ABYSMAL DEPTHS

OR BLINDFOLD ON THE BRINK OF PRECIPICES

CHAPTER IV.

The day's work was done, and I went down into the kitchen to have my tea and my confidential talk with Martha. In this last intention, however, I was doomed to be disappointed. Her master had intrusted her with certain commissions that obliged her at once to set out for Bury. So I was left alone. How gladly would I have sought the company of the boys, although all were much younger than myself; but since I had been promoted to the position of tutor, this had been, and not unnaturally, forbidden by Mr. Porter, who judged that an undue familiarity with my pupils would weaken my authority over them.

As soon as I had finished my solitary meal, I took my well-thumbed Bible in my hand, and wandered down to the bottom of the orchard. Lying down in the shadow of a large pear tree, I soon forgot my own troubles in those of Him who bore the burden of all mankind. It was a lovely summer's evening, the sky was cloudless, the air soft as down, and laden with the perfume of the new-mown hay, the breath of the honeysuckle, and all the indefinable odors of June. After I had read for about an hour, I put down my book, and lay in rapt enjoyment of the holy calm of Nature. The spirit of this delicious evening fell upon my heart, calming its anxieties and apprehensions, and mingling with those religious impressions left by my scriptural reading, and my soul was filled with devotion, although my lips uttered no prayer.

Behind the high, thick hedge at my back lay the extremity of the front garden, which, as I have before mentioned, was used only by Mr. Porter and his daughter. I was disturbed in the midst of my meditations by the sound of their voices. They were walking in the garden, and presently I could hear their footsteps close behind me. For the time I became an involuntary eavesdropper; but this time not unwillingly. I was surrounded by a vile machination. I had challenged the worst enmity of its concoctor, and it behooved me to unscrupulously avail myself of every item of information that I could glean which would serve to thwart his plans and conduce to my own safety.

Cowering still closer to the earth, but with my ear raised, and eagerly listening, I tried to catch their words.

The lark had soared away, and the birds had subdued their song; the voices of the boys, too, were more distant; only the irrepressible grasshopper kept up his untiring chirrup. I did not lose one word they spoke.

"I tell you, Judith, he knows something! I believe he's been listening!" I heard Mr. Porter say.

"He has not the brains or the courage!" she answered, scornfully. "He's simply a fool!"

"Why, then, should he ask me such a question, and follow it up by stammering that I had told him? I intended doing so before I went away; I certainly did intend doing so, but I never mentioned it even to you. Besides that, there's been a great change in him during these few days back. Instead of being grateful, as he always was before, for any little indulgence, he seems to shrink from it, and from me, too." Then he added quickly, as though a sudden idea had struck him, "Where was he the night that I came back! If I remember, we held all our talk in the parlor, with the window wide open, and you didn't speak in very low tones."

An exclamation broke from Judith. The footsteps paused close behind me. I feared they would hear the violent beating of my heart.

"Stop!" she cried. "That reminds me! Not a quarter of an hour before you returned, he was clipping the rhododendron bush in front of that window. I saw him from my bedroom."

There was an ominous pause; in my mind's eye I could picture their look of consternation.

"Why did you not tell me this?" said Mr. Porter in a troubled voice.

"I never thought of it until this instant," she answered. "I was too eager to hear your news to think of him."

"If he heard all that passed in that room, he knows enough to utterly destroy us. We are completely in his power. More than that, I have given him a clew that may lead to profitable discoveries for himself."

"And my reputation! — my shame known to that contemptible cur! Oh, heavens! I cannot — cannot possibly survive it!" she cried, passionately.

"Silence!" said her father, in a stern voice. "This is no time for ramping and raving; this must be seen to at once. We must not lose a moment. To question him in the usual way is useless. We must resort to the other this very night. Until we find out what he really does know, we can't tell what to do. That once known, I shan't want much consideration."

"Where is he now; have you seen him lately?"

"I heard him leave the boys' room at five o'clock. I have not seen or heard him since then."

"Go and see where he is at once; he might have left the house, and be on his way to London while we are standing here."

In an instant I heard him hurrying toward the house. I sprung to my feet, ran across the orchard into the kitchen garden, which was situated at the opposite extremity, rushed into the summer-house, laid my book upon the table, and resting my head upon my hands, assumed an attitude of attentive study. My breath came short and thick, and my breast was heaving when I heard my master's hasty footsteps upon the path.

