A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The desire of his eyes had been snatched from him, and the joy of his youth and the hope of his age quenched. The heavens were black above him, and the earth below bleak and barren the wealth that would have made his wedded happiness possible was useless now; all his possessions were but dust that is brushed away by a passing wind. His life lay blasted behind him and all his future stretched in blank desolation before him. So Claude Medway mourned in the bitterness of a bereaval still fresh and acute.

It was his own doing; he could not complain of the sternness of heavenly decrees or accuse any blind Fate of cruelty; with his own hand he had withered and destroyed a life dearer than his own, and murdered his young happiness. It was as if, a consecrated chalice bearing celestial wine having been offered him, he had taken it for an ordinary tap-room tankard, and, before he could degrade it to common uses, it had been snatched from his sacrilegious hand, leaving him to burn with unquenchable thirst.

On hearing of Jessie's disappearance he had caused inquiries to be made through his father, to whom the handkerchief story had been communicated in confidence by Mr. Plummer, and had at last accepted the theory of death in the river, whether by accident or design—by design, he too surely feared. If Jessie's passion and flight into the storm had touched his conscience and heart, the sharp stroke of bereaval had done more. A sorrow at once so irretrievable and so entwined with all the finest fibres of human nature, touches, the spiritual part of man into keenly thrilling and active life; it refines, softens, purifies like nothing else.

What he had seen in Jessie's face outlined upon the lurid sky, had swept away the intricate mazes of sophistry with which he had sought to deceive her and himself. All lay then in its naked hideousness before him; he saw himself the unmanly persecutor of an innocent, high-minded girl, whose youth and defencelessness specially appealed to his chivalry. He saw the true nature of the unequal duel, in which he had used weapons so deadly and so unfair against one whose only armor was innocence, an armor so easily pierced unless braced by strength of character and principle; and knew himself utterly defeated.

"Woe to the weak. Let women take care of themselves," was his axiom in April, but not now. He knew that Jessie had shown heroism beyond that of the deadly, deathless ride at Balaclava, which had so deeply impressed her imagination and so strongly kindled her enthusiasm. He remembered his own proud consciousness, while he rode down that awful valley in the tempest of death, that the noblest chord in his nature was vibrating at last; his not ignoble self-reverance—springing from the thought that he and his comrades could die for a word's sake.

Sometimes he had thought that it would be possible to live up to the Balaclava level; when Jessie left him that day he was sure of it. What had pierced his conscience most deeply was the brutality of his assertion that her reputation was already gone. Love and grief now showed him after Jessie's flight what terrible meaning the inexperienced girl, so ignorant of the world's evil, so sensitive to feelings of honor, might attach to these cruel words. In one so sensitive they might work despair, and despair in one so young and friendless, of mental poise so nice, turns to madness—and then—He saw it all; the rush of agony during the lonely field walk, the sudden loss of mental balance in the fever of suffering, the temptation of the swift flowing river, where the tide was coming up and the channel was deep. A plunge in the green water, a loss of sunshine reflected from the golden hair above, a total loss of sunshine to the blue eyes darkened below; then silence; the broken ripple circling quietly back to its even flow, and the robin piping his autumn song in the oak-grove on the bank.

Or it might have been an accident, a slip of the light foot on the timber's green and slippery edge, as she stood to watch the tide running up. But it was most improbable that she would have walked to the edge of the timber bank; there was no motive for doing so. To know that it was an accident seemed the only thing that could ever bring him peace of mind now.

Philip had left him for more than an hour, the interrupted breakfast lay untouched on the table, when he roused himself from that unending circle of agonizing thought which sometimes oversets the strongest minds, rose, took a turn in the room and looked out on the sunny park, whence the white rime was now melted. Then his eyes fell on some daily papers, he unfolded one, and was about to try and divert the current of gloomy thought when his attention was caught by a once familiar but long-forgotten name—Fanny Wordnutt, aged twenty-six.

What is the good of reading those brief, pitiful paragraphs that daily appear under the heading of inquests on our cosey breakfast tables? Sensible people who value their cheerfulness, pass on to the record of gayer or larger doings, of Parliamentary squabbles at home and political intrigues across the Channel, of theatres and concerts, of Lord and Lady Roseleaf's exit from town and the arrival of the Duke of Bumkum at Flummery Castle, of the progress of Lord Chicory's gout and the successful courtship of Miss Angela Billing by the Hon. Squander Cashless. But the name of this poor Fanny, whose brief life had contained no such pleasant doings as befall the rich and great, together with the name of a certain cavalry depot, rivetted his attention and caused the hair to rise upon his flesh as he read the every day tale of misery.

