In Peace and War

Or, The End of It All

CHAPTER VIII.

"Theo! Theo! I am sorry to wake you!"

"I am sorry to disturb you, Theo." she repeated.

"Not at all," he said. "Why should you be? It is ten o'clock; I have been asleep two hours. What more could I require?"

"I have kept some breakfast warm for you," she said, turning toward the table; "but I awakened you because of these. There are four telegrams and a number of letters for you. Hans Olsen brought them off just now. He got them yesterday from the Bergen boat. We are out of the Heimdalfjord now, and Nielsen has gone. I . . . only hope . . . it is not war, Theo!"

He stood up and took the telegrams and letters from her hands. Then he crossed the saloon toward the table.

"It looks rather like it," he said coolly.

He raised the cover of the dish which the steward had just placed upon the table, and Brenda, taking the hint, poured out his coffee.

She walked away from him a little and stood quite motionless, with her back turned toward him, while he tore open the thin, white telegraph envelopes. One . . . two . . . three . . . four of them, spreading the paper out upon the tablecloth. Her quick ears caught each sound, and enabled her to picture every movement made by this indifferent man.

"Yes, Brenda, it . . . is . . . war!"

She turned slowly and approached the table. Bending over it, she attended to his requirements in a deftly graceful way, grouping round him the toast, butter, and marmalade. He was studying a telegram spread out before him, but his fixed eyes did not appear to be taking in the purport of words written in unoven type. Furtively he looked toward her hands, and then slowly upward, terminating in one scrutinizing glance into her face.

"Where?" she asked, sitting down rather hastily opposite to him.

Servia and Montenegro have declared war against Turkey," he replied, busying himself with his plate.

"And you must go?"

He stirred his coffee very deliberately, and, raising the cup to his lips, took a long, critical sip.

"Yes, Brenda. I must go!"

Furtively she raised her eyes, and at the same moment Trist looked across the table in a hurried, shifty way. Their eyes met for a brief, agonizing second.

Presently he handed the open telegrams across the table to her.

"You may as well read them," he said conversationally. "They are very characteristic of the man who wrote them."

She took the papers and read in a semi-tone:

"War — Servia, Turkey — imminent. Come."

Number two was longer.

"Where on earth are you? War. Look sharp. Montenegro is in it, too."

The third was more serious:

"Two messages without reply. Are you coming?"

Then number four:

"They are at it already. It will be a bad business. Come at once."

She returned them without a word; and he, seeing the necessity of saying something, remarked pleasantly: "It is my misfortune to be required in two places at once, or not at all."

She stood by the table and looked at the date of the latest telegram. The four messages had been despatched within two days.

"Are you not," she asked innocently, "too late? It may be all over now."

He glanced up at her in a curious, laughing way.

"No—I am afraid not. War in these semi-barbaric countries is like an illness in a young person. It is only half healed beneath a deceptive surface, and breaks out in a fresh place."

Again she took up the telegrams. It seemed as if there were a fascination in the flimsy papers which she could not resist.

"You must not allow this . . . this calamity to make any difference. I quite understand the position you are in. Of course you are pledged to this man? . . . ."

Trist nodded a brief acquiescence.

"Then you must go. I can manage quite well alone. Mrs. Wylie is much better this morning, though she is still dull and horribly apathetic. We will go home as quickly as we can."

There was something in her voice, a slight catch, which he could not understand, and of course he misread it. The last few words were spoken in a peculiar monotone, with feverish haste.

"I feel horribly selfish," he said, "thinking of my own affairs at this time. No, Brenda. I cannot go and leave you in such a fix—alone."

"I want you to go, Theo; I do really. It would never do for you to miss this chance. You are pledged to this man (who sits comfortably at home), and I would never forgive myself if I thought that you stayed here on my account. Besides, you are a sort of public servant; it is your duty to go."

"Yes," he said, catching at the phrase uneasily, "it is certainly my duty. It is my duty . . . to go."

