty walk. "No! you "Pleased!" abruptly in his hasty walk. "No! you know I am not pleased! You know I hate, detest, abhor the very name of that man, and you ask me if I am not pleas-

"But Mrs. Hunter, Falconer-

Girlhood and Scott's Emulsion are

The girl who takes Scott's Emul-

The reason is that at a period when a girl's digestion is weak, Scott's Emulsion provides her with powerful nourishment in

It is a food that builds and keeps up a

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00. **\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$** 

sion has plenty of rich, red blood; she is

"What is she to us, or what are we to her? She is like her husband. They are all of a piece, renegade republicans! upstart aristocrats! Away with them! We don't want them here! Let them stay where they are; it suits them better. Let them sun themselves in the glare of foreign courts," he exclaimed, in bitter scorn and angar. His violent temper often aslumed the maiden very much, but she could not let this pass. It would not be right, she felt. She replied, gently, but firmly:

"There is no one in the world more worthy of love, honor and reverence than Daniel, Hunter and his dear, lovely—yes, adorable lady! There is no one under heaven that I love and honor and reverence so, much as them."

under heaven that I love and honor and reverence so much as them."

He stood and gnawed his under lip, and glared at her till a circle of white flamed around his dark orbs, and chokingly exclaimed:

"You—you do! You—you avow it!"
"I should deserve to die, if I did not," replied Sylvia, firmly still, though she turned pale.

He started and flung himself out of the house, banging the door behind him with a force that shook the rafters. And what became of him for the next two or three hours no one knew but his own evil demon.

own evil demon.

Sylvia was knitting when Falconer came back. Quietly he closed the door, and as she looked up he came to her and sank down on the carpet by her side, and laid his head on her lap—just as he had often in similar circumstances laid it on his mother's. And Sylvis bent over

It on his mother's. And Sylvis bent overhim, running her fingers through his
raven locks with the same soothing tenderness that Ellen had always shown.

"Sylvia," he said, "do you remember
the promise you made my mother on her
deathbed? Sylvia, why don't you answer? Speak to me?."

"Surely, I remember it, and surely I
will keep it, Falconer."

"Sylvia, will you redeem that promise
to-morrow? Will you set me at rest
forever? Oh, speak, Sylvia! You are
so slow to answer! Will you redeem
that promise—your promise to my dying
mother, to-morrow?"

"I cannot to-morrow, Falconer," said

"I cannot to-morrow, Falconer," said Sylvia, gently. "Cannot? You must! You must, Sylvia! Indeed, indeed, you must!"
"Indeed, I cannot, Falconer! Pray, do

not urge me!"
"Why can you not, then—if you will be so good as to tell me!" "Falconer," she replied, a little reproachfully, "haven't I told you, long ago, that I never wished to give myself away before Mrs. Hunter came back?"

"Mrs. Hunter again! What, in the name of all the angels, has Mrs. Hunter to do with you or you with Mrs. Hunter

to do with you, or you with Mrs. Hun-ter? Do you belong to her? Tell me that." "No-I wish to heaven I did! But

she has expressed a wish that I should not—should not—"
"Should not be married until her re-

turn?"

"Yes. Falconer."

"Selfish, heartless, designing woman!
She has some evil purpose in that!"

"Falconer!" exclaimed Sylvia, and choking before she could utter another word, she burst into tears.

"Forgive me, Sylvia! forgive me! I am mad when I get upon the subject of the Hunters and miserable when I think of losing you! I dread—I know not what—from their arrival—from their influence over you! I know how it will be; they will interfere between us; they will tell you that I am a mad fellow, a ringleader of mobs, a radical, moonringleader of mobs, a radical, moon-struck maniac, doomed to get his fiery brains blown out, if he comes to no worse fate! Worse fate? Ah! there! Ah, God! They will tell you—they will

tell you "
"What will they tell me what can
"What will they apparate us? ] "What will they tell me—what can they tell me that can separate us? I belong to myself, and can give myself to whom I please, and I promise myself to you. Now, what can they tell me to separate us?" she asked, in a tone of ineffable tenderness.

"They will tell you-they will tell you that which I ought to have told you long ago—that which I ought to tell you now—that which I will tell you, though the words cleave my heart in who was hanged!"
She gave a sudden bound, clasped his hands tightly, and then grew still.

