HAPPINESS BORN OF CONFIDENCE.

Perfect confidence between husband and wife is the firmest basis of married happiness. Whenever it is lacking you will find misunderstandings and suspicion, finally leading up to estrangement, or, in extreme cases, to separation. In nine cases out of ten the fault lies with the husband. It is easy for a woman to confide all her thoughts and feelings to the man she loves. Indeed, she is apt to overdo it. If he is a patient man he will hear from beginning to end every detail of her trials as housekeeper or as a mother to his children. And though in his heart he may wonder at the stress she lays on such trifling things, still he likes it, and would miss the daily recital if it were withheld.

But with a man—"that is another story." A man lives in two separate worlds of his own. One in which he exists as the head of his family and enjoys the simple, humdrum pleasures of domestic life. The other part of his life is passed in his office or counting room at the head of his professional or business career.

He finds it a relief to throw off the atmosphere of sordid care that envelops him in the business world. He tries to forget the cares and responsibilities that await him on the morrow as he basks in the sunshine of his happy fireside. He never reflects that it is selfishness, and not kindly consideration, that prompts him to lay aside all mention of business with his overcoat and hat when he enters his home at night.

"What is the use," he thinks "of introducing an element of anxiety and unrest into my happy home-life? It is enough that I must bear the burdens of care and responsibility that tax my endurance to the utmost without shifting their weight to shoulders far weaker than my own."

Added to this consideration is the natural dread of questions and comment, and perhaps a lurking fear of the inevitable "I told you so," which is one of the deadlist weapons at a woman's command. Above all, the average man entertains the idea that a woman has no natural business sense or ability, but like a good many ideas about women that men cherish, this is totally wrong.

A woman's ignorance of business arises, from the very fact that the men of the family keep her outside the limits in which two thirds of their life is spent. They avoid the mention and discussion of business affairs in the household, and when they prey on his mind a man will avoid question and comment from the women of the family by spending the evening at his club or at some place of amusement. A woman's tendency is to brood over whatever oppresses her, a man's to throw it off and avoid it as much as possible. While it may be true that a woman lacks the training or technicle knowledge that fits a man for a business career, on the other hand a woman has her wonderful instinct to guide her and the ability to master small details that most men would neglect as too trival for their notice.

When a man and woman enter into that life partnership known as marriage it is unfair to place a limit on the confidence that should exist between them. And yet in most homes the wife's knowledge of her husband's prosperity or business reverses is limited to the amount she receives for expenditures or to what she may gather from outside sources of information.

When a man meets with reverses the blame is often laid on his wife, who in reality was the injured party. She is spoken of as reckless and improvident, when she had no means of judging of her husband's real standing. Perhaps her first intimation of his trouble came to her after the public was fully aware of his impending ruin. Is it generous to keep a woman in ignorance of what she is bound to discover when too late for remedy or redress? Is it kind to make of a wife a pet and a plaything, instead of the helpmate she expected to become?

Unfortunately, our young girls are skilled in every art except the supreme art of wifehood, and mothers and fathers are primarily to blame for the false view of life that they allow their daughters to entertain. If the young girl were accustomed to the discussion of business matters in her home life She would be equipped to take her part as her husband's confidante and adviser. The average young girl approaches matrimony with as much understanding of its duties and responsibilities as she has of the rites of initiation that awaits the candidate in the lodgeroom. She expects a husband to be in the future what the sweetheart has been in the past, and she is jealous of every interest that engrosses his thoughts. She regards his business as a tiresome necessity, and is generally content that to her it is a sealed book. And yet if he confided to her his hopes and ventures, and came to her for advice and approval, ne would be astonished at the keen instinct that decides while he considers, and at the sound judgment that eventually proves itself correct.

