A NERVOUS WRECK

WAS THE CONDITION OF MISS GILLIS FOR EIGHT YEARS.

The Best Doctors' and Hospital Treatment Failed to Help Her, and She Had Almost Lost Hope of Ever Being Well Again—Her Earnest Advice to Other Sufferers.

One of the most common, at the same time one of the most to be dreaded, ailments which afflicts the people of this country is nervous debility. The causes leading to the trouble are various, overwork or worry being among the most prominent. But whatever the cause, the affliction is one that makes life a burden. Such a sufferer for years was Miss Margaret Gillis, of Whim Road Cross, P.E.I. Her life was one of almost incessant misery, and she had come to look upon her condition as incurable, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to her notice, and to this life-giving, nerve restoring medicine, she now owes health and happiness. Miss Gillis tells of her illness and cure as follows: "For the past eight years my life has been one of constant misery. My nervous system was shattered, and I was reduced to a mere physical wreck. My trouble began in one of the ailments that so frequently afflict my sex. I was irritable and discouraged all the time, and life did not seem worth living. For several years I was under treatment by doctors. I even went to Boston and entered a hospital where I remained for some time. While there the treatment temporarily benefited me, but soon my condition was worse than ever. Finally my nervous trouble took the form of spasms which caused more suffering than words can tell. When thus attacked I felt as though I was literally being torn apart. I would frequently become unconscious and sometimes would remain in that condition for half an hour. I have sometimes had as many as six of these spasms in a week, and no one who has not similarly suffered can imagine the tired, wornout, depressed feeling which followed. Doctors seemed utterly unable to do anything for me, and those years of misery can never be forgotten. Then I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in a short while found them helping me. Then another doctor told me he could cure me. I stopped taking the pills, and like the dog in the fable, while grasping at the shadow, I lost the substance. I was soon in as wretched condition as ever. The pills were the only thing that had ever helped me and I determined to begin them again. I continued to take them for nearly nine months, the trouble gradually but surely leaving me, until I am now in almost perfect health and fully released from what I at one time thought would prove a life of constant misery. I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly, nor can I too strongly urge those who are ailing to test their wonderful health restoring virtues."

In thousands and thousands of cases it has been proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and nerve restorer medical science has yet discovered. The pills act speedily and directly upon the blood and the nerves and thus reach the root of the trouble, effecting thorough and permanent cures. Other medicines merely act upon the symptoms, and when the patient ceases using them they soon relapse into a condition as bad as before. There is no trouble due to poor blood or weak nerves which these pills will not cure. Those who are sick or ailing are urged to give this medicine a fair trial, and are cautioned against the numerous imitations which some dealers offer. The genuine pills always bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box.

A CORNER IN CARDS.

France Makes a Profit Out of Their Manufacture.

Of all the ways of protecting an industry, that adopted by the Government of France, for making a profit out of the manufacture of cards must certainly take rank as being among the strangest.

In the first place, there is no halfheartedness about dealing with foreign competition, for the importation of cards is simply prohibited; while the manufacture is so hedged in by severe laws that it is in comparatively few hands.

One of these hands, at least, is Governmental, for the paper on which the suits are printed is manufactured by the Government, which insures its exclusive use by prohibiting the card makers from employing any other.

Furthermore, the Government does not allow anyone to make the court cards, or the ace of clubs, the plates for these belonging to the State, which merely sells the slips of printed paper to the makers, who have only to colour them and print the common cards on the special paper which they have to buy from the properly constituted authorities.

These French cards are smaller than our own, but they are scarcely so expensive, for an excellent pack can be bought for twenty-five cents, and there is scarcely any demand for cards which are dearer than forty cents a pack.

Vessels of 4,000 tons can ascend the St. Lawrence to Montreal, a distance of 1,000 miles from the sea. Only one other river in the world, the Amazon, is navigable to such a distance for craft as large.

THE KING'S REAL NAME.

What is King Edward VII.'s real family name? It is a very simple one, and to our ears it does not sound at all Royal. It is Wettin. Prince Albert, his father, was Prince of the ruling House of Saxe-Coburg, one of the most ancient and illustrious of the sovereign families of Europe. Originally Counts of Wettin, the heads of this family, became, by inheritance and by marriage, Margraves of Meissen, Landgraves of Thuringia, and Electors of Saxony. Therefore the same principle which declares William of Germany to be a Hohenzollern, and Francis Joseph of Austria to be a Hapsburg, would make the late Queen Victoria a Guelph by birth, and her husband, the Prince Consort, a Wettin; and if a Royal wife takes her husband's name, and a Royal son his father's, then our King's family name is Wettin.

