HOW TO GIVE PRESENTS.

Children are fond of surprises. The same may be said of adults, especially when they are laying down temporarily the cares of life and being children again "just for to-night." Christmas fruit is pleasing to both great and the goodies and gifts they find within small—to the former because it is a clever device, to the latter because of it.

An orange will serve as an admirable example because it is easy to make and pretty to look at. For its use orange colored cloth—that having a sippled surface, like mummy cloth—will most closely imitate the real fruit. For each orange cut four of five oval sections, pointing the ends.

A real orange may be used as a pattern by cutting the peel in sections in the ordinary manner from the stem point to the opposite center, removing it and using one section by which to cut out the cloth sections. Join all these sections together, leaving, however, an opening between the adjoining edges of two of them through which to insert the candy, toy or other gift it is to contain. A green cord stem by which to suspend it, if desired, may then be added. Prettier still appears this fruit if a leaf or two of artificial or real foliage is attached.

The same idea can be carried out in various kinds of fruit, pears, apples and bananas being very prettily made of smooth fabrics, with the former two tinted to imitate the rosy cheeks of the real fruit. Peaches made of pale buff velvet may have painted cheeks and look very natural. Lemons, tomatoes and cucumbers may be added to the collection in the way of variety, though children will not be specially attracted by them.

A Christmas feature much enjoyed by children and often indulged in by adults is a Christmas pie, in which is concealed trinkets, toys and knick-knacks for general distribution. The pie may be "made" by placing the trifles designated in a large basin or pan, as the number of them demands, first attaching to each one end of a string two or three feet long. To the other ends of these strings should be fastened tiny bows of bright, pretty ribbon.

The "crust" of a Christmas pie is sometimes made of tissue paper, sometimes of bran, either one presenting the appearance or rich, well-browned pastry. If the "crust" is to be of tissue paper the strings must be arranged all around the basin so that the ribbon bows will fall just over the rim and sit up around it when the "crust" is laid on and tucked in all round. Or this style of "crust" may have fancy openings in the shape of stars, leaves, vines or flowers cut in it, and through these from the under side may pass the ends of the strings that are fastened to bows.

The other "crust" is formed of a thick layer of bran scattered over the contents of the pie to conceal them and the strings or cords, only the ribbows of which appear on the surface, for all the world like tulips and crocuses. All around this pie will be a wreath of holly or some pretty Christmas green.

The pie is passed, or if it very large it is placed on the middle of the supper table or on a small table in the center of the room. Each guest selects a bow, pulls the string, and out comes his plum in the shape of a pretty gift.

A jolly ending to a Christmas party and one enjoyed by young and old is called the hanging stocking. A huge stocking is prepared two or three days before Christmas from tissue paper, the parts being securely pasted together. A good plan is to cut one half of the stocking an inch larger all round than the other half. Then lap the extra width over on the smaller side and paste it down. This will prevent the unfinished appearance resulting from pasting two edges together, and besides will prove more durable.

The stocking is filled with light toys, trinkets and trifles, and hung from the ceiling. Each guest, in turn, is blindfolded, given a light cane or rod, turns three times around and then is told to advance and hit the bag. Many are the misses, as every one who has ever attended a donkey party will surmise. The first hit, however, breaks the bag, and the contents come tumbling down. A scramble for them ensues, and everybody comes forth smiling, whether successful in securing a souvenir or not.

Another ending to Christmas festivities is the securing of the prize toy. A fine toy is fastened upon the wall and fired at with a paper dart, a tiny bow and arrow or a putty gun. A score is kept, and should no one actually hit the toy, it is given to the one whose shot is nearest it. Of course, the first hit secures the toy to the marksman firing the shot. Second and third prizes may be put up if the hostess thinks well of the suggestion.

Hole-in-the-wall prize is conducted on the "blindfold" plan. A square of pasteboard with a hole in the center, five oe six inches in diameter, is fastened, upright, in front of a prize toy. Three "turn arounds" and one thrust are allowed each candidate. The chances of winning are about even with those of hitting the hanging stocking.

This method of distributing gifts is most pleasing to little folks, for it is a sort of hide-and-seek game. A large spider is bought or fashioned at home, and hung from the chandelier. Its back is hollowed to hold a spool, to which are attached many gilt and silver cords.

Each child is given a cord and told that at the end of it she will discover something that she likes or wants. In arranging the web these cords have been carried in and out and round about rooms and furniutre, and up stairs and down, and the ends finally anchored in some corner or out-of-the way place. The following of these cords is great fun, and the "find" at the end always greatly appreciated. are required.

