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# THE WOOING OF ERNA

"You cannot blame me for asking the question," she said, coldly, "when you consider all the circumstances of our connection. Please understand that I do not revert to this matter in any feeling of anger such as I displayed that day at Moreham. I know that Lady Melrose has your love, and that there is now no bar between you. I simply do not wish to again enter into an engagement with you, which Lady Melrose has it in her power to break."

It was all said with the utmost precision and coldness; but every word stung the earl; for each word carried a reflection on his integrity. And yet what was he to answer, when down in his heart lurked all the while the eager wish that Lady Gertrude would say no to his offer?

"There is nothing between Lady Melrose and me," he said, coldly. "If you say you will bear my name, I shall take you at your word and carry out my part of the agreement."

"It is enough, then," she said, quietly. "Further than this I merely wish to have a full explanation with you. It is my right, however unusual the proceeding may be."

"I beg you will fully discuss the matter," he said. "Permit me to rehearse the events that led to the first engagement."

"Whatever you please," he replied. "Before there was any thought of love between you and Erna March, you paid me such attention as gave me the right to believe that you wished a more intimate relation."

"I did not so mean it; but I will admit that such a construction could fairly be placed on my conduct toward you."

"Afterward you met Erna March, and became infatuated with her. It is said you made her an offer of marriage and was rejected by her. I do not ask if it is true, for I have no right to ask anything of you."

"Nevertheless," he answered, coldly, "I will answer. It is all true, as you have stated it."

"After that," Lady Gertrude went on, "you are conducted on principles of republicanism my hand, saying to him in substance that it was your name, and that only, which you were offering. That is true, is it not?"

"Quite true; but I cannot see the use of going over these things which are past, and are better buried."

"They shall be buried," she replied; "but there is a present use in doing as I do. The wedding day came, and with it Erna March—Lady Melrose then—with a message which took you from me. I was angry—justifiably so, I think; though it was in bad taste, and I should never be so guilty again. I gave you back your liberty and left you. Afterward you followed Lady Melrose from the house, and had some conversation with her, which I can only guess at. I presume that, for some reason good in her eyes, she again rejected you."

The earl was at once pained and indignant. "You are partly right," he answered, warmly. "I did love Erna with all my heart and soul. I at that time begged her to hear my plea for her love. She answered me by pointing out my clear duty."

A sneer curled the red lips of Lady Gertrude. "It is just as I thought, then. She gave you to me. You came back and renewed your offer to my father. By that time I, too, understood the situation better. I knew I should be a discredited woman in the eyes of the world if the engagement were not renewed."

"I did all I could," the earl said, "to make your position what it should be. Yes, but unfortunately more than a mere engagement must be between us," she went on. "I must be your wife. And this is the end of my words. I must marry you, but I will not have any deception between us. I not only do not love you, but I hate you. I shall not pretend to anything in public, and demand of you that only the most perfunctory relations exist between us until we are married."

The earl bit his lip. It was a situation he could not alter. Lady Gertrude had so presented the case that he was bound in honor to marry her; and yet his whole soul revolted against such a union.

"It is not a pleasing prospect," he said, "but I admit your right to make such terms; and I agree to them. I suppose there is nothing more to be said."

a fierce triumph and she hissed: "He will keep his word; and I shall be revenged on him and on her!"

CHAPTER XLII.

It was the first time in all her life that Lady Romley had missed a London season. But she would not leave Erna behind alone, though Erna begged her to go.

"No," said Lady Romley, "it is only herit, anyhow. I shall be better for a rest from the dissipations of the city."

"But Lord Romley," objected Erna. "My dear, he hates society. Always did. You are doing him a great favor. He will have the opportunity he has always longed for of watching the pigs and the chickens."

Erna was never able to notice any very strong agricultural tendency in Lord Romley; but she never discovered that he actually hated pigs and chickens. She was not very observant in those days, however, and would have passed unheeded more important things.