WHY IT RAINS.

Small Boy, inquiringly—Papa, what makes it rain more in the night than the day?

Papa, learnedly—My child, you have no doubt heard that two clouds colliding cause the moisture to descend in the shape of rain.

Boy, eagerly:—Oh, now, I see why there is more rain in the night. Of course, they can't see where they are going in the dark.

THE ONLY REST.

How many stops has your organ? asked the curious neighbor.

Three, sadly answered the father of the musical family; breakfast, dinner and supper.

Heiress and Wife.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—Rex Lyon secretly marries Daisy Brooks. They are separated by force of circumstances on their wedding day. Daisy thinks that Rex has cast her off. He is true but believes that she is dead. According to his mother's dying wish he engages himself to Pluma Hurlhurst, the daughter by the first marriage of the master of Whitestone Hall. Mr. Hurlhurst's second wife, whom he loved better than the first, died and her child is supposed to have died with her. After seventeen years' silence, his dying housekeeper confesses that his child did not die, but was stolen. He sets out to find her. Pluma was responsible for Daisy's removal. Lester Stanwick, her tool, threatens to expose her if she will not marry him. She defies him. Daisy after many viscissitudes determines to visit her Uncle John, but falls ill and is cared for by Detective Tudor whose aid is sought by Mr. Hurlhurst in search for his missing daughter. Daisy sets out to stop the marriage of her husband and Pluma by telling Mr. Hurlhurst that she is Rex's wife. Tudor reports that she is Mr. Hurlhurst's long-lost daughter. Pluma is discovered in conference with a strange woman.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Continued.

"Do you dare to threaten me in my own house," cried Pluma, fairly beside herself with passion. "I begin to believe you are not aware to whom you are speaking. You shall not force me to listen. I shall raise the window and cry out to the guests below."

"Very well, then. I find I am compelled to tell you something I never intended you should know—something that, unless I am greatly mistaken in my estimate of you, will change your high and mighty notions altogether."

The woman was bending so near her, her breath almost scorched her cheek.

"I want money," she said, her thin lips quivering in an evil smile, "and it is but right that you should supply me with it. Look at the diamonds, representing a fortune, gleaming on your throat, while I am lacking the necessaries of life."

"What is that to me?" cried Pluma scornfully. "Allow me to pass from the room, and I will send my maid back to you with a twenty-dollar note. My moments are precious; do not detain me."

"Twenty dollars, indeed!" she sneered mockingly. "Twenty thousand will not answer my purpose. From this time forth I intend to live as befits a lady. I want that necklace you are wearing, as security that you will produce the required sum for me before to-morrow night."

The coarse proposal amazed Pluma.

"I thought Whitestone Hall especially guarded against thieves," she said, "You seem to be a desperate woman; but I, Pluma Hurlhurst, do not fear you. We will pass over the remarks you have just uttered as simply beyond discussion."

With a swift, gliding motion she attempted to reach the bell-rope. Again the woman intercepted her.

"Arouse the household if you dare!" hissed the woman, tightening her hold upon the white arm upon which the jewels flashed and quivered. "If Basil Hurlhurst knew what I know you would be driven from this house before an hour had passed."

"I—I—do not know what you mean," gasped Pluma, her great courage and fortitude sinking before this woman's fearlessness and defiant authority.

"No," you don't know what I mean; "and little you thank me for carrying the treacherous secret since almost the hour of your birth. It is time for you to know the truth at last. You are not the heiress of Whitestone Hall—you are not Basil Hurlhurst's child!"

Pluma's face grew deathly white; a strange mist seemed gathering before her.

"I can not—seem—to—grasp—what you mean, or who you are to terrify me so."

A mocking smile played about the woman's lips as she replied, in a slow, even, distinct voice:

"I am your mother, Pluma!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

At the self-same moment that the scene just described was being enacted in the study Rex Lyon was pacing to and fro in his room, waiting for the summons of Pluma to join the bridal-party in the corridor and adjourn to the parlors below, where the guests and the minister awaited them.

He walked toward the window and drew aside the heavy curtains. The storm was beating against the window-pane as he leaned his feverish face against the cool glass, gazing out into the impenetrable darkness without.

Try as he would to feel reconciled to his marriage he could not do it. How could he promise at the altar to love, honor, and cherish the wife whom he was about to wed?

He might honor and cherish her, but love her he could not, no matter for all the promises he might make. The power of loving was directed from Heaven above—it was not for mortals to accept or reject at will.

His heart seemed to cling with a strange restlessness to Daisy, the fair little-child-bride, whom he had loved so passionately—his first and only love, sweet little Daisy!

