PALE YOUNG GIRLS.

HOW THEY MAY GAIN BRIGHT EYES AND ROSY CHEEKS.

The Story of a Young Girl Who Suffered from Headaches, Dizziness and Fainting Spells—Her Health Became so Bad That She Was Forced to Give up School.

Miss Catherine McLellan is a young lady well known in Charlottetown, P.E.I., and greatly esteemed among her acquaintances. Like so many other young people throughout the land, Miss McLellan fell a victim to anaemia, or poorness of blood, and although several medicines were tried, she found nothing to help her until she began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Miss McLellan tells the story of her illness, as follows :—"I am now eighteen years of age, and for a considerable time suffered much from anaemia. My blood had almost turned to water, and I was very weak and pale ; in fact could not undergo the least exertion. My appetite failed me ; I suffered from headaches ; if I stopped I would become dizzy, and frequently I suffered from fainting spells. I tried several kinds of medicine and doctors prescribed for me, but instead of getting better I was gradually growing weaker, and eventually had to discontinue going to school. About this time I read the testimonial of a girl whose condition was similar to mine, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I then decided to try these pills and have every reason to be gratified that I did so, as they have completely restored my health. Every one of the symptoms that had made my life so miserable have disappeared, and I am now enjoying as good health as any girl of my age could wish, and I shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Miss McLellan further stated that while she was not desirous of publicity in matters of this kind, she nevertheless felt that her experience, if known might be the means of bringing health to some other sufferer, and it is this very praiseworthy motive that has induced her to give the above statement for publication.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and give tone to the nerves. It is because of this that they bring bright eyes, rosy cheeks and light footsteps to girls who have been weary, pale and listless and had begun to feel that life was a burden. Pale and anaemic girls everywhere should give these pills a fair trial, as they are certain to restore health and strength. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MONUMENTS TO ANIMALS.

Horses and Dogs Have Them Erected to Their Memory.

After their conflict with China a few years ago the Japanese erected a monument to the memory of the horses killed in battle. The Duke of Wellington built one at Strathfieldsaye, where his famous charger Copenhagen died.

The height of Farley Mount, not far from Winchester, is crowned with an obelisk erected to a horse buried there. The name of the animal was Beware Chalk-Pit, this cognomen having been bestowed on account of the fact that the horse during a hunt jumped into a chalk-pit 20ft. deep, with its master on its back. The obelisk is a landmark for many miles around.

The mention of this horse as a hunter recalls the fact that at Sandiway, in Cheshire, there is a monument to another animal of the chase.—a foxhound. Bluecap was his name, and its exploits were the theme of songs which are not yet forgotten, though 120 years have passed since the hound died. The obelisk was erected by the late Hon. A. H. Smith-Barry.

At Edinburgh is a statue of Grey Friars Bobby, a dog which knew Sundays from week-days. Every night for thirteen years that dog slept on his masters grave in Grey Friars' Churchyard, being provided with a dinner each day, except Sundays, by the proprietor of a neighboring restaurant. The wonderful part of the story is that Bobby every week saved part of his Friday's and Saturday's dinner for his Sabbath meal. Baroness Burdett-Coutts raised the statue and the marble fountain on which it stands in 1872.

There are other monuments to famous dogs. One of the most interesting is that in the grounds of Newstead Abbey to Lord Byron's Boatswain. It bears the following inscription: "Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is a just tribute to the memory of Boatswain."

FRAIL LITTLE ONES.

Their Hold Upon Life is Slight, and Mothers Have a Great Responsibility.

Every baby—every little one—requires constant care and watchfulness, and when a trace of illness is noticeable, the remedy should be promptly applied. The little ones are frail. Their hold upon life is slight. The slightest symptom of trouble should be met by the proper corrective medicine. Baby's Own Tablets have a record surpassing all other medicines for the cure of children's ailments. They are purely vegetable and guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous drugs such as form the base of most so-called "soothing" medicines. For sour stomach, colic, simple fever, constipation, all bowel troubles, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, sleeplessness and similar symptoms, these Tablets are without an equal. They act directly upon the organs which cause the troubles, and gently but effectively remove the cause and bring back the condition of perfect, hearty health. Every mother who has used these Tablets for her little ones praises them, which is the best evidence of their great worth. Mrs. David Duffield, Ponsonby, Ont., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are a wonderful medicine. I think they saved my baby's life, and I gratefully recommend them to all mothers." Ask your druggist for Baby's Own Tablets. If he does not keep them, send 25 cents direct to us and we will forward a box prepaid. We have a valuable little booklet on the care of children and how to treat their minor ailments, which we will send free of charge to any mother who asks for it. The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AS TO HER KNOWLEDGE.

