

WINTER FALK IN DAWSON.

It Man on What They Would Do When They Retired, and One of the...

A man who spent the winter of 1958 in Dawson City was relating some of his experiences to a party of friends...

"I remember a big, jovial Irishman by the name of O'Halloran, who had accumulated 1,200 ounces, worth about \$18,000, and who used to declare the first thing he would do when he got home would be to buy a back. He was always a day laborer before he came to the Klondike, and his life had been made up of long stretches of hard work and miserably saving, followed by brief and glorious drunks, in which he had hidden in hocks with his legs through the windows, chanting bacchanalian hymns...

"Another lucky gold hunter was a young man named Andrews, who had been a waiter. He used to tell what he would eat when he got back and the recital never failed to interest a large audience. "Now tell us what you would do to order for de oig-tray," somebody would suggest, and he would proceed to reel off a selection of a menu card in French while his listeners licked their chops and rolled their eyes in ecstasy. After a long diet of bacon and beans, Andrews' monologues were positively maddening. One of the simplest-minded of the crowd was a chap from Iowa, who could never be induced to express a wish for anything except a suit of pink silk underclothes. He knew a faro dealer at Seattle who possessed such garments, and their weird beauty, together with the fact that they cost \$35 a set, had appealed powerfully to his imagination. He had fully \$20,000 planted in an old oil can, but he never allowed his fancy to roam beyond the pink silk underclothes. I trust he is wearing them now, but I doubt it.

"The only man who I knew who made a really accurate forecast of his proceedings when he struck civilization was a big professional prospector Joe Burns who had cleaned up about \$15,000 on Bonanza Creek. "As soon as I hit Frisco," he said, "I will get good and drunk; then I'll go to some gambling joint and blow in my money; then I'll land in the cooler. We came down on the same boat, and his prediction was fulfilled to the letter. I got him out of the station myself."

"I should like to know what your trouble is," he said, gently. "I could tell you only one half of it," she replied, wearily. "I have suffered much, and yet through no fault of my own. I am cast off, deserted, condemned to a loveless, joyless life; my heart is broken; there is nothing left me but to die. I repeat that it is a sad fate."

"It is indeed," replied the apothecary, gravely. "Yet, alas! not an uncommon one. Are you quite sure that nothing can remedy it?" "Quite sure," replied Daisy, hopelessly. "My doom is fixed; and no matter how long I live, or how long he lives, it can never be altered."

"The apothecary was uncomfortable without knowing why, haunted by a vague, miserable suspicion, which poor Daisy's words secretly corroborated; yet it seemed almost a sin to harbor one suspicion against the purity of the artless little creature before him. He looked into the fresh young face. There was no cloud on it, no guilt lay brooding in the clear, truthful blue eyes. He never dreamed little Daisy was a wife. "Why did he not love her?" was the query the apothecary asked himself over and over again. "She is so young, so loving, and so fair. He has cast her off, this man to whom she has given the passionate love of her young heart."

"You see you did wrong to hold me back," she said, gently. "How am I to live and bear this sorrow that has come upon me? What am I to do?" She looked around her with the bewildered air of one who had lost her way, with the dazed appearance of one from beneath whose feet the bank of safety has been withdrawn. Hope was dead, and this past a glank. "No matter what your past has been, my poor child, you must remember there is a future. Take up the burden of life again, and bear it nobly; go back to your home, and commence life anew."

"I have no home and no friends," she sighed, helplessly. "Poor child!" he said, pityingly, "is it as bad as that?" "A sudden idea seemed to occur to him. "You are a perfect stranger to me," he said, "but I believe you to be an honorable girl, and I should like to befriend you, as I would pray Heaven to befriend a daughter of mine if she were similarly situated. If I should put you in a way of obtaining your own living as companion to an elderly lady in a distant city, would you be willing to take up the tangled threads of your life again, and wait patiently until God saw fit to recall you to this world to live again?" "Remember, such an act is slow, and a murderer can not enter the kingdom of heaven."

