ABYSMAL DEPTHS

OR BLINDFOLD ON THE BRINK OF PRECIPICES

CHAPTER II.

In less than a week I found myself tutor to the Reverend Obadiah Porter's pupils. Martha was right; Miss Judith had grown tired of the work, and seizing the opportunity of my initiation, relinquished it altogether. Weighty and important as I conscientiously felt was the task imposed upon me, her absence from the schoolroom was a relief. Her treatment of the boys had always been marked by the most scornful and haughty contempt.

As I have before remarked, there was no favoritism—all were treated alike—but I often thought, if there was a difference, Miss Judith was a shade more harsh and contemptuous toward me than the others. This demeanor was in no degree softened after I had been promoted to a more equal footing with her. Therefore it would have been vain to have expected to exert any influence over my pupils, while they witnessed my own degradation.

I now dined in the parlor, but took the rest of my meals in the kitchen, as before, where I also spent my evenings. By and by Martha called my attention to a great alteration that had taken place in her mistress. There was a worn, anxious look in her face; and she seldom quitted her own room, except at meal times. Then we began to notice that Mr. Rodwell's visits grew more infrequent and at last ceased altogether.

"What did I tell you?" said Martha, one evening, as we were sitting at supper. "Haven't my words come true? Mr. Rodwell never intended making her his wife."

Martha continued each day to grow more oracular and mysterious; but to me her words were enigmas to which I possessed no key.

One day Mr. Porter informed me that he was going to London for a few days. Such an event had never happened in my memory; it was to me the climax of all the changes.

"To you, Silas," he said, "I commit the care of the precious lambs of my fold, and you must also give an eye to household affairs, as my daughter's health is not strong at the present. It is a great trust, but you will prove worthy of it; and when I call upon thee for an account of thy stewardship, thou will render me a just account. You are almost like a son to me, Silas."

He paused upon the last words like one struck with a sudden idea, and while he stood gazing at me a strange look stole across his face. For the first time in his life he took my hand; his clasp was cold and clammy; he meant to be kind and caressing, but I had never felt so repelled against him. I shuddered, with a boding presentment of evil.

"I wish I had a son like you; a male child is a prop and a support to a father in his old age. Good-bye, Silas: and may Heaven bless you!"

He was gone, and he seemed to have left a dark shadow behind him, for never befor had I felt so dejected.

On the fifth day after his departure, at five in the evening, Mr. Porter returned. I was in the front garden. Now this ground was kept sacred to him as his daughter, but having a great love of flowers, and having acquired some knowledge of gardening, I had of late been privileged to tend the beds, and prune the shrubs of this exclusive spot. I had no desire to presume upon this privilege, as I greatly preferred the more extensive grounds that lay at the back, which were free to all. As I have before mentioned, a wall of about ten feet in height separated this garden from the road. When I saw Mr. Porter come through the gate, I was busily employed in cutting away the dead blossoms from a very fine rhododendron bush which stood near one of the parlor windows. Although I was full in sight, he did not perceive me. The bush stood between me and the window, which was wide open, and entirely concealed me from any one who might be within. I heard my master enter the room, and a minute afterward he was joined by his daughter, whom I heard eagerly ask him, "what he had done—had he been successful?"

I went on snipping off the dead leaves and withered flowers, without one thought of becoming an eavesdropper, although their conversation was as audible where I stood as though I had been in the room. But after the first few sentences I began to awaken to the awkwardness of my position, and to the fact that I was listening to a conversation I had no business to hear. I was beginning to think how I could get away without being observed, when certain words so powerfully arrested my attention, that my purpose was almost involuntarily suspended by my eagerness to hear more.

I will write down the conversation as nearly as I can remember it.

To his daughter's anxious questions, Mr. Porter at first returned no answer, but I could hear him puffing and breathing hard, like a man heated with walking. She repeated her questions yet more impatiently.

"None. He has gone to Paris," was the reply, in a harsh tone.

"Gone to Paris! Oh what will become of me—what will become of me?" I heard Judith cry in a tone of despair. "I loved him very dearly! But he cannot, he will not, he shall not desert me! What shall I do—what shall I do?"

