

FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Steps Taken by Government to Minimize the Evil.

In past centuries drunkenness was not regarded as the great evil we now look upon it to be, and the extent of effort having for its object the promotion of temperance, was not to be compared to what it is to-day.

The method of the ancient Spartans was characteristic of those brave, but callous people. The state owned thousands of helots - slaves - and on occasions these were compelled to become intoxicated in order that the young Spartan men might be afforded a lesson on the horrors of drunkenness.

Under the republic the Romans were almost prohibitionists. Men of honorable family were by law forbidden to drink wine until they reached the age of 30, while women were not to use it at all, except on festival days.

Liquor laws have generally provided for special punishment for drunkards. Some an existence in foreign countries at the present day are most curious in this respect, and in former times the retribution that fell upon toppers, even in our own land, was often peculiar.

During the Commonwealth the "Drunkard's Clock" was used in parts of England. Instead of being a clock, however, it was a barrel which the man who had been guilty of excess had to wear in his enforced walk through the streets or lanes.

The "WOODEN HORSE," usually a military punishment. Army drinkers were placed astride a wooden erection, which might or might not have had a remote resemblance to the animal whose name it took, and so bound that the position soon became one of torture.

Among the early English settlers in America it was customary to compel the toper to wear suspended from his neck a board on which the letter D was printed in red. Others had heavy weights attached to their wrists, while the hands and feet were chained together.

The steps taken by modern Governments show a praiseworthy anxiety to minimize the evil, and in the main are calculated to further that end. In many towns of the Argentine Republic habitual offenders are not merely fined, but are sentenced to eight days' street sweeping for each offense, without option.

On the continent of Europe novel schemes designed to prevent intemperance are in vogue. If a man gets drunk and riotous in any public place of refreshment at Fribourg, in Switzerland, he is prohibited from visiting any other inn, cafe, hotel or similar institution in the republic for the space of a year.

In Norway and Sweden dipsomaniacs are punished, and often permanently cured at the same time. If the man be an old offender he is sent off to jail, and for a fortnight or so has nothing to eat and drink but bread and wine.

In the "patent" treatment is finished the "patent" takes liquor like poison, and cannot be induced to take any for months, while in many cases he becomes a teetotaler.

Mr. Frank Walters, of Exeter, Tells of Suffering and How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him after Other Medicines Failed.

From the Advocate, Exeter. Mr. Frank Walters is a young man personally known to most of the residents of Exeter, where he has lived nearly all his life.

Young Burglar—These spooks ain't silver. They are the cheapest kind of imitation. Old Burglar—That's lucky. Lucky? Yes. Take 'em along.

The lady of the house will be afraid to get the detectives after us, lest they should find their spooks ain't describe 'em in the papers.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

After leaving the proper medicines and giving minute instructions as to how and when it should be administered, Dr. West took his departure, with a strange, vague uneasiness at his heart.

"Bah!" he muttered to himself, as he drove briskly along the shaded road, yet seeing none of its beauty, "how strange it is these young girls will fall in love and marry such fellows as that!" he mused.

"There is something about his face that I don't like; he is a scoundrel, and I'll bet my life on it!" The doctor brought his fist down on his knee with such a resounding blow that poor old Dobbin broke in to a gallop.

All the night long Daisy clung to the hands that held her, begging and praying her not to leave her alone, until the poor old lady was quite overcome by the fatigue of continued watching beside her couch.

"Don't go away," she cried; "everybody goes away. I do not belong to any one. I am all—alone—!" she would sigh, drowsily.

Again she fancied she was with Rex, standing beneath the magnolia boughs in the sunshine; again, she was clinging to his arm—while some cruel woman insulted her—sobbing pitifully upon his breast; again, she was parting from him at the gate, asking him if what they had done was right; then she was in some school-room, begging piteously for some cruel letter, then out on the waves in the storm and the on-coming darkness of night.

The sisters relieved one another at regular intervals. They had ceased to listen to her pathetic little appeals for help, or the wild cries of agony that burst from the red feverish lips as she started up from her slumbers with stifled sobs, moaning out that the time was flying; that she must escape anywhere, anywhere, while there were still fifteen minutes left her.

She never once mentioned Stanwick's name, or Septima's, but called incessantly for Rex and poor old Uncle John.

