CURED OF ASTHMA.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A NOVA SCOTIA MAN.

He Had Suffered for Years and Often had to Sit Night After Night at an Open Window Gasping for Breath.

Mr. Thomas Johnson is well known in the vicinity of Hemford, N.S., He has taught school in Lunenburg county for more than thirteen years, and his reputation as a teacher is deservedly high. It is known that Mr. Johnson has been a severe sufferer from asthma, and as he has found a cure for the trouble, a reporter thought the facts of his case would prove interesting to similar sufferers. "One evening," said Mr. Johnson, "while lighting my pipe I inhaled the sulphur from the match. The fumes appeared to penetrate every portion of my lungs, and nearly strangled me. It was more than an hour before I recovered from the effects of this mishap, and I believe that that was the starting point of the trouble that has made my life so frequently miserable since. At all events a few days later I had my first attack of asthma. Following this the attacks became more and more frequent, sometimes continuing for a week or more at a time. When these attacks came on I dare not lie down, and many a long, cold winter night I have passed at an open window gasping for breath. I was treated by two of the best doctors in the country, but derived no benefit. Then I began trying the remedies usually advertised as a cure for this trouble, but with no better results. I was continually growing worse and life was becoming a burden. About a year ago my wife was using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was deriving so much benefit from them that one day she said to me, 'Why don't you try these pills, they might do you good, and they certainly can't do you harm.' To please my wife I began taking the pills, but only occasionally at first, but inside of a few weeks I felt that I was improving in many ways. Then I began to use the pills in earnest, and soon found that breathing was becoming easier, the spasms came less frequently, and I could go about out of doors without danger of bringing the trouble on as was formerly the case. I took twelve boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in all, and after the improvement began every box added to it until all signs of the trouble had disappeared, and I have not since had any recurrence of it. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved me from a life of misery, and I am glad to make this public acknowledgment."

The above strong evidence proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an ordinary medicine and that they cure when other medicines fail. Every pill makes new, rich, red blood, and thus enables the system to resist the inroads of disease and works a cure. Only the genuine pills can do this, however, and the purchaser should see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. William's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE SOUND WAS NOT HOLLOW.

Mr. Dennis was endeavoring to the best of his ability to give the doctor a faithful account of his wife's symptoms, but he found it up-hill work.

"You say she has a cough," said the doctor. "Is it a hollow cough?"

Mr. Dennis cast his eyes to the ceiling and then down to the ground but found no help anywhere.

"It may be a hollow cough," he said, humbly, "but there's a great soobstance to the sound of it, anyway."

THE FIRST BABY.

What joy there is in the home when the first baby comes, and yet to the young and inexperienced mother who has to care for it there is no other period of her life so trying. In the little ills that are certain to come the inexperienced mother scarcely knows what to do. To the young mother—to all mothers—Baby's Own Tablets are a real blessing. They promptly cure such troubles as constipation, colic, sour stomach, diarrhoea and simple fevers. They break up colds, destroy worms, allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth and prevent more serious ills. These Tablets are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate, nor any other of the harmful drugs always found in the so-called "soothing" medicines. They are good for all children from the new born babe to the well grown child. If you do not find the Tablets at your medicine dealers send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be mailed you post paid.

SOLID VIRTUE.

Youth has its own criteria by which to judge things which its elders assess by other standards. Henry had just come into his mother's kitchen, where she was rolling pie-crust.

"Making pies, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Say, mother, your pies taste all right, but why don't you make some like Mrs. Thompson gives me and Billy? You can take a piece in your hand and walk all round the yard eating it and it won't break."

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER XXII.

The Count Oscar de Verement was as shrewd and keen a man as a successful liver-by-his-wits needs to be. He had absorbed the information which chance had thrown in his way—the knowledge of the whereabouts of the woman who was sentenced with him at the Central Criminal Court.

Miriam had spoken so confidently that he did not for a moment doubt the accuracy of her information. The woman who was to marry Sir George Grayne was the woman who —— He laughed as he thought of that woman's past, and how, if she was marrying a rich man, that rich man's pocket would bleed; for the Count had no scruples; he was by no means above a little blackmailing.