I did not raise my eyes until he stood before me. He was very pale, and his voice shook with agitation. "Where have you been, sir? How dare you?"

He began in a bullying tone; then bethinking him that he was betraying himself, stopped short. I looked at him with well-feigned surprise. I was already becoming skilful in deception, and bad lessons are so easily learned.

The expression of my face evidently disconcerted him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, evidently not knowing what to say to cover his blunder.

"I usually come here of an evening to read my Bible," I said, quietly. "I never heard you object to it before."

"Oh, it isn't that; but get the boys in at once," he said.

"Very well, sir." I closed my book, and went to find the boys, my master advancing in the same direction, that he should not lose sight of me. I felt that from that moment a constant watch would be set upon me.

I led the boys into the house and up into the schoolroom. But the prayer that was in my heart and on my lips was not in unison with that which sounded upon my ears. I was praying to escape from that dreadful house. I had taken the desperate resolution that I would not pass another night beneath the roof.

The boys were dismissed to bed half an hour earlier than usual. I was going down to the kitchen when Mr. Porter stopped me.

"I've some work for you, Silas. Fold and put these tracts into envelopes, and direct them; I'll give you the list of names. You can carry pen and ink, and your desk, into your own room, and do them there."

He gave me a pile of papers, which I carried into my room, and then fetched the desk and writing materials, he watching me all the time. I went in, and shut the door; then I heard him walk away. I did not touch my work; but sat down upon the side of the bed, and tried to think how I could get away. I had no money — I knew nothing of the roads; but better to starve, to die under a hedge, than remain in that man's power. If I could only get five minutes' talk with Martha, she would help me—would give me a little money—would perhaps direct me where to go. I formed no plan as to what I should do when I had cast myself upon the world, not even as to whither I should go. "All roads are alike to me," I thought, bitterly. "I shall find no friend at the end of any of them."

After I had sat thus meditating for about ten minutes I began my work, for I thought, "If he comes here again, and finds that I have not done them, he will be more suspicious than ever." I wrote very quickly, and in less than an hour I had finished my task. I opened the door, and as quietly as I could, without an appearance of stealth, descended the stairs, hoping to reach the kitchen unobserved.

But my master was watching too vigilantly; he came out of the parlor as I reached the landing place.

"What do you want creeping about the house at this time of night?" he asked, sharply.

"I was going down into the kitchen to get a glass of water," I answered. "I have finished my work."

"You can go into my room and get water, and then go to bed."

Without answering him, I remounted the stairs, and heard him following me. I went into his room, and drank a glass of water, for I was realiy parched with thirst. While I was there, I heard him ascend the second flight of stairs, and go into my room. As I reached the door, I met him coming out, with the envelopes in his hand. I wished him good-night, but he did not answer me. I watched him over the banisters, heard him pass along the passage, lock the street door, take out the key, and then re-enter the parlor.

"I am a prisoner," I thought; "and he will take good care that I have no communication with Martha."

Suddenly a thought struck me. As soon as all were abed, I would creep up to the boys' room — they might all be asleep, and not hear me; and if they should, I did not believe that they would betray me! I had always been as kind to them as I had dared, shielded them from punishment when I was able, and I believed that they liked me.

I felt renewed confidence after this thought, and waited anxiously, but quietly, for the sound of Mr. Porter and his daughter coming up-stairs to bed. "I had better lock my door," I thought, "in case he should come up, and find me not in bed."

The key was not in the lock! It must have been taken out while I was getting that glass of water. It was there before I went down-stairs, for when I brought in the desk from the schoolroom, I had knocked my hand against it. Could I have struck it out? I looked carefully upon the floor, but it was not there.

This last incident shook my courage severely. "Perhaps they want to enter my room, and smother me in my sleep!" was my first thought. Then I remembered that I had heard my master say that he should not resolve upon any course of action until he had satisfied himself of what I knew. But then, again, there was that mysterious reference to some occult power they possessed of compelling me to divulge everything, whether I willed to do so or not. This thought, from its mystery, was the most dreadful of all.

While I was thus resolving in my mind every imaginable horror, I heard footsteps ascending the stairs. I dared not be caught watching. I put out my light, and tore off my boots and coat, and then jumped into bed. The footsteps stopped outside my door, paused for several seconds; then I heard the handle cautiously turned, and a light began to creep through the slowly opening door. The agony I endured at that moment I shall never forget. I could not move or speak, but lay watching the stream of light gradually broaden, until it was darkened by the figure of Mr. Porter, standing upon the threshold. The rays of the candle fell upon his face; the blotches were inflamed with drink, but otherwise it was very pale, and there was a haggard look upon it. As he caught the expression of my face, he started back. I am certain it must have been ghastly. As he stood thus I fancied that I saw a black shadow flit suddenly behind him.