NAMING THE BABY.

The naming of the child in Persia is made an event of great rejoicing and a time for the gathering of relatives. When the guests are assembled sweetmeats are eaten and then the infant in its swaddling clothes is brought in and laid on the carpet in the center of the room by one of the priests. Five names are written on as many slips of paper and placed between the leaves of the Koran; a chapter is read from this book and then one of the slips is drawn at random. The name on the slip is the one the child has to bear through life, and the priest takes up the slip, pronounces the name in the child's ear and places the piece of paper in its clothes. Gifts and congratulations follow.

The custom in Japan is for parents on the thirteenth day after its birth to take the child to the temple they attend and the father gives three names to the priest, who writes each on a piece of paper. These are then shuffled about with certain incantations and thrown up in the air. The first that falls is the one chosen. This is then written by the priest on a consecrated piece of paper and given to the child's parents to preserve. The child then receives certain gifts, two of which are important. If a boy, two fans are presented; and if a girl, a pot of pomade, and in each case a packet of flax thread is added, which signifies good wishes and a long life.

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"The story you heard from that young man Warrender the first time I saw you was substantially true," Mr. Daryl began. "My family certainly were never what might be called strait-laced people. They went down, one by one, until only my son was left. He was the worst of them all. He gambled, betted, drank, committed every wickedness you have ever heard of and some, doubtless, which were not spoken of in Doctor Richmond's family. Finally, when he had ruined himself body and soul he came home to die.

"When that event took place he sent for me, and told me that he had privately married some girl whom he described as good and innocent. If she were so, that very innocence killed her. He got tired of her, as he got tired of everything, and to rid himself of her and her child he told her that his marriage to her was a sham, as he had another wife living, and he deserted her. The shock killed her; but the child lived—my heiress and the only descendant remaining to me. He gave me proofs of his marriage, and told me where the child was to be found, and then he died.

"I kept his confession a secret, and I resolved never to acknowledge his child. Still I wished that she should be brought up respectably. Chance had thrown me into contact, of the briefest and most professional sort with a Doctor Richmond, a young and struggling practitioner. I had heard that they had no children. I bought his present practice in his name, and I sent him the papers making it his along with the child, who was secretly conveyed to his house. Accompanying her I sent a letter stating that she was born in lawful wedlock, but that her relatives wished, for urgent reason, to rid themselves for ever of all responsibility concerning her. I stated that the practice which I had bought for him would be taken from him unless he consented to adopt the child as his own, and never let it be known that such was not the case. I said that she should never be sought after or reclaimed, and that only one person in the world except themselves knew the truth about her.

"I did all this with the utmost secrecy. I gave Doctor Richmond no option. There was no clue by which he could discover my name or the family of the child. The child herself was pretty and winning, I believe. He and his wife accepted the charge. They removed at once to Redminster, where every one took it for granted that the baby with them was their own. When I found that they had done so, I made no further inquiries, and lost sight of them completely. I was unaware that young Warrender had any connection with them, or that there was any chance of meeting him again.

"When I found out who you were, I changed my mind about you. It was not likely that, brought up as you had been, you would have your father's tendencies. I determined to know more of you, and you seemed inclined to make that easy. Still, I should not have acknowledged the relationship in which you stood to me so soon but for some gossip which I heard this morning concerning what people are pleased to call my 'infatuation' for you. I did not choose that my granddaughter's position should be misunderstood, and I determined to proclaim it to the world. I drove over when Lady Penryth left me to see Mrs. Richmond.

"The arrangement between us had been that nothing was to be said openly until Doctor Richmond's return, but that I was to have every opportunity, of seeing you in the meantime. I found, however, that some story had come to your ears last night, doubtless again through Lady Penryth's kind offices, so I made my decision. I directed Mrs. Richmond and her family to return home, and that, when they were gone, you were to be sent to me here."

Mr. Daryl looked keenly at Kilmeny's face as he finished, in order to mark the surprise and exultation which the knowledge of her new prospects would awaken in her. He thought that what he had revealed to her had probably been too much for her, she looked so strange and pale.

"Did you meet mamma on the evening when we dined at Mr. Warrender's?" she asked.

"I did not meet 'mamma' anywhere," he answered, frowning. "I met Mrs. Richmond that evening and gave her her instructions. Do not consider yourself under any obligation to her. She and Doctor Richmond were well paid for anything they ever did for you. Your connection with them has ceased. Also I do not intend you to have any more to do with that fellow Warrender. He is not a fit person for you to know. You are no longer Doctor Richmond's child; you are Miss Daryl, my granddaughter and heiress."