From the breast-pocket of his coat he took the cluster of daisies he had gone through the storm on his wedding-night to gather. He was waiting until the monument should arrive before he could gather courage to tell Pluma the sorrowful story of his love-dream.

All at once he remembered the letter a stranger had handed him cut up from the mantel, where he had not thought much about the matter until now. Mechanically he picked it up from the mantel, when he had tossed it upon entering the room, glancing carelessly at the superscription. His countenance changed when he saw it; his lips trembled, and a hard, bitter light crept into his brown eyes. He remembered the chirography but too well.

"From Stanwick!" he cried, leaning heavily against the mantel.

Rex read the letter through with a burning flush on his face, which grew white as with the pallor of death as he read; a dark mist was before his eyes, the sound of surging waters in his ears.

"Old College Chum,"—it began—"For the sake of those happy hours of our school-days, you will please favor me by reading what I have written to the end.

"If you love Pluma Hurlhurst better than your sense of honor this letter is of no avail. I can not see you drifting on to ruin without longing to save you. You have been cleverly caught in the net the scheming heiress has set for you. It is certainly evident she loves you with a love which is certainly a perilous one.

"There is not much safety in the fierce, passionate love of a desperate, jealous woman. You will pardon me for believing at one time your heart was elsewhere. You will wonder why I refer to that; it will surprise you to learn, that one subject forms the basis of this letter. I refer to little Daisy Brooks.

"You remember the night you saw little Daisy home, burning with indignation at the cut direct— which Pluma had subjected the pretty little fairy to? I simply recall that fact, as upon that event hangs the terrible sequel which I free my conscience by unfolding. You had scarcely left the Hall ere Pluma called me to her side.

"'Do not leave me, Lester,' she said; 'I want to see you; remain until after all the guests have left."

"I did so. You have read the lines;

"'Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned?"

"They were too truly exemplified in the case of Pluma Hurlhurst when she found you preferred little golden-haired Daisy Brooks to her own peerless self. 'What shall I do, Lester,' she cried, 'to strike his heart? What shall I do to humble his mighty pride as he has humbled mine?' Heaven knows, old boy, I am ashamed to admit the shameful truth. I rather enjoyed the situation of affairs. 'My love is turned to hate!' she cried, vehemently. 'I must strike him through his love for that little pink-and-white baby-faced creature he is so madly infatuated with. Remove her from his path, Lester,' she cried, 'and I shall make it worth your while. You asked me once if I would marry you. I answer now; remove that girl from his path, by fair means or foul, and I give you my hand as the reward, I, the heiress of Whitestone Hall."

"She knew the temptation was dazzling. For long hours we talked the matter over. She was to furnish money to send the girl to school, from which I was shortly to abduct her. She little cared what happened the little fair-haired creature. Before I had time to carry out the design fate drifted her into my hands. I rescued her, at the risk of my own life, from a watery grave. I gave out she was my wife, that the affair might reach your ears, and you would believe the child willfully eloped with me. I swear to you no impure thought ever crossed that child's brain. I gave her a very satisfactory explanation as to why I had started so false a report. In her innocence—it seemed possible—she did not contradict my words.

"Then you came upon the scene, charging her with the report, and demanding to know the truth.

"At that moment she saw the affair in its true light. Heaven knows she was as pure as a spotless lily; but appearances were sadly against the child, simply because she had not contradicted the report that I had circulated—that she was my wife. Her lips were dumb at the mere suspicion you hurled against her, and she could not plead with you for very horror and amazement.

"When you left her she was stricken with a fever that was said to have cost her her life. She disappeared from sight, and it was said she had thrown herself into the pit.

"I give you this last and final statement in all truth. I was haunted day and night by her sad, pitiful face; it almost drove me mad with remorse, and to ease my mind I had the shaft searched a week ago, and learned the startling fact—it revealed no trace of her ever having been there.

"The shaft does not contain the remains of Daisy Brooks, and I solemnly affirm, although I have no clew to substantiate the belief, that Daisy Brooks is not dead, but living, and Pluma Hurlhurst's soul is not dyed with the blood which she would not have hesitated to shed to remove an innocent rival from her path. I do not hold myself guiltless, still the planner of a crime is far more guilty than the tool who does the work in hope of reward.

"The heiress of Whitestone Hall has played me false, take to your heart your fair, blushing bride, but remember hers is a perilous love."

The letter contained much more, explaining each incident in detail, but Rex, had caught at one hope, as a drowning man catches at a straw.