She—"Well, do those biscuits suit your majesty?"

He—"Er—not exactly; it seems to me there's a little too much—"

She (crossly)—"There I just knew you'd have some fault to find. O! I know you like a book."

He—"Like a cookbook, my dear?"

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

Allowing that Caryl Wilton was fated to tumble down the Titan's Shield, and sprain his ankle and nearly fracture his skull, Fate was at least kind in having him taken to such comfortable quarters and to fall into the hands of two such nurses.

The doctor, who knew Dame Chester of old, said time and again that if anybody could pull him through, that person was the good old dame, and aided by Mildred she had pulled him through. But the process of pulling must have been an extremely trying one, for if ever man looked as if he has been passed through some elaborate piece of crushing and squeezing machinery, that man was Caryl Wilton, as he sat in the great arm chair, which had been brought up into Mildred's little sitting-room, and which seemed to swallow him up as if he were a mere stripling.

His face was white and drawn, his mustache looking almost black by contrast, and his eyes gleaming with that abstracted, weary indifference to everybohy and everything, which had made the dame almost give him up in despair at times. It was this same weary indifference as to his condition which had alarmed the doctor, a great man who came down from London every other day, at an immense fee, and who spoke and looked as if every moment was worth at least a thousand pounds to him.

"Rouse him, my good woman, rouse him," said the great man; but Caryl Wilton would not be roused, although Francois tried every project under the sun, even to dropping things about the room and letting the light through the window across the bed—two things which of old would have brought a scathingly sarcastic rebuke from his master's lips, but they failed now to extort the simplest sign.

During all this time Mildred had watched and waited and hoped. She had grown pale and thin, not with the care of nursing, as the dame supposed, but with the inward agony of knowing that the days were slipping away, and that the time for the man to wreck the life of the woman at the Hall was near at hand—that the time of the wedding was close. And yet, there lay the man who could help her, caring nothing for his life, witless of the importance to the woman he loved, of the life he so recklessly wished to slip away. And she did not dare to brave the consequences of telling him in his weak state. But at last, as the day before the wedding came, she did not dare to put it off any longer, and she went to his room at the first chance, to find him alone, though she even then did not see where the help could come from him, she was determined to make the trial. If that failed she would go to the woman who was personating her, and would tell her all she had discovered, and how the danger of exposure threatened her.

"Mr. Wilton," she said. He did not even turn his head. "Mr. Wilton," she repeated, "I wish to talk to you about a matter of great importance. Can you understand me?" An indifferent, vacant stare was his only response. She pressed her hands to her bosom in an agony of despair. "Constance Hartleigh is in dire danger, and only you can save her. If you love her rouse yourself."

He turned upon her with a sudden light in his eyes.

"You do understand me!" she cried eagerly. "Do you not? Can you understand that if you do not rouse yourself and aid me, Constance Hartleigh—Maida Carringford will be driven from Hartleigh Hall and be disgraced before the whole world?"

"What do you know of Maida Carringford?" and his dark, wide-opened eyes glowered on her with a sudden fierceness, the more startling by reason of the contrast with his former self.

"I know that you love her, that you think she loves you, and that she is going to marry a man whom you think she does not love, because of some mystery which you have not been able to penetrate."

"How do you know this?"

"You have told it to me in your delirium."

"Delirium! Bah! Don't believe anything a man says in his delirium."

"But I do believe this; and, what is more, I know what you do not know. She is in great danger, and the only reason I have spoken to you of what you said in your delirium is to arouse your attention. I I alone can do nothing. Perhaps you can advise me. Do you think you can? Is your head clear enough for that?"

"For her sake it will be clear. I know you would not play me a false trick. What do you know of her."

"First tell me if you really do love her."

"I love her."

"So much that no matter what she has done you will love her still, and help her?"

"I do not care what she has done. If it is something very bad then Guy will not take her. He would not have her for a wife. I do not believe he loves her anyhow, and if he should leave her she should come to me. I will not let her go again."