Still Kilmeny did not answer, and Mr. Daryl went on after a pause.

"As to the ridiculous name which Mrs. Richmond saw fit to give you, that must be dropped. I have looked into the marriage register of your parents, and I find that your mother's name was Nina. 'Twill do as well as any other. You shall be Nina Daryl henceforth, Kilmeny Richmond has ceased to exist."

'Yes—I see that," the girl answered with an odd laugh. "I have no choice, I suppose? I must stay?"

"You do not want any choice, do you? You do not want to be a doctor's daughter, running about the country in company with any one who chooses to invite you mixing with middle class people, looked down upon by your equals, and living on charity in the house of a man whom you ought not to associate with? I said that the reason I decided to acknowledge you was on account of the gossip which I heard this morning. I had another reason as well as this. I wanted to separate you from Warrender. He has had the presumption to lift his eyes to my granddaughter. He shall see that she is not for him. Do you understand this?"

"Oh, yes—I understand it!" Kilmeny cried. "I understood that much before! But for that, do you think I should be here? Lady Penryth took pains to enlighten everybody—she and Lord de Bruyne."

"Do not concern yourself about Lady Penryth. I paid her to introduce you into society, and, since she failed to do it as I wished, I shall take the thing into my own hands. As to Lord de Bruyne——"

He glanced sharply at Kilmeny. Lady Penryth had repeated to him her conviction that a nameless and questionable person like Kilmney could never really expect anything but attentions which were insulting from a man of Lord de Bruyne's station, and he had resolved at once to execute his great coup, and raise his granddaughter to a position of equality with the guests whom he had summoned to meet her.

"As for Lord de Bruyne," he repeated, looking at Kilmeny, "you yourself shall decide regarding him."

"I will try it for a month," she said abruptly. "I will stay here and have nothing to do with any one in my past life. I will write to mamma, telling nothing but the bare fact, and asking her not to write. I will promise you for that month not to be Kilmeny Richmond but only Nina Daryl. At the end of the month——"

"At the end of the month, you will still be my granddaughter," he said, with a suspicion of threatening in his voice." You belong to me. You are not of age and can make no choice I have your career marked out fro you, and I intend you to be different from those who went before you. All the rest disgraced me, and ruined themselves. You shall be different."

He glanced at her with a look of pride and possession, and Kilmeny rose.

"I belong to you for a month," she said; "then I shall choose."

CHAPTER VI.

The announcement of Miss Richmond's relationship to Mr. Daryl caused an immense sensation, and she at once became the rage among the people who had before despised her. Every one called on her, and every one declared that she was charming. Her romantic story was freely discussed, but not before Miss Daryl herself. She always put an end to that if it was attempted, and forbade any allusion to her past life. She took her place with a nonchalance that amazed everybody, and people discovered that she was setting the fashion, not following it. Lady Penryth found herself very much de trop when she visited the young heiress, and the offers of companionship and countenance which she hastened to make were decidedly declined.

There was a dinner party one evening, and Kilmeny sat opposite to her grandfather, taking her place as mistress of the house. Mr. Daryl never omitted an invitation to Lady Perryth, and she never failed to accept it. His brotherly attentions were made solely with a view to see her "put down" by his granddaughter, and her acceptance of them was due to some fascination which she could scarcely define. Some time or other an opening might arise which would give her an opportunity for revenge, and she must not miss it. She sat watching the girl, who comported herself with her usual indifference to Lady Penryth's observation, and might have been a finished woman of the world for her ease of manner and brilliance of style. Lord de Bruyne was close beside her, as he always was. Everybody knew that he was Miss Daryl's suitor.

"I have found out what you have against me," he said in a low voice when everybody round them were talking. The remark was in continuance of a conversation that had taken place between them earlier in the day, when he had asked Kilmeny what had caused her to change towards him since she became Miss Daryl. "You are faithful to old friends, though you never talk about them now. It is odd, that sort of feeling, and it must be inconvenient. Nobody here has any heart or memory, or anything of that kind, you know. We all say what occurs to us and forget it the next minute."

"Society seems to have been an open book to you very early in life, if you had all these opinions formed so long ago."

"Ah, well—as to that, I make no boast! I have got to be perfectly indifferent to what is said. It was quite a new sensation to find that anybody cared about anybody."

"And what makes you suppose that I care for anybody? I left everything behind for this 'world' which you talk so much of, where nobody cares or remembers. I have everything that I could wish, and must, of course, be happy."