She was more than ever an enigma to her kinswoman. Lady Romley could make nothing of her. The old wayward Erna was gone; and in her place was the strong, self-reliant but diffident woman Lord Aubrey had discovered in his last interview with her.

The one thing which puzzled the old lady more than any other was the relation, or, to put it properly, the lack of relation between Erna and the Earl of Aubrey.

There was no doubt whatever that Erna loved the earl, and still less doubt that he loved her. Why, then, did she not marry him? What obstacles of any sort, did not the earl come to claim her? The good lady had almost a mind to write to the earl. Then suddenly came the announcement of his re-engagement to Lady Gertrude, together with the glances of surprise at each other. Lord statement that the wedding would take place on the twentieth of the next month.

Lady Romley was only human. She wished to see how Erna would take this bit of news. She sought her in the library, where Erna spent a great deal of her time in the company of her books.

"My dear," said the old lady, "here is something you may be interested in."

"Yes," said Erna, looking up with a smile, which had lost none of its charm and witchery; though it was not characterized by an utter lack of coquetry. "It is the announcement of the re-engagement of Lord Aubrey and Lady Gertrude Moreham."

A light shadow passed over the beautiful face; but that was all Lady Romley could see.

"It could not have been otherwise," Erna said. "The old lady pursed her lips. She understood what Erna meant; but she would have brushed away such foolish scruples. She forgot how she had interposed yet feebler objections in the days that were past."

"The wedding is fixed for the twentieth of next month," said she. "It seems very soon; but it, too, is right," said Erna.

"You puzzle me, Erna," said Lady Romley, a little asperity showing in her tone. "I hardly puzzle myself any more," was the answer.

"Do you love the earl. You know you do."

"I do not love him any the less, because he does what honor demands," answered Erna, promptly. "Do you mean to say that if he were to come here and ask your hand you would refuse him?"

"I certainly would. But he will never come for such a purpose," said Erna confidently. "Lady Romley understood less than ever; but she was determined to understand more. She despatched Lord Romley to town, with imperative instructions to meet the earl; to tell him, explicitly that Erna was with them; and to ask him to run down at any time."

"We shall see," she muttered, "if he is as tied to an absurd notion of duty as Erna. I don't believe he can be with her half an hour without going wild over her."

## CORNS CURED PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scars, and is as effective as any other. Only of healing gums and balm. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists. Before substituting.

She looked up at him frankly and kindly. "I can know, for I have suffered, too. We both have done wrong, and both must suffer."

He looked at her with a wild longing in his eyes; then he rose hastily, and cried out: "I must not stay, Erna. I thought I could bear it; but I cannot. Tell Lady Romley that I have gone, and beg her forgiveness. I would be obliged to explain if I saw her."

And so he left, greatly to Lady Romley's indignation. A few days later the invitations to the wedding came; and there was one for the dowager Marchioness of Melrose.

"It is to be a cathedral wedding," said Lady Romley. "Shall you go, Erna?"

But Erna was leaving the room, and did not answer.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Lord Romley's statement of the conduct of Lady Gertrude was rather below that above the truth. He seemed to be trying by every means in his power to provide the earl to some expression of disapproval.

But if she hoped for such a thing she was disappointed. The earl fortified himself with all his pride, and exercised all his self-control. He watched her with an unmoved countenance while she acted toward the Earl of Rockingham as if he, instead of Aubrey, were her affianced husband.

Those who looked on were astonished at his failure to remonstrate; and Lord Rockingham on only one occasion undertook to alter the conduct of his daughter.

"Gertrude," he said, "do you know that you are acting outrageously? If you are not careful you will drive the Earl of Aubrey away from you."

"Papa," she answered, coldly, "you may save yourself the trouble of interfering with me. I shall not drive the earl away. I know better than you what I am doing."

"If you persist in annoying me," she interrupted, "I shall only do worse things."

After that her father watched her with silent dismay, wishing twenty times an evening that the wedding were well over. The Earl of Rockingham, in the meantime, treated all the world as if he were perfectly satisfied with his lot.