Poor Fanny, only twenty-six and too truly described as unfortunate, had sought the piteous refuge of the river from a world in which she was not allowed the chance of walking uprightly, having once gone wrong. But first she had written a letter, explaining why.

"Dear Mother," the letter ran, "I could not bear it no more, thinking it better for all I should go. Please forgive me that have been a trouble and what will trouble no one no more. It was trouble did it. After that young officer went I had no heart for nothing; I couldn't look up to myself. There was no hope. I first took a glass to forget. I was forced to bad company, others gave me the go by. It was only in drink I could forget, and you was forced to turn me away. Dear Mother, there was no honest work, and me afraid to die. But hell can't be much worse than this. When you get this you won't have a child to bring you disgrace. Please give my love to all that was ever kind to your poor wicked Fanny. God forgive him."

Wicked indeed was this frail, despairing Fanny, all sound moralists will justly say. Had she been made of sterner stuff, with a heart less trustful and loving, with a keener eye for her own interests, this poor little tragedy had never been enacted. Or with firmer faith and a feeling of Heaven's innite pity, she might have faced man's scorn and not died of it. With all the springs of earthly joy dried for her, she might have sat contrite in the dust, doing good works all the days of her life, a life which at eighteen seems an eternity of misery to the heart-stricken. But all girls of eighteen are not saints or ascetics; young blood is warm, the youth hungry for happiness.

Perhaps Claude Medway was not a sound moralist, for it seemed to him that the young officer who "went" was the most to blame in the matter as he perused this poor sinner's apology for her life, with a throbbing brain and heart. It was nearly nine years ago since the hussar officers used to call Fanny "the pretty Puritan," and lounge away many idle hours in the confectioner's shop where she served ices to these long-limbed loungers, pennyworths of sweets to little boys and girls, whose heads scarcely reached the counter, buns to pinched spinsters, and great plum cakes to severe matrons, all with the same engaging smile and cheerful alacrity. She used to sing in the church choir of Sundays and teach in the Sanday-school. And though she was inclined to be smart in dress, the greater part of her wage went to the family exchequer, and she was a comfort to her parents.

Then on summer evenings, when the bells were ringing, she used to stroll through pleasant field-paths outside the town, and one of those hussars, a light-hearted cornet, thinking no harm and at his wit's end for some fresh diversion, joined in those healthful walks and the end was sorrow for one of them.

Nothing could alter what had happened and cause Fanny's miserable life to be unlived. That young cornet might repent, might have repented long since; he might be admitted to the companionship of saints in everlasting bliss, but even there surely he could not be happy remembering to what a fate he had sent Fanny. Claude Medway had not attained to that wide hope of everlasting mercy according to which the penitent's Heaven may consist in being allowed to undo the ill wrought on earth. He could only feel the black, blank misery of having driven a fellow-creature to a despair which led to worse than death, to one depth of degradation after another until "Hell cannot be much worse than this."

To all lighted-hearted triflers, one day in some world, as to Claude Medway in this, a voice of thunder will surely say, "Thy brother's or thy sister's blood crieth from the ground."

He could see the pretty Puritan, with rose-red mouth and clear guileless eyes, serving the sweets and singing in the choir, hear her joyous laugh and innocent prattle as she walked in the fields, a sweet picture. And he could see a haggard wild-eyed woman, stupefied by degradation, a source of wide-spreading moral poison, mad with drink and misery, flying from self and memory to the spectre-haunted silence of death—a ghastly spectacle.

"How atone, Great God, for this
which man has done?
And for the body and soul which by
Man's pitiless doom must now comply
With life-long hell. What lullaby
Of sweet forgetful second birth
Remains? All dark——"

Then before his imagination there rose up that great and terrible army of whom she was but a feeble unit, that army whose headquarters are capital cities, who infest the streets of every town, and prey upon the vitals of society—an army in which no one ever grows old, or, having once entered, is ever young. Why, he asked, does that ghastly host exist? Who maintains it? And his conscience replied. Whence is it recruited? And conscience again told him, mainly by such as Fanny, from the ranks of youth, innocence, helplessness. His heart sickened at this mass of human misery and degradation. He knew something of the impressment practised for this awful service; of the traps and pitfalls laid for the unsuspecting and ignorant, the foreigner, the friendless; traps from which the purest virtue and firmest principle was not safe, traps and decoys by which such as Jessie are easily taken. Such as Jessie!—

"His daughter with his mother's eyes."