"You still have that inconvenient thing—a heart. You have not ceased to remember. You have taken an interest in somebody, and love that person vehemently. Think of doing anything vehemently! Miss Daryl, you are such a constant surprise to me that I confess I think of very little else."

"I hardly even think of you or anybody in particular. I have so many pleasures that I have no time."

"I am going to try to make you think about me. We must banish these old things, and, as your heart cannot remain empty, we must fill it with something new."

"We? Whom do you mean by 'we?' Lady Penryth and yourself I suppose? Lord de Bruyne, you have chosen your subjects of conversation very ill this evening. We have talked about nothing but you and me, and I don't know which is the more uninteresting. Are you going out riding with us in the morning?

"Certainly. Do you still ride the pony?"

"No. He was sent away, and I have a horse now."

"Do you go up to town in January?"

"Ah, I cannot tell what will happen so far away as that!"

The changing glow in her eyes and the odd little relapse into her former manner warned him of danger. He had begun to find, to his amazement, that his heart was still in existence, and was beginning to beat in an unusual way when he was near Mr. Daryl's granddaughter. The aim which he had set before him—to marry her and retrieve his fortunes by means of her money—had begun to look strangely inviting to him as well as advantageous. A strong feeling of jealousy against Christopher Warrender was waking in him, and a determination to accomplish his ruin in Miss Daryl's eyes came with it.

The riding party came off the next morning. Kilmeny, now an accomplished horsewoman, rode a beautiful animal which her grandfather had bought to take the place of the pony. Lord de Bruyne was beside her and they made a remarkably handsome pair. The remaining ladies and gentlemen of the party followed chatting and laughing. It all looked very gay and happy, and doubtless many people envied the girl to whom such unexpected good fortune had come. But Kilmeny suddenly felt as if a cold hand had clutched her heart as a turn of the road brought them face to face with Christopher Warrender.

He was riding slowly when they met him, and his mien was thoughtful. To Kilmeny it seemed as if he looked older than when she had last met him, and she had to put a strong effort on herself not to let any one see the effect which the sight had upon her. She knew all at once that she wanted her "mother" and all the simple home-joys which had made her happiness until a few weeks ago, and that she hated her present life, with its brilliance and emptiness, But Lord de Bruyne was beside her, and she was conscious gthat his eyes were fixed keenly on her face. She must not betray herself; she must—though it should break her heart—hide from everybody the great throb of joy which she felt at the sight of the man before her, who, even her mother had told her, was shut out from a good woman's friendship.

Christopher reined in his horse at sight of the party, and moved to one side to let them pass. His eyes were fixed on Kilmeny, and he waited for a sign of recognition from her. The last time that they had met she had leaned towards him and spoken in her soft, wilful, coaxing voice, begging him to let her enjoy herself. Now she made the slightest possible inclination of her head, as he waited, and passed on without a word.

When Kilmeny could see Lord de Bruyne after everything had ceased to be blurred round her, he was riding on without any change in his demeanor, and he was talking as if nothing had occurred. She plunged into conversation with him recklessly, and showed herself so gay and kind that those behind nodded and smiled, saying to themselves that there would soon be a Lady de Bruyne. When they reached home Kilmeny's companion at once sought an interview with Mr. Daryl in his own room.

"I have come," he said, "to ask your consent to my addressing Miss Daryl as a suitor for her hand. I have quite made up my mind about it, and I want to complete everything as soon as may be."

"You certainly come straight to the point. In such a case, a man generally thinks it necessary to make some mention of his feelings towards the lady. It may not suit my plans for my granddaughter to be married merely because she is an heiress."

"I thought it better to spare you all that," Lord de Bruyne answered. "Of course I can make any protestations you wish. I will do my best to make Miss Daryl happy, and I do not seek her as my wife simply because she is an heiress."

"Would you have married her if I had not acknowledged her?"

"No; because money is a necessity to me. Still it is not the only or the chief thing."

"It must be an urgent consideration. You have lost no time."

"I should advise you to lose none either. Your granddaughter still cherishes a weakness for Warrender of Merridale."

Mr. Daryl looked darkly at his questioner.

"What grounds have you for that assertion?"

"It would only be wearisome to go over the grounds. You may take my word for it. I have done my best to damage Warrender in her eyes, and she passed him to-day without speaking to him. Still any day she may throw up the whole thing here and go back to those people and him. How long is she sure to remain here?"

Mr. Daryl frowned again.

"She promised to stay for a month without writing to anybody."

"A month? The only way to keep her is for her to be married before the time is up," Lord de Bruyne answered deliberately.

"To yourself, I suppose?"

The other nodded.

