

THE CHARMER'S VOICE.

“Upon my word it's too bad!” exclaimed Mr. Mainwaring, as having wished everybody good-morning he sat down to the breakfast table, and proceeded before commencing that meal, to glance through his letters according to custom. “It really is too bad!” he repeated, crimsoning with indignation, and giving an angry stamp of his foot, in so doing treading on the foot of Jumbo, his wife's pet pug, and causing that much-pampered animal to give utterance to a loud yell, and retreat further under the table to the shelter of his mistress's petticoats.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Mainwaring, pausing in the act of pouring out the squire's coffee, “what is the matter now? Nothing wrong with sunbeam's little foal, I trust.”

“No, thanks, my dear, not so bad as that,” answered her husband, “but quite bad enough, in all conscience. It's that dreadful Wilder, at the Lea farm, again. I wish to goodness he had never come near the place, with all my heart.”

“Horrid man,” agreed Mrs. Mainwaring. “I can't bear the sight of him. What has he done now, dear?”

“Done?” exclaimed her husband. “Why, stuck up barbed wire all over his farm, to be sure, and refuses to remove it on any pretense whatever, so Higgins writes me word.”

“Here we have the bounds coming here on Thursday, and they find in Nighthale wood, as they are perfectly certain to do, for I know for a fact: there are two or three foxes there, they are equally certain to run right across his land, and a pretty kettle of fish will be the result.”

“Halt the bounds maimed, and men and horses tumbling about in every direction.”

“Oh! I can't bear the thought of it!”

“I shall simply have to ask Hartopp not to draw there, and a pretty fool I shall look. I really don't know what to do about it.”

“Why not go and see the man yourself, and try and bring him to reason?” suggested his wife. Surely, my dear, he would listen to you.”

“Listen to me?” ejaculated the squire. “Not he. Besides, I know perfectly well what would be the result. He would meet my arguments with some of his republican sentiments, and I should lose my temper and make a fool of myself.”

“Well, sighed his wife, “it's a very great pity, I'm sure. I only wish I knew what was best to be done. But never mind now dear,” she added, soothingly, “get on with your breakfast, and then afterward you can speak to Higgins again on the subject, and perhaps you will be able to devise some plan between you for bringing this horrid man Wilder to reason.”

“And, pray, who may this horrid man Wilder be?” inquired a young and pretty girl, who at this juncture entered the room and sat herself down at the breakfast table, after kissing both Mr. Mainwaring and his wife lovingly and wishing them good-morning.

“The squire looked affectionately into the fair questioner's face ere he answered her. “Don't ask me, Gladys,” said he laughing; “don't ask if you love me. He has already spoiled my breakfast for me, and I feel perfectly certain that were I to tell you all about him he would spoil yours, and that would be a great pity, eh, my pretty niece?”

“It would, indeed,” retorted the girl, “for I have such an appetite as ever was. Joking apart, though, I am really curious, Uncle William,” she continued, “so I will compromise with you—eat my breakfast first and you shall tell me afterward. Don't you think that a very fair arrangement, sir?”

As for the squire, he was perfectly helpless without her, and Miss Gladys was his constant companion wherever he went.

He declared she was a better judge of stock than his bailiff himself, and as for her knowledge of horse-flesh, who was there about the place who could compete with her? And how she rode too! Many and many a time, when accompanying his niece in her rides, did her uncle regret that his salad days were over, and that he was no longer able to pilot her over this place and that, instead of looking on from the broad back of his favorite cob while she larked about at her own free will, for she was uncommonly fond of riding over a country, was Miss Gladys.

As her groom said, “The fence was never made yet that could stop his young lady when the hounds were running.”

True to his promise, after breakfast the squire unbosomed himself to his niece with regard to his refractory tenant at the Lea farm—the only farm, by the way, my dear,” he added, “where I have not introduced you, for the very good reason why because I have such a strong personal dislike to its tenant. I even avoid shooting over the place as much as possible, because I can't bear the sight of the fellow. Just fancy, my dear, afraid even to walk over my own property—my own property, forsooth. Nasty, cantankerous wretch!” wound up the squire in his wrath. I wish somebody would knock him on the head. I do, indeed!”