"Ain't you asleep?" he asked in a thick voice.

"No, sir. Oh, how you frightened me!" I cried. I could not help it.

"That shows you have a sinful conscience; the righteous are never frightened. I am never frightened. Pray—pray, and then go to sleep."

He was more intoxicated than I had ever seen him before. He closed the door; then I heard him put the key in the lock; then, click! The key was turned!

My last hope was gone. I was powerless, helpless; a prisoner, utterly at the mercy of this man. I sprang out of bed; I searched for a match—there was not one in the room. I drew up my blind, but the night was moonless and cloudy. I opened my window and looked out. All was deathly still; not a leaf rustled; not a ray of light anywhere; naught but black shadows surrounded me. I was looking down upon a gulf to which there seemed no bottom.

Once, in my desperation, I half resolved to cast myself out, but the depths looked too awful. I closed the window again, lest the temptation should be too powerful to resist. Bathed in perspiration, yet shivering with cold, utterly prostrated by the brooding horror that was upon me, I threw myself upon the bed, and waited my fate.

(To Be Continued).

Henry—"Papa, there is a big bluebottle on the ceiling." Professor (very busy)—"Step on it and leave me alone."

Insects will never attack books which are dusted once a year with powdered alum and white pepper.

THAT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

The vanity of the French race occasionally meets with an amusing check. It is related by a Parisian journal that a public man had been awarded, for some indirect service, the African order Labaksi-Tapo by the King of a certain country in the Soudan, with which the French had come much in contact.

The Frenchman was greatly delighted, and immediately went to a member of the Ministry to obtain the necessary permission for him to wear the decoration of this foreign order.

"Do you know what the decoration consists of?" asked the Minister.

"Certainly," the gentleman answered. "It is a beautiful ring of gold, from which is suspended a calumet enamelled in red. I demand the authorization to wear it."

"Certainly you can wear it, but it must be worn, in order to be lawful, exactly as the members of the order in Africa wear it."

"And how is that?"

"In the nose."

The newly appointed cavalier of the Labaksi-Tapo ran out at the door, and is declared by the journal which tells the story to be "running yet."

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

CHANGE OF WEATHER DISASTEROUS TO MANY PEOPLE.

Bad Blood Makes You Liable to Cold—A Cold Makes You Liable to Twenty Diseases—How to Protect Yourself.

Changes of the season affects the health more or less perceptibly. The effect of the hot summer weather on the blood leaves it thin and watery, and now that the weather is changeable this makes itself disagreeably felt. You feel bilious, dyspeptic and tired; there may be pimples or eruptions of the skin; the damp weather brings little twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia that give warning of the winter that is coming. If you want to be brisk and strong for the winter it is now that you should build up the blood, and give the nerves a little tonic. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest of all blood-making, nerve-restoring tonics, and will make you strong and stave off the aches and pains of winter if you take them now. Mr. James Adams, Brandon, Man., is one of the thousands whom Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored to health and strength. He says: "It is with deep gratitude that I acknowledge the benefit that I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before taking the pills my health was much shattered with rheumatism, nervous depression and sleeplessness. For fully twelve months I rarely got a good night's sleep. When I began the use of the pills it was with a determination to give them a fair trial. I did so, and can truthfully say that I could not wish for better health than I now enjoy. I shall always speak a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Poor blood is the cause of most diseases. Good blood means health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not purge—they simply make pure, rich blood. That's why they cure so many diseases. But you must always get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LONG TIME TO COOL.

It is scientifically reported that the lava streams from Vesuvius in 1858 were so hot twelve years later that stream was issuing from the cracks and crevices, while the lava-beds from the eruption of Etna in 1787 were found to be steaming hot just below the top crust as late as 1840. But still more remarkable are the scientific reports of the volcano Jorullo, in Mexico. This sent forth immense streams of lava in 1759. In 1780 the lava-beds were examined by a party of scientists, and it was found that a stick thrust into the crevices instantly ignited, although there was no discomfort experienced in walking on the hardened crust. Again, some forty years after the eruption, it was visited by scientists, and reported to be steaming in many places, and even eighty-seven years after the eruption two columns of steaming vapor were found to be issuing from the crevices. Sometimes the upper crust of such a stream of lava cools so that plants and lichens make a precarious growth on the surface, while a few feet beneath the lava is almost red-hot.

