The Sealed Locket

(Continued.)

Everything being arranged, Arthur Tremont, with a heavy heart, started for California to spend his winter in the temperate climate of the Pacific coast, while Mrs. Desmond took up her two-fold duties of nurse and mother, a task far from light with the three little ones to care for. Still there was peace and contentment in her heart, more deep than she had known for many days. It was a great deal to know there was one true soul in the world who read her heart aright; who had faith in her as a woman, and trusted her as friend. Nevertheless, the strain on her constitution was heavy; the two babies to nurse was no light task, and to this was added the care of her home and the boy of two years old. Bravely she persevered and kept up well. She made but few friends, seldom went anywhere or saw anyone, but lived alone with her children in peace and quietness as far as the world was concerned, and the insinuations of the virtuous scandal-mongers and feminine Judases of Briarton gradually found fewer listeners, till at last they almost forgot to talk of her, being able by careful watch and faithful misinterpretation of appearances to find fresh fields for their virtuous cant and hypocritical back-biting.

And as their listeners tired of hearing more against the well-behaved widow they naturally sought more interesting victims.

So the winter wore away and Briarton was once more agog with gushing maidens in their pretty spring costumes.

Two or three times had the widow received short letters from the Doctor enquiring after the health and welfare of the children and asking if she needed any more money for their care and maintenance. Each time she had replied that his little ones were doing well and growing finely, and that she was greatly attached to them. She had added in one letter that her own little girl seemed not to be very strong and gave her more anxiety all the time. She seemed very delicate and was not nearly as strong as Nellie, and though two months the elder, any person would think hers was the younger of the two.

Shortly after this the Doctor wrote to Mrs. Desmond saying his health continued better in the western climate and that he had concluded to accept an offer of a partnership from another physician in the town where he had been staying if she could take care of the children for two or three years more. The Doctor had begun to wonder why he had received no reply to this, when a letter came from a friend in Briarton which rendered a surprising and painful explanation. It read as follows:

My Dear Dr. Tremont,

I find upon enquiry that you are probably uninformed, of what happened in this town but a short time since in connection with your children and their devoted—governess—shall I say? I will try to give you all the particulars, but first let me assure you that your little ones are well and getting along nicely. I wish I could say the same of all. But to begin at the beginning: About three weeks ago there was an alarm of fire one night, and upon investigation it proved to be the house of Mrs. Desmond. It was about midnight; cold, blowing hard, and raining; a bad night I can assure you. They were asleep and all unconscious of their danger till aroused by the neighbors, when there was barely time for them to escape with their lives.

Mrs. Desmond sprang from their bed, and without time even to gather her clothes, caught up a blanket, and quickly throwing it around the two babies, rushed from the street with them in her arms, bidding the young man who had aroused her, bring the boy, at the same time nodding towards the crib where he lay.

In almost less time than it takes to tell it she reached the street in the cold storm, and at once ran to a neighbor's door with the two children. As she stepped inside, she turned to look for the young fellow whom she supposed to be following with your little boy, and to her horror discovered that he was not to be seen, having doubtless mistaken what she had said to him. Quickly laying the two helpless babes on the floor she flew back to her burning house, carrying the blanket with her. It was now a mass of flames, and none dared enter the roaring furnace. She attempted to do so but the crowd held her back. By this time the fire engine had arrived and began to play on the flames. Running to where a little pool of water had formed on the side of the street, she rolled her blanket in it, and wrapping it, dripping, about her scant-clad form, she again rushed for the burning building. Again one of the men detained her, but with an agonizing cry, she implored him to release her, saying, "I promised the Doctor to protect his child as though I were its mother, and what will a mother not dare for her own? God help me and I'll save him yet!" and with one desperate effort she broke from his grasp, and before anyone could realize her purpose she plunged into the smoking, blazing room. My God, Doctor! it was a sight of which I hope I never shall see the like. With the dripping blanket over and around her she crouched low and darted forward through the blinding smoke. The hissing tongues of flame sprang forward upon her as a monster eager for its prey, and then darted back again as though mad at being foiled by the wet blanket; then again they leaped forward to strike her, and again, baffled, recoiled; while the smoke rose in a solid wall before her.

