

A cordial note.

He who with bold and skillful hand sweeps o'er  
The organ keys of some cathedral pile,  
Flooding with music vaults, and nave, and aisle,  
Though on his ear falls but a thunderous roar;  
In the composer's lofty motive free,  
Knows well that all the temple vast and dim,  
Thrills to its base with anthem, psalm and hymn.  
True to the changeless laws of harmony.

So he who on these changing chords of life,  
With firm sweet touch plays the Great Master's  
score  
Of truth, and love, and duty evermore,  
Knowest, too, that far beyond this roar and strife,  
Though he may never hear, in the true time,  
These notes must all accord in symphonies sublime.  
—Anne L. Rotta.

## An Unfortunate Likeness.

The friendship that existed between Tommy Simpson and Bob Scatterly was a trifle one-sided. Figuratively speaking, Tommy Simpson prostrated himself at Bob Scatterly's feet, and allowed the latter to trample upon him, which he, Scatterly, did without the slightest compunction.

They were both young men, Simpson being the elder by a couple of years, and they both worked in the big drapery establishment of Messrs. Trickett & Chiffon. Simpson was a weak-kneed, under-sized little fellow, with light hair, no eye brows to speak of and a nervous manner. His hero was of a very different type. Hewes sturdy and thick-set, and impudence lurked in the corners of his little blue eyes. In his own estimation he was a deuced smart fellow, don'tcherknow; up to snuff and a pinch or two over, etc.

Little Simpson had that admiration for him which a junior often has for the captain of his school, and he constituted himself his 'ag'—did his errands, posted his letters and lent him money. They spent their holidays together, appearing for a week at the seaside in yachting caps and peajackets. No one, however, mistook them for sailors. On Sundays, they walked in the park, smoked cigarettes and passed remarks on the girls.

Now, had anyone told Tommy that the day would dawn when he and Bob would pass each other in the street without so much as a nod, he would have scouted the idea with scorn.

Yet so it came to pass. The cause, of course, was a girl. Her name was Sally—Sally Lowe—and she was employed in the millinery department. She was an attractive damsel—a blonde, small and graceful, with a creamy complexion, a fondness for flirting.

All the young men at Trickett & Chiffon's became her slave, and risked their situations in reckless fashion by attempting to exchange sentimental nothings with her during business hours. When old Trickett reproved her for carelessness they shook their fists at his broad back and said it was a shame.

Like their fellows, the two friends fell victims to the little milliner's charms. Tommy's passion was a secret one. He would, indeed, have liked to confide with his friend but he was afraid the latter might treat his confession with ridicule; again, his passion was quite hopeless. Sally laughed quite openly at him.

On the other hand she smiled graciously upon Bob, who wooed her with a boldness that soon won her fickle heart.

In a word they became engaged. 'She's a nice little thing, is Sally,' he observed condescendingly, when he communicated the intelligence to his henchman; 'it's a pity she hasn't a bit of money. I'd always made up my mind to marry a girl with money.'

'Her face is her fortune, Bob the miserable Mr Simpson murmured sentimentally.

'Ye-es; but her face wont stock us a shop in the High street. I'm a go-ahead chap, Tommy, and it'd only a bit of tin I'd leave old Trickett tomorrow and start on my own.'

His friend was silent. He, too, had had these dreams; he, too, had thought of a little shop, with Sally and himself snugly ensconced therein.

One Sunday evening, when Tommy was turning out for his now lonely stroll, an arm was thrust familiarly through his.

That arm belonged to Mr. Scatterly. 'I'm off duty for an hour or two,' he explained, in answer to his friend's look of inquiry. 'Sally's gone to church with her married sister. Come along for a walk in the park; I want to have a bit of a talk with you.'

Ten minutes later they were sitting on a bench by the miniature lake, watching the children feed the swans. Mr. Scatterly pushed his hat from his brow, toyed with his cigarette, and dug little holes in the gravel with his malice.

His companion saw that something was troubling him. 'Nothing wrong, is there, Bobby, old man?' he said at length.