"Merciful Heaven!" he cried, his heart beating loud and fast. "Was it not a cruel jest to frighten him on his wedding-eve? Daisy alive! Oh, just Heaven, if it could only be true!" He drew his breath, with a long, quivering sigh, at the bare possibility. "Little Daisy was as pure in thought, word and deed as an angel. God pity me!" he cried. "Have patience with me for my harshness toward my little love. I did not give my little love even the chance of explaining the situation," he groaned. Then his thoughts went back to Pluma.

He could not doubt the truth of the statement Stanwick offered, and the absolute proofs of its sincerity. He could not curse her for her horrible deceit, because his mother had loved her so, and it was done through her blinding, passionate love for him; and he buried his face in his hands, and wept bitterly. It was all clear as noonday to him now why Daisy had not kept the tryst under the magnolia-tree, and the cottage was empty. She must certainly have attempted to make her escape from the school in which they placed her to come back to his arms.

"Oh, dupe that I have been!" he moaned. "Oh, my sweet little innocent darling!" he cried. "I dare not hope Heaven has spared you to me!"

Now he understood why he had felt such a terrible aversion to Pluma all along. She had separated him from his beautiful, golden-haired child-bride.

His eyes rested on the certificate which bore Pluma's name, also his own. He tore it into a thousand shreds.

"It is all over between us now," he cried. "Even if Daisy were dead, I could never take the viper to my bosom that has dealt me such a deathblow. If living, I shall search the world over till I find her; if dead, I shall consecrate my life to the memory of my darling, my pure, little, injured only love.

He heard a low rap at the door. The servant never forgot the young man's haggard, hopeless face as he delivered Basil Hurlhurst's message.

"Ah, it is better so," cried Rex to himself, vehemently, as the man silently and wonderingly closed the door. "I will go to him at once, and tell him I shall never marry his daughter. Heaven help me! I will tell him all.'

Hastily catching up the letter, Rex walked, with a firm, quick tread, toward the study, in which the strangest tragedy which was ever enacted was about to transpire.

* * * * * * *

"I am your mother, Pluma," repeated the woman, slowly. "Look into my face, and you will see every lineament of your own mirrored there. But for me you would never have enjoyed the luxuries of Whitestone Hall, and this is the way you repay me! Is there no natural instinct in your heart that tells you you are standing in your mother's presence?"

"Every instinct in my heart tells me you are a vile impostor, woman! I wonder that you dare intimate such a thing. You are certainly an escaped lunatic. My mother was lost at sea long years ago."

"So every one believed. But my very presence here is proof positive such was not the case."

Pluma tried to speak, but no sound issued from her white lips. The very tone of the woman's voice carried positive conviction with it. A dim realization was stealing over her that this woman's face, and the peculiar tone of her voice, were strangely mixed up with her childhood dreams; and, try as she would to scoff at the idea, it seemed to be gaining strength with every moment.

"You do not believe me, I see," pursued the woman, calmly. "There is nothing but the stern facts that will satisfy you. You shall have them. They are soon told: Years ago, when I was young and fair as you are now, I lived at the home of a quiet, well-to-do spinster, Taiza Burt. She had a nephew, an honest, well-to-do young fellow, who worshiped me, much to the chagrin of his aunt; and out of pique one day I married him. I did not love the honest-hearted fellow, and I lived with him but a few brief months. I hated him—yes, hated him, for I had seen another—young, gay and handsome—whom I might have won had it not been for the chains which bound me. He was a handsome, debonair college fellow, as rich as he was handsome. This was Basil Hurlhurst, the planter's only son and heir. Our meeting was romantic. I had driven over to the village in which the college was situated, on an errand for Taiza. Basil met me driving through the park. He was young reckless and impulsive. He loved me, and the knowledge of his wealth dazzled me. I did not tell him I was a wife, and there commenced my first sin. My extreme youth and ignorance of the world must plead for me—my husband or the world would never know of it. I listened to his pleading and married him—that is, we went through the ceremony. He had perfect faith in its sincerity. I alone knew the guilty truth. Yet enormous as was my crime, I had but a dim realization of it.

"For one brief week I was dazzled with the wealth and jewels he lavished upon me; but my conscience would not let me rest when I thought of my honest-hearted husband, from whom I had fled and whom I had so cruelly deceived.

"My love for Basil was short lived; I was too reckless to care much for any one. My conscience bade me fly from him. I gathered up what money and jewels I could, and fled. A few months after you were born; and I swear to you, by the proofs I can bring you, beyond all shadow of a doubt, you were my lawful husband's child, not Basil's.

"Soon after this event a daring thought came to me. I could present you, ere long, with myself, at Whitestone Hall. Basil Hurlhurst would never know the deception practiced upon him; and you, the child of humble parentage, should enjoy and inherit his vast wealth. My bold plan was successful. We had a stormy interview, and it never occurred to him there could be the least deception—that I was not his lawful wife, or you his child.