“Pie, for shame, sir!” exclaimed his niece, laughing, putting her pretty hand over his mouth as she spoke.

“And his name is Wilder?” she continued, “and I knew such a dear old man of that name years ago—he was one of poor papa's tenants, indeed.”

“I wonder now,” she mused, “could it be the same man? He left to go to Australia, so I understood—for I was only a little girl at the time. And we were such friends too!”

“Uncle,” exclaimed the girl, a flush of excitement coming over her face, “if you don't mind I will ride over this morning and see for myself.”

“It is the same man—and I have a very great idea it is, do you know—I will undertake that every bit of that horrid wire fence is taken down between us and to

morrow morning. Say, I will even have a bet with you on the subject. Come, sir, what odds will you give me?”

“I won't bet. I utterly decline to bet, you little gambler,” returned her laughing uncle, “for I hate losing money. I believe it's a real good thing for you, too, you minx, you,” he added, pulling her ear, “for now I come to think of it I believe I did hear that this objectionable tenant of mine had been in Australia before he came down here to sit upon my shoulders like the old man of the sea.”

The squire agreed at once to the terms, as indeed, he would have to anything proposed by his favorite niece.

The only child of his one sister, lately dead, Gladys Onslow had taken up her permanent abode at Charlton Towers only three weeks ago, during which short period she had managed to convert every individual member of the establishment into being her devoted slave, including her uncle and aunt, who, childless as they were, quite looked upon her as their daughter.

“Don't say another word, dear uncle,” cried Miss Gladys. “I haven't my betting book about me, so I seal the bargain with this kiss (suiting the action to the word), and now I'm off to put my habit on and order my horse.”

“Good-by, dear, we shall meet again—not on the Rialto, but at luncheon,” and bestowing another kiss on the enraptured old gentleman the lively girl rushed from the room.

II.

The stable clock was just striking half-past one simultaneously with the rumbling of the gong announcing the fact that luncheon was ready, as Gladys Onslow with her attendant groom came cantering through the park.

The squire, who had been waiting for her for the last half hour, seized a hat and rushed hastily out into the stable yard, where he knew she would dismount, to

only humor him a little—as you must in future, uncle, if only for my sake.”

“Well wonders will never cease, that's very certain,” said her uncle; “and how on earth you manage it,” he continued, “I can't for the life of me imagine.”

“I will tell you,” said Miss Gladys. “Arrived at the ogre's castle, having carefully kept to the sides of the footpath all the way, partly from diplomacy, partly because I did not want either Brilliant or myself to be annoyed by barbed wire, I acquired of the maid servant who came to the door if Mr. Wilder was at home. He was round in the straw yard, she said, and she would go and fetch him if I would wait a moment.”

“I waited accordingly, and presently the ogre appeared. ‘How do you do, Mr. Wilder?’ I said. ‘Your servant, miss,’ answered he, his grim features relaxing a little, I fancied, as he looked me over. ‘You don't recollect me, I see,’ said I, ‘but you and I are very old friends for all that, Mr. Wilder.’ ‘Old friends! Why who be ‘ee, then, in the name o' fortin?’ he replied, looking at me so hard, oh! so hard, uncle. ‘Have you quite forgotten little Gladys Onslow, who you used to be so kind to when you lived at Hazeldean farm down in Warwickshire?’ ‘Forgotten? No!’ he almost roared, ‘and never shall that's more! And you're her? Coom off your horse this instant, my pretty and into the house and have a talk with me over old times.’ Oh, uncle the poor old man, do you know, was so pleased. When I got off my horse and when he held out his hand and I re: only took it, but gave him a kiss into the bargain he actually shed tears he did indeed. Well, I went in and had a glass of milk, and we had such a talk of old times as never was.