"The hose! The hose!" shouts the captain, "Follow her with the hose, boys! Carefully now my men, carefully!" Deep and sonorous roll the tones from his speaking trumpet, and instantly the nozzle is swung around and the rushing jet of water crashes into the room above her head and the broken spray falls in a deluge around her. "Carefully, my boys, carefully! Follow her with it, but for God's sake be careful not to strike her!" again rolls from the trumpet, while the stream rises and falls and swings from right to left, from left to right, above and around her, but never once does the steady hand of the man at the nozzle, slip or waver, nor the stream strike her as she hurries forward. All stand breathless and immovable as statues, with eyes staring as in a trance, at the slender, heroic figure, pressing steadily deeper into the seething hell of flame. Not a sound is heard save the roar of the fire, the quick throb of the engine, and the blood-freezing hiss of the angry flame as it bites and strikes in its mad fury at its death-enemy, the invading water. It is a thrilling and fearful war of the two elements, but gradually the flames give way and begin to retire from the conflict. And now a cry of despair breaks from the pent bosoms of the breathless crowd, for she has crossed the room, and entered the doorway of the bedroom. "Poor, poor child!" murmurs one, "So brave but so foolish; they will die together!" "A true woman and a true heroine!" whisper half a dozen voices in chorus. But see—again the crowd is hushed in smothered silence, and gazing spell-bound at that doorway, for there, crouching low and creeping slowly and painfully back to life and safety, folding closely to her bosom in the dripping blanket, her precious burden, for which she has played so desperate a part, comes that same heroic figure. "'Tis a fearful battle with death, with the chances terribly against her. Slowly still, and more painfully now, she creeps on; her breath is beginning to fail, and comes only in great convulsive sobs; her face is blistered with the awful heat; sparks and cinders are falling upon her and burning deep in countless places; the steam from the wet and heated blanket seems to scald as a boiling caldron; her eyes are burning hot, blood-shot and blinded with the heat and smoke; she can see no longer; blood is beginning to ooze from between her parched lips, yet still she struggles on. Then the stream from the engine plays in a cooling spray upon her and sustained her a little, as painfully she creeps blindly forward over the cinder-strewn and smoking floor. The giddy walls begin to rock and totter to and fro; the ceiling sags above her! Another moment and all is lost—but see! she is not alone. One of the firemen is by her side. When she reappeared through the doorway and despair gave place to hope, he sprang forward, and plunged into the reeling ruins, to reach her now just as a falling door-casing strikes her on the head; with a groan she sinks forward, helpless and senseless, while a convulsive cry of horror breaks from the surging cowd. Then she is caught up in his arms and borne forth to safety, unless indeed, she has already sacrificed her life. The boy, at least, is safe; and as the throng realize that the fireman is bearing them forth in his strong arms, all their intense restrained emotion breaks forth in one long deep cheer which no pen can describe in its intensity, and a murmured "Thank God!" rises from the throats of hundreds.

And this noble woman is the one who has been many times mentioned with suspicion and gazed at askance! Now, when perhaps too late, all are anxious to do her honor.

I know, Doctor, that you will be truly thankful that after her heroic efforts in your behalf her life has thus far been spared, though I grieve to say it is still in danger. But after all it is sad to think that her own little child should not have been spared to her, but the poor little thing has died from the effects of that night's exposure to the cold and wet. The mother has had a violent fever and been in delirium ever since she came out of her swoon that night, so she knows nothing of what has happened yet, though her baby is dead and buried. Yours are doing well and are being well cared for, so you need give yourself no uneasiness on that account. Everything possible will be done for the poor noble woman. I shall write again soon and tell you how she is progressing.

Ever Yours faithfully,
J. A. HALLON.

As bends the oak beneath the blast, so swayed the heart of Dr. Tremont beneath the tempest of his conflicting emotions as he read this letter, the first intimation he had received of all that had happened. Thankful joy and deepest sorrow, admiration and pity, sympathy and wonderment, all clamoring for supremacy in his heart as he read on, one and then another alternately gaining precedence. Then as the thought of his little boy lying helpless in this crib, a prey to a most horrible death but for the heroism of a woman, settled before him, his cheek paled with contemplation of it; then a great sigh of gratitude towards the rescuer escaped his lips—his eyes moistened, and with bowed head he murmured brokenly; "God bless her noble soul, and, O Lord! why must she suffer thus as a recompense?"

Ah, why! How impatiently do we all repeat that question, "Why!" Demanding the why and wherefore for every petty ill from Him whose infinite wisdom is vast enough to people endless space with shining worlds as thickly as nature with daisies decks the meadows. Still are we loath to trust Him with one little "Why."

Then the one thought filled his mind; "My darlings are safe," and with that a great throb of joy filled his heart. We nearly all have a streak of brute selfishness about us that seems to be quite natural and, under some circumstances, even pardonable. The Doctor's first thought was to write a reply to his friend, thanking him for his kindness and asking him to kindly see that nothing was wanting that money could procure for the sufferer's comfort, to which end he enclosed a bank draft for one hundred dollars.

Then in the evening he wrote to the widow trusting consciousness would have returned before the letter should reach her. He wrote,—"My dear Mrs. Desmond:—

It is with emotions I cannot attempt to describe that I turn to my desk to write you this letter. I have just today received an account of the terrible misfortune that has overtaken you which is the first intimation I have had that anything unusual had happened.

My friend Hallon has written me all; your heroic rescue of my little boy; your subsequent bitter loss of your child, and the long and painful illness to yourself.

My heart is too full for words, and I can only breathe, May God bless and comfort you and give you the reward that is your due, which mortal is powerless to bestow!

All the truest sympathy and the gratitude of my heart is yours; yet I will not pretend that I can estimate the depth of your sorrow, though I can perhaps feel a throb of its intensity when I think what my own pain would have been but for your noble and heroic efforts. While my heart truly aches for you in your grief, I will not be so false to my manhood, nor so niggardly toward you, as to suggest that my sorrow can be compared to yours, or to try to conceal the selfishly human joy I feel at knowing my darlings are safe, thanks to you; though God knows my joy is deeply tempered with pain, and it seems only justice that it should have been my loss instead of yours. And, dear friend, rest assured He will know how to sustain you in the dark hour and comfort you in your sore need, and reward you for your heroic unselfishness that, really, I am almost unable to comprehend.