She stood beside him quite still. Then she moved a step nearer to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Theo," she pleaded, "you must go. To please me, pack up and go."

He smiled suddenly, but did not look up into her face, which was very pale, while her lips remained red. There was a slight quiver of her chin whenever her mouth remained for a second unclenched. It needed an effort on her part to prevent his hearing the chattering of her teeth. Involuntarily he shrunk a little away from her light touch, and glanced furtively at the white fingers on his shoulder.

Thus they remained for some moments while the yacht heaved gently onward. The lamps swayed a little, but beyond that there was no motion in the pretty cabin. At last Trist reached out his hand and took the envelope from which he had torn one of the telegrams. He bent it over and smoothed it very carefully, while she watched the movements of his fingers.

"When is there a steamer to England?" she asked suddenly.

"The day after to-morrow, from Bergen, at nine o'clock in the evening."

His answer was laconic and precise as Bradshaw.

Brenda knew then that he had expected war all along, and war was his element; she could not forget that, despite the wild incongruity of it.

"How can you manage it?" she asked simply and practically.

It would appear that he had foreseen everything, provided for every possible contingency. While she moved away from him and sat down near a small table, he answered her without a moment's thought.

"If we have the funeral to-morrow morning, I can start immediately afterward in a small boat, and row or sail to Gudvangen, reaching there early next morning. Drive to Vossevangen, and catch the afternoon train down to Bergen."

"It sounds very simple, but it means thirty hours without sleep."

"I can sleep all the way across the North Sea. Don't think of me, Brenda; I'm outside the question altogether."

He stopped, with a worried look upon his face, but did not raise his eyes. Had he done so he would inevitably have noticed a heightened color in her cheeks, although she turned aside and gazed at nothing in particular.

"What bothers me," he continued, "is you and Mrs. Wylie and the Hermione. What will you do?"

"I will take the Hermione home," she said, with gentle confidence. "You can safely leave Mrs. Wylie to me."

"I know I can, but I do not want to leave you to Mrs. Wylie. It is putting too much on your shoulders."

She shrugged the graceful members in question, and gave a little, short laugh.

"They are strong," she answered carelessly. "Besides, there is no choice in the matter. I simply must be left in charge, because there is no one else. It seems to me that the matter in question is . . ." she glanced toward the closed door of Trist's late state-room, where Admiral Wylie kept his silent watch—"is whether Mrs. Wylie will consent to Fjaerholm or not."

"Can I see her?"

"No . . . no, Theo. I think it is better not. She is so strange and unnatural that I am afraid the sight of you might have some serious effect. Even in her dreams she is constantly recalling the sight of you . . . coming down the little path . . . with him in your arms. You remember — just beside the big rock where it was too narrow for you both to carry him."

"Yes," he replied, in a voice that might well have been rendered purposely careless. "Yes, I remember."

"I have not dared," the girl continued, "to say anything about . . . about Fjaerholm. I have never seen any one in grief like this before, Theo, and it frightens me a little."

He had left the table, forsaking the farce of breakfast, and was now walking noiselessly backward and forward. At the sound of her voice, timid and deprecating, when she spoke the last words, he stopped short before her.

"Then I must see her," he said — "I must see her before I go. I have seen a good deal of . . . of grief, Brenda — in other people, I mean — and know its symptoms. But we must take it upon ourselves, now, to have the Admiral buried at Fjaerholm. She is not taking it as I thought she would, and the voyage home, or back to Bergen, even, with him on board would send her mad. When he is buried it will be different; she will recover then, under your care."

"Yes," replied the girl. "Yes, we must take it upon ourselves, Theo. I thought of it before."

"If at any time," he murmured in his gently suggestive way, "the matter is discussed — when I am away, I mean — you can say that the whole responsibility rests with me."

She raised her head and looked at him with a sudden light in her blue eyes.

"I am not afraid of responsibility," she said tersely.

"No, I think you are afraid of nothing!"

She received this statement as it was made, simply, half-playfully, and quite without afterthought.