"Listen! I am Constance Hartleigh——"

"You are? But she told me with her own lips that she was—no, she said she was the old man's daughter. Ah, go on."

He was all attention, and, but for the feverishness of his manner, would not have been supposed so sick a man. All the apathy was gone as if by magic.

"We crossed the plains of America together, and the stage was set upon by highwaymen, and I was wounded. She took care of me at the risk of her own life, and remained with me until she thought I was dead. I, too, thought I was dying, and I gave her my memorandum book, in which was the record of the wanderings of my mother and myself. When I came to my senses some of the stage route agents had found me, but as nothing had been discovered of me for some time, the report had gone back to the city that one of the women was killed. I do not know how she learned that I was Constance Hartleigh, for I nowhere mentioned it in the book, but I suppose it was somehow by meeting Guy, who was searching for me."

"Yes, yes. And you do not bear her malice for usurping your place?"

"No. I would do anything to save her from the disgrace which is about to fall upon her."

"What disgrace?"

"A man who was employed to trace my mother has discovered that Miss Carringford is an impostor, and has persuaded Lady Gladys to steal from her room the little memorandum book which I wrote. He has compared the writing in it with the writing in some of her letters, and so he has the strongest proof that she is not what she represents herself to be."

"How do you know this?"

"I witnessed, myself unseen, a meeting between the man and Lady Gladys, when she handed him the book. He told her to wait for her revenge until two weeks were gone. The two weeks will be over to-morrow, and to-morrow the wedding will take place."

"The wedding?" he cried.

"Between Guy and—and her."

"My Heaven; it must be stopped! Let me think. The man gave two weeks. He will not fail to be on hand, since the wedding is to be to-morrow. Where is he? Have you seen him since?"

"He was stopping with a farmer of Sir Richard's, but he left soon after he received the book from Lady Gladys, and said he would not return for some months, but I did not believe that."

"No. You were right. To-morrow! If I could go to her. Let me try."

He made an effort to rise to his feet, but the unwonted exertion was too much for him, and he fell back.

"Oh, but I will not be balked so. I will get up. She shall not be disgraced because I am weak. I will be strong."

He spoke fiercely, and set his teeth as he strove to rise again.

"Curses on my weakness! Oh, that I had known this earlier! But it is not too late! Help me. I will get up."

"I am afraid you ought not. Tell me what to do."

"No, no, you could not persuade her. I know her. Hard as steel! but I can move her. If I went to her thus she would heed me, but not you, not you. Poor girl! There is more in it than we can see. She is not a mere impostor. She said she was his daughter. Your arm!"

She gave him her arm, and with a mighty effort he rose to his feet. She tried to steady him, but he was tall and heavy, even then, and his weight bore her down. He struggled like a madman to keep on his feet, and then, of a sudden, lost consciousness and sank in a heap in the chair.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Up at the Hall there was a stir and a thrill of excitement and anticipation, which, though subdued, made itself felt.

In Maida's room confusion reigned triumphant. Travelling dresses, hats, bonnets—all the innumerable trifles that are considered necessary to a young bride of position—were scattered about on tables and chairs; two maids were on their knees, busy packing the huge imperials; a local dressmaker was hard at work sewing on the last hooks and eyes; servants were running to and fro continually.

As it was above, so it was below; the servants were busy preparing the large drawing-room, the whole house seemed alive and restless. The hall was lined with costly exotics, placed there in readiness for to-morrow. On a Florentine table in the drawing-room were arranged the wedding gifts—it was not a small table, but it was covered with the good-will offerings.

"Is that you, my darling?" said Sir Richard, as Maida entered the library that evening, where he was sitting in front of the fire.

"Yes, it is I, dear," she answered. "Come and sit down," he said, holding out his hand.

She went and sat opposite him, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Where have you been all the afternoon?" he asked, his eyes fixed on her lovingly.

She looked up slowly, and as if all thought were an effort.

"Have I been away so long? I have been wandering about. This seems the only room in which one can rest."

"We don't marry a Constance Hartleigh every day in the week," he said, with a proud smile. "Are they making much fuss?"

"A great deal too much," she said wearily. "Too much even for your comfort," and she looked at him with the first indication of human interest she had shown.

"No, I like it," he said, laughing feebly. "If I had my will I should have a great deal more; you know that, my darling. To-morrow will be the happiest day of my life," and he fixed his eyes on her eagerly. "Is everything ready?"