'Why, no—not exactly what you might call wrong,' Mr. Scatterly replied slowly; 'but the fact is Tommy, old pal, I'm in a bit of a fix.'

Mr. Simpson sucked the head of his stick. His hero had often been in a bit of a fix before, and they generally came rather expensive to Tommy.

'It's about Sally,' his friend went on. 'You see my people are always telling me I'm throwing myself away. She's a nice girl—a very nice girl, but she ain't exactly in our walk of life, and her people—well we've had them to tea and their manners are awful!'

'One can't have everything,' Mr. Simpson remarked, relieved to find that no call was made on his slender purse; 'and I'm sure Sally—'

'Oh, Sally's all right! She'd pass as a lady anywhere. There's only one thing she's short of, and that is a bit of cash. As I've said before, I'd always made up my mind to marry money until I met her. I'm a practical sort of a chap. There's no blooming sentiment about me, I like a girl with expectations, or a snug little fortune in railways or gasworks. Beauty ain't everything. I'm just beginning to find out.'

'You—don't mean to say you're thinking of breaking with Sally—with Miss Lowe?' Mr Simpson asked, in a tremor of agitation.

'Thomas, you've hit,' Mr. Scatterly said. 'That's just what I am thinking of.'

'But—but why?' 'Don't you exult yourself, old man. You keep your hair on and listen to me. I didn't tell you that while my sister Polly was up in Cumberland she made friends with a Miss McKenzie; I didn't tell you either that Miss McKenzie's a bit of an heiress in her way. She lives with an aunt, and this aunt was in the Barley railway accident last year, and got £2,000 damages. Well, Polly chums up with her, as girls will, writes to her, and asks her over on a visit, and she's coming on Saturday.'

'Coming on Saturday, is she?' repeated the bewildered Mr. Simpson.

'Yes, and I'm going to have a cut at the old lady's two thousand.'

'But—what about Sally?' 'Why, I mean to have a split with Sally! Oh, I've got it all fixed up! I mean to do it gently, in a way that'll never make her suspect the real facts of the case, and you must help me.'

'Me?' 'Yes.'

'But I don't quite see—'

'You soon will,' responded his friend—'you soon will. You see, it's our Polly's birthday next week, and we're having a little party in the evening. Sally's coming, and one or two other girls; and Miss McKenzie'll be there of course.'

'Now my little game is this. I shall pretend to be vexed with Sally, and flirt with Miss McK. Naturally this'll make Sally jealous, for she's a girl of spirit, and she'll try to pay me out by flirting with someone else—with you. Then we shall have a row. I shall refuse to admit myself in the wrong, so will she. There will be a coolness between us, and we shall gradually drift apart. What d'ye think of it, eh?'

Half a dozen young ladies in their Sunday frocks and their hair delicately curled, sat in Mrs. Scatterly's front parlor, looking at the family albums and sustaining an intermittent conversation with half a dozen young men in black coats and white ties, who might have been happy had they known what to do with their hands.

Miss Lowe, looking her best in a white blouse and a blue skirt, sat on the sofa waiting for Bob, who had not yet appeared. Miss Lowe assumed an air of distinct patronage toward her less fortunate companions, and when her lover at length entered she smiled confidently. He, however, went straight to the heiress—a red-haired girl, with a lace spotted with many freckles, and in no way remarkable for beauty.

He devoted himself to her until tea was announced, and then he gave her his arm in his most engaging manner.

The fair Sally fumed with anger and poor Tommy, who was allotted to her, found his position anything but enviable. Although he exerted himself to his utmost to shine, his partner paid little heed to his efforts, her attention being concentrated on her lover, who was constantly laughing and whispering with Miss McKenzie.

After tea there was singing. Miss McKenzie played, and Bob turned her music for her. Then there were games, and in every one he chose her for his partner.

Sally noted all this with rising temper. She was not capable of any strong emotions, for she had frittered away her heart in endless flirtations. Nevertheless, she bit her lip ominously.

'I can't think what the matter with Bob,' she remarked at last as if half to herself. Tommy was silent. It wrung his heart to see her suffer.

He's not spoken to me once to night,' she went on. 'Do you know what's the matter with him, Mr. Simpson?'