Until Jessie had taught him a new reverence for woman, he had not felt the depth of this degradation.

What might actually be Jessie's fate now, if, as Philip supposed, she was alone and homeless in London? He would have given his life many times over to know that she was indeed safe in the river Lynn, even if driven there by despair of his causing.

Such thoughts dry up the very fountains of youth and scorch the brain into sereness; he dared not harbor them;

"They make a goblin of the sun;"

but left the house, seeking by violent exercise to get rid of them for a time.

They he decided on seeing Sally Samson and testing the story she had told Philip. But he must not do this openly now.

In the meantime he and Philip were like duellists, each watching and waiting for the other to approach. Claude thought that the threatened legal proceedings must fail for want of money. Philip consulted lawyers with the reult of getting his brain completely bewildered by legal subtleties and hair-splittings. If he had to pay costs (which he considered improbable) he decided to sell his commission and realize his little fortune. It was a combat a outrance.

When he left Claude Medway he was more firmly convinced than ever that he had the key to this distressing mystery. Claude's extreme forbearance seemed to bear witness against him; his letting him call him a liar and otherwise insult him, seemed to bear witness against him. The "mean hound" he called in his indignation.

Walking moodily along that day after an interview with a lawyer to whom he had been recommended, he met a melancholy procession of sandwich men trailing aimlessly along with pinched faces and haggard looks and in one of these ragged creatures he recognized a discharged soldier and old comrade with whom he had served in the Crimea. Hailing this unlucky fellow, he gave him a shilling and his address, and bade him come and talk over old times. Then, finding him open to a better employment, and knowing that his wits were keen and that he could keep sober for some time for a purpose, he engaged him, nominally as his servant, and really to help him watch Claude Medway's movements.

About a week after their encounter, Claude Medway went to Cleeve, dogged by Philip's spy.

On the following afternoon, about the gray dusk of a gray day, Philip was walking in Hyde Park, when the sound of his own name, issuing from the gloom beneath some trees near, reached his ear.

"Then I tell Philip Randal," a man's voice said in harsh, threatening tones.

"Nonsence," Claude Medway's voice replied. "Luckily he is out of your reach."

"He is in England. He was at Marwell a fortnight ago. I can easily lay my hands on him if I try."

"It will be the worse for you if you do, because in that case you will never get one farthing more from me or my father, and he has but his pay for you to prey upon."

"Give me fifty down and I'll be quiet for the sake of the family, for the fine old Medway name," said the other, sneeringly. And Philip lost the reply, for they were moving on, and their footsteps now fell upon gravel and now they were in the open road so that he could not be near them without himself being seen.

Some further altercation followed, and then Claude put something into the hand of the man—who proved to be the shabby fellow Philip had seen waiting in the hall, and shook himself free of him.

Philip followed the shabby man into an omnibus, in which he contrived to sit opposite him with his own face in shadow, so that he could watch him in the dim light of the quaking oil lamp as they clattered over the pavement. The man dozed a little, with his chin on his breast and his hands resting clasped tightly on the stick he held between his knees. Presently he roused himself with a low sound, half moan, half grunt, looked uneasily round like some startled wild animal, and Philip saw that his eyes glittered feverishly from deep-sunken sockets, and that his worn and wasted face was of a peculiar yellowish hue. Having glanced round at the passengers, the haunted look left him, and he took from his pocket some kind of sweetmeat or drug from which he cut pieces and ate and dozed again. This was repeated several times, and each time his hand became less tremulous, his dozing less heavy, and his eyes less keen. He got out in Oxford Street, followed at a distance by Philip, and ate some more of the sweetmeat. Then he sauntered slowly along, often stopping to look vacantly for some minutes at the moving stream of vehicles and passengers passing and repassing, jostling and hurrying in the gas-light. The haunted look recurred no more now, the eyes were quiet and hazy, the man's air was that of a half-conscious dreamer, there was a pleasant languor in his movements.

