A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER XXVII.

With her little child upon her arm, she sits, half dreaming, within the fire's deep glow. Her large dark eyes, liquid and melancholy, build mournful castles in the burning coals that crumble ere yet completed. Now and then a heavy sigh escapes her, while the little one slumbers peacefully, and the moments glide on into eternity.

So absorbed is she in recollections of her sad past, that when the door opens she hears it not nor stirs, until the child, moving uneasily and flinging its hands abroad, rouses her to animation. Softly hushing it with tender kisses and sweet words of endearment that come so readily to the youngest mother, she lifts him and lays him—although reluctantly, feeling her arms empty without him—in his little satin nest beside her.

Then, having assured herself he is again sleeping, without turning her head, she stands upon the hearth-rug and continues her almost unconscious examination of the fire.

I have said that the door was opened a moment since. Now a young man advances cautiously yet eagerly to where she stands. But Kitty, lost in regretful reflections, sees and hears nothing. Of late she has been singularly distrait and silent, to Gretchen's deep concern. And just now, as though overcome by one intolerable thought, she says aloud, smiting her hands together:

"Oh, that I could undo my past!"

The effect of this speech is magical. Sir John, who has been drawing nearer with a step half fearful yet full of hope and buoyancy, stops short, all the glad expectancy and quick joy dying from his face. His whole expression changes. He still comes up to her, but slowly and with evident reluctance. All the lightness has gone from his footsteps; he moves heavily,—so heavily, that Kitty, turning, with a start, finds herself once again in the presence of her husband.

"You have come!" she says, faintly, turning very white, and grasping the back of a chair to steady herself.

"Yes."

They gaze at each other silently, steadily, marking with eager anxiety the changes wrought during these past miserable months. Blunden's eyes are full of keenest disappointment. To Kitty he appears worn, tired, unlike the careless Jack of by-gone days, that now, in spite of all the bitterness lurking in the remembrance of them, seem so possessed of happiness. He has been suffering, enduring anguish, perhaps for love of her. This thought is passionately sweet. An intense desire to run to him, to take him in her arms, to assure him of her undying affection for him—and him alone,—no matter what truth may lie in the evil thing that has separated them, fills her breast. Yet some strange awkward fear restrains her and holds her rooted to the spot.

Ever since that first hour when she had voluntarily sent him from her, in her secret heart she has been pining for this moment, yet now that he is at last before her she can find no words to welcome him.

The silence is becoming unbearable. Sir John, removing his eyes from hers, looks moodily upon the ground. She, being the woman, is naturally the one to break the uncomfortable stillness.

"What has brought you?" she asks, in a tone the colder in that she is struggling with a quick longing to break into tender words.

"A craving to see you again, I suppose," replies he, bitterly. "Madness, was it not? Yet I confess I was guilty of it. I had made up my mind to return even before I heard of—of the child."

"You know of it, then?" murmurs she, with an almost imperceptible glance at the bassinet behind her.

"Yes. Was it right I should hear of his birth only through the courtesy and good feeling of a stranger?"

Kitty is silent. His tone is stern and full of reproach. Yes, she has wronged him in this matter. She acknowledges it now. Her head is lowered, her fingers tightly clasped. Could he but know it, her eyes are wet with tears.

"When I did hear it," goes on Blunden, waxing eloquent over his wrongs, "I could hardly believe you had purposely kept me in ignorance of it. It was a crueler act than I could attribute to you; yet, in spite of all, I came home,— perhaps even more to see the mother than the child. I might, apparently, have saved myself the trouble. There is evidently no welcome for me here. I should have done more wisely had I remained abroad. My return has only caused you pain and discomfort."

"Oh, no, no."

"You say no now, and yet even as I entered the room what words escaped your lips? 'Oh, that I could undo the past!' I, who had believed you forgiving, almost as anxious for a reconciliation as I was myself, was greeted with the assurance that you regretted the day we ever met."

"How could you think I meant that?" asks Kitty, faintly, raising her great dark eyes to his,—eyes now drowned in tears.

"Kitty, — Kitty, what am I to understand?" demands he, desperately, in deep agitation, drawing nearer to her.

"Anything you like," cries she, suddenly flinging herself into his arms. "Only this first, that I love you, and that I have not known a happy moment since we parted."

* * * * * * *

"You haven't seen baby yet," she says, presently, turning proudly to where the hero of the hour lies sweetly "dreaming the happy hours away."

"No. How could I see anything but you?"

This graceful compliment is received as it should be.

"Well, you shall see him now," says Kitty. "He is asleep, but I shall wake him up—for you."

