A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont.)

She sat in the Redwoods' pew at Marwell Church, on Christmas Day, with an aching heart, and heard the angels' message of peace on earth with an awful sense of incongruity; reminded that Philip, who had not written for months and was supposed to be shut up in Lucknow, if alive was one of a small band beleaguered by innumerable foes reputed demons of cruelty; when the familiar sentence which had so early struck her imagination, "for every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," rang through the church, she turned sick at the endless battle scenes it suggested, scenes in which Philip was ever present, dimly seen through fire-cloven clouds of smoke. "While shepherds watched their flocks," she sang, her eyes clouded with tears, and, looking up, she became aware of the intent gaze of a lady in the Marwell Court pew—a gaze which was repeated and interrupted by the raising of Jessie's eyes several times during the sermon.

"Whatever made Miss Lonsdale look our way like that?" Cousin Jane asked, at dinner. "There was nothing wrong with my bonnet, Jessie, was there? I am sure yourn was as neat as a new pin. And if Plummer did go to sleep with his mouth wide open, as though he expected the sermon to jump down his throat, it's nothing but what she've been accustomed to ever since she was as high as the table. And I'm sure my mourning is deep enough for a sister."

Miss Lonsdale was at the same moment asking Lady Gertrude who "that charming girl in mourning" with the Plummers was, and how a creature so graceful came among such rustics.

"Charming girl? Graceful creature? Pathetic? Refined?" murmured Lady Gertrude, bewildered. "I saw no stranger, Clara, and I usually look round the church; one owes it to the people."

"Clara has discovered another prodigy," said her cousin, Hugh Medway. "Be merciful, Clara. Leave the rose to wither on its stem."

"You probably mean little Jessie Meade, the miller's daughter," Sir Arthur added. "You must often have seen her before, Clara. She is certainly growing into a very nice-looking girl. But the refinement soon wears off in that class."

This speech put Miss Lonsdale on her mettle. "Do not imagine," she replied, "that our class has the monopoly of everything, Uncle Arthur. That sweet girl at no age could be anything but refined. She has a history, too, I saw it in her face. She moved among the rustics in coming out of church like a stray princess. These ridiculous aristocratic class prejudices!"

"Clara waves the red flag—A bas les aristocrates! Vive le peuple souverain?" commented Hugh teasingly. "My dear girl, I do so admire that little sweep of the hand: it brushes the whole upper ten in a mass to perdition. It really is a pity that ladies cannot enter parliament."

"It is," she replied, with unabated majesty. "Jessie," she added, musingly, "a caressing sort of name, soft but not sufficiently dignified for her."

A few days later Sir Arthur lamented in her hearing that, what with one thing and another, he had not a horse fit to ride that morning, and supposed he must walk. Redwoods was not so very far, but he wished also to call at Ferndale and Little Marwell.

"Why not let me drive you?" Clara said; "the ponies want exercise, and I like an object for a drive."

"Thank you, my dear, I shall be too glad to avail myself of the honor, if you do not mind pottering about with an old fellow," he replied; so the ponies were brought round, and they started, Sir Arthur half buried in furs like a Russian prince, his niece fully occupied with her ponies, who sniffed up the frosty air as they tossseed their pretty manes and made believe to take every bush and stone for an enemy.

They drove through the park, where the noble oaks and beeches bore fairy-like foliage of hoar-frost instead of green summer leaves on the fine tracery of their boughs, which sparkled with delicate jewel-flashes against the pale blue sky; through the village, where the rime-crystals glittered on thatched roofs, and women at cottage doors dropped courtesies; past the inn with its swinging sign, the school-house with its hive-like hum, thence along the high road. They soon came to a comfortable farm-house standing a little way back from the road in a trim flower-garden, fenced by a low stone wall over which the dainty little "roving sailor" spread its shinning trails, and yellow stone-crop and patches of green and gold moss crept. The house was of gray stone, half hidden by creepers, which in summer made a very bower of bloom the tiled roof was richly embroidered by yellow lichen, that caught and kept the sunshine in reserve so as to throw a golden glow over gloomy days; the warm brown tiles roofed the barns and other buildings in the yard, and were similarly embroidered by nature's hand; the pale yellow stacks beneath a group of elms in the rick-yard glowed in the frosty sunbeams and sent out a rich odor of corn together with a pleasant radiance: it was a sunny place, suggestive of summer and warm comfort. So Miss Lonsdale thought when she stopped the ponies at the garden gate, by an old-fashioned flight of stone steps in the wall.