At the upper end of the fjord of the same name lies the small village of Fjaerholm. A white, wooden church of conventional architecture is the most prominent, and at the same time the most unsightly, feature of the landscape. Around this edifice are clustered a few wooden houses, mostly painted white or yellow with a sparing brush, because paint is heavy freight, and can be bought only in Bergen or Christiania. Houses and church alike are roofed with red tiles of a bright and cleanly hue, which will be preserved much longer than the memory of the tiler. There is no smoke in Fjaerholm, and a long, cold winter kills any moss-like growth, so everything looks clean and new.

The arrival of the Hermione was a matter of no small wonder in this mountain fastness, but in a few minutes the story was known throughout the village, for the very good reason that every inhabitant possessing means of locomotion was on the small wooden pier to meet Trist and Captain Barrow when they landed. Norway is a taciturn country, and the matter was soon talked over in a mumbling, half-plaintive way.

At mid-day there was a simple funeral. Four bareheaded sailors bore their late chief from the pier to the scantily tenanted churchyard. The British ensign fluttered for the first time in the cold breeze that steals down from the glacier into the Fjaerholm Valley, and the old white haired minister, clad in his quaint Lutheran robes, read unintelligible phrases over the coffin. Then the stony earth fell heavily, for it was still damp, and Theo Trist turned in his philosophically calm way and smothered a sigh of relief.

There was something to be written in a book in the vestry of the church, a few homeopathic fees to be paid, an exchange of names and addresses to be affected with the preoccupied postmaster, and Admiral Wylie was left to his rest amidst the simple Northerners.

The Hermione moved gracefully away while the postmaster stood, hat in hand, gravely saluting. She was the quickest craft in those waters, so Trist determined to stay on board as long as the breeze held good. Mrs. Wylie never appeared on deck, and Brenda reported no change. The cheerful little lady seemed to have lost heart altogether, but Brenda kept her fears to herself as only women can. At lunch she attempted a little cheerfulness, and Trist promptly assisted her, but cheerfulness a deux, when it is forced, cannot be long lived. The solemn steward moved round them with his grave face set at zero, and the meal was soon despatched. It was already known on board that the Hermione was bound for home, and that Mr. Trist was going on by steamer — called away most inopportunely to the Eastern war.

Trist did not consider it necessary to tell her of his arrangements made for her future benefit. Such reference would naturally have led to the question of his approaching departure for the seat of war, and this question was distasteful to him just then.

"And now, Brenda," he said about eleven o'clock that evening — "and now, Brenda, go to bed. You have had a hard time of it since Wednesday. We cannot reach Gudvangen before two o'clock to-morrow morning, and it is mere folly for you to stay up any longer. Say . . . good-bye . . . and go to bed!"

In the gray twilight her sweet face changed suddenly. Her cheeks lost all color, and a peculiar ashen-gray hue fell upon her motionless features, while into her eyes there came such a look of horror that Trist, seeing it, was struck dumb. In a peculiar mechanical way they continued to walk side by side. She seemed to experience some difficulty in breathing, for the muscles of her round white throat moved hurriedly at short intervals. He stared straight in front of him with a dull, vacant expression in his eyes, while his stern mouth was twisted slightly to one side.

At last, just as they were turning amidships, she spoke without raising her eyes, and her articulation was slightly muffled.

"I would rather stay on deck, but . . . do you want me to do?"

"No—stay."

For a moment or two he stood behind her, and there seemed to be a dull tension in the very atmosphere. Then at last he spoke, in his soft, emotionless way.

"The wind is dropping," he said; "and we cannot expect it to rise again before the sun comes up. Let us be practical and have some rest. Go to your state-room and try to sleep. I will lie down for a couple of hours in the saloon."

She did not answer at once. Then she turned and passed round the boat in the other direction, so that he did not see her face. Moving toward the companion, she answered him quietly:

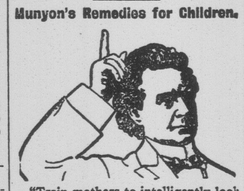
"Yes—it will be better."