A woman who is in her husband's closest confidence gains much in the way of self-respect and self-confidence. She knows the resources at his command and is in no danger of adding to his cares by undue expenditure. There would be more happy homes if there were more system in regulating expenses according to means. A regular sum intrusted to the wife at regular times would do more to insure her happiness and contentment than anything in a husband's power to bestow. Many sore hearts and guilty consciences may be laid to the fact that the majority of wives have no regular income, and no way of judging their financial standing. A wife has to exercise in the household the same qualities of thrift and forethought that a successful business man must bring to bear in his office. In addition to these qualities she is expected to produce the best results from the least of supplies in many cases. A business man can give his undivided time and attention to business affairs. The woman whose husband is in moderate circumstances must act, as housekeeper and general manager of innumerable and varied duties. She must be nurse, seamstress, hostess, caterer, and, above all, friend and companion of her husband and children. It does seem that one who can be intrusted with duties on whose proper filfillment the welfare of the household depends could be a worthy, if silent, partner in her husband's most confidential affairs. To her should be confided the success or failure of any important business undertaking that she may understand and regulate the household expenditure according to the amount of their income.

It would be an ideal, but by no means impossible, state of affairs if men were perfectly open, and frank with their wives in regard to their financial standing and prospects.

Better living and better feeling would result in the majority of homes where to-day the lack of confidence between husband and wife is "the little rift within the lute" often too wide to repair.

THE EXCEPTION.

Women, as a rule, remarked the cynical bachelor, are given to exaggerations.

But there are exceptions to all rules, you know, said the spinster.

True, replied the c.b., and the exception to this one is when they talk about their own age.

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

He contented himself with sending over his inquiries next day, and it was not until some time after that he met any of the Richmonds again. He came on Kilmeny cantering along on a handsome little pony, whose trappings were in a style which he knew to be far beyond Doctor Richmond's means to supply. Kilmeny herself was attired in an elegant riding-habit, and held a smart silver-mounted whip in her gauntletted hand. She looked brilliant and brimming over with good spirits.

"Kilmeny!" he cried, confounded. A sharp pain shot through his heart. Was the girl whom he loved lost to him as well as everything else?

"Am I not magnificent?" she cried. "I never thought that I should have a pony of my own, and be able to gallop as I pleased all over the country." Then a softer look came over the wilful triumph in her eyes. "Why don't you come to see us, Chris? It is days since we have seen you."

"Should I see you, if I called now? I did ride over the day after you dined at my house, but I did not see you. You were at Mr. Daryl's then, and I suppose that you are going to the same place now?"

"There are other people there, if I happen sometimes to be out."

Mr Warrender was silent, but the grave reproach in his eyes made Kilmeny ashamed of herself.

"Please do not make yourself disagreeable, Chris," she said bending down to him. "Let me alone just this little month, and let me enjoy myself for once as I have often longed to do. If you will come over for tea this afternoon, I shall be at home, and I can tell you of the great ball that there is to be at Mr. Daryl's next week, and of the lovely dress which I shall wear, besides ever so much more. You used always to care to hear things about us, you come?"

"No, Kilmeny—you need not expect me."

Miss Richmond's pony made a quick movement away from him, and its rider's eyes gave a flash. The next moment she was gone. There was anger in her heart and also an unaccountable pain. Why need Chris meddle and disapprove, and make himself generally disagreeable, just as if he had any right over her?

Kilmeny was riding to Mr. Daryl's luncheon, and her pretty head had been full of the thoughts of the people whom she would meet there, when she had come on Mr. Warrender. When should she ever have the chance of sitting down to luncheon with Lady Penryth, Mr. Daryl's sister, the haughtiest woman in the whole county, if she gave in to Chris' absurd scruples and declined to visit Mr. Daryl? To be sure, Lady Penryth wore a wig and rouged, and her talk often shocked Kilmeny by its bitterness and disbelief in goodness, but she had been able so far to hold her own, even with this cynical and wicked old woman.

Everybody had been surprised at Mr. Daryl's reconciliation with his sister, to whom he had not spoken for over 20 years, and indeed his late movements had taken their breath quite away. His house was being thrown open to the outside world, and a ball was now announced to complete their amazement. When the invitations had come for Miss Richmond, she had been almost frightened at the result of her acquaintance with Mr. Daryl.

"I shall not go, mamma," she said decidedly. "What is he thinking of, to ask me without you? I enjoy calling and looking over his beautiful rooms and all that, but this is a different thing. Besides, how could I go alone? It is impossible."

"I have had a note from Mr. Daryl—he has provided for that. He says that his sister, Lady Penryth, will be happy to act as your chaperon. She will call for you in her carriage and take you there."