CHAPTER IX.

The sound of wheels on the frost-bound road and the apparition of Miss Lonsdale's bright-plumed hat above the hedge-row, occasioned a certain excitement within Redwoods Farm.

"Patience alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Plummer, "Sir Arthur and Miss Lonsdale! and me in a cap I wouldn't be seen out of my own family with for five pounds. Dear! dear! to think that I must be brushing the cheese in my oldest dairy gown this morning of all others."

"Never mind, cousin," said Jessie, "people can't expect you to be in full dress at this hour."

"Full dress! Well, there, Jessie, I never did come across your equal for want of feeling," complained Mrs. Plummer, in a tearful voice, "and not so much as a clean collar or curls brushed out have I got to my name, and the sun showing every speck of dust. Well, to be sure; you must run out, I suppose, and say I'll be down in a minute, and Plummer's only just gone out round. Only let me get clear off before they come in," she concluded brushing past Jessie and bustling upstairs as fast as her round and comfortable figure could go.

You cannot brush and turn mity cheeses with clean hands or clean garments, and Mrs. Plummer's appearance was certainly far from magnificent. Her gown had seen hard service, her sleeves were rolled half-way up her plump, firm arms, a very dingy old shawl was pinned over her shoulders, her cap had reached the lowest rank in the cap scale, of which Jessie believed there were ten grades, each grade fitted for some special time and occupation; the bunches of curls which adorned either side of her face at more ceremonial hours, were now rolled up in one solid curl on each temple, giving her round, apple-cheeked face a severity more suitable for awing serving-maids than for welcoming distinguished guests; to crown all she wore, tied high up over the ends of the crossed shawl, a large, coarse apron, the strings of which refused to do anything but tie themselves in knots while she was shouting complaints and directions to Jessie.

"Well, if ever I was in a pickle for visitors!" she might well exclaim, on surveying herself in the glass.

Jessie was soon opening the door to receive the guests; visitors very rarely had occasion to ring at Redwoods. It was deemed inhospitable not to go out to welcome them as soon as they appeared in sight. The sight of her caused Sir Arthur to remove his hat from his head and himself from the low pony chaise, and confirmed Miss Lonsdale in her admiration. The touch of the ungallant frost, which does not hesitate to nip the nose of rarest beauty, only brought a delicate rose to Jessie's cheeks, the sunshine fell full in her face, causing her to lift one slender hand to shade her beautiful eyes, while with the other she held a light blue wrapper, one end of which was thrown over her head, beneath her chin; her bright hair, the true "chiome d'or all' aura sparse" so dear to Tasso, glittered in tiny ruffled rings about her temples, as if each separate hair were a beam of light. Appearing thus, tall and slim, in her plain black dress, while some white pigeons, startled by the wheels, flew up with clanging wings and settled on the lichen-bordered brown roof above her, she was a delightful vision. She stepped lightly down the garden-walk, unconscious of the admiration she evoked, to ask Sir Arthur if he would walk in while she sent a boy to fetch Mr. Plummer, who was somewhere about the farm.

Sir Arthur preferred to go in search of Mr. Plummer himself, and when he was gone Jessie went out to ask Miss Lonsdale to come in.

She assented with a smile, and laying the reins aside, alighted. Tall, well made, warmly clad in rich furs, with the jewel-like breast of a bird glowing iridescent in her hat, with that indefinable air of one daily used to polished human intercourse and the constant homage due to an absolute grace of speech and movement—Clara Lonsdale seemed to Jessie, who rarely saw but homely, often uncouth people, a being from a more gracious sphere, and her clear glance fell with a becoming deference before the penetrating gaze of the lady's golden-brown eyes.

"Not Mrs. Plummer's daughter, I am sure," she said, in a voice naturally musical, but the more so because of a softer accent than that to which Jessie was used.

"No," she replied, opening the door for Miss Lonsdale to pass in, "I am Mrs. Plummer's cousin, Jessie Meade."