"I will take my chance," he said, "of whatever happens afterwards. She has not forgotten the Richmond people, and she is in love with Warrender. She cannot marry him if she is my wife, and if she cannot marry him, she will let the rest go." Do you agree?"

"Are you fond of the girl?"

"Yes—fonder than I ever thought that I could be of a woman. Why else should I concern myself about her?"

"There is money to be had with her."

"Yes—there must be money. Then you agree?"

Mr. Daryl assented curtly. He was proud, with a selfish and cruel pride, of the beautiful grandchild whom he had suddenly discovered. He had been afraid that the circumstances of her early life might prove prejudicial to her when he brought her among people of a class so much above her. Lord de Bruyne's choice of her as a wife would at once stamp her as in every way their equal. And his prophecy of her probable action when the month was up alarmed him. He hated the Richmonds when he found that Kilmeny still thought of them and was fond of them; and, most of all, he hated Christopher Warrender. Before he parted from Lord de Bruyne it had been settled that nothing should be allowed to prevent Kilmeny's becoming his wife before the stipulated month should have elapsed.

"I have one more thing to say," Lord de Bruyne observed as he rose to go. "I have decided to arrange affairs without Lady Penyrth's intervention. She is your granddaughter's enemy, and she is a double dealer. The less she is here the better."

Mr. Daryl made no reply. It occurred to him, as Lord de Bruyne went out of the room, that he himself had been merely a puppet in the hands of Lady Penryth and Lord de Bruyne. The reflections of the master of the house were not of the most satisfactory nature as he mused over this interview after his visitor had gone.

Kilmeny had retreated to her own room when the ride was over, and had locked her door. Her head felt bewildered and her heart benumbed by what had taken place. The sense of a mistake also weighed on her; the secret about her parentage, and the story of Chris' guilt seemed to be mixed up until she could not disentangle them. What had her mother really said about him? What reason had her grandfather for breaking off her connection with him? It was all a wretched muddle to Kilmeny as she sat and thought over it, and she could not evolve order out of the chaos. Two things only were clear to her, and those were, that she had by her act that day parted herself finally from Chris, and, by doing so, prevented a return to her "home." Moreover, by no look or deed of hers must she ever let any one suspect what it had cost her to make that severance.

Miss Daryl's maid had never found her young mistress so hard to please as she was that evening when she was dressing her for dinner, and Kilmeny had never looked so radiant and smiling as when she went down to meet her guests after the dressing was done. The shimmering silk in its brilliance was shaded as gorgeously as a peacock's train, and the changing opals—emblems of woe—gleamed on her throat and arms. She carried herself with a dignity which made Mr. Daryl's heart swell anew with pride, and caused Lord de Bruyne's eyse to fill with a subdued admiration of her beauty and spirit.

To Be Continued.

STOMACH TROUBLE.

A FREQUENT SOURCE OF THE MOST INTENSE MISERY.

Mr. Harvey Price, of Bismark, Suffered for Years Before Finding a Cure—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him.

Those who suffer from stomach troubles are truly to be pitied. Life seems a burden to them; food is distasteful, and even that of the plainest kind is frequently followed by nausea, distressing pains and sometimes vomiting. Such a sufferer was Mr. Harvey Price, a well-known farmer and stock-grower living at Bismark, Ont. To a reporter who recently interviewed him, Mr. Price said:—"I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of such incalculable value in relieving me of a long siege of suffering that I am not only willing but anxious to say a good word in behalf of this medicine, and thus point the road to health to some other sufferer. For five years I had been afflicted with stomach trouble and a torpid liver. I doctored and also denied myself of many kinds of food pleasant to the taste, but neither the medical treatment nor the diet seemed to help me to any degree. In January, 1899, the climax of my trouble appeared to be reached. At that time I was taken down with la grippe, and that, added to my other troubles, placed me in such a precarious position that none of my neighbors looked for my recovery. My appetite was almost completely gone, and I experienced great weakness, dizziness, vomiting spells and violent headaches. I was also troubled with a cough which seemed to rack my whole system. I shall never forget the agony experienced during that long and tedious sickness. Medical treatment and medicines of various kinds had no apparent effect in relieving me. After existing in this state for some months, my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills In May last I purchased three boxes and before these were gone undoubted relief was experienced. Thus encouraged I continued the use of the pills, and with the use of less than a dozen boxes, I was again enjoying the best of health. I can now attend to my farm work with the greatest ease. My appetite is better than it has been for years, and the stomach trouble that had so long made my life miserable has vanished. I have gained in weight, and can safely say that I am enjoying better health than I have done for years before. I feel quite sure that those who may be sick or ailing, will find a cure in a fair trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure, rich blood, thus reaching the root of disease and driving it out of the system, curing when other medicines fail. Most of the ills afflicting mankind are due to an impoverished condition of the blood, or weak or shattered nerves, and for all these Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific which speedily restore the sufferer to health. These pills are never sold in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper round which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." All others are counterfeits and should always be refused. Get the genuine, and be made well.