"You don't know how I loved that child!" he cried, brokenly. "She was all I had to love in the whole world, and I set such store by her, but Stanwick shall pay dearly for this," he cried, hoarsely. "I shall never rest day or night until my little Daisy's honor is avenged, so help me God! You think she is dead?" he questioned, looking brokenly from one to the other. "They nodded their heads; they could not speak through their sobs. At that moment several of the neighbors who were assisting in the casket were seen coming toward the cottage. They gathered in a little knot by the garden wall. With a heart breaker than lead in his bosom John Brooks went forward to meet them. "You haven't got any track of my little Daisy?" he asked, despondingly. The men averted their faces. "For God's sake speak out, my men!" he cried, in agony; "I can't stand this suspense."

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XVII. A strong hand drew Daisy quickly back.

"Rash child! What is this that you would do?" cried an eager, earnest voice, and, turning quickly about, speechless with fright, Daisy met the stern eyes of the apothecary bent searchingly, inquiringly upon her. "It means that I am tired of life," she replied, desperately. "My life is so full of sadness it will be no sorrow to leave it. I wanted to rest quietly down there, but you have held me back; it is useless to attempt to save me now. I have already swallowed a portion of the laudanum. Death must come to relieve me soon. It would be better to let me die down there where no one could be looking upon my face again."

"I had no intention to let you die so easily," said the apothecary, softly. "I read your thoughts too plainly for that. I did not give you laudanum, but a harmless mixture instead, and followed you to see if my surmise was correct. You are young and fair—surely life could not have lost all hope and sunshine for you?" "You do not know all," said Daisy, wearily, "or you would not have held me back. I do not know of another life so utterly hopeless as my own."

"The good man looked at the sweet, innocent, beautiful face, upon which the starlight fell, quite bewildered and thoughtful. "I should like to know what your trouble is," he said, gently. "I could tell you only one half of it," she replied, wearily. "I have suffered much, and yet through no fault of my own. I am cast off, deserted, condemned to a loveless, joyless life; my heart is broken; there is nothing left me but to die. I repeat that it is a sad fate."

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"There are footprints in the wet grass down yonder," one of them replied; "and they lead straight down to the old shaft. Do you think your girl has made away with herself?" "A gray, ghastly pallor settled over John Brooks' anguished face. "The Lord knows! All of you stay here while I go down there and look. If I should find anything there I'd rather be alone."

JAPAN TEA DRINKERS!

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CEYLON GREEN TEA. "SALADA," Toronto.

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"There was a depth of agony in the man's voice that touched his hearers, and more than one coat-sleeve was drawn hastily across sympathetic eyes as they whispered one to the other he would surely find her there. John Brooks had reached the very mouth of the pit now, and through the branches of the trees the men saw him suddenly spring forward, and stoop as if to pick up something, and bitter cries rent the stillness of the summer morning. "Daisy! oh, Daisy! my child, my child!"

"Then they saw him fall heavily to the ground on the very brink of the shaft. "I guess he's found her!" cried the sympathizing man. "Let us go and see." They found John Brooks insensible, lying prone on his face, grasping a tiny little glove, in one hand, and in the other a snowy little handkerchief, which bore, in one corner, worked in fanciful design, the name of "Daisy."

CHAPTER XVII. Glenrove was one of the most beautiful spots in the south of Florida. The house—similar to many in the South in style of architecture—stood in the midst of charming grounds which were filled with flowers. To the left of the house was a large scrubby tree which opened on to a wide carriage-drive leading to the main road, but the principal attraction of Glenrove was its magnificent orange grove, where the brilliant sunshine loved to linger longest among the dark-green boughs, painting the luscious fruit with its golden coloring—from green to gold. A low stone wall divided it from the beach which led to the sea. To Be Continued.

VARIOUS ITEMS. Some of the latest conundrums and Epigrammatic Jokes. The richest child in the world—Rothschild. Why is a cruel man like a peach? He has a heart of stone. Poe calls a beautiful woman "a perpetual hymn to the Deity."