"Who in the world do you suppose Rex is?" said Matilda, thoughtfully. "That name is continually on her lips—the last word she utters when she closes her eyes, the first word to cross her lips when she awakes. That must certainly be the handsome young fellow she met at the gate. If he is Rex, I do not wonder the poor child loved him so. He was the handsomest, most noble-looking, frank-faced young man I have ever seen; and he took on in a way that made me actually cry when I told him she was married. He would not believe it, until I called the child and she told him herself it was the truth. I was sorry from the bottom of my heart that young fellow had not won her instead of this Stanwick, they were so suited to each other."

"Ah," said Ruth, after a moment's pause, "I think I have the key to this mystery. She loves this handsome Rex, that is evident; perhaps they had a lovers' quarrel, and she has married this one on the spur of the moment through pique. Oh, the pretty little dear!" sighed Ruth. "I hope she will never rue it."

CHAPTER XV. Slowly the days came and went for the next fortnight. The crisis had passed, and Dr. West said she would soon recover. The beautiful, long, golden hair had been shorn from the pretty little head, and the rose-bloom had died out of the pretty cheeks, but the bright, restless light never left the beautiful blue eyes—otherwise there was but little change in Daisy.

It had been just two weeks that morning, they told her, as she opened her eyes to consciousness, since she had first been stricken down. "And I have been here ever since," she inquired, wonderingly. "Yes, my dear," replied Ruth Burton, softly putting the thin white checks; "of course you have been here ever since. I am afraid we are going to lose you soon, however. We have received a letter from your husband, saying he will be here some time to-morrow. Shall you be pleased to see him, dear?"

In one single instant all the dim, horrible past rushed back to Daisy's mind. She remembered flinging herself down in the clover-scented grass, and the world growing dark around her, as the terrible words of Stanwick rang in her ears—he would be back in just fifteen minutes to claim her.

Ah, bonny little Daisy, tossing on your pillow, babbling empty nothings, better would it have been for you, perhaps, if you had dropped the weary burden of your life into the kindly arms of death then and there than to struggle onward into the dark mystery which lay entombed in your future.

"Shall you be glad to see Mr. Stanwick, dear?" repeated the old lady, and, unconscious of any wrong, she placed the letter he had written in Daisy's hands. Like one in a terrible dream, Daisy read it quite through to the end. "You see, he says he incloses fifty dollars extra for you, dear. I have placed it with the twenty safe in your little purse."

"Oh, Miss Ruth, you are so very kind to me. I shall never forget how good you have all been to me," said Daisy, softly, watching the three peaceful old ladies, who had drawn their rocking-chairs, as was their custom, all in a row, and sat quietly knitting in the sunshine, the gentle click of their needles falling soothingly upon Daisy's poor, tired brain.

"We shall miss you sadly when you go," said Ruth, knitting away vigorously. "You have been like a ray of sunshine in this gloomy old house."

When my daughter got married we thought we would board with her and her husband. Well! We got a late start, somehow, and they are boarding with us.

We have all learned to love you very dearly.

"You love me?" repeated Daisy, wonderingly. "I was beginning to believe every one hated me in the whole world, every one has been so bitter and so cruel with me, except poor old Uncle John. I often wonder why God lets me live—what am I to do with my life! Mariana in the moated grange, was not more to be pitied than I. Death relieved her, but I am left to struggle on."

"Heaven hear her!" cried Ruth. "One suffers a great deal to lose all interest in life. You are so young, dear, you could not have suffered much."

"I have lost all I hold dear in life," she answered, pathetically, lifting her beautiful, childish blue eyes toward the white fleecy clouds tinted by the setting sun.

Their hearts ached for the pretty, lonely little creature. They believed she was thinking of her mother. So she was—and of Rex, the handsome young husband whom she so madly idolized in her worshipful childish fashion, who was worse than dead to her—the husband who should have believed in her honor and purity, though the world had cried out to him that she was false. He had thrust aside all possibility of her writing to him; cast her out from his life; left her to be persecuted beyond all endurance; bound by a vow she dare not break to keep her marriage with Rex a secret. Though he was more cruel than death, she loved Rex with a devotion that never faltered.

Daisy lay there, thinking of it all, while the soft, golden sunlight died out of the sky, and the deep dusk of twilight crept softly on.

Then the old ladies arose from their chairs, folded their knitting, and put it away. Dusk was their hour for retiring.