The danger to himself he set at naught. The woman could not afford to betray him; and if the worst came to the worst, he possessed the certificate of his own demise, that would need a deal to upset it. Four men at the inquest had sworn to his death. One woman would have an uphill task in upsetting the Registrar General's return.

He went to London and bought two pounds' worth of private detective—that is to say, he did not go the ordinary way to work, and pay so much a day for "inquiries." He had once had a share in a private inquiry agency, and he knew how those things were worked. An advertisement in the Daily Mail for "a man used to making inquiries" brought him a score of replies. He interviewed one man, and said:

"I can't offer you a permanent job, but I can offer you a couple of sovereigns for what you can do in a couple of hours, once you get on the spot. I am in the line myself, and I am spotting some one in the house; but I can't show my face there without spoiling the thing. See?"

"Yes."

"It's down in Sussex. I just want the full names of the people living there, all of them—who they are, what they are, and how long they have been staying there. I could go down myself, and by laying hold of a servant get the information I wanted easily."

"Of course you could."

"Is the job good enough for you, then?"

"Yes. I am doing nothing."

The Count gave him the address of Grayne Hall, showed him the woman's photograph to identify, if possible, gave him his railway fare, and half a sovereign on account, and waited patiently for the report.

It came. The information was of course easily obtained. The man had had identified the photograph. Had seen the woman walking in the grounds; the servants had told him her name—Miss Evelyn Westcar. Was supposed to be playing up to Sir George, the owner of the place. Had been there about three years. There was a stepdaughter, Vere, and two nephews, named Ashley and Reginald Grayne, living there, barristers, with chambers in King's Bench Walk, Temple.

That was enough. The man departed with the balance of his two pounds, leaving the Count deep in thought. He was thinking of the name of Ashley Grayne; he had it in his mind somewhere but he could not connect it. And then it suddenly flashed on him. At one of the midnight orgies in the old days, Ashley Grange had been a prominent and very drunken guest. The Count remembered now that he had seen him home, intending to keep up the intimacy with a man who had appeared to have well-lined pockets. But about that time the police arrested him. He did not suppose for a moment that Ashley would remember where he met him, or have any recollection of the police incident.

The Post Office Directory, Debrett, and the Blue Book did the rest. He got the name of Ashley's Club. He inquired there how often Mr. Ashley Grayne came and the hall-porter informed him—regularly on Mondays and Wednesdays. Whilst talking to the servant, a man passed in, and seemed to recognise him, and they both nodded. The man was a club-lounger, and, with nothing on hand but to kill time, stretched out his hand, saying:

"I know you—your face—quite well, but, hang me if I can remember your name!"

They exchanged cards. The title impressed the lounger.

"Met somewhere, I suppose. Will you join me in a whiskey and "polly?" Beastly hot weather, bai Jove!"

The Count seized the opportunity. He was a brilliant conversationalist. They spent some hours together, and ultimately dined at the Holborn. When they parted at night they arranged a meeting for the next day. Th Count did not think he would stop in London long, and his new friend desired to see as much of him as possible whilst he did stay.

The Count knew his man well enough: he was one of the pigeons he had helped to pluck in the old days; he was glad his new friend's memory was not as keen as his own.

So they met each afternoon at the club, and the Count walked in and out of it with the ease of a member. He had ascertained that Ashley paid a morning call on Mondays and Wednesdays, fetched his letters, and idled away an hour or two in the reading-room. So on the following Monday morning the Count was in the reading-room, waiting.

He watched Ashley come in, recognised him in a moment, and prayed kind Heaven that Ashley would not recognise him. Presently he sauntered over, and, stretching out his hand, said:

"Mr. Ashley Grayne, I believe?"

They shook hands, but Ashley good-humouredly said:

"You have the advantage of me."

"Really, you—perhaps I did wrong You did not want to know me?"

"If you were not smiling as you said that, I should not take it in very good part. You know me evidently, but I can't remember you."

"Well, it is somewhere about three years ago since last we met. I have been travelling abroad, and no doubt you have forgotten me; perhaps." he was smiling, again, "do not want to be reminded of our last meeting."

But Ashley was piqued now. In some way the man had the advantage of him. He said:

"Please do not talk so. Sit down. Come now, tell me where we met and why you say——"

"Well, I will tell you a little story, and if you like to apply it—well and good. If you don't, well, let bygones be bygones, and we will say—say that I have made a mistake, and bid each other good-bye."