Oh I hope you may be far toward recovery before this reaches you! I believe you considered me your friend before, as I know I have ever meant to be, but now I must beg you to allow me by all ways in my power to be your true friend and help in any hour of need. Come to me at any time and demand any service I can render you, and, believe me, it will be ever my joy to help you, as a slight expression of the deep debt of gratitude I shall ever owe you.

Please let me know at once what you wish me to do with the two children; and I will either arrange to come home and take care of them or have them brought out here, if you wish to be relieved of them though I need not say how much I should prefer to have them in your charge still, if it be not asking you for still further sacrifice. Few friends, and true, are perhaps best; then may I not be yours? As soon as you are strong enough, write me a long, long letter—'twill ease the pain to talk to some one if you can—and tell me all. I shal be very anxious to hear from you, and when the night is dark and the world is cold and lonely —when your heart is sad, as well I know it often will be—remember that you still have a friend, and write to me from your heart as to a brother, counsellor, friend; and believe me ever,

Your devoted servant,
ARTHUR TREMONT.

When this letter reached its destination, Mr. Desmond was sleeping quietly. Truant consciousness had returned to her home some days before, and strength gradually gained.

The doctor, who had just called to see her, said he thought she might as well be told when she awoke. "She must know some time and as well now as later, I suppose," he said in his gruff but kindly way, "I think she is strong enough to bear it safely, and the more strength, the more rebellion."

She had been kept under the delusion that the children were all well, but her anxious requests to see them was met with a firm refusal, pleading as a reason that she was not yet strong enough.

It was a bright, cheerful afternoon when she awoke on the day mentioned; and, after giving her a little nourishment, they handed her the letter, not knowing of the message it was to convey to the sufferer. In perplexed wonderment she began to read, then her face grew deathly in its pallor, her eyes dilated wildly, her breath came in quick, hard gasps, she half raised on her elbow as though to see it the clearer; then, as she realized its terrible import, the paper fell from her nerveless hand, and a shudder shook the wasted form as she cried brokenly "'Tis false.! It cannot be! My darling! My darling! Who dares say she is dead?" She started up with a sudden effort, and, fixing a gaze of feverish intensity on the face of the nurse, she cried in a tone hoarse and ghastly, "Tell me it is not true! Tell me my child is alive and well! Speak, for God's sake, speak, and tell me 'tis but a dream!" Then she read, with quick perception, in the face of the nurse, the truth, for which she vainly sought denial, and, with a great bitter cry of anguish, she sank back among the pillows, murmuring brokenly, Why, Oh, why, have I been so deceived? It was cruel, it was wicked! O, God! Is this my recompense?" she groaned. "Have I not suffered enough before? Didst Thou grant my prayer for strength to save his boy only to reward me thus? Oh, I would to God I had never awakened to this pain!" With one long, low, heart-broken wail of more than human anguish—a sound like the low wind moaning to the fretful surf—she turned and buried her face in the pillow to shut the light from her aching eyes that burned so in their quenchless, tearless agony.

To Be Continued.

DIAMONDS AS PAVEMENT.

Kimberley Road Made of Earth Containing Precious Stones.

It is not often that it is given to man, outside of the favored gentlemen who figured in the stirring story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp and kindred productions of rich Oriental imagination, to travel daily on a high road literally groaning with diamonds. When such an unusual privilege is vouchsafed, it would appear to be the proper thing to admit that one might love the very ground one walked on Until a few years ago there was such a road, and it was neither a vision of the pipe nor the press agent. It was located in the Kimberley district, in South Africa, and when a man walked over it he walked over millions of dollars' worth of the precious stones.

Five thousand dollars a yard was the record of some parts of the road. The diamonds are not there now, so it will do the gentle reader no good to take a ticket for Kimberley and seek to find a fortune in the street. It seems that when the diamond mining industry was some years younger than it is to-day there was a vexing scarcity of water in the Kimberley country. So when a miner couldn't get a supply of water to help him in his search he had to do the best he could and hustle around with his tools in the dry earth. He would spade here and there until he struck a lump of earth which held the eagerly sought prize. Then he would abandon the little mound of earth his spade had overturned and seek for diamonds in another place. After a while, several years, in fact, these mounds amounted to a considerable obstruction to travel and further digging. The loose earth was in the way, but no one would volunteer to cart it away. Finally the Kimberley Municipal Council offered to use the dirt in macadamizing the roads around the city, which was branching out and reaching quite respectable proportions. The offer was gladly accepted by the mine owners, and the mounds were cleared away.

Nearly a score of years later there was a drop in the diamond market. The price of the stones fell, and in order to bring about a return of high figures the mine owners decided to restrict the output. This necessitated a big cut in the pay roll, and as a result the Kimberley district was soon overrun with unemployed miners. Then some of the wise men of the land came to the conclusion that they might pick a few overlooked gems from the high road if they could get municipal permission and a plentiful supply of water. They got both, for each year a portion of the road which had been strengthened by the mound dirt was turned over to the men, and they worked on it with astounding results, Diamonds to the value of $200,000 were recovered yearly for several years. From one little piece of road no bigger than the floor of a common drawing room there was taken $100,000 worth of diamonds.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Comparisons are odious when they shadow us.