They were discussing which one should sit up with Daisy, when she summoned them all to her bedside. "I want you all to go to bed and never mind me," coaxed Daisy, with a strange light in her eyes. "Take a good sleep, as I am going to do; shall be very happy to-morrow—happier than I have ever been before!" She clasped her white arms about their necks in turn, clinging to them, and sobbing as though she was loath to part with them.

Ruth's hand she held last and longest. "Please kiss me again," she sobbed. "Clasp your arms tight around me, and say 'Good-night, Daisy.' It will be so nice to dream about."

With a cheery laugh the old lady lovingly complied with her request. "You must close those bright little eyes of yours, and drift quickly into the Land of Nod, or there will be no roses in these cheeks to-morrow. Good-night, my pretty little dear!" "Good-night, dear, kind Ruth!" sighed Daisy.

And she watched the old lady with wistful, hungry eyes as she picked up her shaded night-lamp, that threw such a soft, sweet radiance over her aged face, as she quietly quitted the room.

A sudden change came over Daisy's face as the sound of her footsteps died away in the hall.

"Oh, God! help me!" she cried, piteously, struggling to her feet. "I must be far away from here when daylight breaks."

She was so weak she almost fell back on her bed again when she attempted to rise. The thought of the morrow lent strength to her flagging energies. A strange mist seemed rising before her. Twice she seemed near fainting, but her indomitable courage kept her from sinking, as she thought of what the morrow would have in store for her.

Quietly she counted over the little store in her purse by the moon's rays. "Seventy dollars! Oh, I could never use all that in my life!" she cried. "Besides, I could never touch one cent of Stanwick's money. It would burn my fingers—I am sure it would!"

Folding the bill carefully in two she placed it beneath her little snowy ruffled pillow. Then catching up the thick, dark shawl which lay on an adjacent table, she wrapped it quickly about her. She opened the door leading out into the hall, and listened. All was still—solemnly still.

Daisy crept softly down the stairs, and out into the quiet beauty of the still, summer night.

"Rex," she whispered, softly, "perhaps when I am dead you will be sorry for poor little Daisy, and some one may tell you how you have wronged me in your thoughts, but you would not let me tell you how it happened!"

In the distance she saw the shimmer of water lying white and still.

All Japan teas are colored.

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA is pure and uncolored.

under the moon's rays, tipped by the silvery light of the stars.

"No, not that way," she cried, with a shudder; "some one might see me, and I want to die!"

In the distance the red and colored gleaming lights of an apothecary's shop caught her gaze.

"Yes, that way will be best," she said, reflectively.

She drew the shawl closer about her, pressing on as rapidly as her feeble little feet would carry her.

How weak she was when she turned the knob and entered—the very lights seemed dancing around her.

A small, keen-eyed, shrewd little man stepped briskly forward to wait upon her. He started back in horror at the utter despair and woe in the beautiful young face that was turned for a moment toward him, beautiful in all its pallor as a statue, with a crown of golden hair such as pictures of angels wear encircling the perfect head.

"What can I do for you, miss?" queried the apothecary, gazing searchingly into the beautiful dreamy blue eyes raised up to his and wondering who she could possibly be.

"I wish to purchase some laudanum," Daisy faltered. "I wish it to relieve a pain which is greater than I can bear."

"Toothache, most probably?" intimated the brisk little doctor. "I know what it is. Lord bless you! I've had it until I thought I should jump through the roof. Laudanum's a first-rate thing, but I can tell you something better—jerk 'em out, that's my recipe," he said, with an off-lit smile. "Of course every one to their notion, and if you say laudanum—and nothing else—why it's laudanum you shall have; but remember it's powerful. Why, ten drops of it would cause death."

"How many drops did you say?" asked Daisy, bending forward eagerly. "I want to be very careful in taking it."

"Ten drops, I said, would poison a whole family, and twenty a regiment. You must use it very carefully, miss. Remember I have warned you," he said, handing her the little bottle filled with a dark liquid and labeled conspicuously, "Laudanum—a poison."

"Please give me my change quickly," she said, a strange, deadly sickness creeping over her. "Certainly, ma'am," assented the obliging little man, handing her back the change.

Daisy quite failed to notice that he returned her the full amount she had paid him in his eagerness to oblige her, and he went happily back to compounding his drugs in the rear part of the shop, quite unconscious he was out of the price of the laudanum.