"Go on."

"About three years ago I was knocking about town. I got into one of the night-houses, partly gambling-hell, partly club; anyway, a swell place. I am afraid I had had enough to drink, but there was a young fellow there who had had more—more than enough. He got into some quarrel and was turned out. I took his part, and was thrown out too. In the road I found that three roughs were setting about the first man who had been thrown out, and were looting him. I was sober enough to lay about me with my stick, snatched the watch and chain they had taken, and helped the man to his feet. As he replaced his jewellery he swore eternal gratitude. He gave me his address; we got into a hansom and I saw him to his rooms in safety, and left him protesting unending gratitude and friendship. Since that time I have not seen him until——"

"Until to-day," and Ashley grasped the Count's hand and shook it heartily. "What a confounded outsider you must have thought me! But no, you would know I had forgotten. The recollection of the incident had escaped me. Believe me that—— What will you drink?"

It commenced that way, and the friendship continued and ripened—the Frenchman looked to that. He played his cards well, and ultimately won—won what he had been playing for, an invitation to Grayne Hall. Fortune favours the brave, and consummate cheek helps along consummation of the cheekiest scheme.

CHAPTER XXIII.

When Evelyn fainted, the newly introduced guest showed sympathy only—no surprise. He was prepared for the meeting, the advantage was on his side. Salts brought her round. She stared wildly at the Frenchman, and then dropped into the situation—she saw no sign of recognition in his eyes. That meant safety—for the time being, anyway.

She apologised for her foolishness, talked of the heat, whispered to Sir George that joy had a lot to do with it, and the dinner was served. The Count shone at most dinners, he was excellent company, and he scored at this one. Sir George liked him, Vere liked him, Ashley was proud of him, Evelyn—well, she knew him. There was just that feeling of fear gnawing at her heart which made the dinner one of the most uncomfortable she had ever sat down to. Doubtful clouds are ever troublesome. When the overhead sky is thick, the bother is to know whether it will blow away or rain; Evelyn did not expect her cloud to succumb to the wind, she was waiting for the rain.

After dinner the Frenchman was a success again. He sang well. It happened that in that old, two-floored house the music-room was on the upper floor in a line with the bedrooms. That was why in a whisper, as he bent over to turn the music, he said to Evelyn:

"Be here in this room as midnight strikes—do not fail."

And she did not fail. She found him there when she entered. He turned the key in the door and came over to her side. The light of the moon came full on her face through the shutterless window, and he did not like the way she looked at him.

He had intended to be all affection and honey—why not? He was cloyed with Miriam, and would fain return to his old love. But he saw that sweetness would be thrown away, that no softness would prevail, that he must put down his foot, and, if need be, show his teeth.

"You do not seem overjoyed to see me?"

"How did you escape?"

"Escape? What do you mean?"

"From prison."

"Why talk of such things?—they are best forgotten."

"Not if——"

"Must I then remind you, too, of prison, the prison you were in? Are such dead memories raked up with any advantage?"

"But I served my time. I am free. You——"

"Not so fast, miss—er—let me see, what is the last alias?"

She shivered.

"We are both free. I hope we shall remain so. You say you are free, as if that were a trump card to play. Will it make any difference, think you, whether the imprisonment is or was past, present, or future, if it comes to the ears of Sir George Grayne?"

She shivered again. She felt the man had her in his power, but she was not going to give in without a struggle. She said:

"A word from me to the police that we have an escaped convict in the house——"

"Would mean the shattering of all that little fabric I suppose you have been erecting. The police would not find an escaped convict. The last time I left prison, I did so, shown to the gate by the governor and chief warder: both shook hands with me, wished me good-bye, and expressed the greatest sympathy for what I had undergone."

She stared at him in amazement, but the look in his face told her that he was speaking the truth. She knew him well enough to know when he was lying. Even the greatest scoundrels sometimes have tell-tale faces, as easily read as a clock's, when you know how to read them.

"Why, then, the change of name!"

He changed his position at that: turned his back to the light. He had to go from truth to romance, and he knew her ability to read his face.