"Lady Penryth!" Kilmeny cried, Lady Penryth to offer to come for her—Kilmeny Richmond—and take her to a ball! It was all a dream! The sight of her mother's face, pale and disturbed, recalled her to herself. If had begun to dawn on Kilmeny that her mother was changing with everything else. She was so much occupied with going to Mr. Daryl's that she had not time to be much with the children now, and it seemed that her mother not only allowed this, but arranged for it, and made things easy for her. Mrs. Richmond was growing pale, and had an anxious expectant look which was new to her.

"I will not go!" Kilmeny repeated. "Do you know, now that Chris is not here, I do not mind saying to you that I am almost sorry that I ever met Mr. Daryl? Do write, mamma, and decline the invitation. If he had asked you it would have been different, but, as he has not seen fit to do that, I will not think of it. Besides, where should I get a dress?"

"I can manage that. I have a little money—do not bother about it. You must go to the ball, Kilmeny. As Lady Penryth has promised to take you, it is all right. And don't think about the dress. It will be here in time."

"But how will you see about it?" Kilmeny persisted. "It would cost pounds on pounds, and I know you have no money to spare. No, mamma—I will not think of going."

But after all she found herself obliged to do so. Mrs. Richmond quietly persisted, and overruled all her daughter's objections. It was arranged that she should go to the ball under Lady Penryth's care, and Mrs. Richmond assured her that the dress should be forthcoming at the right time. Kilmeny only hoped that it would not cost very much. She hardly knew whether she was glad or sorry to go, and deep down in her heart felt uneasy and unhappy.

She had not allowed Christopher Warrender to see any of this however. The pony on which she was riding had come to her a day or two before, with Mr. Daryl's compliments, and she was in the first delight of having a horse of her own. It had been arranged that a groom from Mr. Daryl's establishment should attend on Miss Richmond's horse, which was kept in Mr. Daryl's stables. It was always at Kilmeny's service, and she rode every day. Her new friendship was dividing her more and more from her old surroundings, loves, and interests, and in a manner she was not able to help it. She was getting what she had sometimes secretly longed for—an entrance into the great and splendid world of society.

Kilmeny hummed to herself as she rode along, when she had parted from Mr. Warrender, and told herself that she was very happy. Her mother not only permitted the acquaintance with Mr. Daryl, but made everything easy for her. It could not continue after her father's return; then everything would go back to what it was before, and she would be satisfied after having had her glimpse into regions above her. She would be once more a child with the children, and her mother's companion and housekeeper. Chris would come and visit them, and they would be the same as they used to be.

CHAPTER IV.

The great ballroom at Mr. Daryl's house was softly lighted, and was filled with moving couples and the sound of music, laughter, and gay voices. It was the night of the long-expected ball, and Kilmeny Richmond, in an exquisite dress of white-and-gold, her eyes shining and her cheeks brilliant, was the queen of the evening. She had burst like a radiant vision on the aristocratic friends whom Mr. Daryl had summoned round him, and people was in the admiration excited by her beauty and captivating manners. Lady Penryth watched her with her fierce old eyes as she laughed and danced, moving among a crowd of worshippers as if to the manner born.

"Your Miss Richmond need not drag me after her the next time into such scenes as these," she remarked to her brother, who stood beside her. "She strikes me as being quite sufficient for herself, and capable of going anywhere alone. She has just been laughing in the face of the Marquis of Redminster, and is now going away to dance with Lord Trevor."

"I observe that the women do not speak much to her. It is what I expected."

Lady Penryth's eyes went stealthily to the old man beside her. He was watching Kilmeny with a subdued exultation which puzzled her.

"They do not know what to make of her," she said. "My being her chaperon scarcely makes her respectable, and your very marked notice, strange to say fails equally."

"Respectable!" he cried, scrowling at her. "They shall find out that the girl is more respectable than any of the prudes here. That is what I have paid you for, and what I expect you to do—to let people understand that she is everything she ought to be, and the chief person here. Do you think that it was out of affection for you pleasure in the fools around us that I opened my house to you and them? It is a matter of business between you and me, and your pay depends on how you do your work."

"But I know no more than they!" she answered boldly. "What is the girl to you? Why do you take her up? What am I to tell people who ask me? Are you in love with her?"