"Give him a little shake," says Sir John.

"Do you think I might?" — hesitatingly. "Well, then——"

Fortunately for the poor infant, Gretchen at this moment enters the room. There is a slight appearance of anxiety about her, which vanishes as she sees the attitude of Sir John and Kitty, leaving only an expression of happiest relief and gladness in her dove-like eyes.

"Don't overlook my nephew," she says, gayly. "Remember, you have not sole claim to him; he is quite as much my son as yours. Kitty!"—indignantly, — "is it possible you are trying to wake him? I never heard of anything so iniquitous. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. And you to call yourself a mother! Come to your auntie, my bonny boy, and she will not disturb your blessed slumber."

"You will notice with what great success Gretchen has been studying and borrowing from Nurse's vocabulary. She is now ready for examination in all the choice terms of endearment meant for a babe of six weeks old. I'm quite nowhere in comparison with her," says Kitty, with a laugh so gay, so merry, so like the ringing laugh of the old days that Gretchen's eyes fill with tears.

"Kitty, seeing, and understanding her emotion, turns and lays her hands upon her shoulders.

"You knew of Jack's coming," she says, with a would-be reproachful smile, "and never told me! Traitress!"

"I knew nothing of it until this morning," — quickly and thoughtlessly.

"No?"—in amazement. "What, then, were you not the one to write and tell him about baby?"

Gretchen shakes her head.

"How often did you make me promise not to do that?" she says.

"Who, then, did it?" demands Kitty, glancing inquiringly at her husband, who, coming up to her, encircles her within his arms.

"Let me tell you," he says.

"No, let me," interrupts Gretchen, hastily, feeling strangely nervous. What if Kitty should receive the intelligence in bad part?—"I am sure I know. I have reason. It was—Fancy Charteris!"

Kitty turns very pale and looks down.

"How did she learn my secret?" she asks, constrainedly; and then Gretchen tells the story of her visit to Laxton, and Kitty learns for the first time—because Gretchen, not expecting Sir John's return so soon, had shrunk from telling before, not knowing how the explanation would be taken—of the unfortunate mistake made about the domino.

When the recital is at an end, Kitty, after a severe struggle with dislike and prejudice, says, quietly:

"It was kind of her."

"I knew you would agree with me on that point, dearest," says Gretchen; and then she remembers opportunely that baby must want Nurse, and leaves the room in search of her.

"Then you took me to your heart again—you forgave me—while still believing me so guilty towards you?" says Sir John, regarding his wife earnestly.

"Yes. Am I not mean-spirited?" whispers she, with quivering lips.

"You are an angel," replies he, fervently. "My darling, I am glad you have told me this. Now indeed I am forever convinced you love me."

"Did you ever doubt it?"—reproachfully.

"Well, there were moments when I did," confesses he, slowly; "but they are at an end,—never to return."

And then they look into each other's eyes a little sadly, as memory, filled with painful doubts and fierce heart-burnings, rises up and overpowers them.

Gretchen's somewhat abrupt entrance turns the current of their thoughts.

"I have just received a telegram," cries she, with flushed cheeks and trembling hand. "It is from Kenneth. He will really be home on Thursday, as he told me in his last letter. I hardly dared believe it until now. Do not our blessings 'crowd,' as the Americans say?, She is laughing tremulously, with a soft gleam in her eyes and a faint catching in her breath.

"Then we shall be together again soon!" says Kitty, joyfully. "How good that sounds! Dear old Ken! I wonder" — dreamily—"what he will think of baby?"

At this both Sir John and Gretchen laugh unrestrainedly, and are still laughing when the door is thrown open to admit Miss Flora Tremaine, who enters with the skirt of her habit flung over her arm, having ridden over from the Towers to see her sisters and give her free and unbiased opinion on things in general and the boy in particular.

Seeing Sir John, she stops short and arches her perfect brows to express unmitigated astonishment. Not having been allowed to master the exact facts of the case, she is rather in the dark as to the cause of the estrangement between her sister and her brother-in-law.

"Oh! so you have come back!" she says, severely, advancing to give him her cheek as a salute in a calm but reproving fashion. "Well, I must say you didn't hurry yourself. But I suppose babies, however lovely, are not exactly novelties nowadays."

"Don't scold me, Flora," entreats Jack, meekly.

"Oh, dear, no. I shouldn't dream of it," retorts Flora. "I conclude Kitty, if she has any spirit left, has done all that. Though, to judge by appearances," — with a scrutinizing glance at the radiant Kitty, —"she seems to have given in disgracefully soon. Some people are so lost to all sense of dignity. When I am married I sha'n't allow my husband to go traveling all over the face of the earth without me. However" — with a shrug of disgust, — "I shall say no more. Of course it isn't my business."

