

FOOD FOR A YEAR

Meat..... 300 lbs.
Milk..... 240 qts.
Butter..... 100 lbs.
Eggs..... 27 doz.
Vegetables..... 500 lbs.

This represents a fair ration for a man for a year.

But some people eat and eat and grow thinner. This means a defective digestion and unsuitable food. A large size bottle of

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126 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

THE LOVE OF PHILLIS.

BY HERBERT JAMIESON.

I have little to offer, Phyllis, but all that I have is yours, if you will be my wife.

Sadly the girl shook her head.

"Gerald, out here, where women are scarce, some men seem to choose their wives for strange reasons."

"You know my reason—my only reason. I love you with all my heart and soul. There is no other woman in the world for me."

She laid her hand on the lapel of his coat and spoke very earnestly.

"If I could say the same, Gerald, I would be your wife to-morrow. I like you, I respect you, but love—that is such a different thing. I cannot say that there is no other man in the world for me. I have tried to keep my ideal of marriage high. You would not have me lower it, would you?"

"No," he confessed, without hesitation.

"But is there somebody else?"

"There is nobody else."

"And I may still hope?"

"I think you may. I shall be always hoping that what is best for your happiness may take place."

She held out her hand. It was the sign that their talk was finished.

It was a year later, a wild night in February, with torrents of rain and a lashing wind. Phillip Atkinson had looked in on his friend Comber. Gerald passed him his tobacco pouch.

"I heard a piece of news to-day," said Atkinson, after filling his pipe. "I don't think old Mr. Newham can last much longer."

Gerald started.

"Why?"

"He's been getting thinner, as you've probably noticed, and complaining a bit lately. Last night Dr. Sprague made an examination and found out that he has cancer."

"Good heavens! I'm terribly sorry. I had no idea. His poor daughter—"

"Yes, it's hard on her—the nicest girl for miles around. At least my wife says that of her, and a remark like that about one woman by another is a pretty strong recommendation. I think, though, Miss Phyllis—Did you hear a distant crash then?"

"No."

"I thought I did. Never remember a stiffer wind. Well, I was going to say I reckon

Miss Phillis will soon be married."

Gerald who was in the act of lighting his pipe, burned his finger.

"Oh; who is the man?"

"Oliver Marshmount. A straight young fellow. I like him. I'd be glad if he got the girl."

Gerald was silent. He was too truthful to echo the wish. This was stupendous news for him.

"Why do you suppose that he is the man?"

"I've met them walking together several times lately, and my wife says she knows it to be all but an accomplished fact. Seems that she heard something or other from the Newman's servant. Well, Marshmount has been doing well here, and I guess, if the old man dies, the girl will be all right in his hands. What do you think?"

Gerald had risen to his feet.

"There's someone rapping furiously at the outside door. Something's wrong."

Atkinson followed him into the passage. When the door was unfastened, a boy whom Gerald employed filled the aperture. He was so excited and out of breath that he could scarcely speak.

"Oh Mr. Comber, sir, the dam's burst."

"Good heavens!"

"And the river's been tearing down like a blind fury. Did you hear that smash just now? That was the railway bridge gone. I guessed what it was, but rushed along and looked for myself. There's only a pillar or so standing."

The two men looked at one another in consternation. Then Gerald jerked a waterproof and cap from a peg in the hall.

"I'm going right down at once, Atkinson. Will you come with me?"

"Certainly." Atkinson crammed his pipe into his pocket and reached for his overcoat.

"Jove! what an awful affair! What about your lands, old man? They'll all be under flood; and one can't estimate the damage done to all your live-stock."

"Are you ready? I'm not thinking about the live-stock. What about the evening train? It will be here in little over half an hour. Do the railway people know that the bridge has fallen?"

"I never thought of that. Let's be off."

They talked as they ran.

"The wires are sure to be down, too, Atkinson. How can we let the other side know what has taken place?"

"I don't know. There'll be several of our fellows in that train, returning from Harlington market. Marshmount is one I know."

"Marshmount?" repeated Gerald. "We must save them somehow."

His thoughts kept pace with his flying feet. If the man that Phyllis Newham was said to love was amongst those in danger, the impending catastrophe must at all costs be averted.

The two men reached the river's brink. The first mad rush of the water had subsided but it had carried away in its resistless embrace the once stout bridge. A couple of the concrete supports, a few dangling telegraph wires, a heap of wreckage, which the river had not yet had time to engulf, alone marked the spot where it had stood. In the darkness the scene looked wholly strange and unfamiliar.

"There's only one way that I can see, Atkinson. You and I must row across. The tide's not running so strongly now, though we may have rather a stiff pull."

They ran to the place where two boats used for ferrying purposes—for the bridge only carried the railway lines—were always moored.

One boat had been carried clean away by the force of the water and was nowhere visible; the other was lying with a big rent in its side.

They stared at one another agast.

"We can do nothing," said Atkinson in despair.

"I must. You can't swim, I know, Atkinson, but I can."

"Not across this river with the current running."

Rheumatism

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It originates in the blood and develops most quickly in the system of persons who are run down and lacking in vitality.

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The perfection of all rheumatic remedies is found in Ferrozone. Guaranteed to cure, and costs only 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, at all druggists, or the Catarrhzone Company, Kingston, Ont.

"I mean to try."

"Stop, man! You're mad to risk your life in this way."

But the other had whipped off waterproof, coat and waistcoat, Atkinson laid a restraining hand on his shoulder. Gerald shook it off.