LAUNDRING FINE NAPERY. Hang your linen to dry using two lines comparatively close and parallel for your table-cloths. Also for sheets. Throw one selvage side of your tablecloth over one line, toward the other, allowing it to hang down about a quarter of a yard and being careful to pin it a short distance from the ends. Take the opposite side of your cloth and throw it over the other line, facing the first line, and pin it in the same manner. This will form a sort of bag, and will prevent, to a considerable extent, the wild blowing of the tablecloth in windy weather. After the table-linen is thoroughly dried remove it from the line and prepare to dampen it. A whisk-broom is excellent for this purpose. Table-linen in order to bring out the bright gloss that makes it so attractive, should be dampened very freely, being sure that the selvage ends or hemstitched borders are thoroughly damp. Roll up tightly, putting the roll frequently, to spread the dampness. The napkins and doilies should be arranged alternately one upon the other—first a napkin dry from the line, then one which has been wrung out in warm water, then a dry napkin, and following it another wrung out in hot water, and so on. Then roll tightly together.

CARPETS. A lady writer thinks carpets ought to be taken up in summer and kept up until fall. She asks, why should we not more generally imitate continental custom by painting or polishing our floors? Floors, painted or polished, look far prettier in July sunshine than any carpets, which are then more fasty traps to catch dust, harbor insects and retain bad smells. Everything has its use and its season. Where it is impossible to paint or polish the floors of a house, the employment of matting will be good economy in summer and far cleaner. Matting, too, of charming patterns may now be bought very cheaply, and it makes a room delightfully cool and fresh.

TO MAKE SCREWS HOLD. Screws may be made to hold in soft wood or where the cut has become too large, by the use of glue. Prepare the glue thick, immerse a stick about half the size of the screw and put it into the hole; then immerse the screw and drive it home as quickly as possible. When there is some article of furniture to be repaired and no glue is to be had handily, insert the stick and fill the rest of the cavity with pulverized resin, then heat the screw sufficiently to melt the resin as it is driven in. In broken plastered wall the best

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

HIS MOTHER. Within her fond, encircling arm Safe slept her little child. A helpless, weak, sweet-breathed and warm, Her eager look down-bent to scan That face, all lowly innocency. The features of the full-grown man She seized upon with prophetic sense— Foresaw the hero that should be Clad in his manhood's majesty, And seeing, smiled.

Relaxed in every massive limb, The man wore weary slippers; His bearded cheek is rough and grim. She, hovering near him wistfully, And gazing long, is fain to trace One line, childlike and pure, amidst In that toil-marred, world-hardened face. Now once again she feels and sees Her mother, with a lovely kneecap, And seeing, weeps.

FOR THE BABY'S BATH. Purchase a small pine kitchen table with drawers, and saw off the legs to make it about a foot high. Upon this place the baby's bath-tub, which will make it an easy comfortable height for the mother when seated in a rocking chair to bathe the baby without stooping or straining. Divide the drawers into several compartments for safety-pins, powder bags, soap, sponge or whatever is needed about the baby's bath. There will be space enough on the top of the table or platform for the soap-dish, powder-box, or whatever must be close at hand for emergencies.

A BABY INCUBATOR. Prof. Escherich, of Graz, Austria, has constructed for the "Anna Kinderhospital," a novel type baby incubator. The good doctor found that the tiny new-born infants which often weighed only six pounds were very seriously affected by changes in temperature. Ordinary incubators employed to maintain a constant high temperature are open to severe objections. In order to nurse and care for the infant it must be taken out of the incubator and exposed to the dangers from which it should be protected. In order to overcome this objection it was decided to build an incubator room six and a half feet high. A temperature of 88 degrees is maintained by means of a steam coil. Filtered air is admitted and raised to this temperature by means of the coil before it strikes the infants. The wet-nurse enters the chamber by means of a vestibule, and taking one of the babies from the shelf over the steam pipes, proceeds to care for it. Thus the infant can be raised under the most auspicious circumstances.

THE TREATMENT OF LYING. Most children are liars, says Dr. de Flury. Sometimes they lie to escape punishment. Living for the present, they do not look to the morrow, and if they can only postpone the evil which is their lot, they will do so. The spoiled child, accustomed to mix in the conversation of his elders, lies to attract attention. Fear of not pleasing, desire to justify themselves, vanity, all contribute to making the child lie. How to cure it is a difficult question. Search and try your children to see if they tell the truth. Make them ashamed to do otherwise. Try to correct them quietly and reasonably; and, above all, give them a good example in this respect daily. Let the child know at once that lying is useless, dangerous, ridiculous and low. At bed time it is a good time to impress upon his mind the enormity of the crime of lying done that day, but let it be done affectionately and sympathetically.

