OUT OF THE PACIFIC.

A LONE AMERICAN FLAG THAT WAS WILDLY GREETED.

The Naval Officer Tells of a Fourth of July Incident That Thrilled the Patriotic Heart of Every Man on Board His Vessel.

"I don't suppose that the universal display of the stars and stripes nowadays is in any sense likely to erase from the appreciation of true blue Americans the fullest understanding of the meaning, strength and significance of the emblem," said a naval officer. "Rather the universal exhibition of the flag is more likely to bring to the men, women and children of the land a fuller appreciation of the glories of the starry banner. Yet, impressive and inspiring as this brave array of the national colors on most of the beautiful streets of Washington surely is, it does not excite within me quite the same sensation of boundless, irrepressible enthusiasm as that which I once experienced at sea upon the sight of a single American flag. I am fully aware that all of us are more or less savage in our natures, but I cannot recall that I ever experienced such a thrill of savage exultation and exaltation as I did when I clapped eyes upon this lone American flag in the center of the low, laughing Pacific.

"My ship was returning from Japan to the United States five years ago. We had been on the China station for over three years, and most of us, forward as well as aft, were pretty lonesome, as you may fancy, for a sight of this smiling land of ours. We were eight days out from Yokohama, making for Honolulu to coal ship, when we were overtaken by the Fourth of July. All the ships in the American navy, you remember, are dressed with bunting from stem to stern on Independence day, whether the ships are at anchor or at sea, in any quarter of the globe. Our signal quartermaster made an especially beautiful job of ship dressing on this Fourth of July, and, with our 100 foot homeward bound pennant streaming flat with the fresh breeze, I don't doubt that we made a brave and beautiful picture as viewed from a distance, were there only a few ships in the offing to view us. But we seemed to be absolutely alone in mid-Pacific. During the first three or four days of our homeward bound cruise out of Japan we had run across a few ships all flying the British flag, but on this sunshiny Fourth of July morning we seemed to be quite alone on the sea. We were all lolling about the decks somewhat stupidly along about 10 o'clock in the morning, after inspection, talking about where we intended putting in our 'detached' time after the ship went out of commission.

"'A sail!' sang out the boy in the lookout.

"'Whereaway?' shouted the officer of the deck, and you may believe that we were all attention to catch the compass points sung out by the lad aloft.

"The sail was a skys'l, still and tiny as the link in a lady's lorgnette chain, on the outermost verge of the southeastern horizon. Yet all of us aft took the poop for it with our glasses, and the men up for'ard jammed the to'gallant fo'c'sle and strained their eyes for the sail, which was making for us. A sailing ship approaching you at sea from the far horizon seems to make at you in bounds when you yourself are driving for her, and by the time we took a second long look at the approaching ship her huge royals, bellied out by the fresh breeze, shone clear and brilliant in our eyes, reflected by the bright morning sun. But by the time we could make out the royals we had no time for them. Our gaze was focused on the bit of bunting at the main—the stars and stripes of our republic. I think a bit of a chill ran over the spines of all of us when we saw that. It seemed such a beautiful idea, that—the flag bounding slap at us right out of the middle of the Pacific and, of all mornings, on this Fourth of July morning.

"'This is good, this is good,' muttered the old skipper, a trifle hoarsely, and then the hull of the approaching ship danced on the amethyst horizon for us, her code of signals fluttering.

"'The Shenandoah, out of Bath,' shouted the signal quartermaster from the bridge.

"You ought to have heard the men up forward, bless their mischievous, generous souls. They let out a whoop that rang around the circle of indigo sea like a Valhalla shout of victory, and I fear we were a bit undignified aft, for one of the senior watch officers alongside us on the poop deliberately threw his cap to the deck, thrust both of his arms in the air and emitted a series of howls that were calculated to make the voice of our siren seem small by comparison.

"'Does she wave?' he howled. 'Well, does she wave?'

"The Shenandoah, probably queen of all the clippers in the world, bore down upon us with every thread of her canvas set and drawing—as beautiful a picture as any man ever sees in this world. And there, fluttering far above her main skys'l, snapping in the breeze and waving grandly with the dips and leans of the great ship—the flag! It would be hard to describe the feeling we all experienced when the Shenandoah swept by within 100 yards of us, her crew just as much pleased as we were, and she did not wait for us to dip, but just as she swung by us like a princess in the pride of her finery again and again was the banner dipped in reply to our banner dipping at the mizzen, and the clipper's crew ranged along the weather rail, mingled their hoarse shouts with the tremendous cheering of our man-o'-war's men.