"And what shall I do?" he cried, in a savage tone. "But he shall pay for this work," and I heard him smash his fist down upon the table, and could almost fancy I heard the grinding of his teeth. "But in the meanwhile we must think of the present time. You have been basely betrayed, but I have formed a scheme which will repair your wrongs. We are in snug quarters here, and I don't feel inclined to give them up. Remember, if I lost my chapel, I should lose the boys too; for although their friends would receive the tidings of their deaths with the utmost satisfaction, yet their consciences and their sense of duty would be troubled by the thought that the unhappy little wretches were under a master of lax morality. With such people, you know, everything is doing the proper; they don't care a brass farthing for the humane. Now, the very day I started for London, an idea came into my head, which a chance circumstance has since strengthened. It all depends upon you whether you'll act upon it."

He paused as though expecting an answer; but none came. After a moment, he resumed, in a somewhat hesitating tone: "You'll stare when I tell you what it is; but for your own peace of mind, as well as mine, you must be married."

"Married! and to whom?" she asked, very drearily.

"Suppose I were to tell you that I had a husband in my eyes? What would you say to Silas Carston?"

I could scarcely repress the cry that rose to my lips at the sound of my name so strangely associated.

"What!" she cried, impetuously. "I marry that puny, contemptible, sneaking boy! You are mad."

"Listen to me. Worm as he is, it may be a better match than you suspect. The second day I was in London, I thought I would call upon Fogle & Quick. In the first place to endeavor to get the money increased, in consideration of his age; and in the second place, to try and glean a little information. Just as I got within sight of the door, who should I see coming out but the identical old woman that brought the boy here. There was no mistaking her; she seemed to have on the very same dress that she wore thirteen years ago; and as to her face, it is one of those iron phizogs upon which years seem to have no power. 'Here's my chance,' I thought; 'I don't lose sight of you till you're earthed.' So, instead of at once calling upon the lawyers, I followed the old woman at a respectful distance."

At this point of the dialogue, to me the most interesting, I lost the thread. Two pleasure-vans, full of people who had been out holiday-keeping, for the day—it was just after the hay-harvest—were returning to the town; the occupants were singing, shouting and laughing, in a most vociferous strain. When at last the noisy crew drove away, the revelation that I so eagerly desired to hear had passed.

"Maybe he would not have me," were the first words that fell upon my ears.

"How could he help himself if I were determined upon it? Besides, you could soon make him a puppet in your hands."

And so the conversation ended. I heard Martha come and close the window, and draw down the blind—it was getting dusk—and then I crept away from my hiding place, and got round to the back garden. For a time I could not go into the house; every nerve was trembling. I felt like one surrounded by a circle of fire—the victim of some foul plot, the exact nature of which I could not understand, but from which I could perceive no escape.

(To Be Continued.)

A MOTHER'S PRAISE,

FOR THE MEDICINE THAT RESTORED HER DAUGHTER'S HEALTH.

She Had Suffered From Severe Headaches, Vomiting and Extreme Nervousness, and Feared She Would Not Regain Her Strength.

Every prudent mother will watch carefully the health of her young daughter at the period when she is passing from girlhood to womanhood. This period is the most critical in the young girl's life. It is then that she becomes pale, easily tired and troubled with headaches, without apparent cause. The blood becomes thin and watery, and unless prompt steps are taken to restore it to its rich, red, health-giving condition, decline, and perhaps consumption will follow. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured more pale, anaemic, easily tired girls than any other medicine, and mothers will make no mistake if they insist upon their growing daughters taking these pills from time to time. Mrs. P. Gage, a lady well known in Rowanton, Que., tells what these pills have done for her daughter. She says: "My daughter, Catherine, aged fourteen years, was suffering greatly with severe headaches, vomiting and nervousness. She was so completely run down that we feared she would not recover her strength. We tried several medicines, but they did not seem to do her any good. I then thought we would try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the result has been up to our fondest hopes. She has fully recovered her health and strength, and I shall be very glad if this experience will help some other suffering girl regain her health."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and give new strength with every dose. They cure anaemia, headache, heart palpitation, dizziness and bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. These pills are also a certain cure for the ailments that make the lives of so many women a burden. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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.

room, to pause finally before a certain door. It is thrown open; and Fancy, making a step forward, finds herself face to face not only with Gretchen, and Kenneth and Flora Tremaine, but also with Sir John and—Lady Blunden.

"How d'ye do?" says Kitty, gently, if coldly, holding out her hand. Whereupon Mrs. Charteris murmurs some other phrase equally unmeaning in a tone as civil and quite as cold; and then Arthur comes to the rescue. Every one draws a little breath, and listens to what he has to say with a most flattering because most unusual display of interest; and presently some one laughs (I am almost sure it is Fancy herself); after which the ice being broken, conversation once more flows freely.