No other words passed between them. She went below, and presently Trist followed her. He lay down on the cabin sofa, but did not sleep. He took up a novel instead, and read assiduously.

(To Be Continued).

Children's Ailments.

Munyon's Remedies for Children.



"Train mothers to intelligently look after the health of their families and the well-being of a nation is assured." —Munyon.

It has assuredly been a labor of love for me to study the diseases of children with a view to their relief and cure. Many grown people will stubbornly cling to the debilitating drugs and nostrums that are a relic of barbarism, but I hold that it is almost a crime to give them to children at the risk of physical and mental degeneration. My remedies for children's diseases are effective and prompt, but they are entirely harmless. Every thoughtful mother should have a Munyon Family Medicine Chest, and should never fail to keep it supplied with Munyon's Cold Cure, Cough Cure, Sore Throat Cure, Fever Cure, D. D. & C. Tablets, Croup Cure, Cholera Morbus Cure, Constipation Cure, Worm Cure, Face and Skin Ointment, Munyon's Balm and Munyon's Plasters. This chest will prove an unfailing silent friend in the hour of need. A few doses of the proper remedy given at the right time will prevent long and dangerous spells of sickness, and save many doctors' fees.

MUNYON'S REMEDIES.

Munyon's Medicine Cases, $2.50, $3 and $10.

Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia, and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price 25c.

Personal letters addressed to Prof. Munyon, Philadelphia, U. S. A., containing details of sickness, will be answered promptly and free advice as to treatment will be given. LB

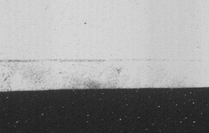
A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the "soothing" medicines contain opiates and narcotics dangerous to the health of infants and children. Every mother should shun these so-called medicines as she would deadly poison. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine specially prepared for children sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Every dose helps little ones and cannot possibly do harm.

No other medicine has been so warmly praised by mothers everywhere. Mrs. J. R. Standen, Weyburn, N. W. T., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are valuable in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, or when teething. I have never used a medicine that gives such good satisfaction."

These Tablets will promptly relieve and cure all minor ailments of children, and may be safely given to a new born baby. Try them for your children and we know you will use no other medicine. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a box or sent by mail on receipt of price by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Page Acme Poultry Netting



A bird cannot fly through as small a hole as it can crawl through, so Page Poultry Netting is made with small meshes at bottom and large at top. No. 12 gauge wire top and bottom—no sag. Get Page fences and gates—they're best.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. Montreal, P.Q., and St. John, N.B. 8

1—2—27

A COMMON MISTAKE.

Many People Weaken Their System by Taking Purgative Medicines.

People who use a purgative medicine in the spring make a serious mistake. Most people do need a medicine at this season, but it is a tonic that is required to give health, vigor and vim. Purgatives irritate and weaken — a tonic medicine invigorates and strengthens. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the best tonic medicine in the world. These pills do not gallop through the bowels — they are gently absorbed into the system, filling the veins with the pure, red blood that carried health and strength to every part of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure skin eruptions, indigestion, headaches, nervousness, neuralgia, backache, rheumatism, continued weariness and all other blood troubles. They are just the tonic you need for this spring. Mr. A. Campeau, Alexandria, Ont., says: "I received great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and take great pleasure in recommending them to all who suffer from troubles arising out of a poor condition of the blood. I think there is no better tonic medicine."

If you need a medicine this spring give these pills a trial — they will not disappoint you. Do not be persuaded to take a substitute or any of the "just as good" medicines which some dealers, who care only for profit, offer their customers. See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50c per box or six boxes for $2.50.

HE, ALSO, COULD BE FRUGAL.

The stingiest man in the town of Bramville had sent for John Briggs to discuss a matter of importance. When Mr. Briggs entered the room it was lighted by one dim candle only.

"It's a bright starlight night," said his host, "and we don't need the candle to talk by;" whereupon he blew it out as soon as his guest had found a seat.