"When a man sees the flag of his native land under circumstances like these, the memory of it is going to abide with him."—Washington Star.

There are no mint marks on copper coins and nickels, and collectors pay high for coins bearing a mint mark. The first cents struck for circulation bear the date 1793, and the six varieties sell from $2.50 to $6.25 apiece.

Racing pigeons is Belgium's national pastime.

THE SIMPLON TUNNEL.

When Completed It Will be the Longest in the World.

On November 13, 1898, work was begun on the Simplon Tunnel. The contract calls for its completion in five and one-half years, and the price to be paid is 69,500,000 francs, ($13,413,500.) It will have a length of 12.4 miles, and will be the longest tunnel in the world. When completed it will be the third one connecting Italy with outlying countries by direct rail, and will accomplish a saving of 43.5 miles, or from 7 to 8 per cent on travel from Paris to Milan, as compared with the Mount Cenis or St. Gothard tunnels. The Mount Cenis tunnel has a length of eight miles and the St. Gothard a length of three miles.

The Simplon tunnel begins in Switzerland, near the little town of Brig, in the valley of the Rhone, Canton Wallis, and ends in the valley of the Diveria, on the Italian side near Isella It will be perfectly straight, except for a small curve at the ingress and egress.

THE BLACK CAT FAD.

The latest idea in the way of a porte-bonheur is to carry a tiny puss of wondrous goldsmith's work swinging as a pendant from the end of your lorgnette chain. The cat is made of black enamel upon metal. Its eyes have a metallic green gleam. Are they not tiny catseyes? The sapient puss wears a collar of brilliants set close about her furry neck. This, it seems, is the very "latest."

GLOVE TRADE OF FRANCE.

France makes nearly 26,000,000 pairs of gloves yearly, and of these 18,000,000 pairs are exported.

ALL HAD GLASSES.

In the Chino-Japanese War all the Japanese soldiers were supplied with binocular glasses.

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

It was six o'clock before Gerald Dorman presented himself in the character of an invited guest in the drawing-room. He looked with some curiosity for Miss Neslie's entrance. How would she receive the coming interloper, the young wife who was in great measure to wrest her kingdom from her.

She came in soon afterward; and though he had seen her often in the brilliancy of evening toilet he was startled. She looked older, more dignified; more stately; she looked far more like the wife of the master of the house than his daughter. It was such a strange toilet, too—all black, with gleaming diamonds throwing out the loveliest of lights—a dress of rich black lace; the perfect curves of her shoulders and arms were shown to perfection, the white neck looked the fairer for the contrast. A diamond star shone in the coils of silken hair; a diamond cross glittered on the white breast. She had evidently chosen a toilet that would add to her age and dignity; she had tried to look older instead of younger and she had succeeded. The lovely Southern face had lost none of it color; the dainty rose-leaf flush was on her cheeks, the rich crimson on her lips. He had looked on many fair women, but none so fair as this daughter of the Neslies.

She did not speak when she entered the room; she looked at him with calm, graceful indifference—it was not often that she seemed to take any special interest in the young secretary. He rose with a grave, ceremonious bow; she took up a book and sat down by the open window.

"How proud she is!" he thought. "I am less to her than the ground beneath her feet, than the leaves on the trees—less than the faded flowers she throws away—yet I——Dear Heaven, I dare not think how I love her—I dare scarcely say it even to myself!"

He watched her as she sat there; the white jeweled hands that turned the pages of her book so listlessly never trembled, the color never varied on her face, even when the sound of the carriage wheels was heard, and Gerald Dorman rose with an agitated face, saying—

"They are here, Miss Neslie."

"They are earlier than I expected," was the calm reply.

She did not lay her book down or make any sign of disturbing herself. Gerald trembled with excitement and agitation.

"Miss Neslie, are you not going down in the hall? Sir Arthur will expect it, I——"

"Pray, do not trouble yourself, Mr Dorman; I am not going down into the hall. You can, of course, please yourself."