Kenneth, who is lying on a couch, is much exercised in his mind; the fear that Mrs. Charteris may feel herself somewhat out in the cold distresses his kindly nature.

"Mrs. Charteris, do not sit there," he says, in his most spoiled-child tone. "I want to speak to you; and, though infinitely better than when last I had the good fortune to see you, I am so browbeaten, and tyrannized over, by a person who shall be nameless, that I cannot go to you. Have pity on me. Here is a pretty chair quite close to me; do not refuse to occupy it."

Fancy laughs, and, going over to him, sinks into the cozy lounging chair he has pointed out; and almost at this instant Brandy and Dandy make their valiant entry.

"How pleased you two boys look!" says Gretchen, presently, noticing with real delight the fact that a fresh bond of friendship has been sealed between them.

"Yes," says Brandy, gayly, "'glad as birds are that get sweet rain at noon.' That's Swinburne, isn't it?"

"They've made it up," says Miss Flora, slowly, examining the late belligerents with a critical eye.

"You mistake," returns Brandy, calmly, though secretly much annoyed; "we are not made up at all; we neither powder nor paint, nor have we as yet learned to worship at the shrine of the inestimable person named Allen. We don't require it. Nature to us has been lavish in her gifts."

"I know all about it," persists Flora, unflinchingly, and speaking with all the air of one who is cognizant of a mighty secret, and who is not only prepared to divulge it at a moment's notice, but positively dying to do so.

"You generally do know more than you ought to know," mutters Brandy, with suppressed indignation but much wisdom, withdrawing from the contest.

Kitty has been standing apart for some minutes. Sir John, Arthur, and Dugdale are deep in some momentous argument that bears on setter pups. Gretchen is busily engaged restoring peace between Flora and Brandy.

Fancy, seeing all this, rises quickly from her seat, and, going up to where Kitty is standing, says something in a low tone. As she speaks, her fair face flushes, and an expression that is almost entreaty grows within her eyes.

Kitty pales a little, and, laying her hand—with the old involuntary gesture—upon her bosom, makes her some quick reply. Nobody can hear what is being said. No one is heeding. Presently, as Fancy still speaks, Kitty's face changes, grows troubled, and at last tears show themselves within her velvety eyes. Fancy holds out her hand; and Kitty, taking it willingly, holds it for a little while and presses it warmly.

"Then we are friends," says Fancy, in a soft tone, that trembles ever so slightly.

"Yes,—yes, indeed; it was all a mistake," returns Kitty, in a low voice.

Then, turning to her husband, she says, hastily,—

"You must help me to persuade Mrs. Charteris to come and stay with us when her visit at Brookville is at an end. Arthur" — with a faint smile — "will perhaps, stay on with us, and try to make the country a little less dull for her. Then, turning to Mrs. Charteris, says, with a little fond blush,—

"You have not seen my baby yet, I think. I brought him with me today, to let his auntie see him. You know she is his second mother. Come up-stairs with me, and I will show him to you."

After which, if any woman thinks the reconciliation is not quite complete, all I can say is, she knows nothing about it.

* * * * * * * * * *

And so—down with the curtain, and lights out! The play is over, and the poor players flit like pale ghosts into the gathering darkness. Will you—as I ask you—give them a kind thought? With this request, "I kiss your hand, and so leave you."

THE END.

Scourge of Doubt

CHAPTER XXX.

Mrs. Charteris one day leaves town to visit the Brookes, Mr. Blunden also takes the train to seek seclusion that the country grants.

This arrangement rather pleases Fancy, who at any time infinitely prefers another's society to her own, and is as near unhappiness as her sunny nature will permit when debarred from giving free expression to her sentiments.

Arrived at Laxton, Arthur sees Mrs. Charteris into the carriage that awaits her, and then pauses irresolutely before closing the door, as though undecided what to do next. He glances first at the dog-cart that stands ready for him in the distance, and then at Mrs. Charteris.

"Do you know you will have to pass Laxton Hall on your way?" he says, presently, with a mean but futile effort at deception. "I think I should like to see Dugdale, if you will take me so far. He will send me over to Jack's afterwards."

"You can drive there in the dog-cart, can't you?" asks she, with an unkind pretence at innocence.

"I hate dog-carts," says Mr. Blunden, without a blush. "I simply abhor them. Worst things out, in my opinion. And you have lots of room in there."