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TREE HUNTERS. Mahogany hunting is one of the best paying professions. Mahogany trees are grown in clusters, but are scattered through the forests and hidden in a dense growth of underbrush, vines and creepers and it requires a skillful and experienced woodsman to find them. The mahogany is one of the largest and tallest of trees, and the hunter, seeking the highest ground climbs to the top of the tallest tree and surveys the surrounding country. His practiced eye soon detects the mahogany by its peculiar foliage, and he counts the trees within sight, notes the directions and distances, and then, descending, cuts a narrow trail to each tree, which he carefully blazes and marks, especially if there is a rival hunter in the vicinity. The axmen follow the hunter, and after them come the sawyers and hewers. To fell a large mahogany tree is one day's task for two men. On account of the wide spurs which project from the trunk at its base, scaffolds must be erected and the tree cut off above the spurs,—which leaves a stump from 10 to 15 feet in height—a sheer waste of the very best part of the tree. While the work of felling and hewing is in progress other gangs are busy making roads and bridges, over which the logs may be hauled to the river. The hunter has nothing to do with the work of cutting or removing the timber. He merely points out the tree and moves on in search of more. He is paid by results, and it is by no means unusual for a clever hunter to draw \$500 for a month's work in the forests. But, as in every other business there are bad times, and sometimes the hunter will travel five or six weeks without finding any timber worth cutting.

SOCIALISTIC EXPERIMENT BY SWISS. The city of Bern, Switzerland, is making the socialistic experiment of building free—or practically free—workshops for artisans.

Good housekeepers say that Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green Tea besides being the best, is by far the most economical.

plan is to enlarge the hole to about twice the diameter of the screw, fill it with plaster of paris, such as is used for fastening the tops of lamps, etc., and bed the screw in the soft plaster. When the plaster has set the screw will be held very firmly.

TO REMOVE SPOTS AND STAINS. Dry tea stains on table linen may be removed by applying equal quantities of the yolk of egg and glycerine, and rubbing in the usual way. When dry wash in lukewarm water. Apply glycerine to coffee stains, wash the spots in lukewarm water and iron until dry. Spots produced by acid will disappear if touched with spirits of alkali, and those produced by alkali will disappear if vinegar is used. Pour clear boiling water through berry-stained goods. Blood stains should be washed in lukewarm, not hot or cold, suds. Let them stand a few minutes before washing the garment. Machine-oil stains should be treated to a bath of cold water and soap, if applied immediately after the oil is spilled on the garment.

ABOUT LAMPS. To Prevent a Lamp Smoking—Take out the wick, soak it in vinegar, dry it well, and cut it exactly straight. Wash the lamp in soda and water, and if when you refill it with oil you put in one or two very small pieces of camphor it will much improve the light. It is well to keep lamps about two-thirds full of oil. Lamps are not so detrimental to house plants as gas. It is said that the wick of a lamp, if frayed out to about an inch at the end which is immersed, will give a much brighter and stronger flame.

THE MOST RESTFUL COLOR. Green is popularly supposed to be the color which best protects the eye, but the German professor denies that it has any beneficial effect whatever, and declares that green newspapers, green glasses and green uniforms are all a mistake. His theory is, at all events, plausible. It is that each different color tires a different set of nerves of vision, and therefore looking at one particular color saves one set of nerves at the expense of another. The best method, he points out, is to dim all the rays of light by smoked or gray glasses, which rest all the optic nerves.

THE SILVER. There is very seldom a bride who does not receive enough small silver such as forks and spoons, to supply her own table. If she is not so fortunate, however, she should, if possible, try to buy solid silver, even if she can afford to get but half a dozen pieces of each kind. Should this be beyond her means, she will find plated silver in neat designs, although it will in time wear out, while the solid silver will last a lifetime or longer. It never pays to buy thin silver, for this bends and dents easily.