He went—more to save her than gratify himself—and he owned that it was a sight well worth seeing—the grand entrance hall, with its mosaic pavement, its great stands of flowers and orange trees, the wealth of antiquities that decorated the walls, the long line of domestics, all standing to welcome the bride. He saw Sir Arthur, tall and stately, with a pleased, bright expression on his face, leading by the hand a lady whose features he could not see, for she wore a vail; but her figure was the very perfection of grace. Sir Arthur held her hand in his, and in a few well-chosen words introduced her to his dependents as their future mistress, Lady Neslie. Then, seeing Gerald, he held out his hand, with a frank, kindly smile.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Dorman. We have had quite a royal reception, such a welcome home as we shall never forget. I have been quite touched by it. Where is Miss Neslie?"

There was a moment of blank silence—of silence inexpressibly painful—and every one felt it to be so. Where was she who had always hurried to meet him, who had been wont to fling her arms round his neck, regardless of who was present, and give him such a rapturous welcome home? Sir Arthur looked around, but the fair face of his daughter was not there. Gerald hastened to reply:

"Miss Neslie is in the drawing-room Sir Arthur; she awaits you there."

He saw a sudden darkening of the baronet's face, but just then a sweet, lingering voice, said—

"How charming, Arthur! Are all English mansions like this?"

The voice was sweet and clear, the accent pretty and piquant after the fashion of French ladies who speak English well. It seemed to have a magical charm for Sir Arthur; his face cleared and his eyes brightened.

"No, Valerie," he replied; "there are few houses, even in England, like this.'"

Then Lady Neslie spoke to Mrs. Spenser, to the butler, and one or two of the head servants. Sir Arthur, turning to her, said—

"We will go to the drawing-room, Valerie—Miss Neslie is there. Come with us, Mr. Dorman."

It seemed to Gerald that the master of the Abbey was, after all, in no hurry to meet his child. He seemed to linger by the way, pointing out a rare picture or statue to his wife, Gerald began to suspect that the proud baronet felt some little trepidation at the thought of meeting his still proud daughter. They passed through the magnificent suit of rooms the stranger's sweet voice sounding like the cooing of a dove; yet, sweet as it was, Gerald feared that there was something insincere in the ring of it.

When they reached the drawing-room, Vivien was still sitting where he had left her; but when they entered she rose with a stately grace all her own. Sir Arthur released his wife's hand and went up to his daughter. She stood before him, tall, dark, dignified, with all the pride of her race flashing in her dark eyes.

"My dear Vivien," said Sir Arthur, "how well you are looking. Have you no word for me?"

She did not clasp her arms round his neck, after the old, impulsive fashion, nor did she raise her beautiful face to kiss him; and Sir Arthur felt that it was the beginning of hostilities. She held out her hand to him.

"Welcome home, papa," she said, briefly.

"Thank you, Vivien. And now, my darling, I want you to welcome some one else—I want you to welcome my beloved wife.'"

If it had been to save her life, Vivien could not have smiled, could not have uttered a kindly word. She made a stiff, formal courtesy, and there was a moment of painful silence. Again Gerald saw the baronet's face darkening—again the soft, cooing voice seemed to break the spell. Sir Arthur's wife held out her hand to Sir Arthur's daughter.

"The greatest pleasure I had in coming to Lancewood was the hope that you would love me."

"You are very good," said Vivien, coldly.

"Good—nay," opposed the sweet voice, "I do not know that I am good. Ah, that is an English idiom! They are hard to understand. If wishing for love makes one good, then am I good."

A smile, almost of contempt, curled Vivien's lips, as she saw her father looking with rapt devotion at his new wife.

"As though words meant anything!" thought Miss Neslie. "Hers are sweet enough, but the very sound of her voice is false."

Sir Arthur turned to his daughter. "I venture to promise for you, Vivien, that you will soon love Lady Neslie—no one can help it. Valerie, you will like to go to your apartments. Perhaps, Vivien, you——"

"Has Lady Neslie a maid?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes," replied Sir Arthur.

"Then she had better go with her. I will speak to you, papa."

CHAPTER IV.

Lady Naslie left the drawing-room, and, with her maid and the housekeeper, soon found herself in the magnificent rooms appointed for her. She listened to Mrs. Spenser's explanations, and then courteously dismissed her.

"This is very good, Marie," she said to her maid, when they were alone. "I never thought to find Lancewood so grand. It is a palace; I have seen nothing like it."

"It is none too good for miladi," observed the girl; "and I wish you, miladi, years of happiness in it."

"I shall be happy enough," said the bride; "plenty of money always makes one happy. Marie, find me the prettiest dress I have. This young lady, Sir Arthur's daughter, is stately and beautiful as a princess; I feel quite plain and insignificant by her side. Find me something very nice, that I may surpass her."

