

BLOOD TROUBLES.

MANIFEST THEMSELVES IN MANY DISAGREEABLE WAYS.

Such as Scrofula, Eczema, Boils, and Pimples—The Blood Should Be Purified During the Spring Months.

The Spring season is the time for blood cleansing and blood renewing. Blood troubles are many and dangerous and manifest themselves in a score of painful and offensive ways, such as scrofula, eczema, boils and pimples. The impurities that get into the blood pursue their poisonous way all over the body and are responsible for a large proportion of all diseases, various in their nature but dangerous in the extreme. To have pure blood and plenty of it, you need a tonic and blood builder, and for this purpose there is nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills cure all diseases due to impurities in the blood by promptly cleansing and freeing the blood from all poisonous and offensive matter. If your blood is thin or insufficient; if you suffer from exhaustion at the least exertion; if you are pale, easily get out of breath, and feel constantly languid and fagged out, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure you by filling your veins with rich, red blood.

Mr. Robt. Lee, New Westminster, B. C., says: "Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my blood was in a very impure state, and as a result, pimples, which were very itchy, broke out all over my body. My appetite was fickle and I was easily tired. I tried several medicines, but they did me no good. Then my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a half dozen boxes and by the time I had used them I was completely restored to health, and my skin was smooth and clear. I shall always speak a good word for these pills when opportunity offers."

It is because these pills make rich, red blood that they cure such troubles as anaemia, shortness of breath, headache, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, erysipelas, St. Vitus' dance, and the functional ailments that make the lives of many women a source of constant misery. The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper on every box. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AT THE INSURANCE OFFICE.

She had decided to take out a life-insurance policy, and made her application in person.

"What's your name?" asked the clerk, in his crisp business way, and she looked indignant as she answered.

"Age?"

"I didn't come here to answer impertinent questions, sir. I came here to be insured."

"But we must know your age to fix the rate."

"What rate?"

"The amount you must pay annually for being insured."

"Thirty-three, then," she snapped.

"You must be accurate or it will invalidate the policy."

"Forty; but I must say that I never heard such impudence."

"Weight?"

"I don't know; neither does anyone else. Just as though that would make any difference."

"Married or single?"

"Single, thank heaven. Not but what I had plenty of chances."

"Of course. Any insanity in your family?"

"Sir! And she tried her best to conceal him with a look."

"I don't think that you really want to be insured."

"You've guessed it right the first time. I don't propose to be a family encyclopedia; you or any other gossip-monger."

And she flounced out of the office doors with a vigor that made the clerk think that she was a pretty good subject after all.

A MODEL JANITOR.

Lady: "Where is the agent for these flats?"

Man at the Door: "I can let these flats."

"Are the rents reasonable?"

"Yes, mum."

"What sort of a janitor have you?"

"A very good one, mum."

"Is he polite and attentive?"

"Yes, mum."

"Honest?"

"Yes, mum."

"Doesn't he ever steal from the market-baskets of the tenants?"

"Never, mum."

"He's a good Christian man, is he?"

"Yes, mum. A politer, more attentive, honest, or more Christian man never lived, mum."

"I'm delighted to hear that. Where is he now?"

"I'm him, mum."

CAREFUL MOTHERS.

Should Always Be Prepared to Promptly Treat the Minor Ailments of Their Little Ones

No mother can hope that her children will escape all the minor ailments that afflict little ones, and she should be prepared to treat these ailments instantly when they emergency arises. At the same time mothers cannot be too careful what they give their little ones in the way of medicine. Doctors have long protested against the use of the so-called "soothing" preparations and they are still used and with alarming frequency by mothers. These preparations invariably contain opiates, which drug and stupefy the little one into temporary quiet or sleep. For all the minor ills of little ones there is no medicine so safe as Baby's Own Tablets, or as they are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. Thousands of mothers now use no other medicine for their little ones, and all who have tested it speak of its prompt and safe action in the warmest terms. Mrs. Geo. B. Millere, Wallwood, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets in my house for some time and I can sincerely say that they are the best medicine I have ever used for my little ones. They act promptly, the results are always beneficial. I think mothers should keep these Tablets constantly in the house."

