

THE VILLAGE PRIDE

Mrs. Silvestar Dean Leveen was polishing her brass knocker. Her long, thin hands rubbed and rubbed till the little white curls on her forehead danced like street children. Yet the labor had no perceptible effect. The metal shone like light, but so it did when she began to clean it. It had shone like that yesterday and the day before, and indeed every day for 60 years. There was a smooth circle all around the knocker where her delicate hands had worn into the hard, black wood of the door. Nevertheless the old lady rubbed away just as she had done every morning since the spring of 1833, when she was brought, a bride into that house. She was the pride of Greenwich village then, and she meant to be still.

On this particular frosty morning Mrs. Leveen tarried longer than usual at her task. After the lion's head was satisfactory even to her sharp eyes she worked on. But it was evident in the glances she shot across Bink street that her attention was not given wholly to the work of her hands. Neither was it diverted to her customary inspection of the neighbors' knockers. Theirs glistened like hers, and, besides, every time she looked up her eyes turned to but one door, that of the house in front of which stood two sturdy horses and a truck.

Pretty soon the door opened and a young man in a carter's blouse came out. He saw the old lady across the street, though he pretended not to. He busied himself ostentatiously about the horse's head for a moment, and then turned back to the truck. Mrs. Leveen had seen him. She bent herself earnestly to the knocker and in a few strokes finished it off. Then she faced toward the street and fixed the truckman with her eyes till he had to look up.

"Good morning, Aunt Martha," he said as he doffed his cap.

She beckoned to him to come to her. "Good morning, Percy," she answered pleasantly as he approached her, cap in hand. "Come in a moment. I wish to speak with you."

The interview he had dreaded for weeks was upon him now. He knew from the first it was inevitable, but day after day he had put it off, omitting his usual calls on his aunt and avoiding her sight and summons. Now that she had caught him he was glad. As he followed the old lady into her parlor, comfortable sitting room he made a pitiful figure of humility, but in the meekness of his soul there was the cheerfulness of fidelity.

"Sit down, Percy," she said in the sweet toned voice he loved.

He took the chair she indicated and she seated herself in her old rocker.

"Percy, dear," she began, "is it true that I hear—you mean to marry this girl?"

"Yes, Aunt Martha. I was going to the you, but knowing as you were agin it—knowing that you would not like to have me do so—I was afraid to come to you about it."

"Don't twirl your cap, my dear. Gentlemen don't do that, you know."

He stuck his cap between his knees.

"I am sorry, Percy, you felt that way. It is my intention always to be kind and sympathetic. You should have been quite sure I would have heard your story through with understanding. Now tell me everything. She is the daughter, I am told, of a German in Hudson street."

"That's right, aunt. Her father has the biggest corner grocery over there, and she has made his pile—I mean has made money since he's been there."

"How long has he been here?"

"Going on 25 years. Oh, he's almost an old Ninth warder now. He's some in politics, and his family is right in it."

"Percy, I never knew them."

"I know, but you wouldn't. It ain't my fault. I wanted to have them all over to mother's so as you could be introduced to them."

The old lady looked as though she would answer this, but did not. She was silent a moment before she proceeded:

"So her father is a grocer?"

"Yes, like Mr. Jamison, who you like well enough."

"Mr. Jamison is a gentleman, my dear. The misfortunes of his family can never alter that. The Jamisons are of the oldest Greenwich families on both sides. He is a grocer by necessity. This person of whom we are speaking is one by choice."

"Well, Aunt Martha, it's as good as being a truckman, and better."

Mrs. Leveen winced.

"You might have been a judge like your father or a senator like your grandfather. I wanted you to enter political life."

"Politics is pretty low down these days," Percy remarked. "It ain't what it was. Besides, I tried to get an office from Mike McNamara, but he said I wouldn't do in any office where the pay was as much as the trucking pays. And I guess that's about so."

The last sentence was cheerfully spoken. Mrs. Leveen looked at her nephew's ruddy cheeks and sighed.

"I do wish, Percy," she said gently, "that you could have found someone in Greenwich. That part of Hudson street where these people live is way beyond the outskirts of the old village, out where the hog fields were till the immigrants began to settle around us."

"But what's the difference, Aunt Martha? It's all one now. There ain't no Greenwich any more; it's all just New York city. So what is the use of pretending?"

The impatience in the young man's tone amazed his aunt almost as much as the sentiment he uttered. Never before had he failed to show her respect. On the contrary, the humbleness of his demeanor had been a grievance to her; it did not become one of her own blood to manifest the same awe before her than an ordinary Ninth warder did.