He continued, speaking rapidly:
"There! there! that was my shame!
ny grief! my agony! That was what my grief! turned my heart into a hell, and made me half a maniac! That made me your oppressor, Sylvia, for I loved you madly! madly! and with that shameful secret kept from you! Yes, my father was hanged! Every one in the county knew it but you! That was the reason why I debarred you from all young society, lest you should learn it from them! I feared to tell you, lest I should lose you, for I loved you so madly, so selfishly, that it made me a coward and a hypocrite! I, who could lead a multitude which way I willed—I was a very slave or netty tyrant in your presence! slave or petty tyrant in your presence! That was the reason why I never urged marriage-for, with all my criminal our marriage—for, with all my criminal hesitation, I never designed to marry you without telling you! You have my secret! Thank God. I have been able to tell it at last! And now, Sylvia, while my good angel is strong within me, I

release you from your promise! You are free, Sylvia." And he began to rise from his knees. But she clasped his hands and detained him, gazing with her heavenly eyes upon his troubled face. And her words fell like heavenly blessing on his soul. "I do not now even ask you whether rour father was innocent or guilty. But tell you that, to-morrow, if you please,

I will go to church with you and become "Sylvia! Sylvia! are you crazy?" ex-claimed Falconer, starting up, and, in a tone of voice indescribable from its blending of doubt with unutterable joy.
"No, my poor, dear harassed boy—
my boy who would be a giant if he had

but faith. I am in earnest—I will be your wife to-morrow."

"Oh, my dear Sylvia! Yes! if I had had but faith even in you to have told you my!secret sorrow before, how much anguish it had saved me! And you never gave Mrs. Hunter the promise she wished to exact!" wished to exact !"

"She did not wish to exact a promise. She said she hoped I would not marry until she got home. I offered to bind myself by a promise not to do so; but, oh! mark the lady's goodness! she would not let me! She said she felt that in any case where her known wishes were not strong enough to restrain me, I ought not to be restrained at all!"
"Oh, my dear—my dear Sylvia! Can possible that to-morrow-to-r

FARGARDEN row you will be mine forever!" Yours, forever! CHAPTER XXII.

On a fine evening in December, 18—, the pier at Baltimore was thronged with a multitude of people, all waiting in an-xious expectation for the appearance of the Winged Arrow steamboat from Nor-

folk.

The cause of this assembly was a newspaper report that Daniel Hunter, who had arrived from Europe at Norfolk by the United States frigate Liberty, would reach the city that afternoon. The sun had already set, but the full moon poured a flood of splendid radiance on the water, making it shine like a sea of flowing silver.

on the water, making it shine like a sea of flowing silver.

The Winged Arrow was several houra due, and expectancy had reached its most anxious height, when a gentleman with a pocket telescope looking far down the river, discerned the coming And soon after, the handsome private carriage sent by the proprietor of the Eagle House, made its way through the throng of hackney coaches that crowded the wharf, and drew up as near as possible to the landing place.

Swiftly, yet not swiftly enough for the impatience of the multitude, passed the half-hour that brought the steemboat near enough for the crowd of passengers to be seen upon its burdened deck. And there in the midst stood the desire of their eyes.

deck. And there in the midst stood the desire of their eyes.

Daniel Hunter, with his noble head un-covered, his fine countenance irradiated with the joy of coming home to friends, to native soil, and to fellow-citizens. There he stood with a presence so princely, so majestic, so inexpressibly sovereign and gracious, that all, even his bitterest enemies, must have been struck with admiration. A lady of imperial mien hung upon his arm, and another younger pair stood behind him, but no one noticed them. But as soon as the boat touched the quay, and Daniel Hunter stepped upon the wharf, a thousand heads were uncovered, a thou-

recome to native land!"

The control of the control The shout was repeated, it was reit-

erated, until the very erated, until the very heavens rang back the joyous greeting!