"I suppose I am never to be rid of you," returns she, making a little moue. "Well,"—drawing her skirts aside, — "come, then."

So they drive to Laxton; and on the way Fancy awakes to the thought that she too would like to see Dugdale, and very specially Mrs. Dugdale.

"Won't it look rather pronounced, our arriving together like this?" she says, with a faintly amused laugh. "Not that I am afraid of her. She knows I am engaged to you; and, besides, she never thinks hard things of any one."

From a woman this is praise indeed.

At Laxton they are admitted. Yes, Mrs. Dugdale is at home. The servant leads the way, and they follow, through two halls and an ante-

A COMFORT AND A CARE.

If Your Home is Blessed With a Baby You Will Appreciate This.

A baby is a priceless comfort, but in its utter helplessness is also a great care. Anything that will relieve the tired mother and add to baby's health and happiness is both a help and a friend. This is what makes the statement of Mrs. Thos. Little, of Kingston, Ont., so interesting to all mothers. She says:—"When my baby was eighteen months old he was troubled with a sour stomach and was badly constipated. These troubles made him cross and restless, and I had to be up with him a number of times during the night. I finally got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and after giving them to him for a few days his bowels became regular, his stomach was sweetened and he slept well. I think these Tablets are just what mothers need for their little ones." Baby's Own Tablets are the best and most convenient form for administering medicine to the very young. They are safe and harmless and free from opiates. Sent post paid on receipt of price, 25 cents per box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. A book on the care of infants and children sent free on request. Write for it.

Little Dot—"I know something my teacher doesn't know." Mamma—"Indeed! What is that?" "I know when the world is coming to an end, and she doesn't. I asked her, and she said she didn't know." "Oh, well who told you?" "Uncle John. He said the world would come to an end when children stopped asking questions that nobody could answer."

WHY WOOLLENS WEAR THIN.

A SCENE IN A GROCER'S STORE.

Sir, I have just come round myself to tell you that you have absolutely spoiled a pair of blankets on me.

I have!

Yes, sir, you have!

Surely you are mistaken, madam!

I am not mistaken. I sent round my little girl a few days ago for a good strong soap to wash out some heavy things. In all innocence I used what you sent me, and the result is that my blankets are just the skeleton of what they were. They are ruined, sir, and it's your fault!

Yes, but I sent what I usually send in such cases.

What you usually send! No wonder Mrs. Moore, my neighbor, complains of her clothes wearing out; I find you usually send her the same soap.

But, madam, I always give my customers what they ask for. Had you named a particular brand of soap you would have had it.

Named a particular brand! How was I to know anything of brands? But I know better now, and I know what ruined my blankets—and my hands are in a nice plight, too!

I can assure you, madam, that it is not my desire to sell anything that will be injurious to either the hands or clothing of my customers, and I shall be glad to know how you prove that what I sold you injured your blankets and your hands.

Well, I was telling Mrs. Neill my trouble, and she lent me a little cutting, and here it is; you can read it:

"Dr. Stevenson Macadam, Lecturer on Chemistry, Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh, describes the destructive property of soda upon wool very graphically.

"After mentioning how strong alkali such as potash and soda, disastrously affect cotton, linen, and wool, he says:

"On one occasion I employed this property of soda in a useful way. There was a large quantity of new blankets sent to one of our hospitals, which, when given out, were said by the patients to be not so warm as the old blankets were, and that led to an investigation as to whether the blankets were genuine or not. They looked well, and weighed properly, and I got a blanket sent to me for examination and analysis. We found soon that there was cotton mixed with the wool, and the question was as to separating the two, because they were thoroughly woven throughout, and it was only by detaching the fine fibres from each other that you identified the cotton fibre. I fell on the device of using soda. I took a bit of blanket and put it in a vessel with soda, and boiled it there, and very quickly the wool got eaten away by the soda, and there was left behind the cotton as a kind of skeleton—a sort of ghost—of the original blanket out of which it was taken. I mention this merely to indicate to you the pernicious effects of using caustic materials, which, when employed strong by themselves, affect woollen articles in this way, and which, even when not very strong, will more slowly, but with equal certainty, tend to destroy the woollen fibre."