"I found Basil had learned to despise even more fiercely than he had ever loved me.

"He took us abroad, refusing to speak or look upon my face, even though he escorted us. In a fit of desperation I threw myself into the sea, but I was rescued by another vessel. A strong inclination seized me to again visit Whitestone Hall and see what disposition he had made of you. Years had passed; you were a child of five summers.

"One terrible stormy night—as bad a night as this one—I made my way to the Hall. It was brilliantly lighted up, just as it is to-night.

"I saw the gate was locked; and through the flashes of lightning I saw a little girl sobbing wildly, flung face downward in the grass, heedless of the storm.

"I knew you, and called you to me. I questioned you as to why the house was lighted, and learned the truth. Basil Hurlhurst had remarried; he had been abroad with his wife, and to-night he was bringing home his young wife.

"My rage knew no bounds. I commanded you to bring me the key of the gate. You obeyed. That night a little golden-haired child was born at Whitestone Hall, and I knew it would live to divide the honors and wealth of Whitestone Hall with you—my child.

To Be Continued.

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SOME POPULAR BELIEFS.

WHY CROSSED KNIVES ARE SAID TO BE UNLUCKY.

What Spilling the Salt Meant—The Ill-Luck of Breaking a Looking Glass—The Superstition of No. 13.

Why is it bad luck to cross the knives at table? Well, the original knife used at the table was nothing less than the dagger which all men wore in their belts, ready either for carving the mutton, or for cutting throats.

Every sailor wears the knife to this day which serves him constantly both at work and at meal-times, and the belt-knife of the British mariner is a thing very justly dreaded in foreign seaports. In days when private quarrels

WERE ALWAYS FOUGHT

out with dagger or sword—and that is not so very long ago—the very beginning of a dispute, made the womenfolk nervous for their husbands, brothers or sons concerned in the argument.

The crossing of blades was the sure sign of a fight and it's no wonder the women found crossed knives suggesting misfortune. But there is no reason why crossed knives on the family dinner-table should suggest the idea of duelling nowadays. They have ceased to mean bad luck.

Spilling the salt meant once the worst of bad luck. Salt was, until quite lately very expensive, a dear necessity, as it is to-day among the natives of India. So important was it that the finding of salt-springs in Cheshire, England, first brought merchants from Europe into savage Britain, opened up the earliest English trade, and led to the civilization of the island. The very phrase "worth his salt," means "worth his wages," and "true to their salt," is a catchword to express the loyalty of soldiers to their Service. The word salary means salt-money. Because it was so important, old English usage placed the salt-box in the middle of the table, that all hands might be within reach. The family and the guests sat "above the salt," the servants "below the salt," and so the difference of rank was created between

"GENTLE" AND "SIMPLE."

In the regalia at the Tower of London the salt-box is one of the most gorgeous ornaments, built like a castle of silver, heavily gilded. Such being the importance of the salt-box, the upsetting of it was something more than an accident. It was an event. But suppose that the guest of the house, or the ambassador from foreign parts, upset the salt, it was taken as a sign that he betrayed the "bread-and-salt" of hospitality, turned against the hand that fed him, and was only in the house as a spy to betray its master.

The spilling of salt was taken as a providential warning of coming attack, of danger drawing near the house. That is why it became a sign of bad luck.

Now, as to the ill-luck of breaking a looking-glass. Before there was such a thing as a workhouse there were plenty of poor old women left friendless, and long past doing any work to win their bread.

They knew the world, they knew the herbs in the field, and garden which were useful in case of sickness, and they did no harm by

SELLING GOOD ADVICE,

or a little medicine, so they managed to keep body and soul together. They were called "wise women." They were supposed to possess powers. It was whispered that they had sold themselves to the Evil One.

Many a poor old woman, pretending to be "wise," for the sake of attracting customers, was haled up before the magistrates, charged with witchcraft, and burned to death as a punishment. Suppose one wanted to get rid of any enemy, the usual thing was to consult the local witch, and she would provide a little image of clay, or a rag doll, supposed to represent the person who was hated. Stick pins into the doll, and the enemy would suffer the pains of "pins and needles;" hang the doll in your chimney, and the enemy would "burn for ever;" break or destroy the doll, and the enemy would be overtaken with sudden and awful death.

The charges of the witch were really very moderate, considering, and it was good to know that you could kill your enemy by merely destroying his image. Even his image in a looking glass was quite sufficient, if you promptly broke the glass. That is why it became unlucky to break any looking-glass which had the honour of reflecting your face. It is certainly a fact that.