And when we had finished I told him what I had come about. He listened attentively, and then he said, ‘And do you want the stuff—the darned

stuff, he called it, uncle down, do ee, my dear?’ I replied that it certainly would please me very much, and you and everybody else as well. ‘Don't say another word,’ he exclaimed, ‘every bit of it shall be off my farm before night fall. I only wish you had got something harder to ask me.’

“There uncle,” wound up Gladys, “that's how it was done, as the conjurers say. Now, tell me what you think of my talents as a diplomatist, and above all, your opinion of my dear old friend, John Wilder.”

“My dear,” replied the squire, kissing his niece, “I think you ought to be a prime minister at least, and as for your friend John Wilder; my opinion of him is altogether altered. We'll both of us ride over and see him again this very afternoon, and I'll thank him myself.”

“And now,” said her uncle, rubbing his hands, “which is it to be, Gladys, a new hunter or a diamond bracelet?”—Chicago Chronicle.

“MY STANDBY.”

THAT'S HOW MRS. A. WILSON, TORONTO, DESIGNATES KOOTENAY CURE.

It's a good thing for people getting up in years to know of some remedy they can rely on that will be their “Standby” in the hour of sickness, and when disease overtakes them.

Mrs. Wilson is a lady 68 years of age, residing at 125 John St. Like many another person, advanced in life, an attack of Grippe, which she had five years ago, left her in a bad condition. She tells, under oath, that she had the doctor attend her, but found her kidneys were badly affected, and the cords of her neck had grown stiff. While in this condition she began taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, and she declares that she never had any thing before that seemed to hit the right place. She says it has cured her, and is now her standby. It has toned up her constitution, given her a relish for food, and made her feel better in every way.

Full particulars of this and hundreds of other cases sent free by addressing The S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont. Chart book free on application.

How Much Did the Merchant Lose? A man purchased a hat for \$5 and handed the merchant a \$50 bill to pay for it; the merchant being unable to change it sent it to a broker, got it changed and then gave the man who bought the hat \$45. The broker, after the purchaser of the hat had gone, discovered the bill to be counterfeit, and therefore returned it to the merchant and received \$50 good money. How much did the merchant lose by the operation.—New England Homestead.

INSOMNIA. Three Months Without Sleep—Wasted in Flesh and Given Up to Die. But the Great South American Nervine Soothes to Rest With One Dose and Effects a Rapid and Permanent Cure.

Mrs. White, of Mono Township, Beaver-ton, P. Q., was dangerously ill from nervous trouble. She was so nervous that she had not slept a night for three months. She was so low that her friends despaired of her recovery, in fact, had given her up to die. She was persuaded to try South American Nervine. Her relief was so instantaneous that after taking one dose she slept soundly all night. She persisted in the use of this great cure and gained in health rapidly, so that now there is not a sign of the nervousness, and she feels she is entirely cured. If you doubt it, write and ask her.

RUSSIA'S PICKPOCKETS. Sample of Their Swiftness and Cleverness Illustrated.

One day, while dining together, the French ambassador and a grand duke of Russia were discussing the cleverness of the pickpockets of their respective countries.

The grand duke claimed that the Russian pickpocket was the most skillful. Seeing the ambassador incredulous, he told him he would, without knowing it, be relieved of his watch before leaving the table.

He then telephoned to the head of the police to send at once the cleverest pickpocket he could lay his hands on.

The man came and was put into livery, and was told to wait at table with the other



TIRED?
OH, NO.

This soap

SURPRISE

greatly lessens the work
It's pure soap, lathers freely,
rubbing easy does the work.
The clothes come out sweet
and white without injury to the fabrics
SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

MUST BE DISSOLVED.

Kidney Diseases Can Only be Cured by a Remedy Which is in Liquid Form—Common Sense of Science.