Baby's Own Tablets are a positive cure for such troubles as cold, cough, stomach, indigestion, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea and worms. They break up colds, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a box, or sent post paid on receipt of price by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

Singleton—"Are you superstitious?"

Wederly—"About some things—yes."

Singleton—"For example?"

Wederly—"I believe that when a man places a ring on a girl's third finger he so places himself under her thumb."

Marina:

The Daughter of Kison Ludim.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Prince Phalis of Tyro pursues Marina to make her his wife. Gio aids her escape and is imprisoned by King Maren. He escapes; all is traced to Marina's hiding place. King's officers take her on board their boat. A corsair comes up and takes her to Tarsus. She is sold and taken to her master's estate where she finds her father, supposed dead, in captivity; they escape, but are taken by a Syrian war-ship. The king at once sends for a priest to marry Marina to his son. The nuptials are interrupted by a rising of the people who slay the king and nobles.

CHAPTER XX.

Waves of rebellion had rolled over the city. The avenging angel had struck its fearful blow and beneath the fell gaze of thousands had fallen in a single night. Wickedness and crime, lust and debauchery, and tyranny and oppression had all been swept away together. The people had studied warren. Their plans had been formed with that precision which the coolness of determined spirits imparts, and they had acted with perfect unanimity to which the hope of liberty lights the way. Terrible and bloody as had been the stroke, it was well deserved where it fell. The last vestige of the strife had disappeared from Tyre. The blood had been washed from the pavements and the dead had been all buried.

In the great square of the temple, gathering around the huge brazen statue of Apollo, crowded the self-rejoicing Tyrians.

"A king! a king!" sounded from a thousand lips as the mighty crowd swayed to and fro. "Let's have a king to rule us justly and protect us in our rights."

"Who shall it be?" ran from lip to lip.

"A king! A king!" came from those who stood outside.

The form of Uz was seen to rise upon the pedestal on which stood the brazen Apollo.

"Uz shall be our king."

"No," cried the old man. "Let us choose one."

"But how shall we choose him?" asked Gaba. "Little can be done in such a mass of mind. A few cannot do it to the satisfaction of the whole. The whole world together, would be worse than chaos."

An old man, over whose head the frosts of near a hundred years had bleached, stood forth and spoke through the crowd, and having gained a position to command attention, he said:

"Brothers, let him whose sight is quickest be your king."

"But how shall we decide?"

"I will tell you, on the first break of day on the morrow, go you forth to the field and let the eagle, or the first hawk that rises in the sky be your king."

"Good," exclaimed Uz, and those who stood around also cried out to the same effect.

Uz once more ascended the pedestal, and proclaimed what the old man had said. The words were passed from mouth to mouth, and gradually there arose one universal shout upon the air:

"He who on the morrow first detects the rising sun shall be our king!"

The first gray streaks of coming day had hardly drawn their pencils along the eastern horizon when the freedmen of Tyre began to pour forth from the city. The curious proposition had given entire satisfaction to all, and they looked joyously as they walked their way to the scene of the novel trial.

The field to which they had been directed lay to the east of the city, and was a large open space. Some of the more ambitious climbed up into trees, some stood upon rocks, and others crowded upon the gentle swells of land that rose up about them. One man alone stood behind his brethren, with his arms folded across his breast. He made no exertion to gain a position for observation, nor did he even seek to be the first to see the sun when he was turned back upon the city.

That man was Alzac, young Strato's friend.

"What is this, Alzac?" asked Uz, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the former. "Why look you not for the sun?"

"So perhaps I may."

"But you will not find it in the west."

"'Twas in the west, last night," replied Alzac.

"Why, foolish fellow," uttered Uz, in his old surprise and pity, "have you lived so long and do not know where the sun rises?"

"Are not all the rest looking towards the east?" asked Alzac.

"Yes, of course they are."

"Then may not one be permitted to look towards the west?"