She led her into a large, low room with heavy furniture, and two fair-sized casement windows with deep cushioned seats. Some sporting prints adorned the walls, two guns were on a rack over the chimney piece, massive silver tankards, gleamed upon a side-table, a bright fire blazed in a large grate with hobs to it, here stood a high-backed wooden arm-chair which Jessie placed for her guest. The battered form of Sebastopol reposed in a tight tabby coil near the fire; just in front of a window stood a small easel holding a canvas on which a landscape in oil was beginning to show; palettes, brushes, and tubes of color scattered near showed that the artist had but just left work. An old bureau with its sloping desk-top closed, stood against one wall, and a sofa, wide enough to serve for a bed at a pinch, was against another; a few pots of growing flowers were in the window, and a dish of russet-red apples on the top of the bureau. All these details Miss Lonsdale took in one rapid glance. The interior was cosy, yet there was a lack of something—which she soon discovered to be books. These were few but not select. One leather broken-backed tome with an illegible title served to raise a flower-pot into the light, another made a press for Mrs. Plummer's cap laces and ribbons. Jessie went straight to a cupboard by the fire-place and took out a dish of round golden-brown cakes and some decanters and wine-glasses, which she placed on the table, in accordance with the unwritten custom that supposed all guests to be hungry.

"Mrs. Plummer's dough-nuts are irresistible," Miss Lonsdale said, accepting one with a smile that went straight to Jessie's fresh heart; a rare smile that came slowly and made her seem beautiful, though not really so.

Jessie smiled brightly back, the smile of a grateful child. "It would be no use," she said, "for my cousin to make doughnuts, if no one came to appreciate them."

"There is reason in that," Miss Lonsdale returned; "there are in art two essential factors, the artist and the amateur or admirer."

"Yes," Jessie rejoined, "it would be futile to write even an 'Iliad,' if there were no readers."

This, Miss Lonsdale reflected, was not what one might expect from a miller's daughter of eighteen, and wondered to what extent the young lady was conscious of her superiority. But Jessie, who sat on the other side of the hearth sideways to the window, in such a manner that the sunshine lighted her face and kindled the gold of her hair, looked perfectly unconscious of self.

"You must be very lonely," Miss Lonsdale said, with an abruptness that brought the color to Jessie's face, yet with an accent that bespoke such a sympathy and accurate reading as she had not expected; "forgive me," she added, "but your face interested me when I saw you at church. I speak so plainly because I feel distinctly drawn to you."

"This is too kind," Jessie faltered, "but you will be disappointed. I am not at all interesting, especially to myself. I would rather forget that I am alive."

"Poor child!" said Clara, in a rich, caressing voice; "poor, dear child!"

Jessie rose quickly and knelt before the fire, very busy at mending it, with her face averted from the lady. Clara smiled a peculiar little smile that Jessie could not see, and with ready tact went over to the easel.

"From nature?" she asked, with some surprise, when she saw the distant park with the village and church in the foreground all firmly and truly sketched. "From nature in winter, too! You have a good deal of feeling for landscape, Miss Meade."

Jessie had persuaded Philip, who recognized her decided talent to let her exchange Miss Blushford's fine pencil drawings and water-color flowers and fruit for lessons from a broken-down artist, whose constant potations had not been able to quench a spark of genius which might have brought him to the front rank, and under this man she had made some progress and learnt to cherish great hopes. Had she seen many of the great masters? Who was her teacher? Did she know the Claude Lorraine at Marwell Court? Had she seen the De Wints and Constables? She could scarcely believe that Miss Meade had seen nothing and yet painted so charmingly.

While they were standing thus at the easel, Cousin Jane, her curls beautifully arranged in glossy bunches on either cheek, with a cap five grades higher than that of the cheese-brushing, and her afternoon gown and apron on, came in and was complimented upon her doughnuts. Almost at the same moment Sir Arthur was seen returning to the carriage, so Miss Lonsdale took leave and went out to join him, accompanied by Jessie, who stood until the pony-phaeton with its smart groom, Russian prince Sir Arthur, and bright-plumed lady driver had vanished like some etherical vision.

(To be Continued.)

EMPTY NOW.

How One Woman Quit Medicine.

"While a coffee user my stomach troubled me for years" says a lady of Columbus, O., "and I had to take medicine all the time. I had what I thought was the best stomach medicine I could get, had to keep getting it filled all the time at 40 cents a bottle. I did not know what the cause of my trouble was, but just dragged along from day to day suffering and taking medicine all the time.

"About six months ago I quit tea and coffee and began drinking Postum and I have not had my prescription filled since, which is a great surprise to me for it proves that coffee was the cause of all my trouble although I never suspected it.

"When my friends ask me how I feel since I have been taking Postum I say, 'To tell the truth I don't feel at all only that I get hungry and eat everything I want and lots of it and it never hurts me and I am happy and well and contented all the time.'