For a disordered stomach, pills and powders are not without effect, but when these same remedies are said to cure kidney disease the common sense of science rebukes the claim. This insidious and growing disease will not be driven from the system unless a medicine is given that will dissolve the hard substance—uric acid and oxalate of lime—that give rise to the distress and pain that is common to all who suffer from kidney complaint. South American Kidney Cure is a kidney specific. It dissolves these hard substances, and while it dissolves it also heals. The cures affected leave no question of its merit.

servants. He was to give the grand duke a sign directly he had done the trick.

But this was not given very soon, for the ambassador was very wary, and always kept on the alert, and held his hand on his fob, even when conversing with the most distinguished guests.

At last the grand duke received the pre-concerted signal. He at once requested the ambassador to tell him the time. The latter triumphantly put his hand to his pocket and pulled out a potato instead of his watch.

To conceal his feelings he would take a pinch of snuff—his snuff box was gone. Then he missed his ring from his finger, and his gold toothpick, which he had been holding in his hand in its little case.

Amid the hilarity of the guests the sham lackey was requested to restore the articles but the grand duke's merriment was changed to alarm and surprise when the thief produced two watches, two rings, two snuff boxes, etc.

His imperial highness then made the discovery that he himself had been robbed at the same time that the French ambassador had been despoiled so craftily.—Harper's Round Table.

DROPPED DEAD!

Suddenly Stricken Down by Heart Disease.

A sad and sudden death occurred to a well known citizen on one of the leading streets this morning.

Nearly every large city paper contains daily some such heading. The number of deaths from heart failure is very large, but it is only when they occur in some public and sensational manner that general attention is drawn to them.

Palpitation and fluttering of the heart are common complaints. With the heart itself there is nothing radically wrong. But the system is disorganized, the kidneys and liver are out of order, and the stomach is not in condition to do its work properly. Between them all, they throw too much responsibility on the heart, and the latter is unable to stand the strain.

A box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at a cost of 25 cents will regulate the system, purify the blood and make a new person of every sickly man, woman or child.

Dr. Chase's Liver-Kidney Pills may be had from the manufacturers, Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. One pill a dose, one cent a dose.

Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine is for colds. Largest bottle on the market; only 25 cents.

Choosing a Novel.

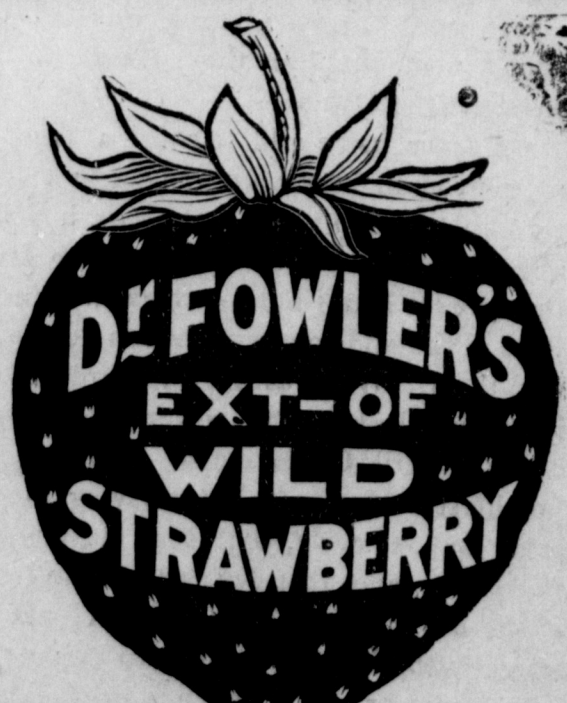
A writer in Clips lets out a secret regarding the way in which some young women judge novels.

In a street car two girls were talking of what they read.

“Oh, I choose a novel easily enough,” said one. “I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and sadly dropping over one or two lonely graves, I don't have it; but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin, I know it's all right.”

Ethel's Caution to Dolly.

Three year old Ethel had been punished by her mamma for some slight delinquency by having her little hands mildly slapped. After the resultant tears had been dried, Ethel put her ear to her doll's lips, as though listening to something the doll had to say, and then said, in a rebuking tone: “No, Dolly, you must not say that mamma is naughty for punishing me.”



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