Poets are born, but the waiter girl is made to order.

A retriever is the most fetching thing in the world.

A bare cupboard always furnishes food for thought.

Borrowed money causes a great deal of near-sightedness.

The telephone girl has an extensive calling acquaintance.

The medicine bottle usually has a bad taste in its mouth.

The path of ambition leads to a great many political graves.

A good many heroes are made of wood pulp and printer's ink.

When a man has nothing to do he always attends to it personally.

It is impossible to convince a spider that there is honey in a rose.

Men need higher moral courage than they do higher foreheads.

The lazier a man is the more he is going to accomplish to-morrow.

The voice of a man popping the question has the true engagement ring.

Lots of men who make witty remarks are too dense to realize the fact.

It is pretty hard for some men to keep their wants down to their incomes.

Some women are jealous of an echo because it always gets the last word.

The ambitious man doesn't worry very much about his gray brain matter.

Indolence often assumes the mask of patience and gathers in her rewards.

This world is a dangerous place to live in; people seldom get out of it alive.

It is the little that a man wants here below that's always the hardest to get.

The grandchild's voice will always be raised in defence of the mother-in-law.

It looks queer, but the best man at a wedding isn't the one who gets married.

Horse racing is a peculiar thing; the majority of the horses in a race are not in it.

As a child the race-goer's horse was a hobby, and as a man his hobby is a horse.

The revolts of intelligence are more dangerous than the insurrections of ignorance.

The man never lived who didn't expect to invent something that would make him rich.

When she says they are engaged and he says they are not it often takes a jury to decide.

A writer says there is a great deal of character in politics—but he doesn't specify the kind.

Solomon was the wisest man in his day, but then, of course, that was long before your time.

No man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but lots of men die with gold in their teeth.

Two fools and two handkerchiefs are the only ingredients necessary to compound a silly flirtation.

It is said the whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest yell of duty.

THE REMEDY AND THE DISEASE.

Mr. Chinn—Have you heard of the new rest cure for nervous prostration? Patient isn't allowed to talk for weeks.

Mrs. Chinn—Huh! I'd just as soon die from prostration as exasperation.

Agricultural

SPECIALTIES IN SHEEP RAISING.

Of the many wealthy tenant farmers of the old country, not a few are found among the ranks of those whose specialty is that of raising high-class rams, to be sold at high figures, to head first-class flocks, writes "Shepherd Boy." Difficulties innumerable ever confront even the best flockmasters and tend to reduce or confine their number to the very few. To-day is a day of rapid progress and improvement, and to hold one's flock to a respectable standard demands no mean skill and attention. Although considerable headway is being made in the improvement of breeds, the improvement is neither so rapid or so readily apparent to-day as it was from year to year a few years since. It would almost seem that the acme of perfection is attained, which I believe is, in part, really true when a few of the best specimens are considered. Very few Englishmen, even with the necessary capital at their command, can secure a flock of the best sheep attainable and make a success of same as a stud flock. This they well know, and their attention, therefore, is directed toward another of the many branches of the sheep industry. Englishmen long ago found out that specialty in the sheep business was what made good sheep and wealthy and happy flockmasters. England is not only the home of high-priced stud flocks, but the home of the best mutton raising flocks of the world. A peep behind the scenes and a study of the specialist and his methods at home may not prove uninteresting to many of my brother shepherds and flockmasters. Excessively high rents render it indispensable that nothing but high-class, intensive farming and first-class stock must be thought of where the farmer has the idea of storing something for a wet day in his mind; and I can assure my readers that some of England's farmers are intensely intensive in the management of their flocks. The quality and weights of their lambs at a year old are almost past credence, even to many who think they are good shepherds. Usually the aftermath, fields not pastured after the hay crop is carried off, is reserved until the ewes have yeaned; this gives both the ewes and offspring a fresh, stimulating bite of grass, which tend to make growth in the lambs, After weaning, the lambs are fed mostly on catch crops, such as rape vetches, comfrey, thousand-headed kale, cabbage, turnips, etc., and in addition receive a liberal allowance of grain, oil cake, specially prepared foods, etc., to force them on to the one hundred pound mark, dressed, at under a year old; many dressing considerably more than the weight named. Instances are known where lambs at eight months old have gone over the one hundred pound mark, dressed. Of course this must be understood to be the exception rather than the rule. I will not startle my readers by giving the number of sheep kept to the acre by these farmers in question, suffice it to say it seems almost incredible that they raise such numbers and of such quality as they sometimes do upon a given acreage. Many farmers are not raisers of mutton, but keep a ewe flock for the production of store lambs, which are bought by graziers, farmers having rich, grassy lowlands which are unsuitable for the keeping of ewe flocks, but which will rapidly fatten sheep or cattle, who themselves never keep anything but dry flocks. Last, but not least, I must draw attention to the early lamb raisers, or flockmasters whose specialty is raising early lambs for the Christmas and Easter markets. Nowhere in England is this business carried on so successfully as in the southern counties. Here some of the best lambs that ever graced the stalls of any butcher are to be found; it not being hard to find lambs at three months old dressing thirty-six to forty pounds of the most beautiful and tasty meat that heart could desire. The breeds used for the production of this toothsome article are the Dorset, Hampshire and Exmoor ews, tupped by rams of their own breed, or crossed with any of the Down rams. The prettiest bunch of lambs ever coming under the notice of the writer were from Dorset ewes tupped by a Southdown ram. Exmoor ewes tupped by a Devon Longwool ram usually produces a beautiful and most desirable class of lambs for the early markets.