"She cannot be more beautiful than miladi," declared the girl flatteringly.

"Yes, she is. You do not understand. She has the face of a princess; she has the manner of a princess; she speaks like one. Find me my prettiest dress and my rarest jewels. She shall not surpass me."

"But, miladi, is it good taste—jewels and a courtly costume for this dinner en famille? I think not. My late mistress, the Duchess of Fitzburgh, never made a very elaborate toilet for dinner with her own family."

"Of course you know best," said Lady Neslie, impatiently. "I wish there had never been a Duchess of Fitzburgh; she is always being quoted against me. Have your own way, Marie."

"No, miladi—your way, not mine. If your ladyship will trust to me, your toilet shall be such as Sir Arthur's daughter cannot help admiring."

There was a strange familiarity between "miladi" and her maid when they were together alone. When Lady Neslie was impatient, Marie gave her plenty of sound advice, always quoting, as a last resort, the Duchess of Fitzburgh. Left to herself, Lady Neslie would have chosen some elaborate costume; she would have decked herself with costly jewels. Marie's good taste prevailed. The young wife wore a dress of plain white silk, trimmed with silver net, a few beautiful pearls in her hair, and a necklace of pearls round her throat. It was pretty and bride-like. Lady Neslie owned that nothing could be better.

"I shall have to dress well and use all my powers of pleasing," she said to herself; "for Miss Neslie does not like me, I am sure. I have won Sir Arthur—now I must try to win her."

If she had seen Vivien just then, she would have despaired of ever winning her. Mr. Dorman had, much to the baronet's discomfiture, quitted the room. He had hoped to avoid all private conversation with his daughter, but her strong will prevailed—they were left alone. Then Vivien went up to him and clasped her arms round his neck.

"Welcome home, papa! I could not kiss you before, with that stranger here. Oh, papa, why have you brought her? Why have you married her? Was not I enough for you? Why did you bring her here—a girl—only a girl? Why did you marry her?"

Sir Arthur looked very uncomfortable. It was not the pleasantest position in the world. He tried to make the best of it. He threw his arms round her and drew her nearer to him.

"You ask why I married her. The reason will perhaps not seem sufficient to my proud Vivien. It was because I loved her."

"You had me to love," she interrupted, quickly.

"True, and I love you now; but that did not prevent my loving Valerie. Wait until you know her."

"It will make no difference ,papa. You cannot expect me to love a girl whom you have put in my mother's place. Have you forgotten my mother that you bring this stranger here?"

"No, I have not forgotten your mother, Vivien; but a man cannot always keep his heart buried in a grave. I have mourned truly enough for her. You ought rather to be pleased that I have found some one to brighten my life.'

"I brightened your life," she said, with jealous pain. "Oh, papa, you were all the world to me! No one will love you as I did. I had no thought but you; and now you have brought a stranger to stand between us. How could you?"

Tears rose to the dark, beautiful eyes.

"I loved you so much, dear," she repeated. "How could you bring her here?"

He was more troubled than he cared to own—his voice trembled, his hands shook.

"Come, Vivien, you disappoint me. I thought you would have been more generous—I thought you would welcome my wife."

"Our happy life is all over," she said. "You may think you will love me as much, but it will never be the same again, papa—never again. She will be between us. You will love your wife better than your daughter—you will study her, not me—you will think of her—consult her wishes, not mine; she will be mistress here, not I."

"Yes, that is true, Vivien; she is my wife, and she must be mistress. I am glad you have the good sense to recognize that."

"Your very kindness in the years gone past has been an injury to me," said Vivien. "You made me mistress of your house when I was but a child—the habit of rule has grown with me—and now, you ask me to give up the authority of years to a girl not older than myself. It is not just, papa."

"I never thought of marrying again, Vivien—nothing was ever farther from my thoughts."

"Then why did you marry, papa?" she asked, reproachfully.

"Well, you see, my dear, I really could not help it. I fell in love with Valerie, that's the plain truth—nothing more nor less. I was happy with her, unhappy when away from her. So I determined to try to be always happy. I asked her to marry me, and she consented. Now that it is done, Vivien, try to make all things pleasant—try to love her."

"I suppose I must tolerate her," said Miss Neslie. "As for loving her, a pretty face would never bewitch me. I shall never love her, if only because she has taken my mother's place."

"That is not a fair view of the matter," observed Sir Arthur. "Remember, Vivien, she has taken a vacant place. Your mother's, alas! is empty!"