"Yes," she said. "Everything is ready, or nearly so."

He nodded, and held out his hands to the blaze.

"Everything ready; that is well. Come nearer to me, darling. I shall lose you to-morrow; that is the only bitter thing."

She went and sat at his feet and held his hand. To her strained senses everything was so unnatural tonight that his childishness did not seem out of place. It seemed to her that everybody was acting in a strange way.

"I shall soon be back," she said.

"Yes, yes," he responded. "You will soon be back. You will come back Guy's wife. You will be glad to get back to the old place, Constance?"

"I shall be glad to get back," she said, laying her head on his knee.

Then there fell a silence upon them. Every now and then he leaned forward and looked down at her and caressed the silken hair, but neither of them spoke.

Presently the gong sounded. Sir Richard started.

"Is that dinner, dear?" he asked.

"No, the dressing bell. I shall not be long. We are to dine in here tonight, you know, papa."

The servants were still packing in her rooms, but as she entered they put their task aside, and, excepting her maid, withdrew. With a gesture she dismissed her, and stood looking around at the costly confusion. Then with a weary sigh, she turned and looked at her pale, beautiful face in the mirror.

She seemed to have lost consciousness of time, for she was suddenly arousen by the sound of the dinner bell. As she slipped into the corridor a gust of wind caught the old house and seemed to shake it from cellar to garret. She paused a moment and had got her foot on the stairs, when another and a fiercer blast followed, and something fell in the gallery.

At the same moment she heard her name called by Sir Richard. She stood for a moment motionless, her nerves strung to their extremest tension. Pale and trembling she clung to the baluster, listening.

Another and yet another blast seemed to shake the house, and once more she heard her name called; this time from the picture-gallery. With an effort she gained command over her limbs, which for a time had refused to obey her, and went swiftly toward the gallery.

By the aid of an indistinct light she saw a dim object half-kneeling, half-crouching before a picture. It was Sir Richard, his white face uplifted, his eyes, with a strange wildness, fixed upon the picture of his dead wife. The sudden blast had shaken the ebony doors open, and the beautiful face looked down with as it seemed to Maida's overwrought nerves, an expression of reproach.

Trembling and agitated she went up to her father and put her hand on his shoulder.

"What is it papa? Why have you come here?"

The old man did not remove his eyes from the picture, but holding up one trembling hand muttered:

"She cannot see you. Look, Agatha! this is she—this is little Constance. Why does she look at you as if she did not know you? Do not stare so boldly, Agatha. I wronged you, but I have made atonement. Ask her—she is your child—ask her if I have not loved her. Constance, speak to her. Tell her who you are, and how we love each other, we two."

She could bear no more. Her powers of endurance had been taxed too far. She uttered a wild cry and threw herself on the floor at his feet and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, Heaven!" she moaned. "Come away! She will not look at me—she does not know me! I am not her daughter!"

The old man looked at her with a vacant smile.

"Father," she wailed. Father, look at me, listen to me! Do you understand? I want—I must tell you something that I have done—a cruel, wicked crime I have committed."

"You, my Constance!"

He smiled and stroked her hair lovingly.

"Oh, do not speak—do not look at me so gently or my heart will break. Speak harshly, spurn me from you, for I am an impostor. I am not your daughter Constance Hartleigh—I am not your wife's child! I have no right here at your feet, and—oh! that Heaven would let me die!"

Something, the force of truth which rang in her anguished tones, pierced his brain. He looked at her, his hand faltered, his face turned deadly white. With a troubled gesture he put his hand to his quivering lips.

"What do you say?" he murmured. "Do you wish to kill me? Come nearer. Have I gone mad? Am I mad, or dreaming? Come nearer, Constance, and let me touch you."

"No, no! Be strong!" she burst out, not loudly, but with fearful intensity. "I am an impostor—a traitor! I have betrayed your love. I am not your wife's child. I am an outcast, an actress, an adventuress. Now spurn me and cast me from you."

With an inarticulate moan he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. Then suddenly he arose and looked down at her, a strange light in his eyes.

"I hear—I understand. Where—where is her daughter?" and he pointed at the portrait which looked down at them with a solemn stare.

"Dead," moaned Maida, crouching with her hands clasped in her lap.