The truth was that the Earl of Rockingham was a young peer whose rent-roll was enormous, but whose intellectual balance was small. He had got the notion into his head that he was having no end of sport at the expense of the Earl of Aubrey, who was such a lion as to render such an achievement a very great matter to Rockingham.

He had been naturally attracted by Lady Gertrude because of her beauty; and she had drawn him closer to her by all the little arts she had learned to use. He often tried to bring the conversation around to topics of love; but she had always skillfully avoided such a result, even while publicly treating him with marked favor.

The young man speedily became thoroughly infatuated, and permitted himself to become an unconscious tool in her hands, which was precisely what Lady Gertrude had marked out for him. By and by it reached the pass with him that he believed he had a right to be jealous of Aubrey.

He had such a thing once to Lady Gertrude, and she stared at him a moment, and then seemed to check an outburst only by a great effort.

"Lord Rockingham," she said, in a stifled tone, "you must never say such a thing to me again."

## CURIOSITIES OF OLD TEXT BOOKS.

The change in school books in 70 years is as great as in any phase of American life. The automobile is no higher above the chaise of that day than is the geography above that of those times.

The modern sewer system is no greater improvement over that of 1860 than the express and problems are better than in those days. The electric light is no farther removed from the tallow dip than the best primers of to-day are from those of 70 years ago.

In arithmetic, up to within 70 years, the problems were such as would not be tolerated to-day, writes A. E. Winslip in the Journal of Education. Here are some taken at random from some old arithmetics, mostly in my own library, many of them in general use as late as the '40s:

Examples on lotteries are common. If 9 cats have killed 18 birds, how many has each killed? If a cat divides 4 birds between 2 kittens, how many will each kitten have? There are many problems of cats killing birds.

A skunk went into a barn, where he found three nests; one had 7 eggs, another 8, and another 3; from each nest he ate 2 eggs. How many did the skunk eat? It is an exceptional page that does not have problems on beer, ale, wine, rum, gin or brandy. Every child had to learn the table of "wine measure."

There was a gruesome fable for ghostliness with the school book makers. A arithmetic first issued in 1831 and in use long after has most of these problems:

One hundred and nineteen persons died from drunkenness in New York, and 137 in Philadelphia. How many in both? A man had 7 children; 2 of them were killed by the fall of a tree. How many had he left?

Three score and ten kings had their thumbs and their great toes cut off and gathered under the table of Adonibeseh. How many thumbs and toes were under Adonibeseh's table?

A person was 17 years of age 29 years since, and suppose he will be drowned 23 years hence; pray, in what year of his age will this happen?

A human body, if baked until all the moisture is evaporated, is reduced in weight as 1 to 10. A body that weighs 100 pounds when living weighs how much when baked?

HORRORS OF OLD GEOGRAPHIES.

The geographies vied with the arithmetics in repulsiveness. Indian massacres are common. Selling female slaves is an attractive picture to authors. Slave catching in Africa is another delectable experience. Of course bull fights are a necessity. Persecutions of early Christians with burnings at the stake are in order.

Not only were the geographies until within 60 years filled with silly things to learn and horrible pictures to see, but the language was ridiculously grandiloquent as, for instance: "Everything in the universe is systematical, all is combination, affinity and connection. The beauty of the world is founded in the harmonious diversity of the beings that compose it; in the number, the extent and the quality of their effects, and in the sum of happiness which it is capable of affording."

I am presenting herewith pictures taken at random from a sample geography in very general use less than 75 years ago.

One figure represents a widow prepared to be burned on the funeral pyre of her late husband. This "geographical" fact seemed to need graphic illustration. The other figure represents a human being prepared for sacrifice in connection with a religious (?) service in a heathen country. Near by are piles of human skulls of former sacrifices.

All these are merely suggestive of the taste in good book making 70 years ago and more.

There are still tens of thousands of miserable schoolhouses. There are a quarter of a million old-fashioned, indecent, immoral outhouses in use by school children in the United States. But there is not a school using text-books with problems and illustrations such as were in general use 70 years ago.