He was dreaming of the strange beauty of the young girl, and the smile deepened on his good-humored face as he remembered how sweetly she had gazed up at him.

Meanwhile Daisy struggled on, clasping her treasure close to her throbbing heart. She remembered Ruth had pointed out an old shaft to her from her window; it had been unused many years, she had said.

"The old shaft shall be my tomb," she said; "no one will think of looking for me there."

Poor little Daisy—unhappy girl—let Heaven not judge her harshly—she was sorely tried.

About the House.

NUT MEATS IN COOKING. Sandwiches—Chop pecan meats and salt them. Butter thin slices of bread and spread the nuts evenly over them, sprinkling with grated cheese. Cover the top with a buttered slice of bread, press it down firmly and trim the edges neatly. Pecans and walnuts, separately or combined, finely chopped, dressed with a mayonnaise sauce and cream cheese, and spread on brown bread, sliced and buttered, make a particularly good sandwich.

Salads—Chop the meats of peans, walnuts, or almonds and mix them with the colored, hard-boiled eggs and other ingredients of chicken salad, and the quality of the salad will be much improved. Pecan salad is made by laying the halves of the nuts upon crisp, green lettuce leaves, several of the meats on each leaf. Pour over them a dressing of olive oil, vinegar or lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper. Scatter the pulverized yolks and finely chopped whites of hard-boiled eggs, with chopped parsley over the top.

Small Fancy Nut Cakes—Slice 2 lbs blanched nut meats and mix them through a batter made of 6 eggs well beaten and creamed with 1 lb sugar. After mixing sift gradually into the mixture 1-2 lb flour. Pour the batter in a shallow baking tin and bake in a quick oven. When nicely browned, cut in little strips, or squares, and roll in pulverized almonds and sugar. These nut cookies will keep indefinitely if nicely packed in tin with oil paper. The way to blanch nut meats is to throw them into boiling water, let them seal and then transfer them to cold water.

The skins will slip off readily, through the shrinkage of the nuts.

Drop Cakes—Chop 1 cup nut meats and add 1 cup brown sugar, 2 well beaten eggs, a pinch of salt and 3 tablespoons sifted flour, with 1 teaspoon baking powder. Drop the batter from the spoon on greased tins and bake in a quick oven from 5 to 10 minutes. They will thin themselves, in the heat of the oven, and bake like wafers.

Nut Pies—Little pies, baked in crimped patty pans, are enjoyable accessories to luncheon or dessert. Line the little pans with pastry and fill them with nut meats finely minced, seasoned with 1 cup sugar and a pinch of salt to every 2 cups meats and the yolks of 2 eggs, reserving the whites for meringue for the tops after they are baked a light brown.

Rich Nut Pies—One cup chopped nut meats, 2 cups white granulated sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 cup butter and 5 eggs well beaten. Sift 3 cups of flour into the mixing bowl and make a depression in the centre. Gradually stir the ingredients into the flour and mix the whole like a cake batter. Bake in tins lined with puff pastry and cover the tops, when the pies have baked, with meringue.

PIGEONS AFTER A JOURNEY. The carrier pigeon, when traveling, never feeds. If the distance be long, it flies on without stopping to take nutriment, and at last arrives thin, exhausted and almost dying. If corn be presented to it it refuses to eat, contenting itself with drinking a little water, and then sleeping. Two or three hours later it begins to eat with great moderation, and sleeps again immediately afterwards. If its flight has been very prolonged the pigeon will proceed in this manner for 48 hours before recovering its normal mode of feeding.

GOLDEN SILENCE. Mamma—You're very fond of your dolly, aren't you, dear? Little Ethel—Yes, she's nicer than any other I know. Mamma—O, no. She's not nicer than your mamma. Little Ethel—Yes, she is; 'cause she don't never 'sturb me when I'm talking.

Blood Disorders are simply kidney disorders. The kidneys filter the blood of all that shouldn't be there. The blood passes through the kidneys every three minutes. If the kidneys do their work no impurity or cause of disorder can remain in the circulation longer than that time. Therefore if your blood is out of order your kidneys have failed in their work. They are in need of stimulation, strengthening or doctoring. One medicine will do all three, the finest and most imitated blood medicine there is.

Dodd's Kidney Pills You say you're a self-made man! To my certain knowledge you never would have amounted to a hill of VALUE OF A GOOD BREAKFAST.