"I know it, and, papa, I cannot love the one who would fill it. Do not think me wicked. I am jealous for my mother—my darling mother. Every kind word you give this stranger, every kind look, will seem an insult to my mother's memory. My mother loved you so—and do you remember how often you have told me that when she lay dying she asked you never to marry again? What are men like that they can love twice and marry twice?"

Her passionate words startled him.

"Hush, Vivien!" he said. "It is all too late. I—I did not think of these things, my dear. Show your love for me by being kind to my wife."

"I will show my love for my mother by preventing any one from ever taking her place," was the abrupt reply.

"Vivien, try to like my wife. She is young—try to make her happy. Ah, there is the first dinner-bell," continued Sir Arthur, thankful for the interruption, "and I am not dressed! You will try to amuse Valerie, will you not, when she comes down? I may as well say, while we are on the subject, that, as she is so young, it would be absurd for you to call her anything except Valerie."

She laughed scornfully.

"Did you ever imagine, papa, that I should call that girl mamma?"

His face flushed hotly at the contempt in her voice, but he made no answer; and the next moment Vivien was alone—alone with her impotent wrath, her wounded love, her heartache—alone with sorrow that tore her breast, with pride that burned the soul within her. She clenched her white fingers as she stood there.

"He loves her already," she said, "a thousand times better than me."

Then the bell rang, and Mr. Dorman entered. He looked surprised at finding her alone; he looked at the beautiful face and flashing eyes.

"I should not have liked to be in Sir Arthur's place," he thought to himself. He made some commonplace remark, but she did not hear it; and then the door opened again, and what seemed to them a vision of light and loveliness entered—a fair bright girl with laughing eyes and a beautiful mouth, a girl with golden-brown hair and a lovely face, teeth that gleamed like little pearls between scarlet lips, a light girlish figure with trailing white robes and pearls in her hair. She went up to Vivien and looked laughingly into her face.

"I must not call you Miss Neslie," she said—"that has a formal sound. Sir Arthur was always talking of 'Vivien.' Will you let me call you 'Vivien'? I have learned to know you by that name."

Miss Neslie had recoiled suddenly as Lady Neslie approached her; and now the two stood face to face, the young secretary intently watching the scene. He thought to himself that it was like the first act of a tragedy—Vivien tall, dark, stately, the diamonds gleaming in her black dress; Valerie fair, graceful, slender, with her white dress and laughing face.

"Shall I call you 'Vivien?'" she asked, not at all dismayed by Miss Neslie's hauteur.

"I leave it entirely to you,'" Vivien replied. With all her burning jealousy and angry disdain, her outraged pride and love, she could not quite forget her good breeding.

"I told Sir Arthur very often that I was quite sure I should be dreadfully jealous of his charming Vivien," continued Lady Neslie, "and now I see quite enough to make me so."

The grave bow that was her only answer did not daunt her.

"You look very grave, Vivien—see, I avail myself of your permission. Gravity seems to be the pervading characteristic of the English. In France every one smiles, looks pleased, interested, happy; here the people are all melancholy, serious, grave. I must teach you to laugh, Vivien."

"She is positively audacious," thought Gerald to himself, and then he came to the rescue. He drew near to Lady Neslie with a photograph of the Abbey in his hand. While he was showing it to her, Vivien walked away to the other end of the room. Lady Neslie looked after her with a peculiar smile, and then she turned to the secretary.

"Do you know how to laugh, Mr. Dorman, or do you require lessons in that charming art?"

"When you have been with us a little longer, Lady Neslie, you will find that the English laugh quite as heartily in England as the French do in France."

"There is one thing that will puzzle me in England," said her ladyship, with a smile, that showed all her pretty teeth.

"What is that?" asked Gerald.

"I shall hardly be able to tell the difference between marble statues and living women if they are all like Miss Neslie."

And for that one speech more than for anything else Gerald Dorman disliked and mistrusted her.

(To be continued.)

BAMBOOZLED.

What I like about Christmas, is, it gives you a chance to keep up the glorious old custom of drinking. Give me plenty of booze, I say, was Uncle Newbury's remark.

I do not care for intoxicants myself, said Parson Fielding, who was with us that night.

All booze isn't an intoxicant though, said Walter Whiston, our champion funny man.

Oh, yes it is! said Uncle Newbury.

I'll bet you it isn't! said Walter.