UTILIZING FARM MANURES.

It is generally understood that all fertilizing elements must dissolve before they become plant food, writes C. M. Drake. Hence the more thoroughly decomposed they become in the compost heap, the more quickly rains and dews will dissolve them after they are applied to the soil. My plan of caring for farm manures is to make three bins by placing posts 8 ft. apart and siding up with boards. The size of these bins will be determined by the amount of waste to be converted into fertilizer. Board up the first and second bins three feet high. The third bin I make larger than the others, it must hold the entire output of compost until it is distributed.

To prevent waste of the liquid manures by leaching, spread a thick layer of dry muck, peat or marsh sod over the bottom of the bins. This will act as an absorbent. If this is too much trouble put in a layer of coarse grass or straw instead. Bin No. 1 is to receive all fresh manures, night slops from the house, ashes, droppings from poultry houses and pig pens, old shoes, bones and trash of all kinds. Make bin No. 1 a general dumping ground for everything which can possibly be utilized, such as dish water and wash water, unless you have hogs and prefer to give this last to them. See that the stable manure and rubbish is thoroughly mixed in bin No. 1. By thus incorporating all the trash with the stable manure you prevent its heating too rapidly, or burning. Sprinkle lime, or better, sulphate of potash, over all. This will hasten decomposition. Keep all the bins that contain anything covered with straw, earth or coarse grass to prevent the ammonia escaping.

Fork over contents of bin No. 1 a little every three or four days to thoroughly mix coarse with fine and in three or four days after Bin No. 1 is full fork it all over into bin No. 2, then proceed to fill Bin No. 1 again. When Bin No. 1 is full this time, empty bin No. 2 into bin No. 3, and repeat the process with bin No. 1. Every plant that grows in garden or field has a taste for food peculiar to itself. The old shoes, bones and even the dead cat thrown into Bin No. 1 and mixed with the other compost will find its was into the little rootlets of some plant.

While this method does not make a complete fertilizer for any special plant, it makes a most excellent general fertilizer. We are much too apt to think of worn-out articles as dead and worthless matter, when there really is no dead or worthless matter. An article serves as long and well as it can in one form and then disintegrates only to allow the individual particles to come together in some new and often higher form.

FLAVOR IN BUTTER.

It is a pretty generally accepted fact that the flavor in butter is due to bacteria, and it would be better for the butter maker if the fact was more generally accepted as truth. There are of course, exceptions to this rule, as for example, garlic in the spring. Unfortunately that is not due to any sort of bacteria, but to the garlic itself and only itself. We say unfortunately because any flavor that is produced by bacteria may be controlled by the butter maker, and undesirable flavors may be eradicated while desirable flavors may be cultivated.

To the dairyman of forty years ago this would seem like nonsense, but it is as of just as much sense as that clover hay will produce milk. Every one knows that if the churn is not washed after churning time, but left to stand with specks of butter adhering to the sides until next churning time, and then the cream poured into the churn without washing, that the butter will be off flavored. And why this takes place is explained by bacteria. If there were no bacteria we might never wash our churn and bad results follow. But any bit of organic matter left to itself under favorable conditions, soon develops a brood of bacteria that feed on the matter itself, and this is what happens when any utensil is not washed clean and as a result these bactria get into the butter, and away goes the desirable flavor to make room for the undesirable, pretty much as grass will get out of the way to make room for a crop of weeds if the soil is not right.

Now there are two points to be kept in mind regarding bacteria in butter; the first of which is that most bacteria will succumb to a temperature of two hundred and twelve degrees, and the second is that if the undesirable bacteria are all gotten out of the way that the desirable kind will come of their own accord when the cream is left to ripen.

Try and kill the undesirable kind by scalding with boiling water every utensil that is used in either the dairy or milking, and then the desirable kind will come of their own accord.

Dyspepsia Is Soon Cured

By the "magic touch" of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine gently tones the stomach, purifies the blood and puts the whole digestive apparatus in healthy condition. Why should you or your friends suffer the pangs and miseries of dyspepsia when a cure may be effected so easily and so promptly by taking this medicine. No matter what other remedies you have tried. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, absolutely and permanently, when all other preparations fail to do any good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is Canada's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all dealers in medicine. Price $1.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic. All dealers. 25c.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c.

BETTING CRAZE IN ENGLAND.

Salvation Army Organizes a Crusade Against It.

The Salvation Army seems to be entering on a new crusade. An announcement published by Gen. Booth, contains the following:

Public betting is generally looked upon as a vulgar habit, and a deadly sin against God; and that women should fall so low as to become open gamblers, luring, for a little paltry gain, the young and ignorant to their present and everlasting undoing, is horrible to contemplate. Yet so it is; and the vice is spreading, and the army must rush to the rescue. So, my comrades form yourselves into brigades and go, with pitying hearts, on your Christlike errand.