"I could not get my family to drink Postum for a while until I mixed it in a little coffee and kept on reducing the amount of coffee until I got it all Postum. Now they all like it and they never belch it up like coffee.

"We all know that Postum is a sunshine maker. I find it helps one greatly for we do not have to think of aches and pains all the time and can use our minds for other things." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The one who has to bother with coffee aches and pains is badly handicapped in the race for fame and fortune. Postum is a wonderful rebuilder. There's a reason.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

A SPRING NEED.

Indoor Confinement in Winter Hard on the Health.

Ninety-nine people out of every hundred actually need a tonic during the spring months, and the hundredth person would make no mistake if he too infused a little extra vigor and power into his blood. The reason for this condition is quite apparent. In the desire to make Canadian houses warm during the winter months, ventilation is sacrificed, and the health is impaired. There may be nothing seriously wrong—nothing more than a variable appetite; little pimples or eruptions of the skin; a feeling of weariness and a desire to avoid exertion; perhaps an occasional headache. These may not seem serious; perhaps you may think that the trouble will pass away—but it won't unless you drive it out by putting the blood right with a health-giving tonic. And there is only one blood-renewing, health-giving, nerve-restoring tonic—Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People. Over and over again it has been proved that these pills cure when other medicines fail, and thousands of grateful people testify that they are the best of all spring medicines. Miss D. Brown, Collina, N. B., says:—"I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a run down system, and have found them better than any other medicine I have tried. In the early spring my blood was out of condition and I had such dizzy spells that if I turned quickly I would almost fall. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a few weeks and the trouble entirely disappeared. I think these pills an ideal spring medicine."

If you want to be healthy in the spring don't dose your system with harsh, griping purgatives, and don't experiment with other so-called tonics. Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once and see how quickly they will banish all spring ailments. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EXTRAORDINARY LAKES.

On the Mangishlak peninsula on the Caspian Sea there are five small lakes. One of these is covered with salt crystals, strong enough to allow a man and horse to cross the lake on foot. Another is as round as any circle and of a lovely rose color. Its banks of salt crystals form a setting as white as white as snow to the water, which not only shows all the colors from violet to rosy red, but from it also rises a perfume as of violets. Both the perfume and the color are the result of the presence of seaweeds.

VESSELS LOST AT SEA.

The official return of casualties to British and foreign vessels of 500 tons gross register and upwards during the past year shows that 5,550 steamers and sailing vessels were totally or partially lost—270 totally and 5,280 partially. The British casualties aggregate 2,783, 67 steamers and 23 sailing ships being totally lost. The total figures show an increase over the previous year of 492. Strandings were responsible for 154 casualties; collisions, 1,689; damage to machinery, 641; and rough weather, 1,050.

SPEAKER'X PERQUISITES.

The Speaker of the British House of Commons has several peculiar privileges. Every year he receives a gift from the Master of the Buckhounds of a buck and doe killed for the royal preserves. This custom goes back so far that there is no record of it. Later in the year the Speaker receives another tribute from a different source. The doctors on the second occasion are the Cloth workers' Company of London, who send to the Speaker of the House of Commons and to several of His Majesty's Ministers a generous width of the best broadcloth to be found in England.

LESSONS FOR POLICEMEN.

Taking the London police as his model, the Chief of the Zurich (Geneva) police means to make his men as good, if not better. In future the gendarmes are to receive lessons from professors in civility and deportment. The lessons are to take place at the police-stations, where those who are not on duty will be paraded before the professor of dancing and put through their steps and attitudes.

PLAYFUL CHILDREN.

What treasure on earth is more to be prized than a bright, active, healthy, playful child? In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used you never find sickly, cross, sleepless children; if the little one is ill the Tablets will promptly make it well. Ask any mother who has used the Tablets and she will tell you that this is absolutely true—she will tell you the Tablets always do good, and never do harm. You can give them to a child just born with perfect safety, and they are equally as good for well grown children. Mrs. Mary J. Moore, Hepworth, Que., says:—"My baby has never been sick since I began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. They are a real blessing to both mother and child, and I would not be without them." Don't let your child suffer, and don't dose it with strong drugs or medicine containing opiates. Give Baby's Own Tablets which you can get from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PROGRESS IN ASHANTI.

Peaceful and Prosperous Future Before It.