Here's a fiver if you prove it.

Well, I can!

Go on—what booze isn't an intoxifier?

Why, bamboos, to be sure!

And Uncle Newbury was—dare we say it?—bamboozled out of five of the best.

WORSE STILL.

Mistress. You're a good, truthful, trustworthy girl, Jane. And so the master wanted to kiss you, did he?

Jane. Yes'm. An' when I says, "Lor', sir," "I ain't good-lookin' enough," he says, "Why, Jane, you're a reg'lar Venus alongside the missus!"

Pale and Languid.

THE CONDITION OF VERY MANY YOUNG GIRLS IN CANADA.

They are Subject to Headaches, Heart Trouble, and an Indisposition to Exertion—Parents Should Act Promptly in Such Cases.

Miss Alma Gauthier, daughter of Mr. Adelard Gauthier, proprietor of a well known hotel at Three Rivers, Que., enjoys a wide popularity among her young friends, and they have recently had occasion to rejoice at her restoration to health after a serious illness. When a reporter called to ascertain the facts of the case Miss Gauthier was out of the city on a visit, but her father very gladly consented to give the story of her cure. He said:—"I believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my daughter Alma might now have been in her grave, and I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not at all times say a kind word in favor of the medicine that restored her to health. My daughter's health first began to give way several years ago. At first the trouble did not appear to be serious; and we thought she would soon regain her accustomed health. As the time went on, however, this proved not to be the case. She grew weaker, was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, dizziness and a feeling of almost constant languor. She was treated by a good doctor, but still there was no improvement. She seemed to be gradually fading away. If she walked up stairs she would have to stop several times to rest on the way. She lost all her color and her face was as white almost as chalk. Her trouble was clearly that which afflicts so many young women entering womanhood, and we feared it would develop into consumption. One day a friend of the family urged her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she consented, and procured a couple of boxes. Before they were quite gone there was a slight improvement in her appetite and we looked upon this as a hopeful sign. Another half dozen boxes were procured, and under their use she day by day acquired new strength and new interest in life. She is now as healthy a girl as there is in Three Rivers, with every trace of her pallor and langour gone. This is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am rejoiced to be able to say so publicly."

The case of Miss Gauthier certainly carries with it a lesson to other parents, whose daughters may be pale, languid, easily tired, or subject to headaches, or the other distressing symptoms that mark the onward progress of anaemia. In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act promptly and directly, making new, rich red blood, and strengthen the nerves, and correct all the irregularities incident to this critical period.

Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

HAVE YOU TASTED

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA?

It's far more delicious than Japan. Sold only in Lead Packets.

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR.

Elaborate Ceremonies Which Hedge About His Office.

The office of Lord Mayor is hedged about with the most elaborate formalities. He has gowns of scarlet, violet, and black for various occasions, and a train bearer. The Lady Mayoress is attended by maids of honor; her train is borne by pages, in costume. In the city his lordship takes precedence immediately after the Sovereign. When her Majesty visits the city the Lord Mayor meets her at Temple Bar and hands to her the sword of State, which she returns to him. This quaint feudal ceremony was strictly observed at the jubilee of 1897. His lordship had the choice of four swords—the sword of State, for supreme occasions; the Pearl sword, for ceremonial functions, and the Black sword, borne on the death of a member of the Royal family, and when attending funeral services. The fourth sword is hung above the Lord Mayor's chair, at the Central Criminal Court. There are other emblems of office; the diamond sceptre, the seal, the purse, the mace. They play an important part at the swearing-in of the Lord Mayor-elect. The City Chamberlain, with three obeisances, presents the sceptre to the retiring Lord Mayor. He in his turn delivers it to his successor, who lays it on the table in front of him. The Chamberlain retires with three more reverences, to return with the seal—and

THREE REVERENCES MORE.