In London, we are told, the women who gamble do so quietly. Barmaids, having such favorable opportunities, are, it is said, among the most assiduous gamblers.

It is in the north of England, however, that the evil is said to be most rampant, women there developing a gambling mania equal in its intensity and evil effects to that of the men.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sunderland, Stockton-on-Tees and Middlesbrough have made a strenuous effort to put the practice down; but it is still flagrant and unblushingly open. Back streets in Newcastle are sown, at no very distant intervals, with book-makers. Walking along, the passer-by hears men accosting others with invitation to "have a bit of so-and-so." Women seem to be their chief customers. * * At Stockton, on the quay, there is a place known among the people as the "Betting Ground." Crowds of women jostle the men and laugh at the police Near by are streets of lodging houses, where most of these women live, spending their time in drinking and discussing "the odds."

Where one woman betted twenty years ago, says the Social Gazette, from which we cull these particulars, ten gamble now.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

City Physician—"I confess Mr. Inland that I cannot tell as yet what is the matter with you. You say you were in good health when you left Inlandville."

Caller (weakly)—"Perfect health, perfect."

"How long have you been in the city?"

"'Bout three days."

"Did you come on specially important business, and have you been troubled by unforeseen difficulties?"

"No. I just come here to see my sister off to Europe; that's all."

"Been frightened in any way?"

"No."

"How have you passed the time?"

"Just walking about quietly looking at the streets and the people."

"Humph! Very strange. Then you hadn't even a commission to execute, no purchases to make?"

"No. I spend my whole time trying to do what my wife said. She told me to watch all the well-dressed ladies and give her a description of the latest fashions."

"Ah! I see. Brain strain."

HIS CONUNDRUM.

Merry Andrew—Can you tell me the difference between a man and a monkey?

Busy Man—How much do you weigh?

Merry Andrew—A hundred and forty-eight pounds.

Busy Man—A hundred and forty-eight? I weigh a hundred and sixty-three. The difference is just fifteen pounds.

FEATS OF MEMORY.

Wonderful Instances of the Development of this Faculty.

Phenomenal memories are rarer perhaps than any other mental phenomena. An uneducated Indian in the employ of a railroad company in Duluth has been known to walk through the freight yards, and, without taking a note of any kind, has been able to tell the name, number and location of every freight car on the tracks up to the number of 85. This, while remarkable, is excelled by the feats of Joseph Justus Scaliger, who was born at Agen on the 4th of August, 1540. He studied Latin under his father, Greek he learned under Turnebus at Paris; and such was his passion for the classics that he committed Homer to memory in 21 days, and read all the Greek poets within four months. He was master of 16 languages, and was reckoned one of the literary herdes of his age, and treated with extraordinary respect at Leyden, where he died at the age of 69. In 1593 he succeeded Lipsius in the chair of literature at Leyden University, which he held till his death on the 21st of January, 1609. The late W. E. Gladstone, who was well known as a great admirer of Homer's works, had a phenomenal memory, and was able at any moment to recite the whole of his 1861 translation of the First Book of Iliad, consisting of 611 lines. A guest once asked him if he could do the same with the translation of his rival, Lord Derby. For reply, he took the volume, which he had not looked at for many years, handed it to his questioner, and commencing at the line, "Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing O muse," stayed not until he had rolled out, with sonorous voice and flashing eye, the whole of the first book, comprising 717 lines, and this, too, without making a single mistake.

MULE DENTISTRY.

An Expert Dentist Operated on Twenty Four Mules a Day.

A Mexican mining company which owns 300 mules keeps a dentist on its staff simply to look after the mules' teeth.

One of Mr. Mule's amiable weaknesses is the habit of bolting his food, which frequently causes dyspepsia or other diseases. This bolting of his food is not caused by a desire to hasten his meal, but because his molars, or back teeth, having more work to perform than his front teeth, wear away in the course of a few years, and become much shorter than the front ones, thus allowing the food to pass into the stomach without being properly masticated. In cases of this kind the incisors, or front teeth, have to be filed down an eighth or a quarter of an inch.

The molars of a mule are three and a half inches in length, while the incisors measure two and a half inches, and judging from his signs of pain, the nerves are as sensitive as those of human beings. An expert dentist operates on 24 mules a day.

The extracting instruments are from two to three feet in length, and the entire case of instruments weighs fully 50 pounds. The teeth of every mine mule are examined and treated, if necessary, once or twice a year.

PAISLEY AMAZED

By the Extraordinary Statement of a Resident.

He Proves the Truth of His Claim—Says Dodd's Kidney Pills Absolutely Cure Diabetes—Gives Facts to Prove His Contention.

Paisley, Jan. 2.—This most extraordinary and startling statement was made in public by one of our most widely known and prosperous men of business to-day:

"I walk about protected from the attacks of Diabetes just as securely as a suit of steel would protect me from the stings of a mosquito."

"What do you mean?" asked one of his friends.

"I mean that I am as safe from the agonies of Diabetes, so long as I use Dodd's Kidney Pills, as I would be from the sting of a mosquito, if I wore garments made of steel."