"Dead!" he echoed. "Dead!" he repeated, with a sob. Then he bent toward her with a solemn, eager scrutiny, and seemed to scan every feature of her working face. "Then who are you? You called me father, even now. Is that also a lie?"

"No," she cried, and the cry seemed to pierce the old man's heart. "I am your daughter—disowned and deserted——"

that seemed an age he looked at her, then held out his arms.

"Come, my daughter," he said, simply. "Yes, I can bear to hear it all now, for you are still mine and I love you. Come, my poor child."

With a cry she threw her arms around him.

"Father, you do not throw me off? You can love me still?"

"Come," he said; and, bending, put his arms around her neck.

To be Continued.

ANOTHER STARTLING OTTAWA CASE,
A LETTER FROM MR. S. A. CASSIDY.

Following The Report of G. H. Kent's Cure of Bright's Disease By Dodd's Kidney Pills, An Ottawa Paper Calls Attention To Another Remarkable Cure.

From the Ottawa Citizen.

A representative of the Citizen recently learned of a remarkable cure of a well-known resident of Ottawa who has suffered for years with a terrible affliction. The well-known resident is Mr. S. A. Cassidy, and the affliction was stone in the kidneys. The Citizen representative called on Mr. Cassidy to verify the reports of his recovery and found them to be true. He is the proprietor of the Bijou Hotel, Metcalfe Street.

He is known by almost everybody and is liked as generally as he is known. His hostelry is between the main entrance to Parliament Buildings and the principal thoroughfare of the city, and it is not to be wondered at that he has more than a nodding acquaintance with the gentlemen who hold the destiny of this country in their hands.

When old residents of Ottawa are in a reminiscent mood and talk of the good old sporting days, they always associate the name of Sam Cassidy, who took an active part in sport 20 years ago. He was a fast runner and jumper of local renown, and took an active part in all lines of sport. To-day he is forty years old, and tips the scales at 250 pounds.

The intimate friends of this robust man have known that for the past ten years he has been a sufferer from a disease that baffled medical skill, and that he has lingered between life and death on many occasions since he was first attacked. At the initial stage of the disease he was taken with violent cramps in the left side of his stomach, and the best skilled physicians could afford him very little relief. The attacks were of about two weeks' duration, and when he left his bed he was reduced in flesh and was almost a physical wreck. Some years ago an eminent physician diagnosed his disease as "Stone in the Kidney," but even after the diagnosis the physicians were unable to effect a permanent cure. To-day he is a well man. He has found a remedy that has banished the disease—a remedy that has cured where medical aid was ineffectual. The remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Mr. Cassidy feels so elated over his release from the excruciating suffering that he has given the following statement over his own signature to a well-known Ottawa newspaper man.

Ottawa, Aug. 8, 1901.

Dear Sir,—I want you to publish for the benefit of others who are suffering as I have suffered for years about how I was cured of Stone in the Kidneys. My friends all know that I have been a martyr to this disease for years. They know that besides consulting the best physicians in the city and trying every kind of remedy I could think of, I was unable to get better. Some time ago a friend of mine told me that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them and they have cured me. This is the first year in a great many that I have not been confined to my bed with the disease. I could not imagine more severe suffering than one endures who is afflicted with Stone in the Kidney, and I feel the greatest gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they have cured me. Anyone who has suffered need suffer no more.

S. A. CASSIDY,
Ottawa, Canada.

WHERE HE FAILED.

The Drummer Had One Kind of Heart Failure.

"My health is all right !" snapped the drummer. "Here is the truth regarding my sudden illness. Just before I left on my last trip my wife chanced to remember that she had a second cousin living in a little town that I expected to visit, and she made me promise to call on her. It so happened that I was obliged to pass the night where this second cousin lived, and remembering my promise to my wife, I looked her up during the evening. I discovered her relative to be a maiden lady of uncertain age, living alone in the company of a dog, three cats and a parrot.

"'I am sorry to hear that you are a commercial traveller,' she said, after we had explored the family album as a matter of duty.

"'Why ?' I asked.

"'Because as a class they are so dissipated and ungodly,' she answered.

"Now, I am not one to desert my colors when they are fired on, so I disputed the assertion flatly.

"'That is not so,' said I. 'I personally know any number of commercial men, and I can assure you that they are mainly men with strong religious leanings. Now,' said I, warming up, 'as a member of the church——'

"'Oh, do you belong to a church?' she cried.