He turned the first corner he reached in the same aimless, sauntering way, with many a pause, as if in reverie; though surely, Philip thought, Oxford and the adjoining streets were strange places to dream in. But the opium-eater saw instead of London streets by gaslight, a series of magnificent pageants streaming by in ever-changing brilliance, in weird yet tranquil splendor. He saw the Greek charioteer with wind-blown hair and tense muscles, standing with a backward poise in his light car, and deftly guiding his flying coursers, anon giving a swift glance behind to see how far his rivals had gained on him in one louder thunder of their course. Now it was a Roman triumph glittering with golden spoil, now advancing surge of victorious battle, now a succession of dancing nymphs and satyrs, a whirl of flying Naiads, now a fairy pageant, a radiant masque, a tournament, a battle of Titans, a rout of Centaurs and Lapithae, a procession of lovely laughing lute players, heaven knows what of fantastic spectacles, glowing colors, and beautiful forms developed on the foundation of a moving London crowd.

Street after street was passed in this manner; Philip began to wonder if the battered, shabby object of his chase were a man or demon, if perchance he had lighted on the Wandering Jew, or some spirit compelled to revisit his old haunts. The thin, bearded figure stopped at last after a couple of hours' wandering before a house in a moderately quiet street, rang the bell and went in without parley when the door opened.

Philip soon followed, observed the number on the fan-light, and rang the bell himself.

"Is Mr. Johnson at home?" he asked the maid who answered the door.

"Some mistake. No Mr. Johnson here," she replied.

"No? But surely that was Mr Johnson who went in a minute ago? An elderly man, thin and sickly-looking?"

"Why, you mean one of the lodgers, Mr. Ashwin. I just let him in."

"I am afraid I have made a mistake, I could have sworn it was Mr. Johnson," he returned, carefully describing him again and slipping a piece of silver in her hand. "The number I thought was 55, and the landlady, a Mrs.—well, I forget her name."

"This is Mrs. Smithson's, sir, and she's only three sets, Mr. Ashwin, the first-floor back, and Mr. Cramer, second-floor, back. No Mr. Johnson 'Twas the first-floor front just stepped in."

"A commercial traveller?"

"No; he lives independent. Sleeps all day, and is out all night sometimes. Drinky. Has horrors."

That was all Philip could learn of this gentleman, and he turned away content with his information for the present.

(To be Continued.)

FISH LONGEVITY.

According to a recent writer there is now in the Imperial Aquarium of St. Petersburg a pike that first saw the light at the close of the fifteenth century. He still appears to be quite a young fellow, notwithstanding his centuries and his long captivity. The writer says that there is nothing very extraordinary in this case, and he mentions several other fishes in the same aquarium that are more than 150 years old.

"And are you still keeping boarders?" asked Mrs. Flatleigh. "No," replied Mrs. Hashem. "I've got it down to a point where the boarders are keeping me."

When a fellow boasts that he can't be bought it's a sign that he hasn't been offered enough.

Japan Teas

are on the down grade, to stay down — the sales continue to dwindle.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Natural Green tea by its purity, double strength and delicious flavor is in popular favor. Sold only in sealed lead packets, same form as the famous "SALADA" Black teas. 25c and 40c per lb. By all grocers.

THE SABLE HOLIDAY.

Opening of the Hunting Season of the Gilyaks.

The sable and seal hunts each begin a new year in the calendar of the Gilyaks, who live on Sakhalin island, on the Straits of Tartary. These two years, which begin in October and April, are called the winter year and the summer year, and are opened by holiday festivals. The sable holiday goes by the name of "the prayer to the lord of the forest." Mr. Hawes, in his book entitled "In the Uttermost East," describes it.

It is a wintry scene. The snares are set on logs and branches which span the narrow streams and creeks. The first snows have fallen. The trees stand silent in the somber depths, hanging their hoary, lichen-covered branches.

Amidst the hush a shadow steals quietly across the scene. It is a sable. He goes by accustomed paths. He does not care to swim the cold water, but seeks a fallen tree or log whereon to pass. All unsuspectingly he creeps along a trunk, only to find his way blocked by a tiny barrier of sticks, arranged in the shape of a fan; nevertheless, a way, one way, is left, and that through a loop in the centre. Rising on his hind legs and pushing through, he struggles, and in so doing releases a peg hitched with a ratchet, and a bent twig at one of the cords flies back and tightens the noose.