"Oh! I thought perhaps you had made it yours," suggests Sir John, mildly.

"No, thank you. I have more of my own than I can manage. But where have you been?"

"All over the shop," says Jack, absently.

"That's slang," says Miss Tremaine. "Please don't talk slang. It grates. It is such fearful form. But when men go abroad, I notice, they never come back quite the same. Have you been to the Cape?"

"No."

"Oh, then you have been nowhere," says Flora. "You might as well have staid at home and looked after Kitty, for all the good you've done."

"Much better," says Jack, giving Kitty's hand a surreptitious squeeze.

"I'm sure I don't know what's going to become of me," says Flora, turning to Gretchen.

"That tiresome boy Dandy has written to say he will be with us on Saturday. I haven't quite made up my mind yet what I shall do about it. Mamma is so weak."

"Why, Brandy is coming here on that day. How much pleasanter it would be for them if they were both together!"

"But, my dear child, they are at daggers drawn. They won't speak to each other. They positively can't breathe in the same atmosphere, and would for no earthly consideration let the same roof cover them."

"But why? How is it they have not agreed of late? They used to be like Damon and Pythias, or some of those people."

"Don't you know? I found it all out from Dandy last month. They have quarreled, and all about a woman! So silly, isn't it?" says Miss Flora, turning up her delicious little nose in high contempt. "It is really almost too paltry to talk about; but it appears they both fell in love with the same divinity, and came to grief over her."

Gretchen laughs.

"What divinity? Alice Mayne?"

"No. I could understand that. But to be jealous and break up a lifelong friendship about such a tiny, insignificant creature" (Miss Tremaine promises to be tall) "as Mrs. Charteris seems to be absurd."

There is an awkward pause. The three other occupants of the room look faintly uncomfortable, and begin to feel small.

"I saw her once, and can't conceive any one being jealous of her," goes on this awful child. "Can you, Kitty?"

Kitty blushes. So does Sir John.

"I don't know. No, of course not. At least I am not," replies she, incoherently, with a swift, shy glance at Sir John.

"I should think not, indeed. How literal you are, Kitty! I think jealousy the most debasing and detestable and demoralizing of all sentiments. Don't you, Jack?"

This is too much for Blunden. Catching Gretchen's eye, he gives way to wild mirth, and laughs so heartily that presently she and Kitty, taking the infection, laugh too, and awkwardness dies a timely death.

"Of course one can't account for Brandy," goes on Flora, utterly unmoved. "He is quite too much for anyone. His heart, if he has one, is all over the place, and——"

"That's slang," interrupts Sir John, austerely. "You should recollect yourself. It grates. It is wretched form. Bad style. Low,—worse than low. I wonder at you, Flora. And I believed you such a nice child."

"Child indeed!" says Miss Tremaine, indignantly. "I'm taller than Gretchen; and I'm going to London in two years to be presented. You shouldn't talk about things you don't understand. But to return to what I was saying. Fancy Dandy wanting to marry a woman old enough to be his mother, I shouldn't wonder!"

"I don't believe she is a day older than he is; she is quite young," says Kitty, and then pauses, full of intense surprise at her own support of the woman she so detested.

"I thought you were going to marry him," ventures Sir John, rashly. Every one is rather afraid of Flora when in one of her awful moods as she is just now.

"Well,so perhaps I may some day," returns that young lady, with perfect clearness and a charming want of embarrassment; "but not yet, of course. He is quite too young, and absurdly wanting in common sense. If he improves I may think of it. And yet I don't know, I confess he has lowered himself very much in my estimation by this ridiculous infatuation about Mrs. Charteris. I'm sure" — going to a mirror and examining herself therein with leisurely enjoyment of her own charms— "I am far better looking myself."

"After all, I believe you are guilty of this heinous crime of jealousy," says Gretchen, laughing; "or why do you talk so much about her?"

"You can't expect me to demean myself by arguing such a point as that," says Miss Flora, with superb scorn. "Let us change the subject."

(To Be Continued).

TRADE WITH AUSTRALIA.

Sydney Gentleman Says There Is Plenty in Sight.