The old lady straightened in her chair, the lines about her mouth stiffened, and her eyes glistened like her knocker, as she answered:

"Percy Dean! You forget to whom you are speaking. You forget yourself, sir, and your good breeding is evidently suffering from the associations you permit yourself."

Percy was frightened. The last time he had been rebuked in this temper by his aunt was when he was a boy. He meant no offense.

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Martha," he murmured.

Mrs. Leveen took her knitting from the table and worked busily at it till she was quite calm. She looked up after every few thrusts of her needle, indignantly at first, then coldly, and finally the habitual expression of kindness returned to her face.

"I dare say you are in a hurry to go to town, Percy, and I shall not detain you much longer. You may tell me something about this young—this girl. How old is she?"

"She is going on 19, Aunt Martha."

"Is she cultivated, educated? Come, Percy, tell me all about her."

"She went through the grammar school, I think, but she had to work after that. So she can't play the piano or sing, but she is a nice girl and can tell the house and cook, now that her mother's dead."

"That's right. She ought to be able to manage her husband's household. But tell me more about her. Is her voice soft, are her manners gentle, is she modest? Describe her to me, my dear. Is she pretty?"

Percy was encouraged by the few words of approval he had won.

"Aunt, she's a beauty, that's—"

"What do you say—a what?"

"I mean she's a beauty. She's got blue eyes and blond hair and the most biggest riddlest cheeks. She ain't what you would call quiet, she's more lively like. You ought to hear her laugh when we're down on the docks nigh's with the rest of the crowd. I'll bet you could hear her across river in Hoboken. And jolly! If she gets a mug as is too fresh, she can jolly him along to beat the band. But she's on the level too. She does the square thing by her old man every clip. The housework has to be done before she's in for the game. And she saves for her little sisters and brothers just as for them, and yet she does it as willing. But then she's good to everybody; always ready to help out with work when a fella's at a bind or sick or have company, and she sticks up for her own and eats and all like that. You wouldn't believe she was that way, though, to see her at a ball or dancing on excursion boats up the river. She's a good looking and a good dresser, and when she's out in full rig—well, say, she's a sight. The other fellows don't do nothing when we're out."

Percy stopped short. Mrs. Leveen had risen suddenly, and she stood erect before him, tall and white and proud.

"Why, Aunt Martha!" he exclaimed.

"That is enough, Percy. Thank you. I see I have been wrong, all wrong in this matter from the first. You shall have your way for it is right. I consent."

"Oh, Aunt Martha," he cried, springing up and seizing her hand to kiss, "I am so glad! But I knew you would after hearing about her. And, say, aunt, you ought to see her once. You couldn't help but like her and admire her. Everyone in the ward does. Why, do you know what they call her, the men down at the Grapeville? The way you looked then made me think of it. They call her the pride of Greenwich village."—J. Lincoln Steffens in New York Post.

CATARRH CONQUERED.

IT IS A BLOOD DISEASE. PROOF POSITIVE THAT RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE THOROUGHLY ERADICATES THIS WIDESPREAD DISEASE.

Of all the diseases that have been exploited by charlatans and quacks Catarrh is one that has received more than its share of attention.

Snuffs, sprays, douches, inhalations, etc., have all had their day, and after their use the Catarrh has remained as bad as before, so that now many sufferers have become convinced that they are possessed of an incurable affection that must remain with them to their dying day, sapping their strength and rendering their miserable and disgusting to their friends.

Let's tell you that Ryckman's Kootenay Cure gets at Catarrh through the blood. It destroys the germ that is the immediate cause of the trouble and sends rich pure blood to the part, so that all offensive discharges cease and a rapid cure is effected.

Here's a case in point, Mr. W. G. Cox, who conducts a flour and feed store at 374 King Street West, Hamilton, was troubled with Catarrh for ten years, tried nearly all the catarrh remedies advertised without success till he began taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. He says the results have exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

Mrs. Margaret Sovereign, living at 376 King Street, in the same city, under oath makes a declaration to the effect that her daughter Lulu, aged 14, was troubled with Catarrh for two years and had poor health. The doctor said she had inflammation of the lungs and Catarrh. She became so run down that until she commenced taking Kootenay her mother was alarmed about her. After she had taken a bottle and a half of this wonderful remedy and the "new ingredient" had a chance to get in its work, the Catarrh disappeared, her cheeks became rosy and she gained eleven pounds. These cases ought to be enough to convince the most sceptical, but if you are desirous of more proof, send to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont., and sworn statements of cures will be sent you free.

One bottle lasts over a month.

The Young Wife's Grievance.