'Me, N. no,' Tommy stammered, coloring guiltily.

Sally tossed her head. 'Well, I'm sure I don't care,' she said. 'I didn't know he was so fond of red hair and freckles before. Funny taste some people have. However, I'm not going to bother myself, and I'll let him see it, too.'

She was as good as her word. From that moment she was a changed girl. Her ill-temper was flung aside. She laughed and chattered in the gayest fashion. She rallied Mr. Simpson on his quietness and encouraged him to talk; in a word, she flirted openly with him, and sent him into the seventh heaven of delight.

A few days later a young man, wearing a light suit of a large check pattern, and carrying a Gladstone bag, containing among other things, a complete nautical costume, took a ticket from London to Margate. The young man was of the 'loud' type. He puffed a rank cigar with 'swagger' air, and joked affably with the porters.

The evening following the same young man came back to town. Yet was it the same? He had lost his 'swagger' air. His head drooped dejectedly. He no longer joked with the porters, and he let another passenger jostle him with lamby-like meekness.

In the street he ran against a little man with a portmanteau who was hurrying to the station. The little man apologized,

though he was in no way to blame, and then uttered a startled exclamation.

'Why, Bob!' he cried, 'I thought you were at Margate?'

The young man—whose name, by the bye, was Scatterly—betrayed symptoms of discomposure. 'I—I've come back rather unexpectedly,' he said.

'There's—there's nothing wrong, is there?' the little man—whose name was Simpson—inquired anxiously.

'Yes, there is his friend answered frankly. 'Come along, and I'll tell you all about it.'

The two went into the adjoining hotel. 'Tommy,' said Mr. Scatterly, in the privacy of the deserted smoking-room, it's all off! The old woman wouldn't take to me at any price. She said it Lizzie married me she wouldn't leave her a sixpence. And all because I'm like a young man she knew who married a girl for her money, and then left her! She says she's sure I should do the same to Lizzie.'

Mr. Simpson's nervousness had increased to an alarming degree. He was pale, and the beads of moisture stood on his brow.

'I—I'm very sorry, Bob,' he murmured. 'But I shall make it up with Sally again now,' Mr. Scatterly remarked.

The little man sprang to his feet. 'What's the matter with you?' his companion demanded testily.

He might well ask; Mr. Simpson's manner was extremely strange.

'I've something to tell you, Bob,' he stammered, edging toward the door.

'Well, out with it!' Mr. Scatterly retorted, impatiently.

'It's—it's about Miss Lowe—about Sally, Mr. Simpson went on, his hand grasping the door.

'What about her?' 'What? Why she's—she's my Sally now.'

'Your—'

'Yes. While you were away we made it up, and we were married this morning at the registry office. She's waiting at the station for me now. We're off on our honeymoon.'

Then Mr. Scatterly was alone.—John W. Maynard in Answers.

Read this Testimony.

Dr. Ed. Morin & Co., Quebec.

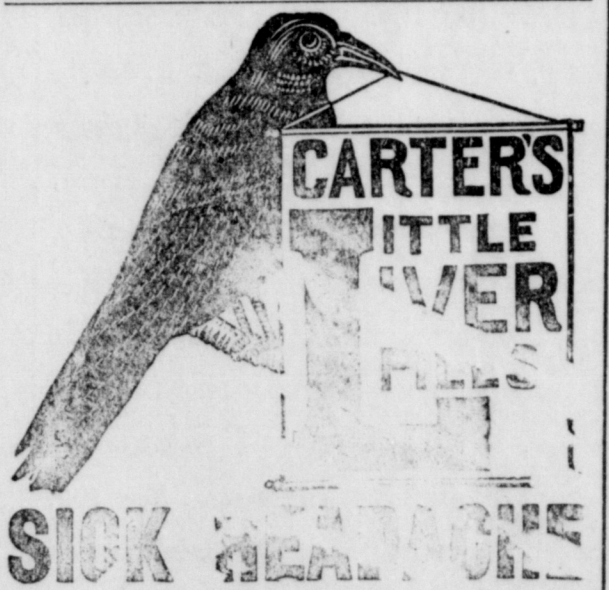
Sirs,—It is my duty to tell you of the result which I obtained from your Morin's Creso-Phates Wine in my sickness. I was suffering for a long time with a chronic bronchitis which was tiring me by coughing and being oppressed and would have certainly resulted fatally before long, when some one recommended me this Wine made of Cresosote. Although for a long time I was tired of using all sorts of remedies without avail, I decided to buy a bottle which did me a great deal of good. Encouraged by this, I got two more bottles which completed my cure. Since that time I always keep this Wine with me, and as soon as I commence to cough or feel oppressed during cold or damp days, I take one or two doses and all symptoms disappear.