The great statesman had long before been accustomed to such enthusiastic popular demonstrations. But never had the people's love thrilled him with so much heartfelt joy as now that it wel-comed him on his return home. His bo-som was full, was overflowing with emosom was full, was overflowing with emotion. He must address them. As the third shout died away he lifted his hand in silence, and in an instant all was still as death, waiting in reverent expectancy for his first words. And as he slowly turned his commanding glance over that multitude, and recognized here and there with unutterable emotion, some dear, old faithful friend, or zealous partisan, he propts. He had you have avoing that his spoke. He began by saying that his heart was at the flood, and must find its utterance as it could.

But even as these words fell from his But even as these words fell from his lips he was interrupted in an unexampled, in a most shameless manner. A sharp, ringing "Hiss-ss-ss-ss!" ran, winding its rapid, tortuous course, as it were, near the ground, until it arose into a yell of derision! And maddened howls of: "Down with the renegade republican!" "Down with the aristocrat" "Down with the courtier!" "Down with Daniel Hunter!" "Hurrah for Falwith Daniel Hunter!" "Hurrah for Fal-Daniel Hunter!" burst upon his aston-ished ears! But his friends furiously took up his cause, and with wild shouts of "Hurrah for Daniel Hunter!" "Down with the Falcon!"
"Down with the foul bird!" "Danie Hunter and Democracy!" mingled with yells of "Falcon O'Leary and Freeman's

"Daniel Hunter and Democracy" rolled in thunder over the heads of the multitude, and quite overpowered all other cries, until, in a lull, a single voice shout-ed out in derision: "Daniel Hunter and diamond studs! Away with him! Those that wear rich clothing dwell in kings' houses!" And then the shouts arose "Away with the aristocrat!" Away with the courtier!' "Falcor O'Leary and Freemen's Rights forever!"
until from shouts and yells they took to cudgels and brickbats, and a general

(To be continued.)

# BABY SMILES.

One mother happily expressed her opinion of Baby's Own Tablets when she said "There's a smile in every dose." In homes where the Tablete used there are no cross, fretful, sickly children. The Tablets make children well and keep them well. They cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles and all the other minor ailments of childhood. They can be given with absolute safety to the new born child, for the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets do not contain one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Isn't such a guarantee worth something to you, mother? The Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 25

A Distinguished Painter's Bohemian Characteristics.

Elihu Vedder, the painter, lives in Rome, where he has a beautiful apartment, and in Capri, where his white

villa looks down on the sea. "Elihu Vedder." said a New York illustrator the other day, "is as Bohemian as ever. Fame has not spoiled him. I visited him last year, and his Bohemian ways were delightful. "You know they tell a story of a visit that he once paid to Alma Tadema, in London, in that glittering house which Mrs. A. T.'s money, made in graceful, comfortable cocoa, bought

bought.
"The morning after his arrival,
very early, before even the servants
were up, Vedder began a thunderous
his host's sandalwood knocking on his host's sandalwood

"Alma Tadema turned in his gold bed, threw back the coverlet and sat up.
"Who's there? What is it?' h who s there? What is it? he cried in a startled voice.
"I say, Tadema,' shouted Vedder.
'where do you keen the scissors that you trim your coffs with?'"

# THE DAIRY.

Eigures From Government Report Show its Importance.

According to a table of statistics, the export of dairy products from 1868 to the present time are given.

Treating of butter production, it is pointed out that in 1868 the total amount produced was 10,649,733 pounds, while in 1906 it reached 34,031,515. The value of butter production in 1906 it had advanced to \$7,075,539.

and in 1906 \$33,965.

The butter exported to Great Britain in 1868 amounted to \$534,767, while in 1906 it reached .6,802,003. The number of pounds of cheese made in 1868 in Canada were 6,141,570 pounds, while in 1906 the large volume of 215,834,543 was the total. rolume of 215,834,543 was the total. The returns from the export of cheese in 1868 were \$620,543, while in 1906 it had advanced to the almost phenomenal sum of \$24,433,169.

The amount of cheese sent to Great Britain in 1868 returned in cash \$548,574, while in 1906 it brought into the pocket of Caradians \$24,300,908.

#### GROWING DWARF THEES

Regulres Much Time and Patience, Says a Japinese Horticulturalist. Exactly how these tiny trees are produced is known only to a score or so of individuals. But S. Eida, a Japanese fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society, was good enough to supply the writer with some interesting facts relat-

ing to the methods employed.