"In love!" He laughed harshly. "Do I look like a man in love? No! My interest in her is of a totally different sort. I intend her to make a good match, and the man who marries her, if he pleases me, may have reason to count himself lucky. You may let so much be known, but no surmises or guesses of your own are to accompany the information, remember!"

He moved away, and Lady Penryth, watching her opportunity, beckoned to one of the guests who stood near her carelessly watching the conference between the two. He was a handsome, haughty man, whose distinction of bearing marked him out even among the well-born pleasure-seekers who surrounded him. He drew near and sat down

"If you want money, it's all right," Lady Penryth said, dropping her voice and speaking without looking at him. "I did not make out the interest in her but 'the man who marries her may count himself lucky.' Those were his words; make what you can of them."

"When did your brother first meet Miss Richmond?"

"Only a few days ago. Whatever interest he has in her is some interest connected with his past life."

Lord de Bruyne was silent. He looked long at Kilmeny, who was among the waltzers. Her wonderful eyes were lifted, full of laughter, to her partner's face; the glimmering gold of her dress was now displayed, now hidden, by movements full of indescribable grace; her fresh and exquisite charm made it a delight to behold her. The man beside Lady Penryth rose.

"You have made up your mind?" she asked.

He nodded carelessly,.

"I am aware that it is a simple matter of business between us," he said, glancing down at her. "If you hear anything further, please let me know it."

He strolled away, and she saw him presently approach Kilmeny, who was flushed and slightly out of breath, and looked lovely enough to make any madness possible.

"I have obtained Lady Penryth's leave to take you out on the balcony," he said with a smile which lit up his face. "Our dance comes next, and she quite agreed with me that you ought to have a little fresh air first. Come!"

"It is just what I have been wishing for!" declared Miss Richmond frankly, and she took his proffered arm with a little bow to her last partner. "Did Lady Penryth really say anything to you about it?"

"Well, no," he answered. "It is one of the polite fictions of this world that a young lady's chaperon decides everything for her. But, all the same, Lady Penryth was watching us, and she knows that you are with me."

"It is cool and delicious here!" she cried, stretching out her arms from the wrap which her companion had laid lightly upon her shoulders.

"Yes—I dare say you are tired of all that," he said, casting a contemptuous glance at the ballroom behind them. "This is a more rational sort of thing, and one can have some comfort here."

"Have you come to the stage, then, when comfort is what you are looking for in life?" Kilmeny asked, laughing, "I may as well tell you that, if you think we are kindred spirits in that respect, you are quite mistaken. I like the coolness out here, but, when the music begins again, I shall want to be back in the ballroom. I would not miss the next dance for the world."

"Oh, well, I am not so far gone that I cannot enjoy a dance still!" he answered joining in her laugh. "It isn't that I am blase or any rubbish of that kind—only, I am thoroughly lazy. You see, if one had anything to do, it would be different, but there is nothing so demoralizing as doing nothing for ever."

"I have plenty to do!" cried Kilmeny, and she fell into a little fit of musing.

"Yes—I see you cantering about on your pony most days," he said. "You must let me join you sometimes, Miss Richmond. I should like to fill up my time in that way. What else do you do? Your energy is refreshing."

"I dance when my partner can rouse himself to come with me. Does your langour cause you not to notice that the band is beginning to play again, and that we shall lose the dance if you continue so oblivious of what is going on?"

"Come, then!" he said, standing up. "I don't want to miss the dance any more than you do. I was watching you dancing the last waltz, and it struck me that even dancing might have charms under some circumstances. Those circumstances have arrived."

"You should not have been watching. You should have been attending to some one else."

"I was attending, and that most diligently. I observed that you were absorbed in what you were doing, and that your partner looked uncommonly happy. I had a curiosity to find out if my sentiments would be anything like his if I were in his place."

"And are they?" Kilmeny asked, laughing.

"I can fancy what his were like, only I am certain mine are very much 'more so.'"

"Well, it is a mercy to bring some pleasure into your barren life! Even if it only lasts while we are dancing, it will be a consoling thought. I am glad that I dance well. No, no—not at all for your sake, but entirely for my own. And you are the best partner that I have had this evening—there is no doubt about that."

Lord de Bruyne glanced down in the girl's face with a look which she could not quite understand. Her frankness took him continually by surprise, and he did not yet know what to make of her. Kilmeny flushed a little under his gaze.