Sir Donald Stewart, the son of the famous Scottish soldier of that name, is British Resident at Kumassi, and gives an interesting account of how Ashanti is gradually being civilized. The natives are settling down to ways of peace, contentment and prosperity. The country, in fact, has returned to almost absolute commonplaceness, and the people seem to have completely forgotten the old evil ways of King Prempeh. The most important feature in the present condition of the country is the satisfactory progress that has been made with the railway. This is a Government undertaking, and starts from Sekondi, on the coast. It proceeds through Tarkwa, the chief gold-mining centre and has reached a point not far from Kumassi. Next year it will be opened right to King's Prempeh's capital, and will make the journey in one day instead of two as at present. In addition to their work on the railway, the natives are taking to cocoa planting on an extensive scale, to gold mining, and to farming. Altogether Ashanti looks as if it had a peaceful and prosperous future before it.

PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

Mrs. Newed (a bride of six weeks)—And how long will you be away, dearest?

Newed—About 10 days.

Mrs. Newed—Well, I think I'll learn to cook while you are absent.

Newed—That's a good idea. And I'll take the dog over and leave him with one of the neighbors.

WHY SHE WORE MOURNING.

"Who is that attractive-looking woman in black?"

"You mean the one in mourning? Why, that's Mrs. Jenkins."

"You don't mean to say Jenkins is dead, do you?"

"Not at all. You see, she married Jenkins' money, and he's failed."

Young Man—"I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise. You remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement, because I wasn't good enough for her, and would disgrace the family?" Old Man—"Young man, that was sentiment; this is business."

Wet Feet Bring Coughs and Colds

Children Especially are Exposed to Great Danger From the Cause.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

Where is there a boy who does not delight to test the thinnest ice and to splash in the water which results from the spring thaws!

There will be more coughs and colds among children during the next few weeks than at any other season of the year as a result of wet feet and exposure to cold and dampness.

It seems scarcely necessary to suggest the advisability of keeping Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at hand for use in case of emergency.

You never know what night your child may awake a victim of croup frantically gasping for breath and by having this great medicine ready for immediate use you can afford quick relief and cure.

Bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, bad coughs and severe chest colds, sore throat, throat irritation and all forms of throat, bronchial and lung troubles are readily cured by this treatment, which has become so popular throughout Canada.

Mrs. J. Provost, Renfrew, Ont., states:—"My fourteen-year-old boy had a very severe cold in the chest last winter and I really thought he was going to die. He coughed nearly all the time and sometimes would spit up blood. We had about given up all hopes of his recovery when I heard of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After using one bottle there was a great change in his condition, and I can positively say that he was completely cured by two bottles and he has not been troubled since. I never saw medicine take such quick effect and can sincerely recommend it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

SHAKE OFF THAT SPRING FEELING

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS WILL DO IT NATURALLY AND WELL.

Cause and Cure of the Tired Feeling That is Epidemic at This Season of the Year.

The spring is here. You can feel it in every part of your body. Your clothes are too heavy and though you are not sick, you are too tired to walk, too tired to work, yes, even too tired to eat.

It's that "spring feeling."

Do you know the cause of it? No, all you want to know is how to get rid of it. Well, the explanation and the cure are alike simple.

In the winter you "get used" to the cold, you think. As a matter of fact it is the body that gets prepared. It puts on a fortification of extra tissue that keeps the cold out. In the spring time this tissue is thrown off by the body and if the system is all in good working order, the blood carries away the cast-off tissue, which is in turn filtered out of the blood by the Kidneys, and expelled from the body.

This means extra work for the Kidneys, and if they are at all tired or worn they fail in their work. The result is clogged circulation and that tired spring feeling.

The cure is to tone up the Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys quickly cleanse the blood of all impurities and the "spring feeling" is replaced with a vigor of body and bouyancy of spirit that makes work a pleasure.

A woman's idea of mutual pleasure is to spend the money her husband earns by the sweat of his brow.

60 Specialists on the Case.—In the ordinary run of medical practice a greater number than this have treated cases of chronic dyspepsia and have failed to cure—but Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets (60 in a box at 35 cents cost) have made the cure, giving relief in one day. These little "specialists" have proven their real merit.—72

An old Scotchwoman, when advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon, replied—"Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

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." 22—04

During courtship a girl thinks marriage is a haven of rest in which she will be free from all worry and care. After marriage she has another think coming.

Have you Eczema?—Have you any skin disease or eruptions? Are you subject to chafing or scalding? Dr. Agnew's Ointment prevents and cures any and all of these, and cures Itching, Bleeding and Blind Piles besides. One application brings relief in ten minutes, and cases cured in three to six nights. 35 cents.—71

"Do you know, George dear, that when you gave me your first kiss I was so astonished that I nearly fainted?" George—"Ah, yes, darling! I should have known better than to give you only one."