"That word 'communist,' my dear," observed the young husband, correcting her, "has the accent on the first syllable."

"How do you know?"

"The dictionary says so."

"I never saw a man as prejudiced in favor of dictionaries as you are!" exclaimed the young wife. "I wish you had married a dictionary."—Chicago Tribune.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

TELLS A STORY OF YEARS OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.

Doctors Utterly Failed to Help Her and Morphine was Continually Resorted to—Became so Weak She Could Scarcely Perform Her Household Duties.

From the Beaver, Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Stone have been residents of the township of Ernestown, about ten miles east of Napanee, for a period of about three years, and in that time have gained the esteem of all their neighbors. For six years previous to this time they had lived in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, and it was during their residence there that Mrs. Stone was attacked with an illness that made her life miserable for years. To a reporter who recently interviewed her she told the following story: "During the early part of our residence in Colorado, my illness first came on. At the outset every two or three weeks I would be attacked with a pain in my stomach. Later on it greatly increased in severity, and at times was so bad that I would scream aloud with the pain. A doctor was called in, but the only benefit I ever received from his treatment was



through the injection of morphine into my arm, as a result of which the pain would gradually pass away. The morphine which was given, however, had not the slightest effect, and the doctor appeared to be greatly perplexed, and thereafter continually resorted to injections of morphine whenever my attack came on. These attacks continued at intervals until our return to Canada, when they increased in frequency and intensity. The result was that I grew very weak, and my whole system appeared to be giving out. My complexion turned a yellowish hue, and I had little or no appetite. Latterly I would be attacked with fainting spells, preceded by a tacking of dizziness. I became utterly unable to stand fatigue, and could with the greatest difficulty perform my household duties. A doctor was called in who treated me for some time without benefiting me any. Then he gave me what I know to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had used two boxes I felt somewhat better. I then purchased the pills myself and continued the treatment. I found that the pain was gradually decreasing. I could get rest and sleep at night, which had hitherto been almost impossible. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for several months, and the result is that they have effected a complete cure, and I am now enjoying the best of health. I can assure you it is a great relief to be free from the trouble that made my life miserable for so many years and I have to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for succeeding when doctors have failed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AGE AND CLIMATE.

Figures Indicating That People Live Longer in Temperate Climates.

During 1896 the death of 188 persons over 90 years of age—fourteen of them being over 100—was recorded in Great Britain and Ireland. It is a somewhat curious circumstance that the average longevity is greater in Scotland than it is in England and greater in Ireland than in Scotland, the birth rate being largest in

England and least in Ireland. Of a thousand persons, men, women, and children, resident in England, the average number over 60 years of age is 72, or somewhat more than 7 per cent. In Scotland the proportion over 60 years of age is 7.7 per cent., and in Ireland it is 10.5 per cent.

Ireland stands second to France as regards the longevity of its inhabitants, the proportion of men and women in France over sixty years old being by the last census 12.7 per cent, 127 of each 1,000 of population. The official figures of the census report show that longevity is, to a considerable extent, regulated by climate, that is, in countries within the temperate zone, the duration of life is greater than in warmer or semi-tropical countries. The average number of persons over sixty years old in 1,000 inhabitants in the United Kingdom is 77, and in the German empire, the climate of which is similar, it is the same. In Holland it is also 77; in Denmark 84; in Sweden 88, and in Norway 90. In Russia the longevity of the inhabitants is greatest in the northern provinces and lowest in the southern ones. The average of European countries in the north temperate zone, England, Germany, and Holland—78 a thousand—falls to 71 in Austria and in Portugal. In Spain, where the climate is generally milder than in Portugal, the number of persons over 60 years of age in a thousand is 58 only, and in Greece it is 56. In the East Indies, as far as there are any authentic figures, the average is only 49 in a thousand inhabitants. In South America the average is about 50, though there are, of course, many exceptional cases.

The United States do not stand very high in respect of elderly persons. The duration of human life is longest usually in old, and least in new, countries.

MANITOBA MENTION.

Miami, Man.

The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen,—I got a box of your Kidney Pills from the Miami Drug Store, determining to give them a chance to cure me of the kidney complaint, from which I have suffered for some time, and which has become so badly latterly that I could scarcely endure it. I may say that it resulted from a fall which I received a few months back. After using several kidney pills and cures of different kinds, but without receiving any benefit, therefore I am pleased to testify to the great benefit I have received from Doan's Kidney Pills. I have used only one box up to this date, and the change in my condition is so great that I cannot refrain from recommending them to any person afflicted as I have been, or troubled with any kidney disorder. I believe that if they would cure me they would cure any case. I will be able to resume my farm work now, as usual, and it is not the lightest work either. I am, sirs,

Yours gratefully,
ALEXANDER FRASER.
Miami, Man.