A LOOKING-GLASS FELL.

and broke in the State apartments at Windsor just before the late Queen died.

The witches used to sell "charms," which were supposed to ward off all sorts of danger, and that is the origin of the charms worn on watch chains. Most famous of all talismans is the horseshoe, as hung over doorways, worn as a breast-pin in miniature. Originally the sign was a crescent moon; but any crescent was good, and horseshoes were easily had, and served just as well. Two thousand years ago the Greeks and Romans wore the charm as the symbol of the goddess Diana, the charm which saved one from the evil eye. That is the origin—protection from the power of the evil eye; and if anybody looks crossways at you, squints at you, or makes you nervous by staring, you can only save yourself from being blighted with evil by presenting the points of a crescent in self-defence. A horseshoe does; but if that is too cumbersome, point the first and and little fingers, tucking in the second and third fingers, which makes a very passable crescent figure, besides being cheap. The Italians, a most economical people, defend themselves thus, when they meet an Englishman, a snap-shot camera, or anything doubtful.

The superstition about sitting down thirteen at table has arisen from the memory of the Last Supper. There is the beginning of the idea that the number thirteen is unlucky in all sorts of ways. On the Continent you may

SEARCH ALL THE HOTELS

without ever finding a bedroom numbered thirteen. The unlucky bedroom is numbered as a rule, "12 bis," or "12a," which is supposed to make it perfectly safe to sleep in. At English hotels one can generally get room thirteen when the rest of the house is crowded. Before the "Drummond Castle" sailed on her last voyage, a passenger turned up late, and found that there was only one vacant berth in the cabin—number thirteen. He chanced it, and, so far from meeting with bad luck when the ship foundered off Ushant, he was the only passenger saved.

The idea that forty days of bad weather follows rain on St. Swithin's Day come from a fine old Saxon legend. St. Swithin was Lord Chancellor in the reign of King Ethelbert, and when he died in the year 862, he left directions that his body should be buried in Winchester Cathedral, but in some spot where the rain might fall on his grave.

Afterwards the monks, thinking that it was beneath the saint's dignity and theirs that he should be exposed to the weather like a common man, attempted to dig him up for removal to the shelter of the church. The attempt was a total failure being prevented by a deluge of rain day after day for six weeks. According to tradition, they afterwards succeeded in moving the saint, despite all protests from the weather, and for a thousand years a tomb was pointed out in the cathedral as that of St. Swithin. At last, in 1797, the matter was put to the test. it being a known fact that St. Swithin's head was buried in Canterbury Cathedral. The sculptured stone was raised, and underneath it was found a skeleton of some other personage, with skull complete. So it seems that the old saint triumphed over the monks, and still lies out under the rain, which keeps him so kindly in memory.

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COSTLY COLLECTIONS OF LACES.

A good deal has been said about the precious collections of laces owned by some of the royal ladies of Europe, but it is now well known that there are several ladies in America who have laces more valuable than those owned by any European potentate. The laces of the Astor family are valued at £60,000 and those of Vanderbilts at £100,000. More lace is bought in New York than any other city in the world. The Pope is said to own lace to the value of £175,000. Queen Victoria had £75,000 worth, while those belonging to the Princess of Wales, are valued at £50,000. The dress worn by our late Queen at her wedding was trimmed with a magnificent piece of Honiton lace, which must have cost quite £1,000.

LARGEST KITCHEN IN THE WORLD

This is in the great Parisian store, the Bon Marche, which has 4,000 employes. The smallest kettle contains 100 quarts and the largest 500. Each of fifty roasting-pans is big enough for 800 cutlets. Every dish for baking potatoes holds 225 lb. When omelets are on the bill of fare 7,800 eggs are used at once. For cooking sixty cooks and 100 assistants are always at the ranges.

SOZODONT for the Teeth LIQUID POWDER each 25c

FACTS AND FIGURES.

The profits on British railways last year was £41,576,378.

The British ambassador to France gets a salary of £9,000 while the British ambassador to Germany gets only £8,000.

An automobile is not allowed to run faster than 12 miles an hour in England, while in Scotland the speed limit is 10 miles per hour.

Germany published 23,908 books last year; France, 13,268; Italy, 9,567; Great Britain, 7,249; United States, 5,315; Netherlands, 2,863; Belgium, 2,272; Denmark, 1,198; Switzerland, 1,000.

In the last 43 competitions for British Post Office appointments for women, 4,986 women competed for 828 situations. The salary of women clerks commences at £55 and may rise to £300 per annum.

In 1838 when the Sirius made the passage from London to New York in seventeen days it was considered a remarkable run, but the Great Western made the run between Bristol and New York, the same year in a little less than 15 days.