William Clarke, J.P., member of the Executive of the Sydney Chamber of Commerce, New South Wales, was in the city the other day. His object in visiting Canada is to meet with merchants and manufacturers of the country and arrange with them for the establishment in his own country of agencies in their interests. Mr. Clarke said he had already visited Vancouver, Banff, Calgary, Winnipeg and Toronto, and will in a few days go to Quebec, later to New York and thence to Europe in the furtherance of his project. Canadians, he said, would find in New South Wales, where he has had twenty-five years' business experience, and also in Queensland, a ready market for barley for malting purposes, oats and wheat, beets, India rubber goods, canned fruits and fish, carriage materials, a variety of machinery and furniture, particularly that for offices, and pianos.

AN ACQUAINTANCE NECESSARY

It was necessary, of course, that the manufacturers should be acquainted personally or through their agencies with the market they were catering to, as in some respects Australia's tastes differ from those of Canada. But energy, with forethought and determination, would meet with success.

In return, as yet New South Wales could only sell to Canada wines, such as claret and hock, and a quantity of canned meats, though should the manufacture of woollens assume large proportions in the Dominion, his country could furnish a practically unlimited supply of the finest wool.

Discussing the Australian tariff, Mr. Clarke said that the feeling in New South Wales which before confederation, was a free trade colony, was very strong against the tariff adopted by the commonwealth Parliament. No amount of argument by protectionists could alter the fact that the tariff had resulted in an increase of 15 to 25 per cent. in the cost of living in New South Wales. The protectionist element in Victoria was paramount at present. He was of the opinion, however, that a re-action had already set in which would eventually result in a lower tariff.

HELP FOR MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets Are What You Need When Little Ones Are Cross, Fretful and Sleepless.

If a child is cross, fretful and sleeps badly, the mother may feel absolutely certain that some derangement of the stomach or bowels is the cause. And she can be just as certain that Baby's Own Tablets will put her little one right. These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, such as indigestion, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, worms and teething troubles. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest and most feeble child. Every mother who has used them speaks of these Tablets in the warmest terms. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Deerwood, Man., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, for simple fevers and teething, and I think them the best medicine in the world. They always strengthen children instead of weakening them as most other medicines do."

You can get Baby's Own Tablets at any drug store, or by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

A Haileybury boy, C. S. Jackson, has just succumbed to the effects of an accident in the college swimming bath. Diving from a prohibited position above the loftiest diving board he struck the water with his head, and afterwards complained of feeling giddy. Death ensued from congestion of the brain.

Practical Father—"I've given you a good college education; what more do you want ?" Son—"You haven't yet supplied me with the means to live up to it."

About the ....House

SOME CHOICE REBIPES.

Sauerkraut Salad—A friend of mine had made all her preparations for a cabbage salad for tea, when she found to her dismay that it was not possible to get any crisp, fresh cabbage that day. However, she had a happy inspiration. She bought 1 quart of sauerkraut, arranged it in her salad bowl, garnished it with parsley and poured over it the mayonnaise dressing intended for the cabbage. The result was a very delicious salad.

Potato Rolls—Boil and mash five large potatoes with butter the size of an egg and tablespoon lard, 4 eggs beaten separately, 1 cup milk. Mix all together with 1 teacup of yeast and 2¼ pounds sifted flour. Set it to rise at 10 o'clock in the morning. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon roll them out one-half inch thick and cut into biscuits with very little handling. Put them into the pans and let them rise until tea time. Bake a light brown in a quick oven.

Celery Croquettes—Cut well cleaned stalks of celery in small pieces. Cook until tender in salted water and then drain. Melt ½ cup butter and cook in it ½ cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and a dash of black pepper. Add gradually, stirring all the time, 1 cup of the water in which the celery was cooked, or 1 cup chicken stock, ½ cup each, and 1-3 cup cream, also 1 well-beaten egg and 1 pt celery measured after cooking as above. When cold, shape, dip into beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry to a golden brown in deep fat.

Ripe Tomato Preserves—Select ½ peck nice, smooth tomatoes, not over ripe. Scald, peel and weigh. To each 1 lb allow 1 lb sugar, juice and rind of 1 lemon, and a small piece of ginger root cut into small slices. Put all this in a porcelain kettle and cook gently three hours. The tomatoes should not lose their shape but should be clear and tender. Put into tumblers and stand away to cool. Tie up with two thicknesses of tissue paper. Moisten the top with water or white of egg and when dry, place in a cool, dark place to keep.

Mother's Fried Cakes—Two cups sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 tablespoon butter, season with nutmeg. Mix just stiff enough to handle, roll out about an inch thick and cut with a cake cutter in rings. Fry in hot lard. Take out of lard and have a dish of granulated sugar. Roll the hot cakes in the sugar and lay on a dish to cool. Handle carefully.