Many trackers are out, but each brings his first catch to one place, where due honor is then paid to the great giver of them, the lord of the forest.

It would savor of greediness, of meat without grace, to start on the important hunt of the sables, creatures whose skins are so valuable that anything may be purchased with them, without due acknowledgement to the giver. A feast is made, and pieces of roasted flesh, tobacco and other things are buried in the ground as an offering to the god.

It is necessary, lest he be not observing or be engaged elsewhere, to call the attention of Pal ni rookh to their offering, so they whisper, "Chookh! Chookh!" that is, "God, Thou God!" They do this in an undertone, lest the evil spirits should hear; for these evil spirits dwell in the swamps and the depths of the forest, and might make off with them. For this reason, and because Pal ni rookh generally walks among the mountains, the Gilyaks take the precaution of making their offering on high ground.

When the hunting season is advanced, the snare is abandoned and another method for the capture of the sable is adopted. The native sets out with his dogs, who quickly find the tracks of the little animal, and drive it up a tree. The hunter then lets fly a blunt arrow and, if skilful, stuns his prey. With fair success he may thus take seven or eight sables in a day.

SUCCESSFUL MOTHERS.

You will always find that the mothers who are successful in bringing up families of hearty, healthy children are those who are careful to note the slightest evidence of illness and to check it at once. The wise mother gives her children Baby's Own Tablets at the first symptom of any childish ailment, and almost at once the little one is all right. Mrs. Thos. Stevenson, 13 Bishop street, Halifax, N. S., says: "It gives me pleasure to be able to speak of the great value of Baby's Own Tablets. I always give them to my children when they are ailing in any way, and they speedily make them well. I would advise every mother to keep the Tablets in the house." The Tablets allay teething irritation, cure colic and stomach troubles, prevent constipation, destroy worms, allay fevers and break up colds. They can be given safely to a new born child. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PHARMACY'S HUMOR.

Comedy and Tragedy in Ordering Prescriptions.

From funny to serious and from merely troublesome to dangerous are the mistakes made in asking for drugs. Indefiniteness of statement, carelessness in giving the order, total ignorance of what is wanted, inaccuracy in medical terms, sending of children, sending of written orders with all degrees of mispelling, misconception of terms, oftentimes reluctance to admit what the purchase is for are of such common occurrence that nine out of every ten orders, according to a prominent pharmacist, have to be supplemented or corrected, or revised, or guessed at.

In a collection of written orders, chiefly marked by illiteracy, something evidently intended for an effort at prescription form and abbreviation was often followed. For instance, liquid ammonia was written L. quid ammonia. Mercurial salve was given as Merry Corrali Sal. Certain drugs were also particularly prominent as stumbling blocks. Corrosive sublimate was rendered in many ways, among them kerosine suplime and corrosive suplement. Epsom salts was Ibsom salt and Espen saltz.

Eloquent of toothache, if not correct, was "P——'s thoot wacks," while equally suggestive of the meaning intended were "Helitrup clone," "absobine cotton," "a bellows to inject bedbug powder." "Brudder Schmidt's drops," and "please send some salts to take." Less easy to interpret, was "fall azorth," the meaning to which the druggist finally found by repeating it fast, which gives the key. An attempt was made at ipecac and boracic acid, which read: "Apelcact" and "borecet asset."

Of the mistakes generally made in asking for drugs, the confusion of "powdered licorice" with "compound licorice powder" is of frequent occurrence. Two mixtures with different uses, naphtholine and chloro naphtholeum are almost invariably requested as "something resembling naphtha."

The vaguest idea of a solution also prevails, and requests for clear boracic acid, when investigated are often made with a view to use as an eye wash. Indefiniteness oftentimes has no more serious consequences than having to refill the order by the clerk who neglects the precautionary questions. Linseed and flaxseed meal, as distinguished from linseed and flaxseed, are rarely specified until the package has been taken home, while the commonest of all purchasers is the young lady who asks, when paying for her glycerin, "Of course you put rose water into it, didn't you?"

Empty capsules are oftenest requested as "two grain quinine capsules." The vague request for chocolate tablets, of which there are over 500 kinds, some of them poisonous, is also a frequent order that can be filled only at the discretion of the druggist.