The purse is similarly presented. Further genuflexions follow from the sword-bearer, who renders up the sword; the mace-bearer also resigns his mace. The ex-Lord Mayor then surrenders his key of the coffer, in which the seal is kept. There are three keys; of the other two, one is kept by the Chamberlain, the second by the chairman of the Lands Committee. To unlock the coffer all three must be produced. Though this complex ceremony may seem sadly belated, it has great historic effect. It implies the sovereign power and authority, in ancient times, of the chief magistrate of the city. The sceptre, sword, and mace are emblems of royalty. The Lord Mayor was a merchant prince in fact as well as by name. He is still, by virtue of his office, Admiral of the port of London—a delightfully Gilbertian appointment—gauger of wine and oil, and other gaugable articles; metre of coals, grain, salt and fruit, and inspector of butter, hops, soap, cheese, and other articles coming into the port of London. Needless to say, these duties are performed by deputy. He is, to mention, but one or two more of his dignities, a governor of four hospitals, a trustee of St. Paul's Cathedral, and a magistrate "in several places." Perhaps his most curious office, next to that of Admiral of the port, is that of coroner. Here, again, the function is only nominally his. No troops may pass through the city without the Lord Mayor's consent. The password of the Tower is sent to him. He is entitled to enter at any hour, day, or night.

WOMEN SMOKERS.

The restaurants where there is no restriction on women smoking include nearly all the most expensive and fashionable. The restaurants where the lady smoker is tabooed are, I should say, mostly those where the great British middle class treats its wives and daughters to a table d'hote at five shillings, or, it may be, three and sixpence a head. There are, again, restaurants innumerable, not expensive and a trifle Bohemian, where the ladies smoke as much as the men. The female smoker appears to flourish chiefly at the top and bottom of society. In the intermediate ranks she is looked on with suspicion.

A DIABETES CURE.

Michael Hallern, of St. Thomas, Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered With Diabetes and Backache for Over a Year—Was Advised to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills—"Saved From His Grave."

St. Thomas, Feb. 19.—Nowhere in Ontario are Dodd's Kidney Pills more highly valued than in the neighborhood of St. Thomas. They are famous for having first given sufferers from Bright's Disease and Diabetes a road to safety, for previous to the discovery of Dodd's Kidney Pills these diseases were invariably fatal.

Michael Hallern, a farmer living near St. Thomas, is one of those who fully appreciate the worth of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He has good reason to. He was cured of Diabetes by their use. He admits that but for Dodd's Kidney Pills he would be in his grave to-day.

Diabetes is a local disease of the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills are therefore the only medicine off the slightest use in the treatment of this disease. The kidneys are the only organs affected, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine that can reach the kidneys with any beneficial effect.

There are moreover a number of other diseases which are caused by disorder of the kidneys and Dodd's Kidney Pills by curing the kidney disorder removes the cause of these other troubles. Thus it is that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only radical and permanent cure for Dropsy, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, Female Disorders and unhealthy condition of the blood.

As for Diabetes the statement signed by Mr. Mishael Hallern, of St. Thomas, and witnessed by Mr. E. E. Ostrander, of Dutton, will prove that the claims made for Dodd's Kidney Pills are absolutely true. The statement reads:—

"I have been troubled for one year with Diabetes. My back was in the worst kind of pain all the time. My urine was very dark and my condition was getting very serious. A friend of mine told me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have now used one box and am already completely cured. My urine is at its natural color and my back is as strong as a board. I cannot praise Dodd's Kidney Pills too highly for I am certain they have saved me from the grave."

SAFE FOR ONCE.

Curate. Oh, my friend! this constant drinking will surely tell on you.

Inebriate, cheerfully. Yes, ole man, it tellsh on me sometimesh! But—hic—I'm qui' safe to-night—missish is away!

GUILT AND WOMEN.

Statistics show that man bears false witness 100 times, to a woman's 17; man for forgery and counterfeit coining was convicted 100 times to a woman's 11; in France women are summoned before the tribunals four times less than men. Taking the whole of Europe, women are five times less guilty than men.

A SHORT SERMON.

A PROMINENT AMERICAN DIVINE ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

Toronto, Dec. 30th.—The following paragraphs contain truths as vital as any clergyman ever uttered, and they should receive the earnest attention of all who read them.

Thousand Island Park, July 22, 1899. The Arnold Chemical Co.

Dear Sirs,—At the beginning of this month my constitution was so much run down that I had to get leave of absence from my congregation for four months. I left New York on the 10th inst., and while in Toronto I saw Dr. Arnold's English Pills advertised in the News and bought a box of them. When I commenced taking them my condition was such that I could not sleep and my appetite was very poor, but before I had finished the box I could sleep well and enjoy a good meal, and now I feel like a new man. In the first place I feel indebted to the Toronto News for putting me on the right track, and in the second place I think Dr. Arnold's English Pills the best medicine I ever took.