The length of the Canadian Sault canal between the extreme end of the entrance piers is 5,967 feet. There is one lock 900 feet by 60 feet and the depth of water on the sills at lowest known water level is 20 feet 3 inches. The total rise or lockage is 18 feet.

The Suez canal is 87 miles long—66 miles of canal and 21 miles of lakes. In 1875 the British Government purchased 176,602 shares from the Khedive of Egypt for £3,976,582. The present value of these shares is £24,312,000, and last year the British Government derived a revenue of £801,818 from them.

A roundabout route from Montreal to Kingston is via the Ottawa river to the city of Ottawa and thence by the River Rideau and the Rideau canal to Kingston, a total distance of 245 5-8 miles. This route could be used by small vessels in case of a blockade of the St. Lawrence canals, but vessels drawing more than 4 1-2 feet of water could not get through the Rideau.

The Trent Valley canal was commenced by the Imperial Government in 1873 but is not yet completed, although a good deal of money has been spent from time to time on improving sections of the route. By this route the distance from Georgian Bay to Lake Ontario would be about 200 miles of which only about 15 or 20 miles would be actual canal, the remainder being made up of a series of small lakes and rivers, sections of which must be improved.

LONDON'S PROGRESS.

It is curious to look back and recall the fact that it was not until 1823 that cabs began to ply for hire in the London streets, says a correspondent.

Prior to that time the great thoroughfares were obstructed in all parts of town by toll-gates. Six years later omnibuses began to run. In 1838 the first railway train from London to Birmingham steamed out of Euston station. Four years later the Thames tunnel was completed. The old houses of parliament were burned down in 1834, and the present magnificent pile was not completed until 1857. The notorious Fleet prison was standing until 1845. Only in 1862 parliament passed an act for the formation of the Thames Embankment.

Stratford, 4th Aug., 1893.

Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gentlemen,—My neighbor's boy, 4 years old, fell into a tub of boiling water and got scalded fearfully. A few days later his legs swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in running sores. His parents could get nothing to help him till I recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT, which, after using two bottles, completely cured him, and I know of several cases around here almost as remarkable, cured by the same Liniment and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or given such universal satisfaction.

M. HIBERT,
General Merchant.

UNPARALLELED GENEROSITY.

Town Councillor—Have you heard, Mr. Skinflint, that our generous townsman, Mr. Muller, is defraying the cost of a new promenade all round the town? We think a wealthy man like yourself might also do something for us.

Skinflint—Well, what do you say to my giving you a park of oak trees?

Town Councillor—Oh, you noble-hearted philanthropist. Why, do you really mean to——

Skinflint—Yes, yes; I'll make the town a present of an oak forest. You have only to find the land, and I will supply you with as many acorns as you may want for seed.

CAMERA AND BANK VISITORS.

It is said that the Bank of France has an invisible studio in a gallery behind the cashiers, so that at a given signal from one of them, any suspected customer can instantly have his photograph taken without his knowledge. The camera has also become very useful in the detection of frauds, a word or figure that to the eye seemed completely erased being clearly reproduced in photographs of the document that had been tampered with.

Gentleman, caressing a pretty little girl—You little beauty; you shall be my wife when you are grown up—will you? No, I don't want to get married, but aunty there would like to!

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CEYLON TEA
Is made for all classes. It is the best product of Ceylon gardens and Canadian skill.
Lead Packages 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 Cents

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There is just one kind of paint all should have; that is the best paint. Poor paint never pays. Don't use cheap paint if you want your work to last—if you want your house to look well. Buy only a good old standard brand.

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are the recognized standard brands in Canada, and have been for sixty years. Don't take some other just because a dealer wants to sell you. Send to us and ask for BOOKLET "K" FREE. It will tell you all about paint and show you how some beautiful homes are painted with Ramsay's Paint.

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PAINT MAKERS,
MONTREAL.
Est'd 1842.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to **The Dawson Commission Co.** Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

WIDOWS' FLAGS.

In Sumatra, if a woman is left a widow, immediately after her husband's death, she plants a flagstaff at her door, upon which a flag is raised. So long as the flag remains untorn by the wind the etiquette of Sumatra forbids her to marry, but at the first rent, however tiny, she can lay aside her weeds and accept the first offer she has.

SARCASM.

Beg your pardon, kind lady, began the polite beggar, but I'm badly in need of money.

I wonder if you deserve help, said the kind lady suspiciously. If I was to give you a cent what would you do with it?

Your generosity would overwhelm me, ma'am; I'd buy a post card and write you a note of thanks.

A MINISTER OF RICHMOND HILL.