Hot Water Sponge Cake—Two well beaten eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, well mixed with the flour, 1 teaspoon extract of lemon, 1 teaspoon salt. Stir all together until quite smooth, then add ½ teacup boiling water, in which ½ teaspoon soda has been dissolved. Stir briskly, and put in the oven as soon as possible.

Baked Indian Pudding—Scald 1 pt milk, ½ cup Indian meal moistened with a little milk stirred in. Cook until it thickens, add a little salt and ginger, a little spice if you like, ½ cup raisins, and pour into your baking dish. Add 1 qt cold milk and 1 well beaten egg. Bake three and a half or four hours. Serve with sugar and cream slightly sour or whipped cream.

Combination Marmalade—Select 1 bushel red tart apples and ½ bushel grapes. Boil the apples in a little water till they are quite soft, then rub through a sieve with a spoon. Take the grapes from the stems, put in a dish, add a little water and cook till the seeds and skins will separate easily. Then mix the sieved apples and grapes together and add from ¾ to 1 lb sugar, as desired to each pound of the apples and grape mixture. Cook till thick enough to suit, and then can the same as fruit.

Quince Honey—Use five pounds coffee sugar. Boil till thick as taffy. Have grated six quinces. Boil all together from three to five minutes, stirring all the time. Put into jelly glasses.

White Corn Bread—Take 2 cups white corn meal, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt. Mix thoroughly while dry. Then add enough sour milk to make a batter thicker than for cake. Beat until very light. Grease the pans first, and leave on back of the stove until wanted. Have them on the front where they will keep hot while filling. Bake in a very quick oven.

Petticoat Tails.—Take 2½ cups flour, ¾ cup sugar, ¾ cup butter. Rub batter into flour, add sugar. Mix with sufficient water to make a smooth dough. Divide into two pieces. Roll into round cakes, size of a dinner plate. Cut a round cake from the center of each with tumbler, then divide outside of each into 8 pieces, prickle on top with fork, dust over with fine ground sugar and bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes.

A Dainty Jelly Dish—Make a plain jelly from gelatine; flavor with orange. Take oranges and cut them half in two. Take out the pulp, cut them (saw teeth) around the edge, fill with the jelly with whipped cream on the top. This dish makes a table look very nice.

Vinegar Griddlecakes—If you have no sour milk, substitute in sweet milk griddlecakes for the cream of tartar a teaspoon of vinegar to a teaspoon of soda.

GELATINE SALADS.

These salads are very appetizing and when daintily garnished with lettuce, endive or cress will, oftimes tempt the most capricious appetite.

Dressing—Melt 1 tablespoon butter, 1-3 can of tomatoes. To this add a slice of onion and a bit of dried red pepper. Put in a pan over the fire and let boil two minutes. Add salt and 2 tablespoons gelatine which has been soaked for three minutes. When the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved strain into small cups. When cold, turn out on a lettuce leaf and serve with cheese crackers and the following dressing.

Dressing—Melt 1 tablespoon butter 1-3 pt vinegar, 1 tablespoon each water and sugar, a dash of red pepper and a saltspoon salt. Beat the yolks of 2 eggs, turn into the above and cook in a double boiler until it thickens. Add a few chopped English walnuts. When cold serve over the tomatoes.

Fruit Salad—To 1 pkg gelatine add ½ pt cold water. Let soak for three minutes. Add the juice of 2 lemons, ½ pt sugar, 1 qt boiling water. Place to cool. When it begins to thicken, add 1 sliced banana, 1 orange, shredded, a few raisins, and a few white grapes. Turn in a melon mold. When thoroughly chilled turn out, garnish well and serve with the same dressing used with tomato salad.

A Clear Salad—Place in a granite pan over the fire 1 pt stock, a slice of onion, a pinch of mace, a little chopped celery, the juice of half a lemon, a bit of a dried red pepper, and a saltspoon of salt. Let this simmer for several minutes. Add 1 tablespoon gelatine, which has been soaked. When the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved, strain and color green. Cool in a small mold. When ice cold, garnish with cress and serve with a French dressing.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Unless the soap you use has this brand you are not getting the best

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 245

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.

By adhering to the simple rules given here any grade of woolens can be cleansed without shrinking—but they must be followed carefully.

Never put woolen blankets into the regular wash, and choose a windy day if possible. The colored borders of the blankets will sometimes fade, in spite of every precaution, but you need never have them shrink. Two persons are always needed to pull a blanket into shape properly. Have the washing and running waters of about the same degree of heat—about as hot as you can bear the hands in comfortably—and allow one level teaspoonful of powdered borax to every gallon of water. Immerse the blankets into the suds, and let them stand ten or fifteen minutes before washing; then work them up and down, squeeze and rub with the hands, but never on a washboard.