DIVISION.

The new teacher glanced smilingly over the school and was delighted to see so many bright young faces among her new charges.

"Now, children," she said, "so that I may find out what you know I will test you on arithmetic. Maggie Wilkins, if I were to divide three bananas among seventeen boys, what would be the result?"

## "Life a Perfect Burden"

Unsettled Sufferings from Biliousness, Headaches and Indigestion. Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

To produce such striking evidence, such satisfactory proof as Mrs. E. D. Dupont gives in her letter, makes it self-evident that in Dr. Hamilton's Pills every suffering man and woman is offered a real cure for all stomach ailments. From her home at Oak Point, Mrs. Dupont writes a vivid and touching account of her four years of torture with biliousness and indigestion.

"My trouble was first manifested with blinding headaches and feeling of dizziness and dullness in the head. Such dreadful turns of giddiness came over me that at times I reeled and staggered. These attacks were accompanied with violent pains in the stomach and distension of the liver. Spots flitted before my eyes, and to think of eating made me miserable. It was unable to digest my food, lost weight and got sleepless. When so low spirited and despondent that I despaired of getting well, I read of how Mrs. Holton had been so wonderfully cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and got five boxes at once. To my delight the first box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills gave me relief."

I began to eat, sleep and enjoy my meals. The stomach and liver pains passed away. I improved steadily and when five boxes of Dr. Hamilton's Pills were used I was a new woman, cured, happy, well and strong."

To regulate the system, to prevent and cure all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys no remedy can boast of the number of successful cures accomplished by Dr. Hamilton's Pills; 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00. Beware of substitutes and imitations. By mail from The Catarrhoxone Company, Kingston, Ont.

## THE CARE OF LAMPS.

Hints on How to Manage Them to Get the Best Results.

The following suggestions on the proper care of lamps are from a pamphlet issued recently by the London County Council:

The oil reservoir should be of strong metal, properly folded and soldered at the joint and should not be of china, glass or other fragile material. There should be no opening between the reservoir and the burner other than through the tube which holds the wick, and this tube should be extended to within a quarter of an inch of the bottom of the reservoir and should have no opening into the reservoir except at its base.

The burner should be securely attached to the reservoir, preferably by means of a strong and well made screw attachment. There should be no openings through which oil could flow from the reservoir should the lamp be upset. Every table lamp should have a broad and heavy base, to which the reservoir should be strongly attached.

Wicks should be soft and not lightly plaited and should quite fill the wick tube without having to be squeezed into it. They should be frequently renewed and before being put into lamps should be dried at a fire and then immediately soaked with oil.

The reservoir should be filled with oil before the lamp is lit, and the lamp should be kept thoroughly clean; all oil should be carefully wiped off and all charred wick and dirt removed before lighting. When first lit, the wick should be partially turned down and then gradually raised. The wick should not be turned down, as there is then a greater liability to explosion in lamps of unsafe construction.

Lamps which have no extinguishing apparatus should be put out as follows: The wick should be turned down until there is only a small, flickering flame, then only a puff of breath should be blown, and a sharp puff from the chimney, but not down it. Cans or bottles used for oil should be free from water or dirt, and should be kept thoroughly closed.

## RULES FOR TRAINMEN WHEN FIDO IS ABOARD.

Faithful Fido, en route, has become an object of attention by the interstate commerce commission. This solemn council has found time in its regulation of railroad affairs to turn the limelight on conditions of canine travel.

"Uniform rules for the transportation of dogs," is the aim of the rail governing body. It appears that all sorts of fare rates apply when Fido is being whizzed through the cinders. Some roads charge a regular fare, and the poor dog must hold one end of a yard long ticket string in his mouth until the conductor man comes 'round. On other lines the pets are tagged as excess baggage, which is injurious to the dignity of any pampered pup of good family.