"I came into a title that I had expected to come into just about as much as I might expect to be Lord Mayor of London. An entire family, yachting, were drowned. At one swoop eight lives between me and the title were swept away. Then the disgrace on the family name had to be erased. French influence was brought to bear on perfidious Albion. The Home Secretary was made to see that there had been a miscarriage of justice, that I was innocent, and I was liberated."

"Is—it—possible?"

"Behold me! I am here."

She had thought to have the whip hand of him. She had to recognise that she was in no better position than he was. He seemed to read her thoughts, for he said:

"Whereas I am a free man, with sympathy from every soul who knows of my wrongful conviction, you are——"

He paused. She realised what he meant. If the Graynes knew they were harboring a woman who had filled a sentence of two years' hard labor—— Well, she threw up her hand.

"It was no accident brought you here?"

He smiled.

"Then I suppose—blackmail? Is that it?"

"Is there any need to use such—"

"Oh, we need not be particular about words."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You want money, I suppose?"

He smiled again, deprecatingly this time.

"I haven't any——"

He looked at her.

"Yet."

"I understand that."

"But it will come. Do you know that I am to marry Sir George?"

"If I allow you to, yes."

He was showing his teeth at last She turned on him with:

"What do you mean?"

"Sir George is wealthy. I am poor. Need I say more?"

"Your terms?"

"Half your marriage settlement money."

"You—thief!"

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders as he said:

"How very fond you are of plain language!"

"No date is fixed for our marriage yet."

"Then you must hurry it on."

"Must?"

"Must. I need money quickly. Don't misunderstand me, hurry the marriage on before I make the marriage impossible."

She saw that he meant what he said. And for her own sake, too, she must hurry it on.

"There is nothing more you have to say to me?"

"Nothing, if you quiet understand me."

"I do."

He turned to the door, and turned the key in the lock. The hand he held out she disregarded. He smiled.

"Then we are to be enemies?—is it wise? We worked so well together before. Even again you may find me useful."

"But to blackmail me!"

"As,"—he answered softly,—"as we have so often blackmailed others. The sin did not seem so very great then. We shared and shared alike in the old days; why this difference now?"

Whilst he was talking an idea flashed through her brain. It prompted her to take his hand and say:

"Very well then: friends as of old."

"Good little woman. That's much better."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

As he turned the handle of the door a figure rose from its knees on the outside, and glided away silently in the darkness. The figure had not been at its devotions, but had had one of its ears to the keyhole.

(To be Continued.)

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

DISARMED.

An old clergyman has a son whose habits of unpunctuality and indolence are a sore trial, but whose ready tongue secretly delights his father.

On one occasion the young man appeared at Sunday morning breakfast fifteen minutes after the appointed time. The clergyman took out his watch, looked at it with a sorrowful face, and turned to the transgressor.

"My son," he said, reproachfully, holding the watch so that his son might see its accusing face, "do you think this is right? Do you honestly think it is right?"

"Well, sir," said the young man, regretfully, "I wish it were about fifteen minutes fast, but as you ask me to say honestly, I am afraid it's just right."

"But why do you go tramping through the country like this?" asked the philanthropic lady. "Well, mum, the truth is," replied the tramp, "I've heard that these 'ere Pullman-cars is rather stuffy."

An Irishman who had jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, on receiving ten cents from the rescued man, looked first at the ten cents and then at the man, saying, "Be jabers, I am overpaid for that job."

"Both of my grandparents on my mother's side were nonogenarians," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "Is that so?" replied her hostess. "My folks was all Baptists, but Josiah comes from a Methodist family."

Standard Cure for Itching Piles.

When Doctors and Surgeons, Medicines and Operations Fail, You Can be Cured by

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

There is always some standard by which the merits of an article are measured. Among ointments the standard is Dr. Chase's. If a dealer tries to sell you any other kind he tries to clinch his argument by saying "This is as good as Dr. Chase's."

Don't be satisfied with substitutes or imitations, for Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only positive and guaranteed cure for every form of piles.

Rev. Wm. Thomas, Brownsville, Ont., writes: "As a man of seventy years I am grateful to God and to Dr. Chase's Ointment for a cure of piles which has caused me endless annoyance and much misery. The itching and burning was almost beyond endurance, but Dr. Chase's Ointment brought quick relief, and as the trouble has not returned, I have reason to believe that the cure is lasting."