MRS. CHAS. TREMBLAY, Eboulements.

The Siege of Metz.

It is said that during the siege of Metz alone, in the French and German war of 1870, nearly 40,000 horses were killed, and that thousands died of starvation.

One writer speaks of seeing there, in one place, one hundred and seventy four horses, of which fifty four had died the previous night of starvation, and the remainder were so far gone that they could not eat. They had received only two handfuls of oats a day for the previous ten days. An English officer writing to a London paper, says: 'Amid the heart-rending sights and sounds that everywhere appall the eye and ear, nothing can intensify the sensations of horror one is subjected to in the presence of horses struggling to rise or limping painfully about, sad and sick looking, riddled by bullets or torn by fragments of shell. The doleful cries of the wounded men for assistance scarcely appeal more touchingly



Positively cured by this Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.



—soap and poor washing powders—the women who don't use Pearline have a trouble some time. If they want to make sure of perfect safety, they have to take the hard work; if they try to make the work easier, then they have to take the risk of harm.

Now, how much better it is to get rid of the hard work and the risk, both together, by the use of Pearline! Every question as to the safety, the effectiveness, or the economy of Pearline has been settled by millions of women.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

to the heart than the attitudes and aspect of these poor creatures, which betray by every look and movement, and by their neighing, groans and screams, how intense their suffering, and how much they need sympathy and assistance.

Relief from Pain.

The agony one suffers while waiting for something to relieve the pain of an accidental scald, burn, sprain or wound, should convince anyone of the necessity of always having "Quickcure" at hand. It gives instant relief, and cures quickly, as no microbe can retard healing or cause inflammation where "Quickcure" is used.

HANDLING DEAD LETTERS. An Interesting Division of the Postoffice Department at Washington.

Mary Nimmo Valentine, writing of 'Women in the Government Departments' in the Women's Home Companion, says: 'Eight hundred and twenty-two clerks find employment in the postoffice, of whom one hundred and seventy-seven are women. Their salaries range from nine hundred to eighteen hundred dollars a year, and they are engaged in general clerical work and copying. The most interesting division of the department is the dead-letter office, where about one hundred and twenty-five women are employed. Twenty thousand undelivered letters are received here every day. Each clerk is expected to open two hundred and fifty letters each day, and as many more as she can handle. A record of the daily number examined by each one is kept, and credit for proficiency awarded. Letters containing checks and money are given special attention, and are returned to the sender, if any address can be found; if not, they are recorded and placed on file to await application. Those containing money may be reclaimed in four years, after that time elapses they are sent to the Treasury of the United States, and are often identified and reclaimed after many years. Letters containing no inclosures are returned to the writers if they contain the address; otherwise they are not preserved and no record is kept of them. There is a museum of unmailable articles that have been taken from the mails; its shelves contain every imaginable sort of things, as divorce in character as a wash-board and a skeleton.'

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases. Relieved in a day, Eczema, salt rheum, barbers' itch, and all eruptions of the skin quickly relieved and speedily cured by Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It will give instant comfort in cases of itching or blind piles, and will cure in from three to six nights. 35 cents.

SKOKED CANARY BIRDS. Do Clouds From a Pipe Develop a Rich Color in Their Plumage.