A BOER COURTSHIP.

"While here," said a traveler in the Transvaal, "I saw how the Boers come courting. The girl was the daughter of my employer. The young man dashed up to the house on horseback, wearing new clothes, with an ostrich feather in his hat. He made his fine horse plance and caper before the house ere he descended. Then he gave the lines to one of the Hottentots standing near, and walked up and down in front of the windows of the house well knowing that the eyes of his sweetheart were peeping through the blinds at him. Then he strutted into the house and first shook hands with 'Tante,' the mother, and said 'Guten tag,' good day. The same he did with 'Oom, the father, and then at last spoke to the girl and her sisters and brothers.

"Oom said only 'Sitz,' take a seat, and then there was complete silence which lasted until the bowl of coffee was brought in. Then each in turn spoke a few words. Oom asked how everything was at the 'huis,' home, and then we heard all about the health of each one in the family, how the cattle and the crops were doing, etc. All the time we were drinking coffee. At last the suitor rose and handed his chosen bride the 'Lachergoot,' confectionery, which she, blushing and laughing, accepted.

"This was the critical moment, for if she had refused the gift that would have ended the courtship. Now there was gayer talk, until all but the two left the room for it was the right of the suitor to remain in the front room along with her of his choice. But so that he should not stay too long, "Tante,' according to custom, stepped up to the wax candle and made a mark on it with a needle, saying that the visit might last until the candle burnt thus far. This was a command that the most lovesick swain dare not disregard."

ONLY ONE LEFT.

There now remains only one people and one little valley south of the equator whose sovereignty has not been claimed by some European Power. It is the Valley of Barotse, fifty or sixty miles wide, north of Lialui, in South Africa.

STRONG COMMENDATION.

Is Perkins an honest man? asked Fangle.

Indeed he is, replied Gazzam. There isn't a man in the office who would refuse to lend him an umbrella.

TRUTH IN BULK

Recent Issue of the Star Causes a Sensation Among Its Readers.

EMINENT MEN INVOLVED

Irrefutable Mass of Evidence Gathered by a Canadian Concern Operating in the United States.

(From The Toronto Star.)

Readers of the Star were startled last Saturday to see the names of prominent public men high in the service of the United States printed in connection with endorsations of a Canadian patent remedy. Not only was it surprising that men of such prominence would permit their names to be used, though this was unusual enough and it speaks volumes for the preparation that such was the case, but that United States senators and congressmen, prominent professional men and United States army officers should be willing to endorse a Canadian remedy is more surprising still. The people on the other side of the border are rather noted as being greater believers in the merits of their own goods than in those of other countries.

Last Saturday the Star published a full page of testimonials in favor of the Canadian, Dodd's Kidney Pills. Each one of these letters was signed by a public man—and an eminent public man—in the United States. Each of these letters was accompanied by a portrait of the writer reproduced from photographs supplied by themselves. Seldom has there been such an exhibition of genuine gratitude to a medicine than given Dodd's Kidney Pills by these gentlemen. Their names are known all through the States, two of them, at least, throughout the world. Men in the eye of the public such as these men are, feel very strongly before they allow statements of opinions attached to their names to be published all over the country. They rightly feel a greater responsibility in such matters than ordinary private individuals. A public man has a reputation to sustain and from long experience considers well before he expresses himself for publication.

There were no traces of hesitation about the letters on that United States history page in last Saturday's Star however, all was plain, honest and straightforward. The writers had been cured of kidney diseases by Dodd's Kidney Pills and had the courage and independence to announce the fact in plain outspoken terms. They were not getting anything for it; some people might make slighting remarks about their names being connected with a patent medicine testimonial. But this did not interfere with what they esteemed to be their duty to fellow sufferers and but fair to the medicine that cured them. Careless of anything but the facts—that Dodd's Kidney Pills had cured them of kidney diseases where other medicines and treatments had failed — they gave their evidence fairly and honestly for the benefit of others.