SAVE THE BABY.

A Mother Tells How Many a Threatened Life May Be Preserved.

To the loving mother no expense is too great, no labor too severe, if it will preserve the health of her little ones. Childish ills are generally simple, but so light is baby's hold on life that it is often a knowledge of the right thing to do that turns the tide at a crisis. And in baby's illness every crisis is a critical one. "I think the timely use of Baby's Own Tablets would save many a dear little life," writes Mrs. P. B. Bickford, of Glen Sutton, Que. "I take pleasure in certifying to the merits of these Tablets, as I have found them a sure and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion at teething time, and was cross and restless. The use of Baby's Own Tablets made a wonderful change, and I am glad to recommend them to others." Mothers who use these Tablets never afterward resort to harsh purgatives that gripe and torture baby, nor to the so-called "soothing" preparations that often contain poisonous opiates. Baby's Own Tablets are pleasant to take, guaranteed to be harmless. Send 25 cents for a full-sized box to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., if your druggists does not sell them.

The estates belonging to the Duke of Sutherland cover an area greater than the two counties of Lancashire and Rutland combined.

The longest word of usual occurrence in the English language is "incomprehensibilities."

There are usually about 6,000 patients in London hospitals. The average duration of the stay of a patient in hospital is thirty-one days.

"Just a Little"

Pain neglected, may produce chronic Rheumatism or Gout. Just a little Backache may create Lumbago. Just a little Sprain sometimes makes a Cripple. Just a little Bruise may do a lot of damage. Just a little Headache may be the forerunner of Neuralgia. Just a little St. Jacobs Oil, applied in time cures promptly and permanently Aches and Pains. Just a little caution; just a little cost. Years of Pleasure against years of Pain.

W P C 1153

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woolens nor the surface off linens.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

FARM · FIELD AND GARDEN

PORK AT LEAST COST.

The first step in the production of pork is the selection of the breeding stock, which in every case should be pure-bred or nearly so, writes Mr. O. Cole. Good grade sows bred to pure males will produce good results, as will also a cross of pure breds, but the latter should not be continued beyond the first cross, as the tendency is to return to the original scrub. As to the breed, select the one you most fancy. Any of the leading breeds are good profitable feeders. The Iowa experiment station held a series of tests and decided that the Berkshires, Poland-Chinas and Duroc-Jerseys were the most profitable feeders.

I breed and feed the Berkshires and find them a good, prolific, hearty, easy-feeding and quick-maturing hog. Select from a good prolific strain. It costs no more to winter a good animal than one that is not, and if the sow has great vitality, there is less loss from disease. Breed from mature stock, as pigs from matured parents are much heartier and grow much faster than from young, immature stock. When you have done this, you have solved half the problem of producing cheap pork.

The other half lies in the feed and the ability of the man who does the feeding. It has long been an established fact that corn is as cheap a fattening food as there is, but should be fed for other purposes only to a limited extent, as stock fed to any great extent on corn soon begin to lose vitality, succumbing easily to disease and becoming less prolific. For our breeding stock and young pigs, we must look for a food richer in protein, one calculated to produce bone and muscle and not so much fat. Wheat middlings, when it can be purchased to advantage, is a very desirable food. Clover is one of the most valuable of feeds for swine, either in pasture or fodder during the winter. It is claimed that an acre of clover is equal to an acre of corn, and from personal experience I believe this to be true. On various occasions I have turned shotes on clover as soon as it was suitable in the spring, and at time of feeding green corn they would be from 80 to 100 pounds heavier. As an acre of clover will pasture about eight good shotes, the value of clover is easily computed.

After several years' experience in feeding the various swine feeds and studying how to make the margin of profit larger, I have adopted the method of keeping a good cow for each brood sow, selling the butter. If I have no other desirable food, I buy middlings to mix with the milk taken sweet from the separator, then with the spring pigs having the run of a good clover pasture, with plenty of pure water and shade to protect from the heat of the sun, and fed regularly with the middlings and milk and a small allowance of corn, you have a ration which will not only produce cheap pork, but will produce it quickly, which is one of the main points of the business. As the pigs grow older, increase the corn so that by the last of September they are ready for market. Ten pigs fed on this ration averaged, at six months old, 260 pounds each.