Now, I want to tell you that we neighbors have had a talk over the matter, and we are not going to have our clothes and hands ruined in this way. Several of our neighbors who know have proved to us that Washing Sodas, Potash, Chloride of Lime, and "soap substitutes" are most injurious to clothes and hands. "Free alkali" in soaps is practically the caustic soda that burns the clothes. Why, you dare not keep Caustic Soda in a tin canister; it must be in an earthen jar, or it will even corrode the tin! Now, it's for you to provide us with pure soap without free alkali, or we must find it elsewhere.

Madam, you enlighten me! So many soaps are advertised as pure, that I really took little heed to any difference between them.

I have one, however, that has medical certificates of its freedom from free alkali. It is guaranteed pure; and the makers offer $5,000 reward to any one who can prove it is not pure, and further, I am authorized to return the purchase money to any one finding cause for complaint.

Let me see it! Why, Sunlight Soap! It's a beautiful clean, fresh-looking soap, and this Octagon shape is very handy. Give me five bars.

Note by the grocer.—This whole neighborhood is using Sunlight Soap now. I have no more complaints. I have no room in my store now for resinous concoctions of alkali poisons; but it is not the grocer's fault if the public are satisfied with common soaps. If the public ask for Sunlight Soap—octagon bar—we give it them. 601

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

CLOVER FOR HOGS.

One of the grasses that will prove beneficial and profitable to every farmer who can grow it is clover. It is not only an excellent food for swine for both health and growth, but it is a land feeder and fertilizer. But few farmers understand the advantages that come from growing clover, outside of its feeding value. The productiveness of the farm can be maintained or improved by the growing of clover. Every farmer should exert himself to provide fields of clover. It is not only a good hog feed, but it is equally as good for sheep and cattle, and the very best you have for young calves. A good many farmers have used clover hay for feeding hogs in winter season, running it through a cutter and mixing it into a thick slop as a balancer of the ration and distender of the stomach, preventing compacting of the concentrated feeds. The advantages of clover as a food are that they give the pigs that succulence that is so desirable to provide the smooth coat and rapid growth that comes from feeding it. It is a balancer of the ration of grain, which cheapens the feed and lessens the cost of producing pork. It is not only good for the feed value, but because of the advantages of combining it with a grain ration which enables more to be gotten from the grain than otherwise would. Besides the growth and gain that comes from feeding it, it is the fact that it is highly relished by the swine and productive of better health. It keeps the bowels in good order, prevents constipation, and is, therefore, a very valuable hog feed.

SHEEP.

The sheep is one of the greatest aids in building up worn-out lands.

Ninety-five per cent. of the fertilizing matter of the food consumed by the sheep is returned to the soil.

Sheep will eat brush and weeds when they can get no better roughage, and when they acquire this habit they persist and do well.

Much wool is now imported to the United States, the home product not being sufficient to meet the demand; there is also a good and increasing demand for mutton. In England sheep are fed to profit on land worth $400 per acre.

Wheat middlings fed with the fall pasture is a valuable ration for the breeding ewes. The ewes should be kept strong and thrifty at this season of the year, and wheat middlings are rich in ash and proteids, which are the food stuffs necessary.

The Merino is the best wooled sheep.

The Downs, Leicester and Cotswold produce good mutton.

The mutton ram bred to the Merino produces a sheep having good mutton form and a good fleece.

Weed out the flock each fall; keep only the best breeders and feeders.

Do not breed the young ewe until fourteen to sixteen months of age; earlier breeding is not conducive to vigor of constitution.

A grain ration of two-thirds corn to one-third bran is good with the fall pasture for the fattening sheep.

The sheep will eat about one pound of grain per head per day with pasture and roots or rape.

PIGS.

The pigs that grow are the pigs that pay.

If skim-milk be fed to pigs that run to grass, one hundred pounds will make one-third more increase in weight than when fed to pigs not on grass.

If the pigs root out, dig a trench one foot deep beside the fence and tack poultry net to the posts. Their sensitive noses will avoid it.

A good trough for little pigs may be made of a long narrow and shallow box of any kind. The first feed of wet bran will make it milk tight.

Don't keep 'em in a narrow, nasty pen.

Next to grass nothing grows pigs so fast with skim-milk as cornmeal.

The squealer isn't the best feeder. Don't raise this type.

At ruling prices the breeding up of choice droves should be given a great impetus.

Notice if the English and American full Berkshires crossed, are not among the quietest and most profitable stock.

Keep the sow for a breeder until she becomes awkward and too heavy if she produces good litters.