A good plan for keeping away dirty and dirt-loving tramps from the premises would be to hang your fences with Pearline signs. Mr. Tramp could not stand the idea of parting with old companionable dirt. It will scare him off as effectively as a bull dog. "The wayfaring man of a fool," has become acquainted with the ubiquitous sign of Pearline, and he knows it to be a ruthless displacer of dirt. Unlike the bulldog, however, Pearline could not injure the fabric, whether that be Mr. Tramp or his clothing.—N. Y. Witness.

SWEDISH BUNS. Take two pounds bread dough; add a cupful butter; roll out 1-4-inch thick; spread with butter, sugar, cinnamon and currants; fold as for jelly roll; cut into 1-2-inch slices; set these rings side up in the pan; let rise to double their bulk and bake; ice when cold.

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A SPLENDID RECORD. LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

Has marvellously increased in popularity during the past year, and is now a household necessity. Lead Packets, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60c. SPECIES ROOMS OF AN OCEAN STRAMSHIP. In these days of heavy gold shipments the specie room on the steamship is a very important institution. It is located in an out-of-the-way place amidships, under the saloon. Few of the passengers know of its existence, or the valuable treasure that is carried across the ocean with them. The room varies slightly on different ships, but is usually about 16 feet long, by ten feet wide, and eight feet high. It is constructed of steel plates one-quarter of an inch thick, and strongly riveted together. The floor, the ceiling, and the walls are all of steel plates. There is a heavy door also made of steel. It is provided with two English "Chubb" locks, a variety of combination locks that is said to be burglar-proof.

UNQUESTIONABLY AN IMPOSTER. That man, he said with decision, when the caller had departed, is an imposter. Why do you say that? demanded his wife and daughter in unison. He claims to be a bachelor, he explained, and yet when we retired to the library to smoke he admitted to me that he did not thoroughly understand women. I tell you, he has had some matrimonial experience, whether he's married now or not. A highly "caudalized" editor of a Western family newspaper heads his marriage notices "Lucifer Matches."

\$100 Reward. \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one cured disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Cancer. 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 takes it directly, 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 restoring nature in doing its work. The patients 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, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS MRS. WINDSOR'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children's teething. It soothes the inflamed, swollen gums, allays pain, cures colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea, etc. It is sold in all drug stores. Be sure and get the "Mrs. Windsor's Soothing Syrup."

A man having died from gastroenteritis the verdict of the jury was: "Died from suffocation." They meant to write "suffocation."

Carriage accidents may be avoided in winter by keeping the horses' shoes and the driver's bottle well oiled. W P C 1508

THE BALTIC, Free Bus. AVENUE HOUSE. Carriage accidents may be avoided in winter by keeping the horses' shoes and the driver's bottle well oiled.

FEATHER DYING. Cleaning and Dyeing and Kid Gloves cleaned. This can be sent by post, 10 per cent. the best place in BRITISH AMERICAN DYING CO. Montreal. Sausage Casings—New importations finest English Sheep and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at low prices. BLACK, BAKER, WELLS & CO., Toronto.

Music Teachers Wanted. WALEY & Co. 156 Yonge St. Toronto, Ont. FILE CURE. A trial package of Curt's Positive Cure for Piles will be sent free to any address on receipt of two cent stamp. No knife, no surgery, no pain. ADDRESS THE BUTCHING FREE. MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. It Will Pay You. In receipt of all your products to the Dawson Commission Co. Limited. Our Catalogue and West Market St., Toronto. They will get you highest possible prices. LAW. Mills, Mills & Hales. Removed by Wally & Hales. Toronto, Ont. TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL. Latest up-to-date, reliable systems taught for getting the best results. Terms moderate. Write for particulars. Catholic Prayers. Books, lectures, Gratitude, Penance, Station, Confession, Sacraments, Educational Works. All orders receive prompt attention. D. A. & B. BAKER, Montreal, Quebec. WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING. J. L. JONES ENG. CO. 6-8-10 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO. THE MOST NUTRITIOUS. EPP'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA. BREAKFAST-SUPPER. ROOFING and Sheet Metal Works. ROOFING SLATE, IN PLACE, ROOFING, SHEET METAL, PLUMBING, PAINTING, ETC. ROOFING TILES, BRICKS, CEMENT, LIME, SAND, GRAVEL, etc. (all delivered to any part of the country). Phone 903. D. BUTRICK & SONS, Adelaide & Wilmersite, Toronto.