Never hang woolens in the hot sun or out of doors in freezing weather. Rinse through two waters, using a little less borax and no soap. Never rub woolens on a washboard. After wringing pull into shape and dry as quickly as possible, pulling out during the process of drying. In winter you can dry on clothes bars, standing the latter over a furnace register or near the kitchen range.

Woolens have a fresher, sweeter odor without ironing. Smooth with the hands.

This way has been given a thorough trial, and has been satisfactory.

TURPENTINE.

A tablespoonful added to a pail of water, with which the floor is scrubbed, will take away the close smell and make it delightfully fresh. It will also brighten a faded carpet to sponge it after sweeping, in the above proportion.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

Mr. Baylis, K. C., though provided with a retiring pension by the Liverpool Corporation, at the age of eighty-five still retains and performs all the duties of the office of Judge of the Liverpool Court of Passage. He has occupied this position since 1876, and it is believed he is the oldest occupant of a judicial office in the country.

Lord Dunmore may be said to be the most intrepid traveler of whom the peerage boasts. He has roughed it as much as any man living, and is never so happy as when traveling. On one expedition he lived in the snow at an altitude of some 17,000 feet to 18,000 feet above the sea level for a fortnight, and on another occasion, while hunting in Asia Minor, brought down 1,600 head of game.

Though only twenty-four years of age the Marquis of Graham, the eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, has had considerable experience both as a sailor and a soldier. He served an apprenticeship in the merchant service and hold's a captain's certificate. Two years ago he navigated Lord Brassey's yacht, the Sunbeam, from Australia to Cape Town. There he disembarked and, joining the Army Service Corps, took an active part in the Boer war.

The Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the Crown Prince Stephano, is a very clever artist, and recently sent several drawings to her grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, as a birthday present. Among them were several portraits of children, and the King humorously asked why they all had their mouths open. In explanation the Princess wrote: "The children remain still only when I promise them sweets, and then they open their mouths wide."

It is rather a peculiar coincidence that the early days of two such well-known theatrical celebrities as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Wilson Barrett should have been so curiously similar. Each is the son of a farmer, and the parents of both were so strongly prejudiced against theatres that their sons were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to enter their doors. In spite of such discouragement, however, both have become famous in the theatrical world.

The Czar's bodyguard consists of fifteen Circassians noted for their keenness and courage. They accompany the Emperor everywhere, sometimes in disguise, sometimes in uniform, and on occasions as private gentlemen of the Court. They keep a special watch on the kitchen, and examine everything that is cooked before it is placed on the Imperial table. The wine is tasted three or four times a day for fear that it should be drugged, and every article of diet passes the inspection of at least six members of the ever-wakeful guard before His Majesty partakes of it.

The Shah of Persia, who one evening during his recent stay in London paid a visit to the Empire, could have furnished a "turn" himself which would have been envied by many a performer on the music hall boards. He could have given an astonishing exhibition of marksmanship, for the Shah is an expert shot with both rifle and pistol. He never misses, and can successfully perform all manner of trick shots. On one occasion a copper coin was thrown into the air and he shot a hole through its center, whilst at another time he snuffed a candle at a hundred paces.

The following amusing story is told regarding the Shah's relations with his Poet Laureate. On one occasion the Shah read to him one of his own poems, and asked for his opinion. "Even if I deserve your Majesty's anger," said the candid poet, "I must say that it is anything but poetry." The Shah, feeling insulted, cried out to those who waited on him: "Take this ass to the stable." After a little while, becoming calmer, he tried the poet once more, this time with a fresh set of verses. When he had finished reading, the poet started to go away. "Where are you going?" asked the Shah. "To the stable, your Majesty," was the reply of the poet. This time the Shah enjoyed the joke, and the poet was forgiven.

A TWO-POUND TOPAZ.

A committee of Neapolitan noblemen, headed by Baron de Matteis, has just bought what is believed to be the largest topaz in the world. It weighs over two pounds, and its value is enhanced by a splendid bas-relief representing the Redeemer, at which a well-known artist has worked for five years. The object of the committee is to present this unique jewel to the Pope.

RECALLS NAPOLEON.

At 127 Years of Age He Is Received by Czar Nicholas.