Enclosed please find two dollars for which you will please send me three boxes of your pills to the address below,

Yours most respectfully,
J. C. GLASS,

Rev J. C. Glass, D.D.
Thousand Island Park.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, the only remedy that cures disease by killing the germs that cause it, are sold by all druggists at 75c. box; sample size, 25c., or sent post-paid on receipt of price, by the Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada Life Building, 42 King street west, Toronto.

A WELL-KNOWN FACT.

You seem to have a large number of flags of truce, said the visitor to the camp.

Yes, replied the Boer commander. We find them of great strategical value.

A SISTER SAVED.

Sickness Banished—Health Restored

Gentlemen,—Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done my sister so much good that in grateful appreciation I told Mr. Tully, the druggist, I would gladly give a testimonial unsolicited, as to their merits. My sister, 15 years of age, caught a violent cold—since then she has been in very poor health, lost all colour was anemic, her blood had no vitality, and she had no physical strength, she became extremely nervous, so much so that she could not stand any exertion or excitement, and it was impossible for her to get restful sleep, she lost her appetite, her heart became very weak, palpitating so violently that she could hardly breathe at the slightest exertion. When she commenced taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills two months ago she was in a state of complete physical and nervous prostration. Her blood was scanty with no more strength than water. Since taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills she has been rapidly mending, her appetite has returned, she sleeps well her nerves are stronger, and her heart gained strength so that it is able to fulfill its functions. Prior to taking Dr. Ward's Pills she had taken many medicines without any special benefit. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are certainly the only medicine that has done any good. Before taking them she was getting weaker, her heart and nerves losing strength daily. Since she had began taking them she has daily and continuously gained health and strength.

CLARA ELLIOTT,
30 College street,
Peterborough, Ont.

A "GALLOPING HOSPITAL."

A doctor with cavalry experience has invented a patent galloping hospital, drawn by two horses, and capable of accommodating six wounded.

Cannot Recommend it Highly Enough

Miss Ethel Hildman, of West Lake, Ont., says: "I am pleased to say that Catarrhozone has given me the best of satisfaction. No other remedy has been able to do as much for me as Catarrhozone has done. It has cured a hacking cough—the result of pneumonia and I feel I cannot say too much in its praise. It is everything you guarantee it to be." Catarrh-o-zone is warranted to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and irritable throat. Sold everywhere. Trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

The city of New York annually pays £10 in gold in one sum to every blind person who has been resident a year in the metropolis and who has not been an occupant of a city institution during that time.

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

A REFUSAL.

She—You are a conundrum.
He—Indeed!
She—Yes; and I'm going to give you up.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work; in idleness alone is perpetual despair. Labor is life; work is worship.

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

Red hats were first worn by cardinals in the year 1245.

Blemishes OF THE SKIN AND Complexion TREATMENT.
Send one cent stamp for circular. W. J. URQUHART Analytical Chemist, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.

The dearest material for curtains is English woven silk which may cost up to £6 a yard.

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.

ONE DRAWBACK.

Bobbs—Wish I could live as long as Methuselah did.

Dobbs—Oh, I don't know. Think of having to go through nine of these end of the century discussions.

Notwithstanding the great advance in price of Ceylon Tea, Blue Ribbon is sold at old figures and good judges say the quality is better than ever.

This is an age of improvement. What was best yesterday is only a poor second to-day.

LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA
is a product of to-day.
LEAD PACKAGES. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c

Rheumatism NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MUSCULAR, INFLAMMATORY, GOUT, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATIC PARALYSIS, ASTHMA
Our Method is sure and has cured thousands—some pronounced incurable. Write at once. Booklet and Proof on request. Address
The SWISS-AMERICAN CO., Windsor, Ont., Canada
Cured

TRANSVAAL IN PARIS.

A Boer farm and homestead is, it is said, to be one of the features of the Paris Exhibition. In this form will be exhibited the chief wild animals of the Transvaal. The means of transportation in the country are also to be illustrated.

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.

The Scottish Highlander's dress as worn at the present time is sometimes very expensive. The uniforms worn by officers of several Highland regiments cost £200 each. That of the Prince of Wales cost £375.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is a nior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.
SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In time of peace General Joubert, the Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal forces, reads French novels during the intervals of military work, sometimes composes French verses, and enjoys spending an evening chatting with his comrades.

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."

Last spring a large number of Scottish girls emigrated to Manitoba, and within six months two-thirds of them were married.

W P C 1012

CALVERT'S
Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevent infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER - ENGLAND.

"BEAVER BRAND" Mackintosh never