Mr. Duncan MacVicar, Caledonia Mines, N. S., writes:—"For a number of years I have been troubled with bleeding and protruding piles, which only afford me temporary relief. Sometimes I would be laid off from work for weeks. One day last winter one of your books came into my hands, and after reading the testimonials of Mr. Donald MacLean of Tarbot Vale, N.S., and Rev. S. A. Duprau of Belleville, Ont., I decided to give Dr. Chase's Ointment a trial. After using two boxes of this ointment I found myself completely cured. What I suffered from that awful disease would fill a big book. You are at liberty to publish this, as it may be the means of convincing some poor sufferer, such as I was, that there is a cure for piles. To all sufferers from piles in any form I would recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as the only cure."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

Coughing is the outward sign of inward disease. Cure the disease with

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

and the cough will stop. Try it to-night. If it doesn't benefit you we'll give your money back.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

S. C. WELLS & CO. Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y. 3

he was lying. Even the greatest scoundrels sometimes have tell-tale faces, as easily read as a clock's, when you know how to read them.

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"You want money, I suppose?"

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"Yet."

"I understand that."

"But it will come. Do you know that I am to marry Sir George?"

"If I allow you to, yes."

He was showing his teeth at last She turned on him with:

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"Good little woman. That's much better."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

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(To be Continued.)

Catarrh is not a Luxury

OR A NECESSITY

Catarrh makes a man ridiculous—it makes him an offensive nuisance and it makes him dangerously sick. It is pretty sure to bring on consumption, pneumonia or at least a throat affection. You can not afford either, but you can afford the cure for it. It is Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It relieves a cold or catarrh, or cures a headache in 10 minutes. Don't hawk and spit and disgust your friends, but cure yourself by the use of this remedy. 3

Dr Agnew's Ointment relieves eczema in a day, 35c

What shrunk your woolens? Why did holes wear so soon? You used common soap

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar. t-f

BEREAVED.

I heard a lover tell his love,
And could but sympathise
To hear him calling her his dove
And note her soft replies.

I heard the man the maid adore,
I saw her girlish glee;
And when the tender scene was o'er
They turned and worshipped me.

But when he saw my beauty there
In that delightful grove,
Of ornaments he stripped me bare
And gave them to his love.

Now in my heart there is no room
For tender sympathy,
Until next year, sweet roses bloom
Again upon this tree.
Columbus said the world was round,
And most of us declare
That since his time we've often found
It anything but square.

DROVE AWAY BOTH DISEASES

GEO. ROBERTSON CURED HIS KIDNEYS BY USING DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

And His Rheumatism and Dropsy Departed Never to Return—He Makes a Statement.

Montreal, Que., Nov. 9.—(Special).—The illness and cure of Mr. George Robertson, of 39 St. Antoine St., this city, is further and convincing proof that Rheumatism and Dropsy are both the results of Diseased Kidneys. Mr. Robertson had Dropsy and Rheumatism for five years. He cured his Kidneys by using Dodd's Kidney Pills and both diseases departed for good. Speaking of his case Mr. Robertson says:

"I had been troubled with Dropsy and Rheumatism for five years. I am now well and it is all owing to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I started using them I could hardly put my feet to the floor they were swollen so much from Dropsy. My arms used to swell at times so that I could not put my coat on.

"A friend advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills offering to pay for them if they did not help me. Before I had used the second box I felt a great improvement. I took seven boxes in all and I don't know what it is to be sick since."

She: "Poor Jack says he cannot live without Miss Riche. He's worried himself into dyspepsia, and can't eat anything but bread-and-milk." He: "Well, if that's all he eats, he ought to be able to live without Miss Riche."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Doctor: "You've got a fever, sir." Patient: "Is it what you would call a 'high fever,' doctor?" Doctor: "Well, it is and it isn't. Two dollars, please." Patient: "H'm! Is the—er—fever as high as the fee, would you say?"