The Czar received in audience recently a man who, from personal knowledge, could tell him about the war of the Crimea, etc. His name is Sinip (when he was born Russian peasants had no family names). He is 127 years old, and his former owner, Prince Wolkowski, was able to furnish the following authenticated data about him from his own archives:

Sinip was born in 1775 as a serf; drinks wadka and smokes, and has done so as long as he can remember; three pints are his limit, but he never was drunk in his life. As the Czar was able to perceive himself, Sinip's eyesight and hearing are perfect to this day. Every Sunday he walks eight miles to church, and never has required charity of any kind. He still earns his bread by knitting and sandal-making; also tends to the horses and poultry.

The old fellow's memory is most remarkable. He told Nicholas several facts regarding the Napoleonic invasion not contained in general history. Sinip's father died at 80; his mother at 120, working as a field hand up to a few days before her death, and Sinip himself never had a day of illness.

HAD MADE HIS WILL

FULLY EXPECTING TO DIE, HAD ARRANGED ALL HIS EARTHLY AFFAIRS.

How Death was Disappointed by the Happy Restoration to Health and Strength of Mr. Teeny.

Sumner, Assa., Sept. 29.—(Special)—Mr. Louis Teeny, of this place, was so ill with Inflammation of the Bowels and Kidneys that no one ever expected him to recover. All hope had been abandoned and Mr. Teeny had made his will, fully expecting that he would die.

In this extremity Mr. Cosgrave, Postmaster, thought of Dodd's Kidney Pills and immediately gave Mr. Teeny a dose. This treatment was continued at intervals with the result that in a very short time the man who was thought to be dying, was on his feet and going around as if nothing had happened.

This remarkable cure of such an extreme case has created quite a sensation in the neighborhood and many kind words are being said of Dodd's Kidney Pills for the wonderful work they did in Mr. Teeny's case.

This remedy has always been recognized among the people as a sure cure for Backache, Rheumatism and all Kidney Troubles, but this is the first case ever reported in this vicinity where they have been used with such quick results.

Mr. Teeny himself is very grateful to Dodd's Kidney Pills for his happy restoration.

People in and about Sumner have just about concluded that there is nothing in the way of sickness that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure, and there is scarcely a home to be found in the neighborhood that does not contain a box of this wonderful medicine.

Men, women and children are finding out every day some new virtues in it and it is very interesting to hear them get together and compare notes as to what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done in their various homes.

REINFORCED.

The brothers had more or less trouble with the boy next door, and hadn't always come out victors. In fact, the boy next door was so much bigger that he seemed to have the best of it invariably.

So it wasn't an unusual thing when one of the brothers came into the house with a badly bruised eye. Moreover, he was crying when his aunt stopped him in the hall.

"Hush, Willie," she said, "you mustn't make any noise."

"Wha—what's the ma — tter?" he asked, between his sobs.

"You may disturb your new brother," said his aunt, soothingly. He dried his eyes in a minute.

"Have I got a new brother?" he asked. His aunt nodded.

"One besides Jim?" She nodded again.

"Hooray!" he exclaimed.

"You're glad of it?" she asked.

"Rather!" he fairly shouted. "If Jim and me and the new one can't lick that feller next door we'd better move."

Sprained Ankle Cured

Another Remarkable Case Where St. Jacobs Oil Worked a Wonder

Mr. W. H. Allen, jr., of 17 Denmark street, Aston, Birmingham, writes under date of May 29th, 1896: "I am a driver for the Keystone Bottling Co., of Birmingham, and I had the misfortune to be pitched off my waggon, and besides being bruised from head to foot my ankle joint was put out and my foot severely sprained. I tried many embrocations, but received no benefit; I then went to the hospital, but after having been treated for a considerable time, I left, not any better. I then determined to try St. Jacobs Oil, and I can assure you that before I used the contents of one bottle my ankle was as sound as ever, and I was able to go to work as if nothing had happened."

CHURCHES SOLD BY AUCTION.

In Denmark parish churches can be put up to public auction like any other chattels. Two have just been sold on the island of Morsoe. They formed part of the estate of a bankrupt feudal proprietor, and were disposed of under the hammer. A post-office receiver bought one for 30,000 crowns. The bargain had more to recommend it than some would think, seeing that the proprietor has tithing rights over the parishioners.

Rose—"And so you have not had much sport to-day, Mr. Murphy ? And you look dreadfully bloodthirsty, too ?" Murphy (gallantly) —"Sure now, Miss Rose, and if I only looked as killing as you do, it's a big bag I'd have at the end of the day without firing a shot !"

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"I could have married either Whipper or Snapper if I'd wanted to, and both of these men whom I refused have since got rich, while you are still as poor as a church mouse." He—"Of course. I've been supporting you all these years. They haven't."