"'Certainly,' said I, unblushingly.

"'Oh, I am so glad,' she answered. 'There is a prayer meeting tonight, and I haven't missed going for thirty years. I can now ask you to go with me, knowing you will be glad to.'

"'Delighted,' I murmured, mentally kicking myself for a fool.

"That dear old girl dragged me away to prayer meeting and introduced me to the church members as a commercial traveller who belonged to a church. I think if they had had notice they would have advertised me and charged an admission.

"But the climax came when the minister arose with beaming face and, looking at me, said :

"'Brother Blank, will you lead in prayer ?'

"Right there was when I was stricken down. The doctor pronounced it heart failure, and for a country doctor he wasn't far from the truth."

Sozodont
Tooth Powder 25c
Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c. Large Liquid and Powder 75c.
At all stores or by mail. Sample of the Liquid for the postage, 3c.
HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.
Don't take any chances at the outset of your married life. Give him
MONSOON
CEYLON TEA.

THEY DISLIKE MUSIC.

Brass Bands Said to Banish Black-beetles.

Music played under a tree infested with caterpillars causes them to fall stupefied to the ground. The majority of insects intensely dislike music. Years ago the great French naturalist, Reamur, discovered that the surest way to rid a house of crickets and black-beetles was to play on a loud brass instrument for a few nights.

Owing to their dislike of the sounds, the pests will eventually leave the house and take up their abode in some other establishment where quietness reigns. Everyone who keeps bees knows how the banging of tins or the blowing of horns appears to partly stupefy them when they are swarming, and renders them easy to capture.

Swarms of locusts can be prevented from alighting by loud music, and in the Soudan the natives invariably, when these pests are on the wing, protect their fields by blowing horns and beating tomtoms.

One of the surest ways to keep mosquitoes or gnats at a distance is to play a tin whistle or flute, and anyone may ward off the attacks of the nocturnal enemies that abound in seaside apartments by discoursing sweet music on a concertina !

The reason why insects should so dislike music is not quite clear.

Naturalists are of the opinion that crickets object to it because it prevents their own strident notes from being heard, and the same holds good probably with bees and other insects that hum.

It seems a pity, however, that insects that kill repose can only apparently successfully be combatted with by instruments that act equally effectively as slumber killers.

TABLE LEGS GROWING.

A three-legged table, belonging to a Donegal farmer named O'Brian, has been distinguishing itself in a remarkable way lately. It has been varnished and re-varnished many times. It has never been out in the open air, and has not received an excessive amount of sunshine; nevertheless, about two months ago tiny buds formed on two of the legs of the table, and now vivid green sprouts have taken their place. These sprouts have become slender branches, covered with leaves. It is a remarkable manifestation of the vitality of plant life under adverse circumstances. The O'Brians do not know how old the table is.

ASTHMA Permanently Cured.

Toronto Physician said he would not get better and advised a change of Climate.

CLARKE'S KOLA COMPOUND CURED.

Many of the old-school physicians will tell you asthma is incurable. At one time it was thought so, but thanks to Dr. Clarke's wonderful discovery, there is now a cure and a permanent one, within the reach of every sufferer from asthma or bronchitis. You will not be disappointed if you try Clarke's Kola Compound.

Mr. H. Salmon, the well-known merchant, 655 Yonge Street, Toronto, writes:—"For some years I had been a great sufferer from asthma and bronchitis. The attacks became so severe and coughing spells lasted so long that I became much alarmed. I had consulted many Toronto physicians but their medicine only gave me a little temporary relief. I was becoming thinner and weaker all the time. One of the leading physicians told me I was threatened with consumption and advised a change of climate. I heard of a Toronto lady who had been cured of Asthma by Clarke's Kola Compound, so decided to try it. The first bottle did not help me much, but I continued as directed and before I had finished the fourth bottle I was completely cured. This was over a year ago and I have since gained nearly twenty pounds of my lost weight. I cannot praise this remedy too highly, as it has restored me again to perfect health, which I had long since dispaired of ever regaining. Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound is sold by all Chemists, $2.00 per bottle, three for $5.00, or sent on receipt of price by The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada. A free sample will be sent to any person who has asthma. Enclose 6c in stamps for postage.

DUSTY SUNBEAMS.