It takes a very unselfish man to allow his name to be associated with a patent medicine testimonial — or a man powerfully impressed with the merits of the preparation and unusually grateful for the benefits derived from it. One naturally dislikes having accounts of one's physical defects published broadcast even though there is a complete cure attached. But there is a stage where ill health becomes so pronounced that all pride, vanity, reserve — call it what you like—gives way. You are sick and you don't care who knows it. The fact can't be evaded. When a man in this condition, trying remedy after remedy in vain, at last strikes, quite unexpectedly, a medicine that cures him, he is so genuinely grateful, so filled with the joy of convalescence that he is ashamed to think of keeping the facts to himself.

Such, no doubt, was the condition of mind of R. A. Wade, the great criminal lawyer, of Chicago, whose testimonial appeared on the page under discussion. He it was who defended Pendergast, accused of murdering Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago. He is probably the best known man in his profession in the United States, having been retained in more sensational criminal cases than any other lawyer in America. He was not only cured of kidney disease, but his sight, which, owing to the attacks of that essential feature of kidney disease, uric acid, had been entirely lost, was restored by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Captain Bogardus, champion rifle shot of the world distinguished veteran of the Civil War, was cured of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills. When it is considered that Bright's Disease usd to be incurable, the feeling that prompted Captain Bogardus to give his name and testimonial for the benefit of others will be understood.

Hon. Alva Merrill, was cured of Rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and thought enough of the medicine that cured him to recommend it above his own signature. "I heartily endorse Dodd's Kidney Pills," says he, "to anyone with deranged kidneys or rheumatic pain.

Senator Busse, Representative Risum, Captain McComb, Roy Keator, were among those who freely testified to the merits of Dodd's Kidney Pills on the United States History page, and their pictures appeared last week in the Star. This page is considered the strongest mass of evidence ever printed in favor of a patent medicine in this country.

GLASSWARE FASHIONABLE.

Those who are perplexed over the apparent chaos in table glass fashions may be pleased to know that they may buy anything which suits their fancy, for absolute liberty of choice, is the blissful condition just now. Those who like the heavy cut glass so much prized in days gone by may haul it out from its resting placing in disused china closets, where its prismatic splendors have been hidden for many a day, since grandmother packed it carefully away and set to glitter and sparkle on the festal board with perfect propriety. Engraved glass and glass that is not engraved find their places side by side, and great, thick pieces of transparent ware are in as good form as those of eggshell thinness.

People of good taste have always chosen their glassware in harmony withe its probable surroundings, and have exercised individual choice, irrespective of fashion, to a certain extent, but now this very independence of action is "the thing" and is likely to result as such things usually do, in freakishness.

In fact everything is fashionable, and no two people have tastes exactly alike. The show windows and the swell tables both show a surprising variety of glassware.

Perhaps the most favored are the pieces shown in plain English, or the French Bacraret glass, the manufacturer lending his name to this last. The shapes in both are simple modifications of well-known forms—forms that, from their very simplicity and fitness, will never be far out of style, as frequently happens to those much-tortured designs invented to meet the passing fad.

Of course these plain bits will need more care and polishing, for where there are no fanciful ornaments to catch the eye, the least bit of a spot or cloud shows with a terrifying insistence. There are no ornaments to conceal a multitude of sins, and specks and flaws stand forth as dread accusers against mistress and maid. But the care that must be bestowed upon it will be well repaid when you see your guests seated before a service of sparkling immaculateness, every place shining like a good man in a high place—or even more so.

All this is for those whose tastes run to Quaker like simplicity and quiet richness, but for those who like more florid things there are equally nice things in store, and for the lovers of the "odd piece" idea, the accommodating salesman will break "sets" and mix them up to suit.

This seems impossible, but it is a fact. Perhaps at dessert a dish of Venetian glass, milky white, with its roses and green leaves about the edge, will be set to holding the fruit, while a dish of heavy cut glass at one end gives back sparkle for sparkle with the jelly that fills it, and a dish of English crystal with twisted handles at the other end, matches with its smooth severity the severe smoothness of the blanc-mange.

With all this pleasant news in her mind the inland dweller need not perplex her mind about what her city sister is doing. She has but to exercise the good taste which is or should be her birthright, and for once she will be taking simultaneous action with her urban friends and will not be one whit behind the times. Which boon will certainly not occur again in the present century.

LUNATIC POSTOFFICES.

In the lunatic asylums of Belgium there are securely locked boxes, in which every inmate may deposit letters of complaint. Three times a week these letters are collected by outside officials, who investigate every case, and if a person asserts that he is not insane a prompt examination ensues by medical experts.

THE CHEERFUL IDIOT.

When melancholy marks a man for her own, asked the smart boarder, how does she mark him?