"Certainly, if you choose."

"Well, I do choose so to do, for I tell the last night I saw the sun in that spot."

"Those who heard this reply laughed aloud and shook their heads.

"Let him alone, such a fool deserves not to be king."

Alzac made no reply, but with his arms still folded he gazed back upon the city he had left. The eastern horizon grew brighter and brighter, and those in the tree tops gazed forth with aching, straining eyes.

The first rays of the rising orb! In an instant all saw the secret of Alzac's conduct. He had indeed detected the rising sun before it appeared in the east, and they all shouted:

"Alzac shall be our king!"

"Tell us truly," said Uz. "Did your own thoughts conceive this idea?"

"No," answered Alzac.

"Who, then, told you?"

"I dare not tell. Harm might come to him."

"No, he shall not be harmed."

"Then," answered he, "it was my Lord Strato, whom I saved. He told me that you would all look to the east, but that if I would fasten my eyes upon the highest spire of the city, I should see the sun beams there ere the sun was fairly in sight from below."

A low murmur ran through the assembled multitude, and while yet Alzac trembled for the result of his information, Uz mounted upon a high rock, and in a loud voice he shouted:

"Brothers, this man has been preserved to us by the gods. He has traded in other countries, he is one studied in business, and he is one upon whom the great God has set the crown of humanity. Strato shall be our king. All hail to the voices of the gods!"

The Gates of Hougomont

GENERAL SIR JAMES MACDONELL, K.C.B.

Wellington. Attributed the Bravest Deed at Waterloo to the Scottish Chieftain.

Mr. E. Bruce Low, M.A., contributes an interesting paper to a recent number of Chambers' Journal under the title of "The Bravest Deed at Waterloo." The soldier referred to was General Sir James Macdonell, G.C.B., of the Macdonells of Glenagarry, whose distinguished bravery, according to the Duke of Wellington, helped to turn the wavering tide of battle into one of success on that memorable occasion.

The writer says: "All British and French writers agree that the defence of the Chateau and farmhouse of Hougomont was the key to Wellington's position at Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington, the Duke who was the material point of his operations in case any accident should overtake him, the reply was 'Keep Hougomont.' To this vital point in his line of battle Wellington chose the Coldstream Guards under Lieut.-Col. Sir James Macdonell, a Scottish nobleman, a highland laird, a brave soldier, and to these same broad shoulders and the peerless ingenuity of Scotland which at the supreme moment and crisis of the battle of Waterloo turned upon the Duke of Wellington the key to the gates of Hougomont."

These gates were closed in the most momentous and critical moment of time by Sir James Macdonell. I cannot help thinking, therefore, that Sir James is the man to whom you should be looking for the story of a true Highland gentleman. Macdonell handed over the money to the stalwart sergeant, who shouldered to shoulder with this colonel of the Coldstream Guards. I only had some half a dozen slaves with me and after waiting till near midnight without seeing anything of the Caravan, I turned back towards the Caravan. The Caravan had not yet come, and I was walking leisurely back to it a curious looking object in the water arrested my attention. It appeared to be a chest of some sort, and to have been just washed up. I bade the slaves wait and in bringing it to the shore, where I had it opened, you may judge of my surprise upon finding within a female infant, near whose head, and arranged with consummate skill, was a leather bag of goat's milk, from which the child eagerly drank. The bottom of the box was heavily loaded with the most costly material. The infant took to my house, and I forbade my slaves, upon pain of death to mention the subject. I gave it to one of my females, who at that time had just given birth to a son, and she nursed it till it gained strength, and then I procured for it a suitable attendant. From that time the child has grown up under my own care, and she is as high as parent might be proud of."

"And Marina is that child?" uttered Gio, in trembling, anxious tones.

"She is."

"And she is my own daughter!" cried the strange man as he warm tears started from his eyes.

As he spoke he opened his arms and looked upon the child. None could have resisted the silent appeal; but in the heart of Marina the flame of the love she had never before known sprang into being; she looked upon him with a joy she had never before known, and she said: "You are my father!"