Eat what you like.—Give the digestive organs some work to do. These functions need exercise as much as any part of the human anatomy, but if they're delicate, give them the aid that Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets afford and you can eat anything that's wholesome and palatable—60 in a box, 35 cents.—8

Angry Father-in-Law: "Didn't you tell me when you married my daughter that you were worth $40,000?" Son-in-Law: "No, sir; I said that I could lay my hands on $40,000; but had I done so I should now be in gaol."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Bobby: "Ma, you said that I wasn't to eat that piece of cake in the pantry—because it would make me sick." Mother: "Yes, Bobby." Bobby (convincingly): "But, ma, it hasn't made me sick."

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 23-7t

Mr. Noodle: "Clever? Why, she has brains enough for two, Miss Cutting." Miss Cutting: "Has she? Then she is just the girl you ought to marry, Mr. Noodle."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

Charlie: "Young Biddley seems to think the girls are crazy after him." Flo: "Well, the ones who are after him certainly must be crazy."

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

Papa: "How is it, Alice, that you never get a prize at school?" Mamma: "And that your friend, Louisa Sharp, gets so many?" Alice (innocently): "Louisa Sharp has such clever parents!"

Itching, Burning, Creeping, Crawling Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Agnew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blotches, and all Eruptions of the Skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Baby Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or Rashes during teething time. 35 cents a box.—7

JAPANESE AND RUSSIANS

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHARACTER OF THE JAPS.

A Touching Story Which Shows the Fine Traits in These People.

On the western waters of the Pacific the ships of two great nations are watching each other, while their armies shuffle on the shores. For deep economic reasons these two nations oppose each other. They may not fight yet, some basis for mutual concessions may be found; but the time will come when they must fight, if warfare at that time is still the resort of aggrieved peoples.

Of the Russians we know much. Their steady movement toward sun and sea is a vital impulse. Their tortuous diplomacy, their rigid bureaucratic government, their thin upper social stratum and the surging masses underneath, their anaconda-like digestion of the alien peoples they swallow—we are familiar with all these things. But the Japanese are newer acquaintances. We have learned of their skill and ingenuity and sharp business practice; we have seen their fine courage in war; and we know that they are a crowded nation and would like room to grow in. But what of their other essential elements of character? The Russian is rough, crude, vigorous, obstinate. The Japanese is—what?

In a recent book, "Kokoro," Lafcadio Hearn says that in Japan there is a "relative absence from the national character of egotistical individualism," which produces "rare unselfishness and perfect faith." Such qualities mean devotion to country and to family. Mr. Hearn tells of the Japanese bugler who, when fatally wounded, put his bugle to his lips for the last time and sounded the charge; of the Samurai boy who killed himself in order to make the authorities think that his outlawed father was dead.

The following story, told by Mr. Hearn, shows other, and, if anything, finer, Japanese traits. At a railway station a crowd was awaiting the arrival, in custody, of a burglar who had murdered a policeman.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

"I expected to hear and see anger; I even feared possibilities of violence. The murdered officer had been much liked; his relatives would certainly be among the spectators; and a Kumamoto crowd is not very gentle. I also thought to find many police on duty. My anticipations were wrong.

"The train halted in the usual scene of hurry and noise, scurry and clatter of passengers wearing geta, screaming of boys wanting to sell Japanese newspapers and Kumamoto lemonade. Outside the barrier we waited for nearly five minutes. Then, pushed through the wicket by a police-sergeant, the prisoner appeared—a large, wild-looking man, with head bowed down, and arms fastened behind his back. Prisoner and guard both halted in front of the wicket, and the people pressed forward to see, but in silence. Then the officer called out:

"Sugihara San! Sugihara O-Kibi! Is she present?'"

"A slight, small woman, standing near me, with a child on her back, answered, 'Hai!' and advanced through the press. This was the widow of the murdered man; the child she catried was his son. At a wave of the officer's hand the crowd fell back, so as to leave a clear space about the prisoner and his escort. In that space the woman with the child stood facing the murderer.

THE HUSH WAS OF DEATH.

"Not to the woman at all, but to the child only, did the officer then speak. He spoke low, but so clearly that I could catch every syllable:

"'Little one, this is the man who killed your father four years ago. You had not yet been born; you were in your mother's womb. That you have no father to love you now is the doing of this man. Look at him—(here the officer, putting a hand to the prisoner's chin, sternly forced him to lift his eyes)—look well at him, little boy! Do not be afraid. It is painful, but it is your duty. Look at him!'