Pick up early fall pigs and winter them in warm pens on skim-milk and oil meal. Dress and sell in the earliest spring at about 125 to 150 pounds, before prices drop too far.

Ring the pigs that are in the orchard. Then protect the tree trunks if they manifest a disposition to peel them.

A high-bred sire ought to enrich a town $1,000 if used right.

POULTRY.

Nothing brings the ready money to the home like the product of the hen.

Keep the floor of the duck house dry. Too much wetness is bad even for a duck.

New blood insures healthy offspring only when the new blood is from healthy stock.

Well cared for hens will give a sixty per cent. supply of eggs for ten months of the year.

The man who compels his heavy fowls to use high perches is the one who wants a remedy for bumble foot.

Bug hunting will soon be over. Let the young stock have their liberty as long as possible, especially those to be kept for breeding. The early pullets should be yarded now and fed for egg production.

If any fowl on the premises has symptoms of tuberculosis, no matter what its age, "kill and burn." This is the only safe way. The symptoms are cough, wasting away (seen in the comb and face), and often, also, diarrhoea.

FEEDING MEAT.

When feeding meat to hens do not use the fatty parts. The object of feeding meat to hens is to supply them with nitrogen or albumen and not fat, as the grains contain all the fat and starch they require and in a cheap form. If the fat is fed it does not assist in any way to provide material for eggs, but rather retards than assists laying. The cheap portions of beef, such as the neck, are better for fowls than the choicest fat and lean steaks.

Blood meal is excellent for fowls and can be easily fed by mixing it with their soft food.

The ordinary ground meat, meat scraps, contains both fat and lean and sells for about three cents per pound, but as the meat is subjected to heavy pressure at a high temperature, most of the fat is removed. The meat meal of commerce is made at fertilizer factories and consists chiefly of lean meat and a little bone ground fine. The fat is all removed in the rendering tanks and used for other purposes. The blood meal is made at the great packing houses.

TO RELIEVE A CHOKED COW.

A neighbor turned his cattle into an orchard with fallen apples—a bad place for cows. One cow became badly choked with an apple. A neighbor happened to have a piece of rubber hose about three feet long, rather stiff. We greased this with lard, held the cow's head up, and shoved the hose down into the stomach. A piece of rubber hose is just the thing for this purpose, being flexible and soft, yet stiff enough for the purpose. Hogs are better for the orchard than cows. A little caution saves trouble and expense in many instances.

"WELL, THANK YOU."

A GRANTON MAN IS NOW ABLE TO MAKE THIS ANSWER.

Inquiring Friends Did Not Always Get Such a Cheery Reply Because for Many Years Mr. Fletcher Suffered With Lumbago.

Granton, Ont., Oct. 20.—(Special)—Mr. John Fletcher, a well-known farmer of this place, who suffered for a long time with Lumbago, and Kidney Trouble, has at last found a cure.

Now, when his friends inquire as to his health, he cheerily tells them that he is well, something which he has not been able to do for a long time, till quite recently.

Mr. Fletcher tells the story of his illness and how he was cured, as follows:

"I was troubled for a long time with Lumbago and Kidney Trouble. My urine was of a very red color. I tried many medicines but could get nothing to help me.

"I consulted the best medical doctors in Granton and St. Mary's, but they could do nothing for me.

"At last one day a druggist in Granton suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills as a cure for my Lumbago. I purchased a box and began to take them right away. The first box helped me and I kept on till at last I was completely cured.

"I am now as well as ever I was and have not had any trace of Lumbago about me. I am perfectly sound and I thank Dodd's Kidney Pills for it.

"I recommend them to all my friends, and as for myself I never intend that my house shall be without them, for I believe them to be the greatest medicine in the world."

Mr. Fletcher is a man who means every word he says and is prepared to substantiate the truth of every statement made above.

There seems to be no case of Lumbago, Backache, Kidney Trouble or Rheumatism, that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

The war has made the kilt more popular than ever among volunteers in Scotland.

A REMARKABLE CAREER

DEATH REVEALS AN 'OFFICER'S DOUBLE LIFE.

Came to Light by Accident—Col. Plant Was Known as Edmund Hall.

From the west of England there comes a strange story of the double life lived by a man without suspicion for more than 19 years, his neighbors, and even his own son, being ignorant of it till his sudden death revealed the truth. Nineteen years ago there came to live in a house called the Old Grange, in the small Dorsetshire village of Oborne, Edmund Hall, an accountant by profession. He lived at Oborne with his wife and family for 19 years, during which period they gained the respect of the whole neighborhood.