"I'm not mad, old man. If I don't come back alive you can tell the boys that I did it when perfectly sane."

"But why?"

"Why? Can you keep a secret, Atkinson? I'm doing this chiefly for Phyllis Newham's sake and that of the man she loves. Now, stand away!"

And as Gerald plunged into the chill water Atkinson knew that he had read the heart of his friend.

The praise of Gerald Comber was on every body's lips. He had saved that heavily freighted train. By an almost superhuman effort he had swum the swollen river, scaled, wet and dripping, the opposite bank, and stopped the train at the curve two hundred yards from the yawning gap.

But a chill, followed by pneumonia, had resulted from the exposure. He was only convalescent after a serious illness.

After a whispered conversation with someone at the door; the nurse came back into the room.

"A lady wants to see you, sir. I'm sure the doctor won't mind now."

He turned his eyes without interest, expecting to see some visitor deputed by the church. They fell on the face and form of Phyllis Newman.

She came up to the bedside and took the hand lying on the counterpane.

"I wanted to thank you for your brave deed and all the lives you saved."

"It was nothing."

"It was everything. I'm glad your're better now. I could not have borne it, if—if—"

Oh, why did you risk your life?"

Should he tell her? Why not? What heavenly satisfaction to watch the look of gratitude light up her whole face!"

"I did it for your sake—for the sake of the man you love."

"The man—I love?"

"Yes! Wasn't Mr. Marshmount in that train, after all?"

He saw the strangest expression creep into her eyes. Her hand sensibly tightened on his.

"There has been a mistake." She looked round, and noticed that the nurse had left

the room. "Mr. Marshmount is nothing to me. Someone else is—everything. I knew it—knew it for the first time when you went down to the gates of death and—Oh my beloved, thank God that you are still here!" Her tears fell upon the bed.

That Boy of Yours.

"A boy should be kept in a barrel and fed through the bung until he is twenty-one years of age."

Thus said Mark Twain. And of course Mark exaggerated his statement for the sake of humor.

A boy is a boy, always will be a boy until he is a man, cannot help being a boy all the time and everywhere. You cannot put an old head on young shoulders.

An incident:

He comes home from school, drives in the front door like a catapult, raises an Indian warwhoop, throws his books on a chair and his cap into a corner and dives into the depths of a friendly couch.

Whew! And the protests—"Don't yell so!" "Don't crush the cushions!" "Don't come in with such dirty shoes!" "Don't be so careless with your cap!"

Whereat the boy, who has come into the house with heart full of boisterous gladness, grows sullen and savage. He goes out, slamming the door behind him, with a grievance against his home folks.

The boy is naturally rough and boisterous. He is built that way. If he is ever to be much of a man he must be loud and full of vitality—with a vent. And the boy prides himself on his roughness. It is natural method of expression. What are to us his faults are in his eyes virtues—such, for instance, as teasing his sister to show his love for her.

Now, what must be the effect of constant scolding and nagging on a boy thus constituted?

Under his jacket are keen sensibilities. Reproof for mere blowing off steam offends him. Constant hostility by his household frets and hurts him to the core. And in order to "get even" he is likely to go wrong.

There is a better way.

It is sometimes difficult, but be gentle with the boy. You can lead him, but you cannot drive him—successfully. Drive him and you get sullen obedience and inward rebellion.

Appeal to the boy's manliness. He has a lot of it in him. Trust him and he will gratefully respond.

Utilize his surplus energy by giving him a task or an errand. And be sure to thank him when he does well. That warms his heart.—Successful Farming.

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

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

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Three-Piece Tailored Suits Still in

The three-piece suit has had its uses so loudly extolled during the last year that there is really little need to dwell on its good points. In cloth the waists are made very simply on rather tailored lines. Most of them are joined permanently to their skirts in semi-princess style, but the obvious advantage of a one-piece dress is offset in some women's minds, by the impossibility of wearing the skirt with other blouses. So both the complete dress and the separate waist and skirt have their loyal adherents.—The Delineator for November.

The minister of a certain parish in Scotland was walking one misty night through a street in the village when he fell into a deep hole. Unable to extricate himself, he began to shout for help. A passing laborer heard his cries, and, looking down asked who he was, and the minister told him. "Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise," said the man. "You'll no' be needed afore Sabbath, an' this is only Wednesday night!"

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Have you on some part of your body a sore, or eruption, or ulcer, or eczematous patch which, hidden from the gaze of others, yet causes you hours and hours of pain and inconvenience? Have you tried this, and that, and the other remedy in vain, and are you feeling disheartened and discouraged? If so read the following instances of Zam-Buk's healing power, and apply it to your case:

"I had an ulcerated leg for several years. The ulcers spread all round the limb, which was swollen to nearly twice its normal size. Several doctors treated me. One suggested amputation. None did me any good. Zam-Buk healed the sores!" So says Mrs. Gilmour, of Princess St., Kingston. Or read this:—

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Sufferers from these "Hidden Skin Troubles" of any nature should profit by such experiences as this. Zam-Buk is seen at its best when applied to cases which have defied ordinary treatment. Write for trial box, and test it at our expense.

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In this way Zam-Buk cures cuts, burns, bruises, ulcers, abscesses, itch, eczema, eruptions, pustules, scurvy, salt rheum, blood poison, and other forms of skin trouble. Zam-Buk also cures piles, varicose ulcers, etc. All druggists and stores sell at 50c per box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. 6 boxes \$2.50.

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