"You are my father?"

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SUNLIGHT SOAP

One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than two ounces of impure soap.

\$5,000 Reward to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration, or any injurious chemicals.

On the king's searching look, "what say you to the nuptials?" To be Continued.

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WAS HELD BY BUSHMEN.

HIS THREE COMPANIONS WERE KILLED.

His Wife Thought Her Husband Was Dead and Married Again.

After twelve years' imprisonment among the Bushmen of Australia, Joseph J. Gill, son of the late Thomas Gill, a well known Brooklyn, N.Y., manufacturer, has been heard from by his family, who had mourned him as dead. Gill left home in 1886, and in 1893 his wife, believing him dead, married again.

On August 17, 1886, Gill sailed from New York for Australia, where he had extensive mining interests. The mines were situated about 500 miles from Sydney, and Gill expected to be gone two or three years. He left behind a wife and two children. For two years letters were received regularly. His mining interests were prospering, and he hoped soon to return to the United States, he wrote in his last letter.

A REPORT OF HIS DEATH.

A period in which no tidings were received from Gill's family.

received from Mr. Gill followed, and then came a letter from the American Consul at Sydney, N.S.W., stating that Joseph Gill, a wealthy mine operator, and four companions, had been killed by the Bushmen in Australia, not far from the mines which the Brooklyn man controlled.

This was the last heard from Gill until the news of his imprisonment, which has just been received. It came in the form of a letter to Inspector McLaughlin, of the Brooklyn police. The letter was dated Dugupan, Northern Luzon, Philippine Islands. The letter which was written in November, 1901, was addressed to the chief of police of Brooklyn. It was as follows:

"In 1886 I left my home in Brooklyn for Australia, where I was held captive in the interior by Bushmen until two years ago. I then escaped and came to Sydney, Australia, where I am now making my way back to Sydney, Australia, to my wife and children. I do not know if my dear mother is dead, but would be glad to know her address if she is alive or her brother's. I shall be in Sydney the time you receive this letter. Please address me in care of the United States Consul at Sydney."

The Brooklyn police had little difficulty in finding Gill's mother. Cable messages were at once sent to Gill at Sydney.

GILL MARRIED AGAIN.

No details have yet been received concerning Gill's imprisonment among the Bushmen, who murdered his four companions. After his escape Gill is said to have attempted to secure information concerning his captors. The private detective whom he is said to have employed reported that his wife was dead, and soon afterward Gill married a Sydney woman, the wife of an adventurer, and his enlistment in the Philippine service.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Government of France owns 54 cables in length, 5,035 miles. The aggregate length of British, German, and owned cables is only 2,156 miles.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The Publisher of the Best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would be competitors and imitations."

It's sad to think how much good money is spent on bad tea despite the fact that Blue Ribbon is in every store.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

There's A Paint

RAMSAY'S PAINT

the oldest and best in Canada. Pure colors, pure oil, finely ground and properly mixed, ready for use, no loss, no waste, sold at just the price by all dealers. Send for our booklet showing beautiful homes that look like new.

IF YOU WANT GOOD PRICES FOR YOUR Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Apples or other Produce CONSIGN THEM TO THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO

It takes 2,800 silkworms to make a pound of silk, and these worms eat 156 pounds of leaves before they spin their cocoons.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

In order that a rainbow may be produced, the sun must not be more than 42 degrees above the horizon.

Stop the Cough and work off the Cold. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

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SALESMEN WANTED FOR "AUTOSPRAY"

GOLD SORES

FEATHER DYEING

BUGLE BAND

TO PRINTERS

DOMINION LINE Steamships

FARM SEEDS

Who are Old While Young, Whose Vitality is Wasted, Whose Nerves are Shattered, Who Find Life Burdensome, I can cure you with Electricity, as I have cured thousands of others. I can make the blood circulate in your veins, the nerves tingle with vigorous life and the spirit of energy show itself in every move of your body. My

Pay When Cured.

DR. N. D. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge Street, Toronto.