Laxa Liver Pills cures constipation, biliousness, and sick headache; 25c.

Crippled by Dialect.

First Deaf Mute (speaking by fingers signs, sympathetically)—"How did you sprain your wrist?"

Second Deaf Mute (with one hand)—"I was reading Scotch dialect aloud."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Right in the face

of all these old prejudices and false ideas in favor of soap, see what Pearline has done.

Hundreds of millions of packages have been used! That shows it.

Probably there never was another household article that came into general use so rapidly, so wonderfully, and from the very start, too.

You see, women were ready for it. Most of them were tired to death of wasting their time and strength and money with needless and ruinous rubbing. It hasn't taken them

long to prove to themselves that Pearline is easiest, quickest, safest, most economical, in all washing and cleaning. Every woman can prove it.

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Willsons NOW Pearline

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WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

Start wash day with good soap, pure soap; that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP

is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.

It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name. SURPRISE.



POISONED BLOOD

Dreadful Death-Draught Comes from Diseased Kidneys.

When Uric Acid Flows in the Veins, Life looks out of Darkened Windows, expecting soon the Close of Day.

The fashionable Italian poison of the XVI century was *Aqua Torfana*. It was used by the medics and all the first families of Rome, Genoa, and Naples. In five years historians tell us, over 600 wives used it to make windows of themselves.

In these modern days a more terrible and more prevalent poison is decimating the human family, and men have asked in vain for an antidote. It is the uric poisoning of the blood, caused by diseased kidneys. The poison which these useful organs should filter from the blood, is allowed to remain in the circulation and courses through the body, like

"Accursed Hebenon... whose effect Holds such an enmity with blood of man, That with a sudden vigor it doth posset and curd Like eager droppings into milk, The thin and wholesome blood."

To day there is a remedy. Science has discovered a sure cure. All may have and apply it. It is sold under the name of DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

It is a specific for all Kidney ailments. It cures by restoring the Kidneys, so that they properly perform their natural functions. It is the only known cure for Diabetes, and Bright's Disease. For sale by druggists everywhere, and the Dodd's Medicine Co., Ltd., Toronto Ont.

MR. VERNON BROMLEY, Trenton, Ont., says:—"For a number of years have suffered severely from Rheumatism and Sciatica. Was induced to procure a half dozen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills which I have used, and from being a cripple I am a well man."

MR. THOS. HARRISON, ST. MARY'S, N. B., says:—"In spite of all other treatment I suffered for nearly a year with Stone of the Bladder. I was relieved by passing the same, after using one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and completely cured by a few boxes."

MR. WM. McEVELLY, 275 Friel St., Ottawa, says:—"Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills have worked a wonderful cure in my case. Had been laid up with kidney trouble for months."

G. B. CONES, Orillia, Ont., says:—"I most cheerfully testify that five boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pill have cured me of Diabetes from which I suffered two years."

CLOSE CROPPING.

Why an English Justice is Mistaken for a Fugilist.

Sir Henry Hawkins, one of the justices of the English bench, wears his hair very short—the prize-fighter's cut—and is clean shaven. On two occasions this habit has led to Her Majesty's judge being mistaken for a member of the class to be shunned.

Sir Henry was once waiting to take his ticket at the Epsom Railway Station, at which there were a number of roughs returning from the races. One of them was rude to the judge, who remonstrated with him, whereupon the man invited him to go outside and have "what for." Sir Henry then took off his hat, thinking that, as the men were probably of the criminal classes, they would recognize him, and quietly remarked:

"Perhaps you do not know who I am."

"Selp me, Bob," his assailant said, edging off. "A bloomin' prize-fighter, Not me, and the judge was not further molested."

On another occasion Sir Henry, out on a ramble between assizes with a companion stopped at a wayside inn and they were soon hard at skittles with two rustics. Things went on pleasantly until, in an unguarded moment, the judge removed his moleskin cap. Thereupon one of the rustics, eying him suspiciously, said, "I don't mind being neighborly, but I'll be hanged if I'm goin' to play skittles with a ticket-of-leave man."

Sir Henry Jolly De Lotbiniere's Son.

Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere's son, Edmond G. Joly de Lotbiniere, advocate, Quebec, has written to the author of the new preparation for toothache, healing wounds, and removing pain, saying, "Pheno-Banum" or "Quickcure" has always relieved the pain instantly and I will never be without it."