Colors him blue, of course, replied the Cheerful Idiot in scorn.

Guaranteed Cure for Catarrh.

Catarrhozone, ozonated air cure, is guaranteed to cure Chronic Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever. It cures by inhalation. The medicated air is carried directly to the diseased parts, where it kills the germ life that causes Catarrh, and at the same time heals up all sore places, and a permanent cure is effected. Catarrhozone when inhaled is volatile enough to impregnate the minutest cells of the lungs and bronchial tubes, where it attacks the disease at its foundation. It cures because it is sure to reach the right spot. Sold by all druggists or by mail, price $1.00. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., Box 518, Kingston, Ont.

SAVING TO THE LAST.

You have only an hour longer to live, said the physician, solemnly, to the wealthy miser on his death bed. Is there anything you wish attended to before you pass away?

Yes, answered the stricken man, in faint, yet eager, tones. I am glad you spoke of it. Send for the barber at once and have him shave me before I die. I only have to pay him 50 cents for coming in to shave me now, and the regular price is $1 for shaving a dead man. Might as well save that half dollar while I'm about it.

"A coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it" says Falstaff - or as bad as a cup of ordinary tea after once using Blue Ribbon Ceylon

You Have probably read this advertisement many times and thought no more about it. This time write

LUDELLA Ceylon Tea

on your memory and on your grocer's order—AND DON'T FORGET.
Lead Packages. . . . . 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

MANY HAPPY HOMES

Have been broken up by the failing health of mother or father.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve PILLS

will certainly cure all diseases caused by impoverished blood. Stomach troubles, kidney troubles, rheumatism, sciatica, catarrh and chronic constipation, yield readily to their action.

We have at our office thousands of testimonials, and will send a book of information containing some of these free on application.

There is no sense in feeling miserable when you can be so easily cured. 50 cents per box, five boxes for $2.00. All Druggists, or Sam. Williams & Co., Toronto, Ont.

NEW STYLE OF PITCHER.

The new pitcher for serving iced drinks is an English invention, and beautifully presented in both green and ruby glass. To put ice directly in the beverage weakens its strength and flavor. This is obviated by the introduction into the new pitcher of a glass inner cylinder, resembling a lamp chimney as much as anything, with a silver top and screw cork. In this the cracked ice lasts a long time, the drink poured from the pitcher proper, and renewed again and again as required.

ELECTRIC GLASS FURNACES.

Electricity has been applied to the manufacture of glass. A pot of glass can be melted in 15 minutes which by the old process would require 30 hours.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal.

VIENNA POLICEMEN.

Vienna policemen are required to understand telegraphy and to be able to swim and row a boat.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF MALT
Invigorates and Strengthens.
LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

ARTIFICIAL COURAGE.

Miss Sourface—I'm sure Mr. Dash was intoxicated when he called last evening. Why, he actually tried to kiss me.

Miss Gabby—Yes, they say drink nerves men to desperate deeds.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

GREAT TRADE IN CANES.

The Congo region exports about 9,000,000 walking sticks a year.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

TRY THIS SOUP.

Fried wasp soup is considered a great delicacy in China. It is stated that it is quite an acquired taste.

CALLA LILY CREAM

ensures a youthful complexion. Send 25 cents for trial bottle, or post card for circular on skin and complexion Address W. J. URQUHART, 439 Queen St. W., Toronto.

MONTE CARLO EARNINGS.

The income from the Monte Carlo gaming tables for the past year reaches over $60,00,000.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

MOIST.

Jaggles—What does Suburbs do with that cellar of his?

Waggles—Keeps ducks in summer and uses it for a skating rink in winter.

THE WABASH RAILROAD.

Is the shortest and true route from Canada to the west and southwest the great winter tourist line to California, Mexico, Texas and all southwestern points. Every Wednesday at 9 p.m. a personally conducted tourist sleeping car will leave St. Louis for Los Angeles and San Francisco. Passengers leaving Toronto on evening trains reach St. Louis next day at 2 p.m., Kansas City 9.30 p.m., same evening and Denver next afternoon. All Wabash trains have free reclining chair cars, and are solid vestibule from end to end. Full particulars from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

TOBACCO FOR TOMMY.

Public donations of tobacco for the British soldiers at the front are being made, and already 30,000 cigarettes and 75 pounds of tobacco have been collected by one paper.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan, $1.50 & up.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop's.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot' two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate

EXCEPTIONS.

Figures don't lie, said the mathematician.

Well, I don't know replied Spence. My wife tells me that the figures of many women are very deceptive.

How's This?

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

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the bl