Rev. F. Elliott Frankly and Strongly Endorses Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The Great Kidney Remedy Inspires Gratitude Wherever it Goes—No Medicine so Highly Endorsed—What a Minister of the Gospel has to say about Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Richmond, Hill, May 20.—Special.—A sensation was caused in this township when it was reported that the Rev. F. Elliott had published a strong letter in the papers, endorsing a patent medicine. This happened some little time ago, but the matter has not been forgotten. The medicine in question was the famous Dodd's Kidney Pills and the Rev. Mr. Elliott is still in the receipt of frequent enquiries about his experience with them.

To a recent questioner who asked him about Dodd's Kidney Pills Mr. Elliott was quite outspoken.

"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills to be an excellent remedy," said he. "I see no reason whatever why I should not recommend them; they have helped me and I believe they will help others. If they were not a strictly honest, meritorious, reliable cure for everything they are claimed to be, nothing would be more objectionable or further from my thoughts than for me to endorse them to anyone, much less lend my name to a printed statement. But as the facts stand I hold by my former course and shall always be happy to recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills by any means in my power."

The letter referred to in which Mr. Elliott endorses Dodd's Kidney Pills, was published in this paper some time ago. It reads as follows:

"I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit I have derived from using Dodd's Kidney Pills. Last spring in particular when suffering from Lame Back, pain and weakness was so great I could hardly turn or get out of bed. Knowing it all came from disordered Kidneys, I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and my pain and lameness soon disappeared. I consider Dodd's Kidney Pills a good reliable medicine for the diseases for which they are recommended.

"When I hear people complain of Lame Back or Rheumatism, I always say, "Why don't you take Dodd's Kidney Pills.' I wish to add that this testimonial is entirely unsolicited and only 'good will to men' would induce me to allow my name to be published in this connection.—Rev. F. Elliott."

FOR THE WINDOW GARDEN.

The best arrangement for a window garden is a large, wide shelf, which will accommodate two or three pots in depth. to this a large galvanized tray should be fitted. This can be covered with enamel to match the wood of the room or with moss green, which will harmonize with everything. Two or three brackets, holding two or three plants each, can be fastened at different heights on either side. Dainty white sash curtains behind the plants will not only protect from chill drom the glass, but will add much to the effect as a pretty background.

VERY SENSATIONAL.

A Liverpool novelist says that the literary man should have the keenest of imaginations. The following passages, taken from his first book, prove that his own imagination leaves nothing to be desired:

"Her hand was cold like that of a serpent." "The countess was about to reply, when a door opened, and closed her mouth." "'Ha, ha!' he exclaimed in Portuguese." "The colonel paced backward and forward, with his hands behind his back, reading the newspapers." "At this sight the negro's face grew deadly pale." "The man was dressed in a velvet jacket, and in trousers of the same colour."

In Holland's swampy provinces 9 per cent. of recruits to the Army are rejected as being under height. The proportion in other provinces is only 5.

The value of houses in Scotland has increased from 90 millions in 1851 to nearly 240 millions at present—a record for the United Kingdom.

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

The land-tax in Egypt amounts to 5 million sterling a year, being £200,000 more than the estimated land-tax for all China.

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 diarrhoea, 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

In the year 1801 there were but 51 hospitals in the United Kingdom. This number has grown to 498 in the present year.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

222 out of a million Englishmen attain to a fortune of £200,000, and no fewer than 1,000 to the comfortable sum of £25,000.

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

Only 52,000 in a million Englishmen are farmers. But more than a quarter of Russia's population lives by the soil—298,000 per million. When you come to shops and trade, the figures are reversed. Two hundred and thirty-eight thousand Englishmen in the million are engaged in commerce; in Russia, only 47,000.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Italy and Spain have fewer houses in proportion to their population than any other countries in the world; the Argentine Republic and Uruguay have most.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

In the past 40 years Great Britain has produced 40 million tons of steel, or about one-third of the world's total product.

$100 Reward, $100.

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best

He—I point out your faults because I love you. She—Nonsense! If you really loved me you would think my faults were excellences.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Don't you see that sign, No fishing on these grounds? I'm not fishin' on the grounds; I'm fishin' in the water.

W. P. C. 1077

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For all skin ailments.
J. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

FRENCH CLEANING.
For made up Goods, Suits in Cloth, Velvet, Silk or Furs and all valuable house Hangings, nothing to equal it if done by the
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6-8-10 ADELAIDE St W. TORONTO

Thanks, dear Mrs Grundy for your advice about 40¢ Monsoon Ceylon Tea
I have tried it & must say it is most delicious - My husband now says that breakfast is something to look forward to.