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green Tea (machine-made, pure and wholesome) is becoming very popular and will soon displace Japan Tea.

Try it.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Greens

W-D "INDUSTRIAL" W-D BRAND "ENDURANCE-BY-RIGHT" STRENGTH AND QUALITY STRENGTH QUALITY TRADE MARK.

WHOLESALE Staple Clothing

Also PANTS, KNICKERS, OVERALLS, SMOCKS, &c.

Ask your dealer for these goods. BEST EVER.

WYLD-DARLING COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, TORONTO

Can handle your APPLES, PEACHES, PEARS, PLUMS, ONIONS, POULTRY (dead or alive) BUTTER, EGGS, HONEY, to good advantage. Let us have your consignments, it will pay you. Stamps and pads on application.

CORRECT TO A SECOND.

A lawyer had seen the story of the witness who was confident of his accurate notion of time, and was requested to give his ideas of two minutes. A watch was held, and at the end of twenty seconds he declared that two minutes had elapsed.

The lawyer resolved to try the experiment on a sailor in the hospital, whose deposition he was taking in regard to a collision and the time which had elapsed after the vessel left the wharf. The sailor answered, "About ten minutes."

"Man," said the lawyer, "how long do you think ten minutes to be?"

"About ten minutes."

Out came the lawyer's watch, as he said: "I'll tell you when to begin, and you tell me when the ten minutes are up."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the sailor.

The lawyer stood with his back to a mantel, on which a little clock was facing the sailor.

After three minutes the lawyer exclaimed: "Look here, are you going to keep us waiting all day?" No answer.

The hand of the clock was on the exact notch of ten minutes as the sailor said, carelessly: "The ten minutes must be about up."

"Well," said the lawyer, "of all men, dying or living, that I ever saw, you can measure time the best."

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—My daughter 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly,
J. B. LEVESQUE.
St. Joseph, P.Q., Aug. 18, 1900.

She (ardently)—"And you really think you love me ? Now, from the bottom of your heart, tell me, do you really know what love is ?" He—"I should just think I do ! Why, I have been engaged to three girls already."

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

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

FRANK J. CHENEY.

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

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

SEAL

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Lord Lackbrane—"The worst of belonging to a literary club, don't-cherknow, is that people take one for a fellow who lives by his—er—wits, don'tcherknow." Jack Smert—"Nonsense, dear boy. Nobody could ever suspect you of such an impossibility."

IN GOING TO NEW YORK

Take the Lehigh Valley Railroad route of the Black Diamond Express. Everything strictly first class. Sumptuous Dining Car Service, a la carte. Through Pullman. For tickets, Pullmans, time of trains, and further particulars, call at Grand Trunk ticket office or on Robt. S. Lewis, Passenger Agent, 33 Yonge street, Board of Trade building, Toronto.

First Dentist—"The fact is, I've got gentleness down to such a fine point that all my patients go to sleep while I'm pulling their teeth." Second Dentist—"That's nothing ! Mine are beginning to have their photographs taken while I operate, because they always have such pleasant expressions on their faces."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns etc.

"We have parted forever," said the young man, sadly. "She is never going to even write to me again." "Are you sure of that ?" asked the sympathetic friend. "Yes. She told me so in each of her last three letters."

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.

Ted—"Why is that man laughing?" Ned—"Because he bought a horse cheap." "And what's the other chuckling over ?" "He sold the horse."

THE MANY ADVANTAGES

offered passengers bound for Buffalo and New York by the Grand Trunk's fast "New York Express," leaving Toronto 6.15 p.m. daily, are seen at a glance when the splendid equipment is considered. A full dining car service until Niagara Falls is reached, a cafe parlor car running through to Buffalo, and one of Pullman's finest sleeping cars from Toronto to New York guarantees patrons comfort and luxury as well as speed. The cafe and dining cars are acknowledged to be the handsomest in America, being electric lighted and equipped with electric fans. City office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Mrs. Newed—"I find my lessons in bread-making have saved us a lot of money." Mrs. Potts—"But I thought you couldn't eat it, you said ?" Mrs. Newed—"We don't but I make play things for the baby out of it, and they never break or wear out."

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Lord Salisbury was born only 9 days after the death of George IV., and so just missed living in four reigns.

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.

One million emigrants have left Sweden since 1850. Of these, 850,000 went to America.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

The Bank of France can compel customers to accept one-fifth of withdrawals in gold coin.

WABASH RAILROAD

During the months of September and October, will sell one way second class tourist tickets at greatly reduced rates to California, Washington