Heart Palpitation.

A QUEBEC GREATLY RELEASED FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

She Had Tried Many Medicines Without Avail, But Ultimately Found a Cure Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Few bodily afflictions are more terrible than disease of the heart. To live in constant dread and expectation of death, sudden and with last farewells unspoken, is for most people more awful to contemplate than the most serious lingering illness. The slightest excitement brings suffering and danger to such people. For several years Mrs. Gravel, wife of P. H. A. Gravel, foreman in Barry's cigar factory, St. John's suburb, Quebec, was such a sufferer, but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is again in the enjoyment of good health. Mrs. Gravel says:—"My general health was bad for several years, my appetite was poor, and I was easily tired, but it was the frequent sharp pains and violent palpitation of my heart which caused me the greatest alarm. I tried many medicines, and was treated by several doctors, but in vain. Finally I became so poorly that I was not able to do any household work and was frequently confined to my bed. At the suggestion of one of my friends I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes I began to gain new strength and vigor. The pains in my heart were less frequent and less severe, and in every way my health was improving. I continued using the pills until I had taken eight boxes, when I had completely recovered my health. I have gained in flesh; my appetite is good, and I am able to do all my household work without feeling the awful fatigue I was before subject to. I am very thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have truly released me from much suffering, and I hope that others may be induced to try this wonderful medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They remove and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HER PROPOSALS. Clara—I accepted a lot of proposals last summer. Louise—What! More than one? Clara—Certainly. I accepted every time a young man proposed that we have a glass of soda water or a dish of ice cream.

MEMORY. Husband, angrily—Don't forget, madam, that you are my wife. Wife—Oh, never fear. There are some things one can't forget.

When Discouraged Turn to Dr. Chase

He Cures Every Case of Piles Thoroughly and Well Without the Danger, Expense and Pain of an Operation.

It is surprising that a large number of men and women suffer from the wretched uneasiness and torturing itching of piles. You may be among those who, through modesty or fear of the surgeon's knife, have been prevented from appealing to your physician for a cure. You have tried the hundred and one things that friends have recommended, and have become discouraged. You say, as many have said before you, that there is no cure for piles. Now is the time for you to turn to Dr. Chase, whose famous ointment is recognized the world over as the only actual cure for every form of piles. The real substantial value of Dr. Chase's Ointment has given it a unique position among medicines. It is used in nearly every neighborhood on this continent, and has become known by word of mouth from friend to friend and neighbor to neighbor. Ask your friends about it, ask your druggist, ask your doctor. Others have been discouraged, and after years of misery have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Here is one. Mrs. James Brown, Hintonburg, near Ottawa, writes:—"I have been a constant sufferer from nearly every form

of piles for the last twenty years, and during that time both here and in the old country have tried most every remedy. "I am only doing justice to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles. I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to mothers or other persons who are suffering from that dread torment—piles." Mr. Thompson, a leading merchant of Blenheim, Ont., states:—"I was troubled with itching piles for fifteen years, and at times they were so bad I could scarcely walk. I tried a great many remedies, but never found anything like Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third application I obtained relief, and was completely cured by using one box. Ask your neighbors about Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only absolute cure for piles. You can obtain Dr. Chase's Ointment for 60 cents a box from any dealer. If you prefer, enclose this amount to these offices and the remedy will be sent, postpaid, to your address. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

4% Debentures. Debentures for \$100 and upwards are issued for terms of five, ten, three, four or five years. Coupons are attached for interest from the date on which the money is received at four per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly. INVESTIGATION SOLICITED. The Canada Permanent & West-ern Canada Mortgage Corporation. Offices: Toronto St., Toronto. "ONE POUND CAKES" FOR HOUSEHOLD USE. Laundry, Wash, Clean, Press, Steam, PARAFFIN. THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO., Limited. 280 King St. West, Toronto. Ask your dealer for it.