"It is no harm, to say that?" she inquired. "You said something like it to me."

"It is no harm," he answered. "It is years since anybody told me that I did anything well—that was all."

Lady Penryth, watching the pair, thought the man was doing his part well, and a contemptuous smile curled her lip. She turned to Mr. Daryl, who stood near, always watching Kilmeny.

"Would a match like that suit your notions?" she asked. "To be sure he has run through most of his money, and has not the very best of reputations, but of course your protege could reform him. Such a work would suit her innocent ideas. However, from all I hear, the young lady seems to be already provided for. She was always running about the country with a man named Warrender until you picked her up."

As she mentioned the name. "Warrender," she gave her brother a keen penetrating glance.

"She runs about with him no more." Mr. Daryl said. "I have put a stop to it, and you must do the rest. Stick at nothing to end that folly. I am of course aware that De Bruyne has heard something from you, or he would not take the trouble to notice the girl."

"You don't fancy that a man of his family would marry a nameless girl except to gain some exceedingly tangible advantage? I gave you credit for having abandoned the fiction of love at least."

"He shall find a tangible advantage if he marries her. Leave that to me."

Lord de Bruyne was bringing his partner back to Lady Penryth, and the two stood beside the brother and sister, Kilmeny like some exquisite wild flower amid a partherre of withered exotics. Mr. Daryle' face lit up with something like exultant pride as he looked at her.

"Well, Miss Richmond," he said, "you thought this room only wanted people, and, now that that want has been supplied, does it suit you better?"

"It wants one thing yet. You promised that you would let me walk all around it with you and see it from every side. I have been waiting for that the whole evening."

She moved to Mr. Daryl's side and glanced up into his face with those dark eyes, into which any unwonted emotion cast a shade of melancholy. Mr. Daryl looked at her for a moment and then offered her his arm. They went away together. The other two were silent until they had gone some distance.

"What is she?" Lord de Bruyne asked abruptly. "Is she a girl whose frankness stands her in better stead than the most consummate art, or is she the most designing woman whom it has ever been my lot to meet?"

To be Continued.

FLOWERS IN THE HAIR.

There never was and never will be a style as pretty as the wearing of flowers in the hair. Wreaths of fine flowers, like rose-buds, forget-me-nots, heather or the small fruits are a pretty surrounding for young faces, and clusters of flowers, worn low on the hair, just behind each ear, as the Japanese girls wear them, are becoming to about everybody. A real beauty needs nothing more than a single flower placed among her tresses. A fad of the moment is to select some one flower and hold to it as we do to our favorite perfume. It is repeated in the many ways known to milliners and dressmakers, and is one of the few fads which bears relation to common sense. A pretty woman gains an added charm from the choice of a flower which she wears in her hair, either twisted into a garland or wound in her tresses, or tucked behind her ear or pinned somewhere to her gown or jacket. There is always charm in variety, and flowers are capable of giving it.

Some people go through life looking as if they were sorry they had ever started.

WAR GEOGRAPHERS.

How the Transvaal Battlefield Will be Surveyed.

The detachment of Royal Engineers selected from the Ordnance Survey for service in the Transvaal campaign, and which left Southampton a few days ago, will on arrival at the Cape be posted for duty among the several fighting columns.

The surveying sappers will be principally employed in exploring the area of operations; noting down the character of the roads, and whether they are available for artillery; examining the bridges as to stability, recording the situation and nature of streams, etc.

Each non-commissioned officer and man will be supplied with a mile, and his surveying instruments will consist of a prismatic compass and a sextant The work will be carried on as near as possible to the line of skirmishers or outposts.

The observations having been carefully recorded, a camp will be hurriedly drawn and completed so as to be in the hands of the staff for the main body to be directed from its particulars.

Of late years the Ordnance Survey engineers have had considerable practice in this rapid form of field surveying, and the area of ground which they can carefully delineate in a few hours is really remarkable.

In the event of the Transvaal and Orange Free State coming directly under the British flag, and so requiring to be painted red on the Empire's map, the Ordnance Survey detachment of engineers will doubtless, before returning home, be engaged in such observations as may be deemed necessary by the Intelligence Department.