You can't cure a cough or cold from the outside. You must cure it through the blood.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

is the only remedy that will do this. It gets right to the root of the trouble. It is guaranteed to cure.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 312

15—04

MANY CAUSES OF STRIFE

300 YEARS OF WAR FOR A CLEAN SHAVE.

Trivial Affairs Have Sufficed to Plunge Nations in Bloodshed.

Nothing is more amazing in the history of nations than the absurdly trivial causes which have been sufficient to let loose the dogs of war and deluge continents in blood.

Many a man has started an incipient riot in his household by appearing unannounced with a clean shave after having worn a hirsute adornment for a number of years, but it is almost incredible at first glance that two great nations should have plunged into an intermittent warfare lasting 300 years from the same cause. Yet nothing more than this was the primary source of three centuries of war between England and France. In order to please the archbishop of Rouen, Louis VII. of France consented to remove his beard in common with his subjects, and present a clean shaven face to the world. It was a disastrous shave, for it led to so much friction with his wife, who resented her husband's changed appearance that at last the king divorced her, to become a few months later the wife of Henry II. of England. From this marriage of Henry to the angry, discarded wife of Louis centuries of bloodshed may be said to have followed.

Inclosed in an iron case in the tower of Modena cathedral may be seen to-day a bucket which, 900 years ago, was the innocent cause of a terrible war. Some soldiers of Modena, in a mood of mischief, had stolen the bucket from a public well in Bologna and refused to give it up on demand. Fights between the soldiers of the rival and jealous states ensued, and from this spark was kindled a fire of war which devastated a large part of Europe and led to the lifelong imprisonment of the king of Sardinia, son of the German emperor.

BROKEN TEAPOT.

A war in China two centuries and a half ago, which involved the loss of half a million lives, sprang directly from a broken teapot. The teapot was the treasured possession of a dignitary high in the favor and councils of the emperor, and when he was travelling through the lawless provinces in the northwest of China some of his retinue, who had fallen behind the main body, were intercepted by a band of robbers, and among the spoil the teapot was found and contemptuously flung on the ground and broken. The matter was reported to the emperor by the indignant mandarin, a punitive force was sent out, and a long and terrible war ensued.

Lord Palmerston used to say that only three men had ever known the nature of the troubles in Schleswig-Holstein which led to two great wars—two of them had died before war broke out, and he, the third of the trinity, had completely forgotten what it was all about. It is now well known, however, that a slight manipulation by Bismarck of a telegram set France and Germany flying at each other's throats a generation ago, with results too appalling to contemplate.

SPILLED WATER.

The war of the Spanish succession, in which the great duke of Marlborough played so conspicuous and brilliant a part, was, it is said, the outcome of a spilt glass of water at a Tuileries ball. One of the court ladies had expressed a wish for a glass of water in the hearing of the British and Spanish ambassadors, who forthwith hastened to fetch it.

On returning, each holding a tumbler, they found that the fair bird had flown and was dancing with a French statesman; and to crown their discomfiture the English diplomat cannoned against the Spaniard and upset the water he was carrying—an accident which led to an apology and an exchange of courtesies. A trivial ridiculous incident enough, but it served to inflame jealousies and cement sympathies and thus to turn the balance in the direction of war.

The seven years' war was largely due, according to his own confession, to the vanity of Frederick the Great in wanting to see his name figure largely in the gazettes; the Indian mutiny was precipitated by the cartridges served out to the Sepoys, which they believed were greased with the fat of animals unclean alike to Hindu and Mohammedan; and the Turko-Russian war, in the opinion of thousands, was started by the blacksmith's hammer with which a Herzegovinian blacksmith killed a tax collector who had insulted his daughter.

STOLEN PETTICOAT.

Among other ludicrous causes from which wars have sprung are the stealing of a laced petticoat of a Castile lady by a Moor, which, with the vendetta that followed the theft, led to many years of fierce warfare between the Spaniards and the Moors; and the emptying of a bucket by a Florentine citizen on the head of a man of Milan who was passing underneath the window.

Borrowing a tobacco pipe and failing to return it kindled civil war for years among the rival races in the Pamirs and Afghanistan; a dispute as to the relative attractions of snails and vipers as food gave rise to fifty years of fighting between Milan and Pisa; and it is said two German states fought for years out of rivalry as to their respective powers of beer drinking.