It would seem that the quality essential to the successful dwarf tree grower is patience, infinite patience, backed by a fund of calm resignation unknown to the western mind. Firey years is named as the shortest period in which a really good and saleable dwarf tree may be good and saleable dwarf tree may be grown, while a lifetime is not long enough to produce the highest examples of the art. The tree artist merely makes the beginning; his son, or even his son's son, reaps the reward of his labors.

Dwarf trees are produced from seeds, or in cases where this is not practical from carefully selected cuttings. When the young plant begins to grow it is tended with ceaseless care, and from the commencement of its career its natural

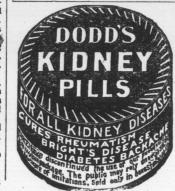
commencement of its career its natural tendencies are subjugated to the will of its master. Each twig, each leaf, as it its master. Each twig, each leaf, as it makes its appearance, becomes the object of the closest scrutiny. Shall it be permitted to grow, and if so, in what direction? May it not be advisable to cut it away altogether and encourage growth elsewhere? These and a dozen similar questions occupy the mind of the Japanese artist, and upon their correct solution depends the ultimate value of the tree, for to be perfect the dwarf must possess a shape and balance equal to the best life-sized models.—Windsor Magazine.

# THE SHEEP INDUSTRY.

Important Bulletin Issued by the Department of Agriculture.

The Ontario Department of Agriculcure has just issued a bulletin on the heep industry of the Province, the first publication of its kind by the department. It contains the result of an exhaustive inquiry into the industry and the reasons for its decrease in Ontario. These are given as lack of profit owing to low prices for mutton and wool, losses from disease and at lambing time. It is pointed out in respect to the first that prices are now such as to make the that prices are now such as to make the sheep industry a profitable one, pro-vided the other drawbacks can be offset. Suggestions with this in view are given, including proposed amendments to the sheep protection act. Among the tables in the bulletin is one showing that tables in the bulletin is one snowing that in the last year for which figures are obtainable, 1905, the aggregate of sheep in the Province was 1,324,153, and that since 1901 there had been a yearly average decrease of 109,411

The Winter Garden. A new European fad has introduced the winter garden, in which tea is served, and in some of the larger cities in this country, where one meets many foreign ers, the idea has already been adopted and seems to have met with great success. The winter garden is not unlike a summer garden. Instead of being an outdoor enclosure it is walled in with a summer garden. Instead of being an outdoor enclosure it is walled in with glass, and there are shrubs, potted plants and flowers to ornament it without giving it too much the air of a conservatory. The furniture suggests cosiness and warmth rather than coolness, and, if one likes, a fireplace may adorn one of the sides. In fact, the winter garden is a den well supplied with daylight and arranged with a strict garden effect when the shaded lights are turned on. These are cleverly concealed beneath flowers and vines. The tea table is an essential feature of the winter garden if it belongs to the mistress of the house. Her friends delight in running in for a cup of fragrant tea, and if the garden is large enough she gives semi-informal afficiently and the core of the ecrew conical (similar teacure of the kind the garden is large enough she gives semi-informal afficiently and the core of the ecrew conical (similar teacure of the winter garden is the longs to the mistress of the house. Her friends delight in running in for a cup of fragrant tea, and if the garden is large enough she gives semi-informal afficiently and the core of the ecrew conical (similar teacure of the winter garden is larged to the desired solidity, has devised an ingenious method of obtaining a firm an ingenious method of obtaining and ingenious method of obtaining a firm an ingenious method of obtaining and ingenious method of obtaining an ingenious method of obtaining and ingenious method



GORDON COLLEGE AT KHARTUM. Soudan Benefits by Memorial to the Man It Murdered.

The tragedy of Gordon's death at Khartum made his name one never to be forgotten there. But it is good to know that the name now suggests something be-sides tragedy to every visitor or dwel-ler in the Sudan.

er in the Sudan.

Many who have heard Gordon College spoken of continue to regard it as only a vague aspiration—a scheme that float-ed for a time on Gordon's name, but

a vague aspiration—a scheme that Hoated for a time on Gordon's name, but which neither had nor was ever intended to take actual shape and become a living reality. But it has become a fact; one which is described by a writer in the Cornhill Magazine as the seed plot of the future prosperity of the Sudan. The building itself is an imposing mass of dark red brick flanked by square towers. It is entered by a broad staircase leading into a spacious hall.