CLINGING BRIDAL GOWNS.

While the traditional white satin continues to be a greatly favored material for bridal gowns, it is this season rivalled by other rich textiles. The decided tendency towards the use of every sort of soft, clinging fabric is very noticeable among the newest models for wedding toilets. Peau de soie, crepe de chine, mousseline brilliante over faille, liberty gauze over satin royal, and, lastly, lace of the most elegant description, are all employed, and in making up the fabric the princesse style is notably favored. Entire lace waists, or lace guimpes and sleeves, are seen upon some models and on others there are lace overskirts, arranged above clinging trained skirts of peau de soie or lustrous repped silk with a draped flounce to match placed around the bottom of the skirt.

A Trying Experience.

A NOVA SCOTIA FARMER SUFFERED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Consulted Four Doctors, But the Only Relief They Gave Him Was Through Injections of Morphine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Activity.

From the News, Truro, N.S.

Mr. Robert Wright, of Alton, Colchester Co., N.S., is now one of the hardiest and hardest working farmers in this section. But Mr. Wright was not always blessed with perfect health; as a matter of fact for some fifteen years he was a martyr to what appeared to be an incurable trouble. In conversation lately with a News reporter, Mr. Wright said:—"I am indeed grateful that the trouble which bothered me for so many years is gone, and I am quite willing to give you the particulars for publication. It is a good many years since my trouble first began, slight at first, but later intensely severe pains in the back. Usually the pains attacked me when working or lifting, but often when not at work at all. With every attack the pains seemed to grow worse, until finally I was confined to the house, and there for five long months was bedridden, and much of this time could not move without help. My wife required to stay with me constantly, and became nearly exhausted.

During the time I was suffering thus I was attended by four different doctors. Some of them pronounced my trouble lumbago, others sciatica, but they did not cure me, nor did they give me any relief, save by the injection of morphine. For years I suffered thus, sometimes confined to bed, at other times able to go about and work, but always suffering from the pain, until about three years ago when I received a new lease of life, and a freedom from the pains that had so long tortured me. It was at this time that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to my attention and I got two boxes. The effect seemed marvellous and I got six boxes more, and before they were all used I was again a healthy man and free from pain. It is about three years since I was cured, and during that time I have never had an attack of the old trouble, and I can therefore strongly testify to the sterling quality of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since they did such good work for me I have recommended them to several people for various ailments, and the pills have always been successful."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

OLD HANDLES ON UMBRELLAS.

"It is not unusual," said an umbrella dealer, "for a person to use the same handle on more than one umbrella; having it shifted from a worn-out umbrella to a new one. The handle thus shifted might be a valuable one, too costly to throw away, or it might be an inexpensive one that just suited the carrier. Many people are particular about the handle of an umbrella, as to its size and shape and thus want one that just suits them if they can get it. They may run across such an umbrella and buy it, or they may search for it and find it; and when the umbrella to which it is attached wears out, then very likely they have the handle of the new umbrella that they buy, taken off and the old handle, that they like, substituted for it.

A man's mind sometimes runs to the contrary—a woman's always does.

Barring football players, the inhabitants of this country are fairly well civilized.

LUCKY LUCKNOW.

Ontario Town Which Considers Itself Fortunate in Having Dodd's Kidney Pills on Hand

Since Dodd's Kidney Pills Were Introduced Little is Heard of the Old Complaint—Backache—Mr. Geo. Burgess Explains His Case.

Lucknow, Nov. 13.—The people of this town are of the opinion that they are the most fortunate lot of people in the country. They say they have discovered a remarkably easy escape from Backache—the enemy of all peoples at all times. They say that Backache is really Kidney ache, and that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it. The people of Lucknow may be right, and indeed they are right, to a certain extent. But they are laboring under a mistaken impression if they imagine they have made a new discovery in finding Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Backache.

It is a well-known fact in all countries that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a specific not only for Backache, but for all forms of Kidney Disease—Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, Women's Disorders and Blood Impurities.

The people of Lucknow are none the less fortunate, however, in having a medicine that will cure these diseases, even though cures are not confined to their own town. Dodd's Kidney Pills comprise the only medicine that will cure them, and there was a time when the more severe of the maladies were incurable.