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

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

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

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. t-f

"That dress is becoming, my dear," said the man who thinks he is a diplomatist. She looked at him coldly for a moment, and then replied: "Yes. It is becoming threadbare."

20 Years of Vile Catarrh.—Chas. O. Brown, journalist, of Duluth, Minn., writes: "I have been a sufferer from Throat and Nasal Catarrh for over 20 years, during which time my head has been stopped up and my condition truly miserable. Within 15 minutes after using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I obtained relief. Three bottles have almost, if not entirely, cured me." 50c.—73

"Young man," said the pompus individual, "I did not always have this carriage. When I first started in life I had to walk." "You were lucky," chuckled the youth. "When I first started in life I couldn't walk."

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Stella—"Tom and I were out driving last night, and I had to drive all the way." Phyllis—"Why, what was the matter with Tom?" Stella—"Oh, nothing. You don't suppose he could drive with his feet, do you?"

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

KEEN SIGHT.

The krestrel is possessed of such wonderful powers of sight that it is able to see a mouse when it is itself at such a height in the air that it is invisible to the naked human eye.

Baptist Testimony

INSTANT RELIEF FROM COLDS, HEADACHE AND CATARRH.

REV. FRY'S STATEMENT:

Rev. P. I. Frey, Pastor of the Maple St. Baptist Church, Buffalo, N.Y., says: "I have been greatly troubled with colds, headache and catarrh. I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder with best results. In fact it has done wonders for me, and I wish to recommend it to everyone." This remedy is also a perfect specific for influenza. 24

Dr. Agnew's Ointment is without an equal for Skin Diseases and Piles.

POSTAL APPARATUS.

A French postal clerk has evolved a simple apparatus for dispensing with the postage-stamp and enabling anyone to get his letter franked after office hours. The apparatus can be fixed to any pillar-box. A coin is dropped into a slot, the corner of the letter is inserted, and the machine stamps the envelope with the amount paid. All you have to do then is to drop the letter into a pillar-box for collection.

A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes. 4B

Comprehend facts—not advertisements. The popularity of Blue Ribbon Tea is a fact.

2 Handsome BISQUE DOLLS FREE

Also a LOVELY BRACELET and SOLID GOLD-finished JEWELLED RING

GIRLS! Here is a Tremendous Bargain

We have in our factory hundreds of big Sleeping and Jointed Dolls that arrived from Germany too late for our Christmas trade. We don't want to carry them over the summer so you can have them Free for a few hours' work. They are great big beauties nearly

1-2 YARD TALL

handsomely dressed in latest French Doll fashion with Dress and Waist in lovely colors, trimmed with lace beautiful Lace trimmed Underwear, Lovely big hat, Real Stockings, Slippers, Buckles, etc. Style. Richly dressed from head to toe. Turning Bisque Head, Full Jointed Body, Long Curly Golden Hair Pearly Teeth, Beautiful Sleeping Blue Eyes. Dolly goes to sleep just like a Real Sweet Baby.

GIRLS, we offer a grand bargain. We will give you 2 lovely Bisque Dolls, one a handsome big Doll as described, the other a beautiful Bisque Baby Doll also a lovely Heavy Sterling Silver plated Bracelet and a beautiful Solid Gold-finished Jewelled Ring, all FREE for selling only 15 packages at 10c a package of Marvel Washing Blue, the great washday help. Send your name and address at once, no money. WE TRUST YOU and send Bluing by mail postpaid. We also send you with the Bluing handsome Gold-finished Scarf Pins and Brooches. You give a brooch or Scarf Pin Free with each package of Bluing you sell. Almost everybody will buy. Every lady needs Bluing. When sold return us the money, $1.50, and we will send you at once the two lovely Dolls and the handsome Bracelet and Ring. The beautiful Premiums we offer are not to be compared to the cheap premiums usually given. Never firm ever offered such a lot of valuable premiums for so little work. We are a reliable business firm and will treat you fair and right and expect the same from you. Girls send us your order now and you can have all these handsome presents in a few days.

EXTRA PRESENTS Given to you FREE besides the 2 LOVELY DOLLS.

Elegant Solid Gold-finished Jewelled Ring. Handsome Heavy Sterling Silver-plated Chased Curb Chain Bracelet. Dolly Wide Awake Looking for Its MAMMA.

No money wanted, not a cent from your own pocket, as we make arrangements to deliver these handsome presents right to your address without costing you one cent. Remember, Girls, we give these lovely presents free for selling only 15 packages of Marvel Washing Blue. Address, THE Marvel Bluing Co., Doll Dept. 708 Toronto, Ont.