There are primary classes, classes for training teachers, classes for training dovernment employees, classes for notive magistrates, classes which are to serve as a Sandhurst for native officers of Sudanese regiments. There are also workshops of engineering and of carpentering, electrical laboratories and a school of biological research which has done wonders for the health and sanitation of Khartum and which has confident hopes of conquering the scourges that

tion of Khartum and which has confident hopes of conquering the scourges that gave to the Sudan that guise of a destructive monster against whose terrorathe white worker fought in vain.

We pass through the cool and spaciox, corridors and view the busy classrooms and workshops; we see the students at work and at play, with all the orderly fashioned methods of an English college; we watch their pride in their institution and visit the well arranged dininghalls and dormitories and it becomes well night impossible to realize what was the regime on this very site not ten years ime on this very site not ten years

and their generosity has been tempted to be elastic by the palpable results achieved by their opportune help. The Wellcome Laboratory alone—the grit of a generous American—has earned the lasting gratitude of Khartum

# MAKE NEW BLOCD.

### That Is What Dr. Williams Pink Pills Do-That is Why They Cure So Many Diseases

the doctors name the trouble anaem Bloodleseness is the direct cause Bloodlessness is the direct cause of many common diseases, such as indigestion, palpitation; of the heart, debility, decline, neuralgia, nervousness, rheumatism and consumption. The surest signs of pure blood are paleness, bluish lips, cold hands and feet, general weakness, low spirits and headaches and backaches. If anaemia is not checked in time it will probably develop into consumption. There is one certain cure for anaemia.

De Williams' Pint Pills. These pills ac-There is one certain cure for anaemia—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood, which fills the veins and brings new life, new energy and good health to bloodless people. In proof of this Miss Mabel Clendenning, Niagara Falls, Ont., says: "For two years I suffered from anaemia. I was weak, thin had no expetites. I sometimes thin, had no appetite; I sometimes had distressing headaches, and felt low spirited. My heart would palpitate violently; I could do no work around the house, I became very pale and my nerves got unstrung The efforts of two good doctors fail The efforts of two good doctors falled to help me, I was in such a pitiful state. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Plnk. Pills, and I did so. Soon I saw the pills were helping me, and by the time I had taken mine boxes I was completely cured. I had a good appetite, gained in weight I had a tite, gained in weight, I hadn't ache or pain, could sleep well and am in far better health now than

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for Miss Clendenning they have done for thousands—they will do for you. But you must get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams" wrapper around the box. dealer has not got the genuine pills you can get them at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SCREWS IN STONE WALLS.

German Engineer's Plan for Obtaining Firm Anchorage.

A Duesseldorf engineer, knowing from experience that wooden dowels for the purpose of securing screws in stone are apt to weaken the wall, and do not afapt to weaken the wall, and do not arrived ford the desired solidity, has devised an ingenious method of obtaining a firm anchorage. For this purpose a wire of suitable thickness is coiled on to the screw, so as to follow the threads of the same and to form a kind of screw but The coiling may begin near the

large enough she gives semi-informal affairs within its charming walls.—New York Herald.

With a steeper pitch, so as to leave widfairs within its charming walls.—New York Herald.

The left an aready would on, or a nearly with a steeper pitch, so as to leave widfairs within its charming walls.—New York Herald.

The left an aready would on, or a nearly with a steeper pitch, so as to leave widfairs within its charming walls.—New York Herald.

The left an aready would on, or with a steeper pitch, so as to leave widfairs within its charming walls.—New York Herald. or wire coil is introduced into a hole which has been drilled or otherwise formed in the wall for this purpose, and which is slightly wider than the diameter of the hut measured over the outer layer of the wire, after which the interstices are filled with plaster of Paris cement or similar binding material.

When this has become sufficiently hard and firm the rever both which the

hard and firm, the screw bolt which has served as a core or another screw bolt having the same diameter and pitch, is screwed in and out without damaging the wall, because the wire screes as a screw nut, which is secured to the stone or wall by the cement or other binding

It has been estimated that 1,000 pounds of tobacco are thrown away every day in the shape of unconsumed ends of cigars and cigarettes.