Have you ever noticed what a lot of dust seems to get into the track of a sunbeam shining through the window of a room? Some people may think that there is as much dust floating elsewhere in the air of the room as in this sunbeam. This, however, is not the case. There are actually far more motes in a sunbeam than in the darker air around it. This is because the sun's rays cause the air to contract and expand irregularly, thus creating currents in the atmosphere, which rouse up the dust, and collect it all together. These currents are the cause of the constant swirling and spinning about of the dust-specks which everyone has noticed who has watched them in a beam of light. At the Woodwardian Museum, Cambridge, Eng., this was proved in an interesting way. The glass cases there got much dustier on the sides exposed to the sunshine than on the sides which were not. It cost three times as much to keep the specimens clean in the sunny parts as in the shaded parts.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"Well, good-night," said Mr. Boram, finally breaking away. "I've had a most enjoyable evening. Er—by the way, I expect to pass your house to-morrow evening——" "I'll be delighted!" she said, quickly. "Good-night."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The worst storm Britain felt in the last century was in 1839. 20 people were killed in Liverpool, and 100 in the neighborhood. $2,500,000 worth of shipping was destroyed.

Dear Sirs,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM. Two bottles gave relief and six bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to any one suffering from throat or lung trouble.

J. F. VANBUSKIRK.
Fredericton.

COMMONPLACE.

"Some people seem to think he's a genius."

"Oh! he can't be. He's too methodical."

"Is he, really?"

"Very. Somebody gave him a silver matchsafe over a month ago and he still keeps his matches in it."

Nottingham is nearer the centre of England than any other large town.

Did it ever occur to you that bulk Tea without any well defined name or brand may easily vary in quality ?

Ludella Ceylon Tea

is packed in air-tight lead packages, and its unvarying fine flavor is the result of skill in blending. Lead packages, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60.

APPLES.

We want thousands of barrels to supply our customers. Ship yours to us and we will get you all they are worth.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

WHERE TO BUY A BABY.

They Can Be Had in China for $1.50 Apiece.

If you want to buy a baby you must go to China. You can purchase one for $1.50, or maybe two for $2.50. China is, in fact, the great slave country of the world. Of a population of 400,000,000 there are slaves to the number of 10,000,000.

Every family of means keeps its girl slaves, and a man's position is usually gauged by the number he keeps. At any age from three to fifteen girls are sold, seven or eight being the age at which most change hands. The girls are purchased to do housework, it being cheaper to buy than to hire.

To the credit of the authorities, it may be stated that the regulations governing the sales are pretty stringent, and ensure decent treatment to the girls.

Women slaves are frequently given by one man to another as presents and it is quite a common thing to give slaves as wedding gifts. Occasionally a man will sell a wife, but such conduct stamps him as a vagabond. Practices of this kind are mainly resorted to by opium-maniacs, who have been known to sell their wives and children to supply their crazy appetites.

Slaves vary in price; $10 is about the average, but much depends upon the girl's appearance. A good-looking girl will fetch $25 or even $50. In buying slaves a man takes them on trial, just as if he were buying horses--to make sure that they are sound and healthy.

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

A POSER.

Elsie—"Mamma, were you ever a child?"

Mamma—"Certainly, dear. All human beings were once children."

Elsie—"Really? Well, who took care of the babies then?"

The common flat-wick paraffin lamps now used everywhere were first introduced into England in 1854 from Berlin.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Man in Water (drowning)—"Throw me" (puff, puff) "a life-preserver, quick!" Tapley (tailor's assistant, on shore)—"Er—er—what is your waist measurement, please?"

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

WHAT SCIENTISTS TELL US.

The record aurora borealis lasted for a week in August, 1859.

Wild canaries were not yellow originally, but green or gray in color.

The English channel is nowhere more than 900 feet deep; the Irish sea is 2,130 feet.

The heat of a common coal fire is 1,140 degrees; but it takes 3,479 degrees to melt iron.

The "heart wood" of a tree has ceased to take any part in the vege-

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Since 1850, 2,100 explosions in coal mines have cost 8,800 lives.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

The defence forces of Australia amount to 77,223 men.

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

690 British express trains cover daily 64,000 miles.

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A ton of coal gives 9,000 cubic feet of gas.

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Old Lady.—"My poor man, don't you know that strong drink stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder?" Bibulous-Looking Party (sadly)—"This don't lady. It's only cheap watered stuff. I'm too poor to buy the kind you refer to!"

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