The mistakes most guarded against are those growing out of the customer attempting to give the medical form. "Bichloride of mercury" is a frequent mistake made by those intending to ask for calomel or "chloride of mercury," a mistake not without dangers, as the largest dose ever given of the former is one-half grain. Another powerful medicine was sold recently as a hair wash by a customer asking for "bi-carbonate" instead of "carbonate of potash." Chlorate of potash, one of the commonest of purchases, is seldom asked for correctly, though the mistake is less likely to do harm, as the bichlorides and chlorides generally substituted are chemicals rather than drugs.

"I told her I would love her as long as I live." "What did she say?" "She asked me if I would die for her."

SETTLERS LOW RATES WEST

Via the Chicago and North Western Railway, every day from Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th, settlers one way second class tickets at very low rates from Chicago to points in Utah, Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California, also to Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Rossland and other points in the Kootenay District. Correspondingly low rates from all points in Canada. Full particulars from nearest ticket agent or B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King Street, Toronto, Ont.

Father—"That is the sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know." Friend—"Ah! that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country."

Kidney Duty—It is the particular function of the kidneys to filter out poisons which pass through them into the blood. When the kidneys are diseased they cannot do their whole duty, and should have the help and strength that South American Kidney Cure will afford in any and all forms of kidney disorder. It relieves in 6 hours.—14

In scores of instances the Bible is the only literature of a language. Often a language is first reduced to literary form in order to produce a Bible.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

A London laborer has collected many hundreds of Union Jacks of all shapes and sizes. Every table, bed, and pillow in his house has its covering of bunting.

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—40

One of the oldest tunes in the world is said to be sung to the words, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." It is known to date back to the time of the Crusaders.

When Rheumatism doubles a man up physician and sufferer alike lose heart and often despair of a cure, but here's the exception. Wm. Pegg, of Norwood, Ont., says: "I was nearly doubled up with rheumatism. I got three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure and they cured me. It's the quickest acting medicine I ever saw."—18

A German photographer, when taking a picture of an old lady, places sheets of celluloid between the negative and the printing paper, thus producing an effect which hides the ravages of age.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN.

Port Mulgrave.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of Rngland generally contains sufficient gold in 16lb. bars to make 20,000,000 sovereigns. The Bank, which stands in three parishes, covers three acres of ground, and as the current price of land in the vicinity works out at £1,000,000 an acre, it is easy to form an idea of the money value of the home of England's wealth. The ratable value is nearly £1,000 a week. The Bank employs about 1,000 people and pays £250,000 a year in wages and £35,000 a year in pensions. There are £25,000,000 worth of notes in circulation, which have been handed over the Bank's counters.

Those Worrying Piles—One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of Blind, Bleeding, or Itching Piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents.—15

ATTAIN THEIR MAJORITY.

A unique event has recently been celebrated in Manchester, in the coming of age of the triplet sons of Mr. Edward Buck, of Burford House, Whalley Range. The three young men are all associated with their father in business in Manchester. They were born on June 27, 1883. The coming of age was celebrated at a gathering of relatives and friends from Manchester and Carlisle, held at Windemere. There were eighty guests at dinner, and the assembled aunts and uncles of the three young men presented them each with a gold chronometer.

None Left To Bother You After Using Wilson's Fly Pads

Sold Everywhere. 10 cents

ISSUE NO. 40—04.

THE POSTMASTER IS THANKFUL

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ENABLED HIM TO SLEEP IN PEACE.

Grand Work they Are Doing for Thousands of Canadians Every Year.

Tabucintac, Cumberland Co., N.B., Oct. 2.—(Special).—Mr. H. J. Lee, postmaster here, is one of the great army of Canadians who, rescued from pain and weakness by Dodd's Kidney Pills, are shouting the praises of the great Kidney Remedy.

"Yes," the postmaster says: "I want to express my thankfulness for the great benefit I have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My trouble was having to urinate too freely. I had to rise eight or ten times each night so that my rest was broken. My feet and legs also swelled. Then I got Dodd's Kidney Pills and I took six boxes all told. Now I am all right.

"It will be a comfort to me if by making my case public I can lead some other sufferer to find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Bright's Disease. They also annually bring relief to hundreds of thousands of Canadians who are bothered with earlier Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Potts—"Just to think of you talking to me in such a style. You, who used to swear I was an angel." Mr. Potts—"Look here, my dear, that isn't fair; you know it isn't. What is the use of twitting a man about the lies he told fifteen years ago?"