The longest-lived people have generally been those who made breakfast the principal meal of the day. The stomach has more vigor in the morning than at any other time.

AS TO THE BABY. Mrs. Elephant—Tusks, dear, he's the picture of you! Her Husband, flattered—Think so! Mrs. Elephant—Why, of course! Just look at that trunk!

A DEFEAT. When my daughter got married we thought we would board with her and her husband. Well! We got a late start, somehow, and they are boarding with us.

SHREWD. You've been in a fight, said his mother, reprovingly. Oh, not much of a one, answered the boy. Did you count one hundred as I told you when you felt your angry passions rising? Oh, sure, returned the boy. I counted one hundred all right, but I knocked the other boy down first. It's the only safe way.

THE LATEST. Softly!—When I want to be slangy I always say I feel like 30 cents. Uptown!—If you want to be up to date, say you feel as if you were marked down from 30 cents.

HE WAS RIGHT. Mr. Newlywed—I actually believe you like my petoodle better than you do me. Mrs. Newlywed—Nonsense, George! You know I would do as much for you as I would for the dog.

THE HOLLOW SQUARE. Ladies of Canada: The hollow square, a purely British military tactic, was never broken but once. Why? Because Tommy Atkins from Canada and Tommy Atkins from the States, the British possessions, stand solidly together. The lesson is, that in a commercial way also, the colonies should stand firmly together; and the ladies of Canada—the purchasing power—can do much towards accomplishing that end. Ceylon and India produce the finest teas. By using the teas grown in sister colonies, ladies act patriotically. These teas appeal to you from sentiment, from purity, from economy—in every way they are superior to Japan or China. Drinkers of Green tea, should try Monsoon, Salada, or Blue Ribbon packets.

NEW EVIDENCE OF DISEASE. Little four-year-old Harry was not feeling well and his father suggested that he might be taking the chicken pox, then prevalent. Harry went to bed laughing at the idea, but early next morning he came downstairs looking very serious, and said: "You're right, papa; it is the chicken pox; I found a feather in the bed."

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

HARD WORK. Oh, we had the loveliest arrangement at our church society last week! Every woman contributed to the missionary cause five dollars, which she earned herself by hard work. How did you get yours? From my husband. I shouldn't call that earning it yourself by hard work. You don't know my husband.

A Very Happy and Prosperous New Year to the Many Friends of LUDELLA CEYLON TEA.

PIGEONS AFTER A JOURNEY. The carrier pigeon, when traveling, never feeds. If the distance be long, it flies on without stopping to take nutriment, and at last arrives thin, exhausted and almost dying. If corn be presented to it it refuses to eat, contenting itself with drinking a little water, and then sleeping. Two or three hours later it begins to eat with great moderation, and sleeps again immediately afterwards. If its flight has been very prolonged the pigeon will proceed in this manner for 48 hours before recovering its normal mode of feeding.

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HERE IS HEALTH



These Four New Preparations complete a simple, safe, and reliable remedy for all Catarrh of the Bladder, Prostatitis, Gonorrhoea, etc., etc. Also for all cases of Catarrh of the Uterus, Vagina, etc., etc. The Foot-powder is especially useful for all cases of Catarrh of the Feet, etc., etc. The Foot-powder is especially useful for all cases of Catarrh of the Feet, etc., etc.

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NO BACKBITER. Mr. Johnson—Did you remark at de club last night dat I looked like a lobster, suh? Mr. Jackson—No, suh; I am no back-biter, suh! If I wished to cast my aspersions upon 'de lobster market, I should go right to a fish market and do it straight to deir faces, suh! Dat's my style, suh!

THOROUGHLY FEMININE. She, angrily—A woman doesn't know the value of an oath, eh? Gracious! Do you mean to say a woman's word isn't as good as a man's? He—It may be better from a moral point of view, but it isn't as satisfying. Any man as angry as you are now would choose a stronger word than "gracious!"

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. For all skin ailments. J. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

THE REMOVAL OF MILDEW. As mildew prevention is far better than a cure. Do not allow garments to remain in a damp or wet condition over night. To remove mildew mix equal parts of powdered borax and starch and half as much salt, moisten the whole with lemon juice. Spread the mixture on the spot and place the garment in the sun on the grass. Renew the mixture every morning until the stain is gone.

PHILOSOPHY. Philosophy helps us bear the misfortunes of other people with equanimity, but our own—well, that is another story.

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