A little old shoemaker, who has a busy, old-style cobbling shop in New York is a bird fancier and he has peculiar ideas about canaries. One night last week he was sitting on his leather-covered bench, smoking an extremely odorous quality of tobacco in a black pipe. A customer, was writing for him to finish straightening up a worn heel, and he made several remarks concerning the birds which hung about the cobbler's shop. They were fancy birds and he could not help noticing it. Finally he asked the shoemaker how he got such richly colored birds.

'It's part in the breeding part in the atmosphere,' said the cobbler. 'You raise birds in a shop where two or three men are constantly smoking, and in time you will get the darkest orange color if you use a little judg-ment in mating and they don't run to greens.'

'I should think that tobacco smoke would be unwholesome for the birds,' said the visitor.

'On the contrary, it makes them hardy and seems to be good for them every way. Women who have canaries would do well to put them where they can get a little tobacco smoke once in a while, although I don't think cigarette smoke would do them much good. What they need is strong

tobacco smoke from an old pipe like this or the smoke from a black cigar. I've raised my birds when I had two jous working in this little shop with me and all of us smoking pretty nearly all the time.'

Then the old man sighed and said: 'That was before they half-soled and heeled shoes while you wait; before machines were used for cobbling. No two or three jous and an apprentice for me now. I sit there alone, with my birds, pegging away and keeping them well smoked.'—N. Y. Sun.

Value of Five-Legged Frogs.

Five-legged frogs, dead and stuffed, are worth \$21 apiece according to a French court's decision. A fish vender of Lucon found one and took it to the druggist's to be stuffed. While they were discussing the price of the operation the druggist's cat ran off with the frog, but her master found it later and presented it to the Nantes Museum. The fish vender thereupon sued the druggist for filching the frog, and recovered 105 francs damages.—New York Sun.

DIAMOND DYES.

Simple, Strong, Sure, Never Fade, Never Fail, Best in the World.

They color: Dresses, Costumes, Blouses, Capes, Shawls, Coats, Vests, Trousers, Silks, Ribbons, Wool Yarns, Cotton Yarns, Rags for Carpets and Mats, Flannels, Sheepskin Mats, Feathers, Photographs, Easter Eggs, Chickens, Pigeons, Mosses, Grasses, Basket Work, Bone, etc., etc.

They make: Writing Ink, Marking Ink, Stencil Ink, Stamping Ink, Shading Ink, Art Colors, Wood Stains, Colored Varnishes, Shoe Dressing, etc., etc.

No other dyes in the world can give the same grand results as the Diamond Dyes. Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, for book of Directions and sample card of colors; post free to any address.

The Main Thing

A poet proffering his work to an editor said: 'This is a small poem, but quality is the main thing. I venture to think you'll find it true poetry.'

Having read it the editor put it into a drawer and handing the poet a 10 cent piece said:

'This is smallish coin, but I am so bold as to hope that you will be pleased with its purity. It is nearly all silver.'

Beneath His Station

Sprockett—I was sorry not to keep my appointment with you, but, you see, my wheel broke down.

Hudson—Why didn't you come in on the train?

Sprockett—Heavens! And ride with those miserable nonbikers? Never!—North American.

Kills

Between 150,000 and 200,000 kills are made every year. The killed regiments of regulars, militia and volunteers number some 17 battalions. As the military kill only provided biennially this represents a supply of 7,000 a year.

## SKIN DISEASES!

One Remedy Which has Never Failed—Tried and Test-d Ointment.

Because other alleged remedies for piles, scrofula, eczematous eruptions, scald head, chafing, black heads, salt rheum and skin diseases generally have proved useless, don't condemn Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. For instance, Nelson Simmons, Meyersburg, Ont., writes:

'I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for Itching Piles, and can recommend it highly. Since using it I have had perfect freedom from the disease.'

Peter Vanallen, L'Amable, Que., had the eczema for three years. He tried three doctors, but received no benefit. One box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and three boxes of Dr. Chase's Pills cured him completely. Large scales covered his legs and body, but the ointment soon removed them. He will swear to these facts.

Chase's Ointment may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturers Edman-son, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard street Toronto. Price 60 cents.

Mother's greatest remedy for coughs, bronchial and lung affections is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. The medicinal taste is wholly disguised making it pleasant to take. Large bottles 25 cents.