THE BOWERING SYSTEM.

The bowering system of dairying as it obtains in Scotland, is the letting of cows by farmers to a bower, that is a man who feeds and cares for them and sells their products. This system is most general in the special dairy districts, as in much of Ayrshire, where dairying is carried on most profitably. The agreement of the Scotch farmer with the bower is about like this:

When the farm is near a town, the bower pays usually $60 per head for the cows, but when further from a town $50 a head is more general. The farmer in addition supplies one bag of 280 pounds bean meal per herd. This bean meal varies in value from $3.84 to $4.80 per bag. The bower, on his part, provides sufficient hay, straw, turnips and chaff for fodder and bedding. The agreements are entered into at Martinmas, November 11, and provide that fair treatment is given the cows by the bower, but the farmer has to stand any loss by death or disablement.

From the above it will be seen that a Scottish dairyman or bower has to handle his cows so as to pay a big annual rental and live from what he gets above that. The price of dairy products range higher in Scotland than in this country, and it needs to, but so does the price of cattle feeds. In this country a cow must show a gross earning of about $40 to pay expenses of keep, and brings little or no profit to the owner unless this figure is exceeded.

If in addition to the annual keep expense of $40 a farther expense of $50 to $60 annual rental has existed it would mean that a gross earning of $90 to $100 would be necessary in order to pay expenses. That this sum and more is made annually by the bower is assumed, or this business of cow letting would not obtain in Scotland. It may reasonably be asked in the light of the knowledge here of what those bowers are doing year after year, is it not time that something more than mere keep should be obtained from our cows? Surely we will never become expert dairymen and realize what we should from our cows until we set a pace for ourselves just a little bit faster than the dairymen of other countries.

ROT AMONG APPLES.

At this season the question is often asked, does scab injure the keeping qualities of apples? It certainly does. Scabby apples will not keep nearly as well as apples free from that trouble. Although the scab fungus does not of itself cause rot, it ruptures the skin of the fruit and thus facilitates the entrance of various other fungi which are capable of causing rot. There are several species of fungi which are unable to injure apples so long as the skin remains unbroken, but when the skin is once broken they will get in and quickly ruin the fruit, provided the temperature is not too low.

Such a fungus is the common blue mold. Its spores seem to be practically everywhere, and a few of them are almost certain to occur in any package of apples. When one of these spores gets into an apple and rots it, thousands of new spores soon form on the surface of the rotten fruit and communicate the disease to any of the neighboring apples having breaks in the skin. Hence, it is important that apples designed for storage should be as free as possible from scab, worm holes and other blemishes and that they should be handled with care to avoid bruising. In storage they should be kept cool and free from dampness, because heat and moisture favor the germination of fungus spores and the subsequent growth of the fungi in the flesh of the fruit.

FEED FOR MILCH COWS.

Bran and milk feed gives the best results for milch cows when the hay, fodder or straw has been moistened with warm water in winter or cold water in summer, and then the grain put on it and well stirred in to mix thoroughly. When fed dry much of it passes away undigested. They will eat it so rapidly that it passes into the fourth stomach, and is not brought up to be masticated when the cow is chewing her cud. If the moistened fodder is put into a tight box and left to ferment a little the cows will like it all the better. Some writers advocate a slop of grain in water, but that is not generally satisfactory, perhaps because it is not made thick enough. A little salt added to the grain, sprinkling it over the fodder makes the animals relish it much better.

QUEER.

"He's a queer cuss."

"Yes; just now he was saying that nothing was certain in this world but the uncertainty of things, and you couldn't bank on that."

"So this is your dull season, eh?" observed the visitor. "When is the busiest period in your factory?" "When the whistle blows for the men to leave work," answered the manufacturer.

Two Scotch farmers whose farms adjoined met one day. The one complained to the other that the crows which had their nests in his trees came and fed on his fields in the morning. "Well," replied the other, "if I gie them their bed, shairley ye can gie them their breakfast."

- How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Wife (reading the paper)—"The giraffe has a tongue 18 inches long." Husband—"Aren't you jealous?"