The room was pitch-dark and the conversation was long. When it was over, the host lighted the candle again to show his visitor out.

"Well, well, sir, this is a strange sight!" he blustered, for Mr. Briggs was minus coat, waistcoat, collar and necktie.

"I'll put them on now you've lighted the candle," said Mr. Briggs calmly. "I thought I might just as well save the wear on them as long as nobody could see."

PLOWING BY DYNAMITE.

A novel method of plowing the soil has been invented in California. It is well known that dynamite strikes downwards when it is exploded. The Californian fruit grower lets in or on the soil a series of dynamite charges, and by firing these the ground is broken up easily and quickly, and more cheaply than by any other method.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"It is remarkable," said the political star, "how differently people are affected by the same thing." "How do you mean?" "Well, I was thinking of my speech. It kept me awake four nights, and put everybody who heard it to sleep."

What shrunk your woolens? Why did holes wear so soon? You used common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE.

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 22

1 tf.

TOBACCO SUBSTITUTES.

Many are the substitutes used for tobacco. Dried holly leaves, the bark of the willow, and leaves of the stag's horn sumach are used by the American Indians. In Switzerland a weed called mountain tobacco is smoked in great quantities. It causes the smoker to become a mental and physical wreck. The natives of South Africa are rendered nervous imbeciles by smoking the dried leaves of the camphor plant. The wild dagga, another South African plant, poisons slowly anyone using it.

HAMBURG DROPS.

Thousands of people have good cause to be thankful to the memory of that eminent German authority, Dr. August Koenig, who originally discovered Hamburg Drops (more than 60 years ago), which restores the wasted energies, creates an appetite, overcomes exhaustion, weariness, languor, and that tired feeling, makes pure blood, cures constipation, dyspepsia, hysteria, nervousness, fullness after meals, torpid liver, sluggish kidneys, ringing noises in the head, all skin diseases, and is a general restorative. It cures where all other remedies and prescriptions fail. A circular description of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops will be found round each bottle of St. Jacob's Oil. Unde the wrapper carefully and read the circular.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Glasgow is borrowing $3,750,000 to build new homes for poor people.

HARVEST FROM THE SEA.

In a recent year the fish caught around British coasts weighed 800,000 tons, being worth in money from $40,000,000 to $45,000,000. A year's catch in the United Kingdom comprises, among other things, 250,000 tons of herrings. It is not easy to conceive what the figures mean. Packed up in thousands, the herrings would fill 2,500,000 barrels. Nor would the wealth of three millionaires buy them all. Eight million cod are caught in a year, and 6,000 tons of salmon, with a value of between $3,000,000 and $3,500,000.

PARKER CURE IS ONLY ONE OF MANY

Bright's Disease Invariably Vanquished by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Other Cases in Which the Great Kidney Remedy Conquered.

Reliable Men Tell of Victories over the Dread Disease.

From Mail and Empire.

So great has been the interest in Toronto over the cure of Bright's Disease reported from Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia, that a reporter yesterday visited the head office of the Dodds Medicine Co., 62 Yonge street, Toronto, to ascertain the views of the management concerning the case. He found the management satisfied, but by no means surprised.

"No," was the answer to the reporter's question. "We are not surprised that the public generally are at length being forced to the conclusion that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease. We have known it for a long time ourselves. The Parker cure is only one of the many of which we can furnish proofs.

A SPECIALIST'S PRESCRIPTION

"The troubles in these cures have been made by what is termed a 'patent medicine.' Had they been made by a physician in the regular way, and that physician had been able to tell exactly how he brought them about, they would have been talked of learnedly from one end of the country to the other. But when people talk about our cures there is a tendency to say, 'Oh, that is only a patent medicine advertisement.'

"They forget that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the life work of a doctor. That they have been uniformly successful in treating all diseases of the Kidneys, and that the only feature in which they differ from regularly obtained medical advice is that the prescription of a specialist is given the public at popular prices.