"Over the mother's shoulder the boy gazed with eyes widely open, as in fear; then he began to sob; then tears came but, steadily and obediently, he still looked—looked—looked—straight into the cringing face.

"The crowd seemed to have stopped breathing.

"I saw the prisoner's features distort; I saw him suddenly dash himself down upon his knees, despite his fetters, and beat his face into the dust, crying out the whole while in a passion of hoarse remorse that made one's heart shake:

"'Pardon, pardon, pardon me, little one! That I did, not for hate was it done, but in mad fear only, in my desire to escape. Very, very wicked I have been; great, unspeakable wrong have I done you! But now, for my sin, I go to die. I wish to die. I am glad to die! Therefore, O little one, be pitiful—forgive me!'

"The child still cried silently. The officer raised the shaking criminal; the dumb crowd parted left and right to let them by. Then, quite suddenly, the whole multitude began to sob. And as the bronzed guardian passed, I saw what I had never seen before—what few men ever see, what I shall probably never see again—the tears of a Japanese policeman."

Who shall say that such tenderness, such courage, such restraint do not make for greatness in a nation?

$100 Reward, $100

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MAKE EXERCISE A HABIT.

Take Long, Slow, Full Breaths Whenever You Can.

Exercise is much more necessary to human life than most women think.

Healthy stimulation is an absolute need; without it the body will rust and fall into bits. The baby that never creeps about or kicks or exercises at all either wastes into a tiny midget of bones and wrinkles, or else takes on pounds of unhealthy fat and becomes soft and short-breathed and without vitality.

The brain that never calls upon itself for work must become dull and stupid, and it is the same way with the muscles of the body. They are filled with blood vessels that should be up and doing. The blood has several purposes, and one is to carry away much of the waste fluids of the body. The lungs are a sort of refinery, and the blood is a distilling agent. If the blood becomes thick and unhealthy and sluggish the body does not keep its youthful state. Eyes grow dull; lips loose their redness; the complexion is sallow and unlovely.

It is an easy and simple matter to make exercise a habit—just like the habit of putting out the lights at night and wondering if burglars will show up before morning.

A most excellent scheme is to take long, slow, full breaths, whenever you have a chance; when you are walking, when you are going to sleep, when you have just awakened. Such habits are valuable, most valuable, but because they don't cost anything and are a little trouble, lots of women fancy there is nothing in such practices. Nonsense! Look at the athletic men that train. They are the healthiest, strongest, finest-looking creatures in existence. Go thou and do likewise on a little scale.

"Were you ever stage-struck?" asked the romantic maid. "No," replied the practical youth; "but I was run over by a motor-car once."

Father—"Why, when I was your age I didn't have as much money in a month as you have in a day." Son—"Well, pa, don't scold me about it. Why don't you go for grandfather."

Alice (an amateur vocalist): "If you had my voice, what would you do with it?" Jessie: "I don't know, dear; but I believe I would give it a holiday till the man came round, then I would have it tuned."

Lender: "I've been told Rivers' name is in old Goldsworthy's will." Friend: "Yes, his name is in it. He signed it as a witness. That's all, and—good gracious! What's the matter?" Lender: "Nothing; only I've lent him $50 on the strength of it."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

Husband: "I am surprised, Emily, that you should have such bad taste as to wear the hair of another woman on your head." Wife: "And I am surprised that you should wear the wool of another sheep on your back."

A Pleasant Duty—"When I know anything worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it," says Rev.. Jas. Murdock, of Hamburg, Pa. "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has cured me of Catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefitted me in five minutes. 50 cts."—9

He: "Reggie Fitzjames has become recklessly engaged to any number of girls, but he always gets out of it." She: "With decency?" He: "Oh, yes! He merely has to go and ask the father's consent, and it's all off."

Dear Sirs,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM. Two bottles gave relief and six bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to anyone suffering from throat or lung trouble.

J. F. VANBUSKIRK.

Fredericton. 7-39

DECEITFUL MAN.

"Didn't you think that was a beautiful girl with me to-day, Arthur?"

"What girl, my dearest?"

"Why, she was with me when you met us in front of the church."

"Was there a girl there, dear? I didn't notice. I was looking at you."

And then she loved him all the more.

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Aches and Pains

for which an external remedy may be used. Price, 25c and 50c.

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