"That is quite true," put in another gentleman who was standing close by. "Let me prove it to you by telling you of a case that occurred a few doors from my own house, in this town.

"Mr. James Thompson, who is well known to most of us, suffered from an extreme case of Diabetes for several years. He was so ill he could scarcely move. He tried nearly every remedy in the market, without effect. Noticing an advertisement claiming that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes, he began using them. Two boxes made a marked improvement in his condition and, continuing the use of the medicine he was fully restored to health.

"Now, when Dodd's Kidney Pills cured this case, they will cure any other case of Diabetes. I say this in all sincerity.

"If every person who is afflicted with Kidney Disease would use Dodd's Kidney Pills, they would recover health and strength so quickly and completely that they would hardly know themselves."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cost only fifty cents a box, at all drug stores.

COULDN'T SCRATCH.

Little Ruth was looking out of the window at the baker's horse. Mamma, she said, doesn't a horse use two of his legs for hands? Why, no, mamma answered, a horse doesn't need hands as we do. But, mamma, the little girl persisted, I don't see what he does when his nose itches.

NOT CALLED FOR.

Mrs. Flynn—I wint up to give me condolences to Widder Murphy.

Mrs. Googan—An' phat for? Sure, wasn't the good mon insured?

AN EXHIBIT OF GRASSES.

At the Ballsbridge Horse Show samples were shown of grass lands dressed with Alberts' Thomas-Phosphate Powder and that undressed taken from the same field in every case, from the farms of Mr. Flood, of the "Fox & Geese," and Mr. Fergus O'Neill, of Merton, Baldoyle. These samples set forth very strongly the value of the phosphate as a fall top-dress for meadows and pastures. The strong clover growth on the dressed portions was very convincing. It was lengthily reported in "The Farmers' Gazette," of Dublin.

NOTHING IN IT.

Her rosy lips were near to me;
To kiss her were the best of jokes,
And yet, I did not try, for she.
Was just a dummy made for cloaks.

To make Blue Ribbon Tea to perfection.
Have teapot clean & warm—use fresh boiling water—let tea draw about 8 minutes—pour tea off the leaves & serve.
You will then have the most delicious tea.

JUST ONE WORD: THE QUALITY OF LUDELLA Ceylon Tea is unmatchable and always the same.—Lead packages.—25, 40, 50 & 60c.

Wilkins & Co.

Send for Illustrated Price List.

MOUTH ORGAN—Best 25c. We sell a beautiful Celluloid Mouth Organ for 50c. post-paid.
WINTER MITTS, Lined, a splendid, serviceable pair, only 50c. post-paid.
Lance-tooth Saw—The Head Light—only 50c. per foot, EVERY SAW GUARANTEED.
STEEL AXES 50c. EACH.

WILKINS & CO., 166-168 King St. East, - - TORONTO.

WEALTH OF MANITOBA.

A Gratifying Report of Last Year's Agricultural Operations in the Prairie Province.

Bulletin No. 57 of the Manitoba Department of Agriculture has been issued for 1898. It is the final one for this year, and contains information as to the actual yield of various kinds of grain, and the conditions generally existing during the harvest and fall, compiled from returns received from regular correspondents of the department made under date of December 1. The information in all items is satisfactory, and in many cases highly so. The total yield of wheat is 25,313,745 bushels, as compared with 18,261,950 bushels last year, an increase of 7,051,795 bushels. The area sown increased 167,350 acres, and, what is even more gratifying, the average yield jumped from 14.14 to 17.01 bushels per acre. Of oats 17,308,252 bushels have been raised, 6,676,739 in excess of last year; the average yield was 33.6 bushels, compared with 22.7. Barley, flax, rye, peas and potatoes and other roots are in excess of last year. The number of beef cattle exported from the Province this season was 12,525, of which number over 7,500 came from the northwestern part of the Province tributary to the line of the M. & N. W. Railway. There were 9,560 stockers shipped to the Northwest Territories to be fattened, and 20,000 shipped to the United States. The number of hogs shipped to British Columbia by C. P. R. was 5,100. The number received by Winnipeg butchers and packers was 18,000; total, 23,100. Customs returns show that 1,919,784 pounds of pork were imported to Winnipeg from the United States to supply the demand of the markets supplied from Winnipeg.

TO CONSUMPTIVES AND SUFFERERS FROM CATARRH.

If you are troubled with catarrh bronchitis or irritable throat, etc., send for sample bottle of our famous preparation and inhaler post paid. It is neither a snuff nor a wash, nor an ointment, but a pleasant remedy which is carried by atmospheric air to every part of the throat, lungs and nasal passages and guaranteed to be an absolute cure. Address, N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

ARRANGED FOR.

I'd like to know when you are going to pay this bill. I can't call here every day."

"H—m! What day would suit you best to call, then?"

"Saturday."

"Very well; call every Saturday."

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 fifteen years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations 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 blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A BAD GO-BETEWEN.

Claudia could have married that bashful rich man if it hadn't been for his sister.

What did she have to do with it?

Why, she did the courting and she kept changing her mind.

ALBERTS' THOMAS-PHOSPHATE POWDER
W P C 952

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL. Write for special terms during January and February. S. CORRIGAN, 113 Yonge St.