BIG BEAUTY

LOWER PRICES — USE EDDY'S FIBRE WARE — BETTER QUALITY

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1851.

CAN BE HAD IN

Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

RIFLES FREE TO BOYS

Our new Model Air Rifle is a fine blue steel barrel Gun with sights, etc., complete, shoots shot, darts and slugs with great force and accuracy.

Daisy Repeating Winchester Action Rifle, shoots 1000 shots without reloading.

AND $25.00 100 OTHER PRESENTS

Boys, you can earn in a few hours a splendid, long distance, latest model Air Rifle. All parts interchangeable; carefully fitted, sighted and tested; very accurate, shots go right home; handsomely finished walnut stocks; they are beauties. You also become a contestant for our extra cash prizes, the 1st prize of which is $15.00. Boys, send name and address at once and we will mail you, postpaid, 20 packages of Marvel Washing Blue, the great wash day help, to sell at 10 cents a package. We also send handsome Gold-finished Scarf Pins and Brooches to give away with the Bluing. Every lady needs bluing. When sold, return us the money, $2.00, and we will send you, at once, the handsome Rifle, with package of shot and darts, also a cash prize certificate. We take back all you cannot sell. Address THE MARVEL BLUING CO., Gun Dept. 506 Toronto, Ont.

An admirable Food of the

EPPS'S COCOA

Finest quality and flavour.

Nutritious and Economical. 4R—21

BEAUTIFUL WATCH FREE WITH CHAIN AND MATCH $25.00 FOR SELLING BLUING

It costs you nothing to own this handsome, guaranteed watch, with an elegant, gold finished chain and charm; this watch has a fine silver finished nickel case, American movement, strong and well made.

Every Watch Guaranteed

You also become a contestant for our extra Cash Prizes, the 1st of which is $15.00. Write at once and we will mail you postpaid 20 packages of Marvel Washing Blue, the great washday help. Every family needs bluing. You can sell it quickly. Send your name and address, we send bluing by mail postpaid. You also become a contestant for our extra cash prizes, the first prize of which is $15.00. Every lady needs bluing. When sold, return us the money, $1.20, and we will send you, at once, the handsome Ring, all charges paid, also a cash prize certificate. No money wanted till goods are sold. We take back all you cannot sell. Address, Marvel Bluing Co., Watch Dept. 563 Toronto, Ont.

JUST THE THING.

Mr. Goodheart—"Regarding those kittens, my dear, the president of our society says the most humane way to drown kittens is to put them in an ordinary earthen flower-pot and then suddenly turn the flower-pot upside down in a pail of lukewarm water."

Mrs. Goodheart—"Why, yes; that is a good idea, isn't it, because you know there is a hole in the bottom of the flower-pot for the poor little things to breathe through."

NOT HIS FAULT.

Customer—"I believe you are the man of whom I bought this cane?"

Shopkeeper—"Yes, I sold you that cane."

Customer—"And you said that the handle was of genuine ivory, and I find that it is artificial."

Shopkeeper—"I can't help it, sir. I import my ivory direct from Ceylon, and the only explanation that I can give is that the elephants have taken to wearing false tusks."

CHEAP ONE WAY RATES TO THE WEST VIA GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Effective daily during March and April, cheap one way Colonist tickets will be issued from all stations in Ontario to all points on the Great Northern Ry. in the States of Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, also all points in British Columbia.

On March 1st, 8th, 15, 22nd and 29th, and April 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, one way second class tickets will be issued from Chicago to points in North Dakota at greatly reduced rates.

Full information as to time of trains, berth rates in Tourist Sleeper, also literature on any of the above States on application to Chas. W. Graves, District Passenger Agent, 6 King St. West, Room 12, Toronto, or F. I. Whitney, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Ghosts are like fleas—plenty enough and likely enough, too; but you can't put your finger on them.

Billiard Tables

The Best at the Lowest Price Write for Terms

REID BROS., M'f'g Co.'y 785 King St. W. 32-31

HANDSOME GOLD WATCH AND $25.00 Free

14K

This elegant stem winding and set guaranteed Watch. It has a magnificently finished heavy gold laid case, handsomely and elaborately engraved in the most beautiful designs. American movement, hand some dial, expansion balance, quick train, warranted to keep correct time. You will feel proud to own one of these remarkably fine and truly handsome wat