That Cutting Acid that arises from the stomach and almost strangles, is caused by fermentation of the food in the stomach. It is a foretaste of indigestion and dyspepsia. Take one of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets immediately after eating, and it will prevent this distress and aid digestion. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—16

Russia has more holidays per annum than any other European nation—eighty-six in all. Austria comes next with seventy-six.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Tapleigh—"Have you realised anything from that mining investment you were telling me about?" Stockleigh—"Yes I've realised the truth of the saying: 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"

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

Leather trunks for transporting clothes were made and sold in Rome as early as the time of Julius Caesar.

MOOSE HUNTING.

The finest region in Canada for the hunter who wishes to secure Moose is the Temagami region in New Ontario, and now easy of access by the Grand Trunk Railway System and North Bay. All information regarding guides, routes, rates etc., can be had on application to agents or by addressing G. T. Beel, G P. & T. A., Montreal.

"If I were asked to name whom I consider the best-dressed stateman, I think I should without hesitation say Lord Rosebery," writes a "Fashion" correspondent. "I don't think I ever saw a man's clothes fit so well as Lord Rosebtry's."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The Bishop of London states that a subscription of £5 has been sent to the fund which bears his 6lordship's name by an undertaker, as a thank offering "because trade has been so brisk of late."

Eyes and Nose Ran Water:—C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had Catarrh for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose for days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. It relieves in ten minutes." 50 cents.—17

In the past ten years the increase of population in London has been 7.3 per cent., while in Manchester it is 7.6, Liverpool 8.8, Birmingham 9.2, Bristol, 13.7, Leeds 16.7, and Sheffield 17.4.

Worry wont cure a cough. When you find a cough holding on—when everything else has failed—try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't, we'll refund your money.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. WELLS & Co. 304 LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

BRITISH SWEET EATERS.

Notable People Who Have a Sweet Tooth.

With the single exception of the King, we are told, all the members of the royal family are very fond of confectionery. The Queen's favorite is chocolate, and the Prince of Wales likes it, also, as well as fruit fracis.

As for the young princes, "they do not disdain anything in the shape of good sweeties, whether it be fondants, chocolates, butter scotch or almond paste."

One is surprised to learn that the Duchess of Westminster favors American candies, which can be obtained as well in England as in the land of her birth. The Duchess of Roxburghe, on the other hand, has a preference for caramels.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain "confines her attention, as far as sweetmeats are concerned almost entirely to chocolate, of which, it is stated, she is extremely fond."

Several members of the House of Lords have quite a weakness for confectionery. "This is particularly so with the 'ancients.' One noble lord has before now introduced a packet of bon-bons into the august assembly, where during the course of a debate, he has surreptitiously eaten it."

"In the Lower House there are at least thirty legislators of all shades of opinion, who never enter St. Stephen's without being provided with candy of some kind or other. One obscure M. P. occasionally sucks peppermint drops, a habit that is known to those who sit in his immediate vicinity."

Mr. John Burns is singled out as having a sweet tooth. Many of his Majesty's judges are partial to sweetmeats, although they do not eat them in the courts; and nearly every actress of note is a candy lover.

Imitations at best are imitations, substitutions never satisfy - Insist on having Blue Ribbon Tea.

TRADE MARK ISLAND CITY

USE— "ISLAND CITY" HOUSE AND FLOOR PAINTS

Will Dry in 8 Hours.

On Sale at all Hardware Dealers

P. D. DODS & CO., Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you good prices.

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FIBRE EDDY WARE ESTABLISHED A.D. 1861

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Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

Dominion Line Steamships

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.

Moderate Rate Service.

Second cabin passengers berthed in best accommodation on the steamer at the low rate of $40 to Liverpool, or $42.50 to London. Third class to Liverpool, London, Glasgow or Queenstown $31.00.

For all particulars apply to local agents, or DOMINION LINE OFFICES, 41 King St. E., Toronto, 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal

FEATHER DYEING

Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, 10 per oz. the best place is

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. MONTREAL.

VESSELS WITH BAD NAMES

Experience Indicates That They Will Have Bad Luck.