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

"Now, you have seen the particulars in the Parker case. Nobody can doubt for an instant that that was a veritable case of the 'incurable' Bright's Disease, neither can anyone doubt that the cure was effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills and by no other agency. Of course, it took time and perseverance; but the patient was in the last stages of the disease before she started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Had she started sooner the work would have been easier, and the results would have been obtained much more speedily. It was an extreme case and took time."

"You know of other cases of Bright's Disease that have been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills?" queried the reporter.

The manager walked over to a safe and produced a bundle of letters. Holding them up, he said:—"Everyone of those letters tells of a case of Bright's Disease cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and every case has been thoroughly investigated and verified. Let me read you a few of them.

ROBT BOND CURED.

"This one, you see, is signed, 'Robert Bond, Mt. Brydges, Ont.' You see what he says. 'My attending physician said I was in the last stages of Bright's Disease. I commenced using Dodd's Kidney Pills in July, 1894, and used in all about twenty boxes, and have used no other remedy or medicine of any kind since, and I feel well, sleep well, and I have a good appetite, etc.'

"That was away back in 1894. Here's another letter from the same Robert Bond, dated May 2nd, 1902. You see what he says in it. 'The cure is permanent as far as I know. My general health is good.'

C. A. HARRIS CURED.

"Here is another case. If you'll take the trouble to look at this letter you'll see it is written by the Postmaster at Lovett, Ont., Mr. C. A. Harris. Notice what he says: 'In 1897 I was at the point of death from Bright's Disease, and was a complete wreck, could not even dress myself or turn in my bed, but now I am, I may say, a well man, and I attribute it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills.' That's from a postmaster, a man who undoubtedly knows what he is talking about, and there's no uncertain sound about what he says.

CHAS. INGRAM CURED.

"Here's one from a Toronto man, Charles Ingram, 58 Humbert street. He's a stonemason, and well known among the working men in the building trade. See what he says:—'For ten years I have been troubled with the first stages of Bright's Disease. I tried several other medicines, but could not get cured. A friend of mine told me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have used four boxes, and am now cured of the first stages of pains.'

G. H. KENT CURED.

"I can go on showing you similar letters most of the afternoon. But I'll just give you one more—that of G. H. Kent, of 405 Gilmour street, Ottawa. His was a remarkable case, indeed, so remarkable that we afterwards got him to make his statement under oath before a notary public.

"Mr. Kent is a printer in the employ of the American Bank Note Company. He suffered for four months from Bright's Disease, and had actually reached the stage when the doctor declared he could not live till the next morning. While the sorrowing wife waited by his bedside watching for the end, her eye chanced to fall on an advertisement which said that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure Bright's Disease.

"As a drowning man grasps at a straw, so this despairing woman grasped at this last chance to save her husband's life. A messenger was procured, a druggist roused out of his bed, a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills bought, and the dying man given his first dose. That dose brought an improvement, gradually the pain ceased and health returned. It took seventeen boxes to cure him completely. But that's seven years ago, and he's been working every day since. Surely a cure like that is enough to make the whole world believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease.

WHERE THE TROUBLE LIES.

"The whole trouble is in making people believe. This is a sceptical age. It used to be 'If you see it in the papers it's true.' Nowadays it is 'If you see it in the papers don't believe it.' If we could bring the people here one at a time and let them read these letters, or bring them face to face with the men and women who wrote them, our struggle would be over, for the whole world would admit that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease.

LOTS MORE CURES.

"As you can see, these are only a few cures of Bright's Disease picked at random from the many. There are dozens of others equally as remarkable and all carefully investigated and attested to by reliable people. Surely you would think that as doctors can give no hope of those threatened with this terrible disease, there should be no hesitancy in giving Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. And if Dodd's Kidney Pills can cure Bright's Disease, the most deadly form of Kidney Disease, how sure is it that they can cure those earlier stages of Kidney Disease, such as Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pain in the Back, etc. Remember, as I said before, Dodd's Kidney Pills are a specialist prescription for diseases of the kidneys, and in the twelve years they have been before the public they have proved their worth by curing thousands of sufferers from all forms of kidney disease. They are no cure-all; but they do cure all forms of kidney disease. Time and the public have proved that."