The Waterloo medal was the first given to all ranks alike.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

The largest butterflies are the "bird-winged" of the Moluccas. Their wings are sometimes twelve inches in expanse.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

When traveling you should bear in mind the road and the trains that will take you to your destination in the fastest time, and in the most comfortable manner. The Grand Trunk service excels in both particulars and passengers from Toronto to Montreal, Buffalo, New York, Detroit and Chicago, will find the day trains equipped with wide vestibuled coaches, handsome Cafe Parlor and Dining Cars serving meals "a la carte." The night trains carry Pullman sleeping cars to all above points. You can leave Toronto for Montreal and east at 9 a. m. and 10 p. m. for Buffalo and New York at 9 a. m., 4.50 and 6.15 p. m. and to Detroit and Chicago at 7.35 a. m., 4.50 p. m. and 11.20 p. m. Tickets, reservations, etc., at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Plants inoculated with the venom of serpents usually die in from one to four days.

AN ADMIRABLE FOOD

EPPS'S

FOR MAINTAINING ROBUST HEALTH

COCOA

IN COLD CLIMATES.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.

Housekeeper — "Have you any Mocha coffee, sir?"

Small Dealer—"Yes, mum."

"Genuine Mocha?"

"Just imported, mum."

"Import it yourself?"

"Oh, yes, mum. I send my orders direct to the—the Sultan, mum."

"Humph! How much have you on hand?"

"Bout sixty pounds, mum."

"You have, eh, sixty pounds? I read in the paper this morning that not over fifty pounds of genuine Mocha reach this country annually."

"Yes, mum, that's true. I had ten pounds over from last year."

A WELLAND MERCHANT

HE SAYS HE IS NOW FEELING BETTER THAN HE HAS FOR MANY YEARS.

An Open Letter in Which a Prominent Citizen Gives a Strong Recommendation for Dodd's Kidney Pills, a Remedy Which He Says Restored Him to Good Health.

Welland, Ont., Nov. 3.—(Special.)—Mr. J. J. Yokom, grocer and provision merchant of this place, has given for publication, an open letter as follows:

"For a year or more I had been ailing with Kidney Trouble, in all of its worst forms. I had a very depressed feeling in my head and little or no appetite, a constant feeling of langour, and I became greatly reduced in weight.

"At times I was entirely incapacitated.

"I have spent considerable money in medicines of different kinds but did not get any good results. I also doctored with a physician of vast experience but got no benefit.

"At last I became discouraged and hopeless of ever being well again. One day by luck I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and began to use them.

"From the first they seemed to suit my case exactly, and when I had taken five boxes my old trouble had entirely disappeared, and I was feeling better than I had in many years.

"I am now in splendid health and able to stand great exertion, in fact my general health is better than it has been in a long time.

"Since my recovery I have told many others of Dodd's Kidney Pills and how they cured me to stay cured. Many of them say it seems impossible and yet they know it is true."

(Signed) J. J. YOKOM.

Mr. Yokom has been a resident of Welland for years, and is known to every man, woman and child in the town. He was born in the neighboring township of Crowland, within three miles of his present home, and is known as a man of Christian principles who would not make a statement that would in any way be misleading.

The last persons judicially executed in England for witchcraft were a woman and her daughter, hanged at Huntingdon in 1716.

A person usually begins to lose height at the age of fifty, and at the age of ninety has lost at least one and a half inches.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine, was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The above fact can be verified by writing to him, to the parish priest or any of his neighbors.

A. COTE,
Merchant, St. Isadore, Que.
May 12th, 1898.

Austria-Hungary has the longest frontier of any European nation, its frontier line being 2,996 miles Great Britain has 2,755 miles of coast-line.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

Nodd—What do you mean by saying that my baby is just an ordinary baby?" Todd—"Why, he is precocious and beautiful, and the best that ever lived, isn't he?"

WABASH RAILROAD

During the months of September and October, will sell one way second class tourist tickets at greatly reduced rates to California, Washington, Oregon, Utah, Montana, British Columbia and other Pacific Coast points. Tickets will be sold via all direct routes. The Wabash is the shortest, best and quickest route from Canada to the above points. Finest equipped passenger trains in America.

Rates, time-tables and all particulars from any ticket agent, or J. A. Richardson, Dist. Passenger Agent, N. E. Corner King & Yonge Sts., Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

Police Official—"Any clue to the mysterious murder?" Detective—"Yes, sir. I've arrested all the living members of the family." Official—"Glorious! What evidence have you?" Detective—"When I accused them of the murder some of 'em turned white and some turned red. Now, all we have to do is to find out which color means guilt."

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