If one should be so bold as to characterize the superstitious sailor as silly he would at once declare that there is sufficient reason for his belief and would proceed to prove that war vessels named after stinging and venomous things have been unlucky, and that the country should not be so indifferent to the men who follow "a life on the ocean wave" as to organize a mosquito fleet.

That Snake is regarded as an unfortunate name for a vessel is shown by the fact that two of that name have been lost, one in 1781 and the other in 1847; but no vessel bearing that name is known to exist now. Serpent, which is only a substitute name for Snake, is an unlucky one also, for the one wrecked in 1892 was the fourth British war vessel of that name to meet the same fate. Viper has been an unlucky name in the British Navy. The first one was wrecked in 1780, but the Admiralty would not swerve, and so kept the name on the list, each vessel meeting its doom, and the fourth was lost only recently. The French Navy has also been unlucky with vessels so named. The Viper, used in the British service after she became a prize from the French, was lost in 1793. The second was lost a year later, the third in 1797 and the fourth was recently lost in a collission off Guernsey.

The Cobra, another British war vessel, was lost recently at the same time as the Viper. Among other vessels similarily named and which met fates other than in battle are the Rattlesnake, in 1781; the Alligator, in 1782; the Crocodile, in 1784; the Adder, in 1846; three Lizards, two Dragons and one Basilisk. All of these were of the British navy. The list could be made larger by citing the records of other navies.

The Norsemen, who were so fond of naming their vessels against the laws of superstition and using hideous heads of dragons and reptiles on their high prows, were less unfortunate, and these did not meet with frequent disasters. They did have a belief, however, that it was unlucky and a sacrilege to select such a name as did Lord Dunraven for his first yacht to challenge for the America's cup, the Valkyrie. And this belief was strengthened when she was sunk by the Satanita. The second challenger, with the same name, gave trouble, and she was broken up after only a short existence.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

The Doctor—"You have a bad cold, Mr. Jiggs. I'll give you some pills for it." Jiggs—"Oh, never mind, doctor. You can have it for nothing."

"Pinto" Shell Cordovan

Used in H.B.K. Mitts, Gloves and Moccasins—tough as whalebone, flexible, soft, pliable, scorch-proof, wind-proof, boil-proof, crack-proof, tear-proof, rip-proof, cold-proof, almost wear-proof—certainly the greatest leather ever used in mitts and gloves.

Like buckskin it is tanned without oil, unlike buckskin it is not porous, it is wind-proof—will outwear three buckskins.

"Pinto" Mitts and Gloves never crack or harden, never get sodden, are always warm, pliable, soft and comfortable.

Sold at all dealers but never without this brand:—

H.B.K. BRAND

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.

Montreal Winnipeg Dawson 2

CAT HATCHES CHICKENS.

At Buschen, near Dusseldorf, a brood of chickens has been hatched by a cat. She flew at the hen each time it ventured to approach her, and continued sitting on the eggs until the chickens were hatched in the ordinary course. They now follow the cat about wherever she goes.

Weakness From Poor Blood

Causes Feeble Action of the Bodily Organs and Brings Tired, Exhausted Feelings — The Exceptional Blood-Forming Qualities of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Enable It to Entirely Overcome Weakness of Every Form.

It may be weakness of the muscles or weakness of the nerves, weak action of the heart of feebleness of the organs of digestion, weakness of the liver, kidneys and bowels or weakness and irregularities of the organs peculiarly feminine.

Wherever located, weakness is due to poor, weak blood and can be overcome by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Because digestion is impaired or the heart action irregular you have no reason to suppose these organs are diseased in themselves. They merely lack the nerve force which is in reality the motive power of the body and its organs.

A few weeks' treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will convince you of its exceptional blood-forming and nerve-invigorating power, and by noting your increase in weight while using it you can prove that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added to the body.

Paleness, weakness, cold hands and feet, sleeplessness, irritability and low vitality soon give way to health strength and vigor when this great food cure is used.

Mrs. Alexander Buchanan, Island Brook, Compton Co., Que., writes: "My system was very much run down and I was troubled for a long time with weak stomach and dizziness. I could scarcely get about the house to attend to my work, and felt very miserable most all the time. After having used a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my condition is entirely changed and my system wonderfully built up. I can with all confidence recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to any person troubled with weak stomach or weakness of any kind."

If you would be well and live in the full enjoyment of health, restore your vitality by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.