HORSE SAVES ITS MASTER.

A remarkable subsidence occurred the other day at Little Lever, a village on the boundary of Bolton, England. Joseph Jenkins went to attend to his horse for the night, and found it evidently in a state of terror. He attempted to pass it, but it prevented him. Whilst he was persisting in the attempt he heard a loud crack. He clutched at the hayrack just in time to save his life, as the floor gave way under him. Investigation revealed the existence of a brick well, 15 yards deep with 12 feet depth of water, into which Jenkins would inevitably have been plunged but for his horse.

COFFEE DRUNKARDS.

There are coffee inebriates in Paris. Usually they are laundresses, a class of women who are specially devoted to the fragrant beverage. The coffee inebriate comes at last to such a state that he or she lives almost exclusively on an effusion of the beloved berry, with the addition of a little bread soaked in it.

TALKS TO THE PHONOGRAPH.

(By Cyrus Newitt, Farmer).

"Tom Brown's got a good-sized apple orchard, just like his brother Bill's. They're near each other on the same concession. The old man gave 'em to the boys when they got married. Guess there must be nigh on to 200 trees in each of 'em.

"They both had dandy crops last fall. Tom didn't get any extra help to pick his apples. He and the youngster did it between 'em. Consequently it took 'em so long that many of the apples were blown off and bruised.

"Guess Tom lost nearly a hundred barrels that way.

"Now Bill always was a cute 'un. He wasn't goin' to take any chances, but got in a couple of extra hands to give him a hand. Bill didn't lose many apples, and the help didn't cost him much.

"Which was the wiser?

"Tom's kind of economy ain't economical, as old Pat O'Malley used to say.

"Same way, many a valuable crop's been spoilt, just because the boys don't get enough machines to handle it.

"This climate's too uncertain to trust to having several weeks of dry, fine weather to get the stuff into the barn. Sometimes you do get it, but the time that you don't knocks all the cream off the milk.

"There's many a farmer in the wheat belt that's got money lying idle in the bank while he's wanting binders to cut the wheat.

"Saving your money's all right, boys; there's nothing more helpful to a growing country, and I like to see the lads doin' it. But it ain't always economy.

"The interest you'd lose on the cost of an extra binder ain't worth a row of shucks in comparison to getting your entire crop safely garnered. It ain't a question of horses, for most of you've got plenty of 'em, it needn't be a question of help, for I see by one of the papers that a couple of girls ran their father's Massey-Harris binders in the West, and cut his whole crop for him last year.

"But you don't like to pay out the green stuff for a machine that's only going to be used a week or two.

"Ain't I right? Why, of course, I am—dead right.

"Think it over. I don't want you to do it just because I say so. But I'm right, just as sure as your Jersey needs milking twice a day.

"Then, too, look at the worry you've got to put up with when you're shy of machines. Every night you're scared to go to bed for fear it'll rain, and you look at the sky and the stars until you begin to think you're a regular 'observity.' And you get cranky, and that 'puts the women folks off their feed.

"Funny thing, this here record, as they call it, on the phonograph, 'll only hold a certain amount of my talk. I'm gettin' to know when it's near out now. She's jest running out to the end. Whoop! there she goes.

"So long.

"CYRUS NEWITT."

"What can I do for you?" the physician asked the good woman who had entered his consulting room. "I think I should have a commission," she returned, respectfully but firmly. "Every child in our street caught the measles from my baby."

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs — For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

R. W. HARRISON.

Glamis, Ont.

8—59

$25 WEEKLY FOR STREET SINGING.

A gentleman living near Dorking, England, was considerably surprised that his gardener, who had been with him for years, suddenly gave notice, and refused to give any reason except that he had obtained employment elsewhere. Some time afterwards he recognized his former gardener singing the streets of London, and at once expressed his sympathy. The man surprised him still further, however, when he stated that when he was in employment he earned $7.50 a week, and lived in a lodge, while as a street singer he could earn from $25 to $35 a week, and had a villa of his own in the country. He bought the monopoly of singing in a block of sixty streets, and a full day's work brought him more than five dollars.