Mr. Hall was a great bee fancier. On Monday, September 1, he drove with his little son to a neighboring farm in the village of Templecombe, where he took some hives of bees. Afterward he went to a farm house, and while taking tea with the wife of the farmer, he suddenly fell dead of heart disease.

An inquest was held on the following day. It was attended by his eldest son, who testified that he had knowledge that his father was suffering from that ailment. The sympathy of the neighborhood about the country was widely expressed for the dead man's wife and family. No suspicions were aroused, although some surprise was expressed at the news that Mr. Hall would be buried on the following Saturday at Bristol, instead of in Oborne churchyard, where a son, 17½ years of age, who died in 1901, and a son 16 years old, who died in 1902, lie buried.

COFFIN PLATE CHANGED.

On Wednesday the Bristol newspapers announced the sudden death of heart disease on the previous Monday, at a small village near Templecombe, of one of the most distinguished, best-known and respected inhabitants of Bristol, Col. Edmund Carter Plant, C. B., who would be buried on Saturday in Bristol with full military honors. Some residents in Sherbourne, where Hall was well known, on seeing this, noticed the strange coincidence of the date, and the manner and cause of the two men's deaths. But the editor of the Sherbourne paper suspected something more. He made enquiries which convinced him as to the identity of Hall and Plant, but he was unable to prove his case. However, he did not lose sight of the body, which on Friday evening was taken to the station attended by a large number of sorrowing villagers, and was placed in the guard's van. The coffin plate was seen to be inscribed "Edmund Hall. Died Sept. 9, 1902, aged 60."

The Bristol undertaker entered the van with the coffin, but at the junction where the van was detached and coupled to another train this man changed to an ordinary carriage, and when the train had arrived at Bristol the coffin plate was seen to be inscribed:

"Edmund Carter Plant, C. B., Colonel Bristol Engineers, died Sept. 9, 1902, aged 60."

AN IMPOSING FUNERAL.

On Saturday the streets of Bristol were thronged with thousands of people anxious to see the funeral, which was the finest military spectacle the populace had seen since the late Queen Victoria visited the place in 1897. Eight colonels acted as pall-bearers. They were followed by a brilliant cortege of officers and troops half a mile long, and also by the Lord Mayor's state coach, high sheriffs in carriages, etc. Thus this distinguished resident of Bristol was laid in the cemetery of the town beside his wife, who died in 1900, and to whom he was married in 1865.

Plant's career, from his boyhood, with the exception of his 19 years he lived at Oborne as Hall, is well known. He had lived at Bristol since 1861. According to Who's Who, he was lieutenant-colonel and colonel commanding of the Second Gloster Volunteers, R. E. (the Bristol Engineers). He passed through all the grades from sapper to colonel commanding. He was decorated for services in connection with the battalion, and raised the Clifton College Cadet Corps, which won the Ashburton Shield on three occasions and the Cadet trophy twice.

Not until his death was the identity of their father revealed to his children at Oborne. "Mrs. Hall" knew, and but for the clumsy work of his legal advisers when they notified the Bristol newspapers of the colonel's death, the secret would never have been revealed. The mention of Templecombe gave the clue, however, and resulted in the exposure. The colonel's absences at Bristol or Oborne, "on business," never aroused the slightest suspicion.

At Hillswick, a holiday resort in the north of the mainland of Shetland, 166 whales were driven ashore recently and slaughtered on the beach.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns etc.

There is a prospect of motor cars being used to convey the mails between Glasgow and Greenock.

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.

Aberdeen Town Council think the time not yet ripe for half-penny half-mile fares on the city tramways.

FROM TORONTO

and Canadian points to New York and Philadelphia. The best route via Lehigh Valley Railroad. Service the best, scenery unsurpassed, Pullman palace sleeping cars, dining car service, meals a la carte. The only line from Canada landing passengers near all European steamship docks in New York, saving passengers for Europe a long and expensive transfer. Route of the Black Diamond Express. Day train, try it. For tickets, Pullmans and further particulars call on Grand Trunk Agents or on Robt. S. Lewis, Canadian Passenger Agent, 33 Yonge street, Board of Trade building, Toronto.