Mr. George Burgress, of Lucknow, says: "I have been sick for about five months. I had a terrible Backache all the time, and my kidneys were very bad as the doctor said. I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got one box and found relief almost immediately. I used three boxes altogether and am recovered completely. I can do my work better now than ever in my life before."

FROM THE ROYAL TABLE.

In the Austrian Court it is contrary to custom for perishable articles to appear twice on the imperial table. The result is large perquisites for the attendants. To one man falls all uncorked bottles, to another the wine left in the glasses, to another the joints, and to another still the game of the sweets. Every morning a sort of market is held in the basement of the palace, where the Viennese come to purchase the remains.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

DIDN'T WORK MUCH.

De Smoker—Do you, know, my dear, an eminent scientist has discovered that tobacco arrests the development of bacteria?

Wife—Does it, really? You wouldn't want your little wife to be eaten up by those horrid bacteria, would you, my dear? Where's your other pipe? I'll become a smoker myself.

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. UROUHART, 439 Queen St. W., Toronto.

A REASON FOR HIS VIEWS.

If I were to begin life again, said the philosoper, I would not want to begin at the beginning.

His opinion was probably influenced by the fact that the baby was just then teething.

Have You Catarrh?

If you are troubled with Catarrh and want to be cured, use Catarrhozone, which is a guaranteed cure for this distressing disease. There is no mystery about Catarrhozone, though its effect is magical. Ointments and snuffs cannot reach the diseased parts and have thus proved useless, but Catarrhozone is carried by the air you breathe directly to the diseased parts, where it volatilizes, killing the germ life and healing the sore spots. It cures by inhalation. No danger, no risk, 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.

SONGS MY FATHER SUNG.

I call to mind the songs that Ma
Was wont to sing to me in youth;
But what it was that came from Pa
I've clean forgot; and that's the truth.
I've pondered o'er the matter long,
With many a mental stunt;
But I cannot recall a song—
The best that comes is a deep grunt.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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It matters little if you are ignorant, for you will meet people daily who know it all.

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

FETTERED SPEECH.

Visitor—Well, Johnnie, what do you think of your little baby sister?

Johnnie—I can't tell you, Mr. White. Mamma always whips me if I use bad language.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF **MALT**
Invigorates and Strengthens.
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TURN OUT THE GAS.

Understand, now, said the old man, sternly, that if you call here in the future my orders are that my daughter and you are not to see each other.

Your orders, sir, said Jack Nurvy promptly, will be strictly obeyed. I'll turn out the gas first thing.

THE SUPERIOR QUALITY OF
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speaks for itself. A trial is the most convincing argument in its favor.
Lead Packages. . . . . 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

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To make sure that when you wish to color any article, viz.: Dresses, Suits, Feathers, Carpet Rags, or anything that requires dyeing, that you get the best dye in the market, known as HOME DYES. Home Dyes are the latest and positively the best that can be produced, as they will dye Cotton, Silk, Wool or Mixed Goods, with equally as good results, without the necessity of a preparation bath to make them take the dye, as HOME DYES are known as the ONE DIP DYES, and a trial package will convince you that they will do all we claim for them. Do not be put off with something just as good because you know what failure you have had in the past, therefore ask for HOME DYES and insist on getting them. To be had of your druggist, or mailed direct free of postage. 10c package, or 3 for 25 cents. Have you tried them? If not, get a package and be convinced.
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ROOT OF SOME EVILS.

Dear Madame, the note read, for the sake of the boys in the office who are under the jurisdiction of your husband and consequently have especial reason to note his moods, will you be kind enough to take especial care to see that he gets a good breakfast every morning? If you have anything to be warmed over, give it to him at night. We make this plea in the interests of peace and prosperity.

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NEEDED THE MONEY.

Mrs. Dolan, as her husband returns at an unusual hour—An' yez bees on anither stroike, eh? Phat's th' cause this toime?

Mr. Dolan, grimly—Oh! Oi guess th' walkin' dilegate's behoind in his rint ag'in.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
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Sold by druggis's, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best

NO KEYS.

Ida—I wonder why old Thinkman, the inventor, wears such long hair.

May—His head contains such valuable ideas that they have to be protected by locks.

Ida—But they are not metal.

May—Oh, yes, they are silver locks.

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