A TERRIBLE NAME.

The King of Greece has an aide-de-camp who rejoices in the name of Pappadiamantopoulos. In the ordinary course of things, the gallant colonel would accompany his Hellenic Majesty on his travels abroad every summer, but his name was found to leave a train of dislocated jaws in the royal wake; moreover, it was charged as two words in telegrams and was mutilated by telegraphists beyond all recognition; so he is now left at home, and a gentleman of the name of Thon takes his place in attendance on King George on his annual visits to Aix-les-Bains and Paris.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

NEW INDUSTRY.

According to a Calcutta contemporary, a new and lucrative industry has sprung up, offering a wide scope for Indian capital. It appears that there is a great demand from a new quarter for frogs, which India could supply by the million. They are used in bookbinding, for it has been found that the frog's skin makes a very fine, soft leather, and in dyeing it will take the most delicate shades. Hence it is inlaid in the calf or crushed levant of sumptuous book covers, and it makes a very striking and beautiful decoration.

A lot of people think we're too careful in putting up

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

We can't be too careful when we're retaining the original flavor and aroma of the best withered tea in Ceylon.

Black. Mixed. Ceylon Green. Ask for Red Label.

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14—26

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"Eagle" 100s & 200s

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PARLOR MATCHES E.B.C.O. D.D.Y.

HULL, CANADA

Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands, USE EDDY'S

ELEPHANTS AS ROAD MAKERS.

The Congo Free State Government is constructing a road in the northern part of the State for the transport of passengers and goods by means of motor-cars. The new route, of which nearly 450 miles have been completed, will join the important trading centres of Dongu and Lado. While making the road a local engineer hit upon the happy idea of driving forty elephants up and down the profected h ghway until the thick undergrowth was trampled down, allowing the natives to complete the task.

Strikes are by no means modern institutions. Three hundred years ago the workmen at Dover, England, struck for a minimum wage of 12 cents a day.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

Martinique, which will probably be totally abandoned, is 35 miles long, and from 7 to 16 miles in width.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

A new play to be financially successful should attract at least 50,000 spectators in its first three months' run.

For Over Sixty Years.

An old and Well-Tried Remedy. — Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It pleases to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind. 1-19

The ratio of school children to population is 17 in 100 in England, 19 in the 100 in the United States, and 3 per 100 in Russia.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"Young man," said the stern parent, "you have been making love to my daughter!" "Yes, sir," admitted the trembling wretch; "but, indeed, I didn't mean it, sir. I——" "Didn't mean it? Why, you scoundrel!" "That is—er—that is, sir, I do mean it. I love her devot—" "What? You presumptuous upstart, how dare you!"

The Gate to Health is a hale heart, and the better the blood pump the more vigorous the vitality.

Some know they have weak hearts; others only know that they're ill and don't suspect the heart.

But cure the heart cures every part. No heart is too sound; ninety-nine out of a hundred are disordered or diseased.

Doctors do not get to the heart of the subject; to be effective that is what medicine must do.

Dr. ACNEW'S HEART CURE enthrones health where disease reigned, in the great center of the system, the heart. Then good blood pumps in full measure, sends new life quivering through every organ and tissue of the body. It means new courage, new cheer, a new lease of life.

Dr. ACNEW'S PILLS scavengers of the digestive system and healers of the disordered apparatus. Purely vegetable and mild, forty doses for ten cents. One-fifth the price of the next best competing pill. 13

t-f

"I hear strange sounds in my ears, doctor!" said the lady patient, languidly. "Well, where else would you expect to hear 'em?" questioned the tired physician.

AN ADMIRABLE FOOD

EPPS'S

FOR MAINTAINING ROBUST HEALTH

COCOA

IN COLD CLIMATES.

1-18

16—03

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