During a voyage, on the sudden stoppage of the machinery, the vessel having run aground, considerable alarm took place, especially among the female passengers. "What is the matter? What is the matter? For Heaven's sake, tell me the worst!" exclaimed one more anxious than the rest. After a short pause a hoarse voice from the deck replied: "Nothing, madam, nothing; only the bottom of the vessel and the top of the earth are stuck together."

The Chinese drink their finest teas with feelings akin to reverence. This may seem strange to anyone who has not tasted Blue Ribbon.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

APPLES and POULTRY

We can handle any quantity of properly packed Apple Also any quantity of Poultry (dead or alive.) Write us.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO.

OUR BRANDS.
King Edward 1000s
"Headlight" 500s
"Eagle" 100s & 200s
"Victoria"
"Little Comet"

E D B. PARLOR MATCHES D E. Y. C O. HULL, CANADA

Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands, USE EDDY'S

HIS STOCK IN TRADE.

Actors in China are very well paid, but are much despised. No actor or son of an actor can compete at the public examinations for the literary degree which is the doorway to public office, and consequently the actor's profession, when once adopted, is vital to those who follow it. An English doctor was called to attend a young actor whose leg was in a bad condition from careless treatment. The foot had been amputated, as a result of compound fracture caused by a fall on the stage. Filth and neglect had done the rest, and there was very little chance of the man's recovery. Still the doctor felt justified in taking that chance, and therefore amputated the man's leg. To the surprise of the doctor, the leg healed "by first intention," and in a few weeks the actor was ready to resume work. The doctor fitted him with an artificial leg, and his good fortune began. He at once undertook a part where his leg was knocked off, to the horror of the audience. After the apparent accident he was carried off the stage, and presently reappeared, walking as well as before. The Chinese are unfamiliar with artificial legs, and each time the dramatic incident occurred they regarded it as a miracle.

Mrs. Dix—"Your husband must suffer terribly with his coughing and sneezing when he has hay fever." Mrs. Hicks (cheerfully)—"To be sure he does, but you can't think how it amuses the baby."

Everyone has heard of St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, strains, bruises, lame back, and all muscular aches and pains, but few know that there is nothing to equal it for relieving aching feet, troublesome corns, and for softening the harsh, callous skin which frequently forms on the soles of the feet. Anyone suffering from sensitive spots on the toes, sides of the feet, or between the toes, should rub a little St. Jacobs Oil on the sore spot every night. The immediate relief obtained is simply wonderful.

No household should be without St. Jacobs Oil. It will be wanted after cricket, after tennis, after a day's boating; in fact, it is the athlete's friend. All chemists sell St. Jacobs Oil and a 50 cent bottle is sufficient to prove beyond a doubt the above statements.

It is calculated that the seas of the world provide man with one and a half million tons of fish every year. This is equal to over forty million sheep.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The reason why opals are so often lost from their settings is that they expand with heat more than other precious stones, and, consequently, force open the gold which holds them in place.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Kingseat colliery has been closed owing to the exhaustion of the coalfield. About 300 persons are thrown idle.

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.

A QUEER LIBRARY.

A curious collection of books is contained in the library of Warstentein, near Cassel, in Germany. The books appear at first sight to be logs of wood, but each volume is really a complete history of the tree it represents. The back shows the bark, in which a small place is cut to write the scientific and common name as a title. One side shows the tree trunk in its natural state, and the other is polished and varnished. Inside are shown the leaves, fruit, fiber and insect parasites, to which is added a full description of the tree and its products.

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.

Good Things to Eat

from Libby's famous Hygienic kitchens, where purity prevails. All meats used in

LIBBY'S Natural Flavor Food Products

are U. S. Government Inspected.

Keep in the house for emergencies—for suppers, for sandwiches—for any time when you want something good and want it quick. Simply turn a key and the can is open. An appetizing lunch is ready in an instant.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, CHICAGO.

Write for our free booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

At Strathpeffer the Princess Alexis Dolggouroki opened a bazaar in aid of the Spa orchestra.

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery.

Miss Goldy—"I can never marry a man who works for a living." D'Auber—"But I am an artist, dearest." Miss Goldy—"Yes; but you sell your pictures." D'Auber (with a vision of the hard time he has been having ever since he entered the profession)—"You wrong me, Miss Goldy; you wrong me. I never sold a picture in my life."

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

EMBERS.

"What do you mean by the 'embers of the dying year?" asked the poet's wife.

"Why, Nov-ember and Dec-ember, of course, my dear," replied the long-haired one with a fiendish grin.

For Over Sixty Years.

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY.—