Agents wanted to canvas for our popular Subscription Books, just being introduced into Canada. Write quick. Empire Pub. Co., Toronto.

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BOOKS AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Send for our special list. THE HOWELL BOOK COMPANY. 26-28 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

MINERALS TESTED for gold, etc. Write for prices. MILTON HERSEY, B. A. Sc., 16 St. Sacrament St., Montreal, Que.

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Stammerers—Every stammerer can and will talk if they will come and try. I have spent 40 years' study on this distressing habit. Come and satisfy yourselves. No risk. W. K. BATE, Specialist, 392 College St., Toronto.

SHANNON LETTER and BILL FILES. Prices Complete $1.00. Bd and Ash 50c. THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO., Limited. Toronto and Newmarket, Ont.

Superior To all others. Germ-proof cloth Four Dollars Complete. To be had only from M. ROBERTS, 31 Queen St. E., Toronto. Send stamp for circular and sample of cloth before buying elsewhere.

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Speech Impediments of any nature successfully treated. Consult a qualified practitioner, who was for years a painful stammerer, and has cured many who failed elsewhere. Write to W. J. Arnett, M.D., Berlin, Ont.

IF you have any APPLES, BUTTER, EGGS or POULTRY to ship, ship them to The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

STAMMERERS. Only institution in Canada for the cure of every phase of speech defect. Established in Toronto 1890. Cure guaranteed. CHURCH'S AUTO VOCE INSTITUTE, 9 Pembroke St., Toronto, Canada.

Central Business College, STRATFORD, ONT. Best Commercial School in the Province; enter now; catalogue free. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

ROOFING and Sheet Metal Works. ROOFING SLATE, in Black, Red or Green. SLATE BLACKBOARDS (We supply Public and High Schools, Toronto). Roofing Felt, Pitch, Coal Tar, etc. ROOFING TILE (See New City Buildings, Toronto, done by our firm). Metal Ceilings, Cornices, etc. Estimates furnished for work complete or for materials shipped to any part of the country. Phone 1936 G. DUTHIE & SONS, Adelaide & Widmer Sts., Toronto.

SHORT COURSE IN Prospecting AND MINING. Begins at the SCHOOL of MINING, Kingston, Ont., Jan. 10th, 1899. Instruction in Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Blowpipe Testing, and other field tests. Prospecting, Milling, and Development. For further information apply to THE DIRECTOR, School of Mining, Kingston, Ont.

Dominion Line Steamships. Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool in summer. Large and fast twin screw steamships 'Labrador,' 'Vancouver,' 'Dominion,' 'Scotsman,' 'Yorkshire.' Superior accommodation for First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage passengers. Rates of passage—First Cabin, $60.00; Second Cabin, $35; Steerage $22.50 and upwards according to steamer and berth. For all information apply to Local Agents, or DAVID TORRANCE & Co., Gen'l Agents, 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal.

L. COFFEE & CO., Established 1845. GRAIN AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Rooms 409-12 Board of Trade Building, TORONTO, ONT. THOMAS FLYNN. JOHN L. COFFEE.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS. EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Company. INCORPORATED 1855. Paid-up Capital........$2,600,000. Reserve Fund........1,150,000. Head Office—Toronto St., Toronto. Branch Offices Winnipeg, Man., Vancouver, B.C. DEPOSITS are received at interest, paid or compounded half yearly. DEBENTURES issued in Currency or Sterling with interest coupons attached, payable in Canada or in England. Executors and Trustees are authorized by law to invest in the Debentures of this Company. MONEY ADVANCED on Real Estate security at current rates and on favorable conditions as to repayment. Mortgages and Municipal Debentures purchased. J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director.

HEALTH RESTORED WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXPENSE to the MOST DISORDERED STOMACH, LUNGS, NERVES, LIVER, BLOOD, BLADDER, KIDNEYS, BRAIN and BREATH by DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, which SAVES INVALIDS and CHILDREN, and also Rears successfully Infants whose Ailments and Debility have resisted all other treatments. It digests when all other Food is rejected, saves 50 times its cost in medicine. 50 YEARS' INVARIABLE SUCCESS, 100,000 ANNUAL CURES of Constipation, Flatulency, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Consumption, Diabetes, Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Phlegm, Diarrhœa, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Despondency. DU BARRY and Co. (Limited), 77 Regent-street, London, W., also in Paris, 14 Rue de Castiglione, and at all Grocers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere, in tins 2s., 3s., 6d., 6s., 5lb., 14s. Sent carriage free. Also DU BARRY'S REVALENTA BISCUITS, in tins 3s. 6d. and 6s.

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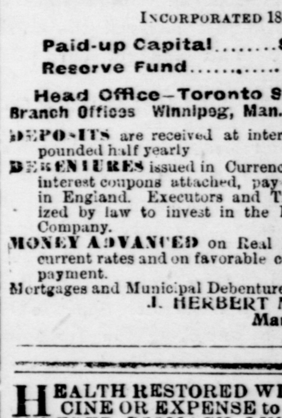

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THE ODORLESS CREMATORY CLOSET.

Hundreds of these closets are now in use. They are Absolutely Odorless. Fire only required once in two weeks. For circular write to The Odorless Crematory Closet Co. HAMILTON, ONT.