The members of the interstate commerce commission propose to end all this confusion by expressing dogs in the same manner on all railroads. The result of their conference probably will be the classification of the animals as distinct from trunks, fruit crates, bicycles and lawn mowers. While the dear beasts are "yip-yipping" from pleasure at this expected boon, more reason for flea bitten felicity romps from another source.

Expert Compiles Set of Rules.

The demand for "uniform rules for the transportation of dogs" has been interpreted elaborately by a transportation expert in Chicago who has worked independently from the interstate commerce commission. His version of the desired rules applies particularly to baggage-men in whose care the canine tourists are placed. The ordinance follows:

1. Treat an English bulldog riding in your baggage car with firmness tempered with mildness. Speak gently to the dear, and refrain from comment on his leg parenthesis. Should he get loose and threaten to surround your skin with his face you may call him a little rascal, but nothing worse. Also have a crow-bar handy.

2. Skye terriers have a taking way that they demand constant attention. It is astonishing how a cinder can find its way through this beast's face foliage and enter its eye. Should it whine pitifully, grope through the fur jungle and try to find the sore wick. It is said that the skye has two eyes, situated between and slightly below the ears.

3. Young collies must be watched with care. Reserve for such a dog a spacious corner in the coach. It probably will

grow over night, and you will be cramped for elbow and maybe knuckle room.

Blue Bloods Most Sensitive.

4. Never address a King Charles spaniel as a "mutt." Pedigreed dogs are sensitive, and one might languish from grief and die between block signals.

5. It is bad form to charge admission to natives along the line to stop in and see a French poodle. Most of the villagers wouldn't believe there was such an animal even if they saw it.

6. When possible, diversion should be furnished the animals, deprived as they are of combination buffet-library-observation car privileges. Open the side door and permit Hector to bark at the cows.

7. The above provision ought not to be carried too far. Small town dogs have been known to lurk around way stations, aching for a scrap with a travelling cat. Your charge bearing a torn ear may not lead to pleasant consequences.

8. Never worry the nervous women are liable to rush up in front to inquire as to the welfare of their darlings. That's one reason why baggage cars are built "blind" these days.

Thus, for once the interstate commerce commission has been beaten at its own game.

A NARROW-MINDED LAWYER.

Ethel, the youngest of a large number of girls in a certain Philadelphia family, recently entered upon the duties of amanuensis to a Walnut street lawyer.

"How do you like your employer, Ethel?" the young woman was asked upon her return home that night.

"Oh, he's very nice," said Ethel, with faint praise, "but awfully narrow-minded."

"In what way?"

"He seems to have the idea that words can only be spelled by his way," Lippincott's Magazine.

NERVOUS DISORDERS

Promptly Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If your hand trembles or is unsteady, remember that this is a sure and early sign of your nervous system being at fault. The mischief may develop slowly to a worse stage. You feel unaccountably weak and weary after exertion; you lose flesh; you turn against food and suffer palpitations and indigestion after eating. At times you are intensely irritable, greatly depressed and easily worried. Sometimes sharp pains shoot down your spine and legs and probably neuralgia robs you of your sleep at night. These are some of the troubles that indicate the presence of nervous collapse and possibly paralysis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have won a great reputation by curing all forms of nervous disorder. The nervous system depends entirely upon the blood for nourishment; when the blood is thin and weak the nerves are affected as described. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually increase the supply of good red blood, feed, strengthen and tone the nerves, enable them to perform their functions and dispel all signs of a breakdown.

Mrs. Jas. H. Ward, Lord's Cove, N. B., says: "About two years ago I suffered so much from nervous prostration that I was little better than a helpless wreck. I suffered from headaches and a constant feeling of dizziness. The least unusual movement would startle me and set my heart palpitating violently. I had little or no appetite, and grew so weak that I was hardly able to drag myself about, and could not do my housework. In every way I was in a deplorable condition. As the medicine I had been taking seemed to do me no good, my husband got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only been taking the Pills for a couple of weeks, when I seemed to feel somewhat better, and this encouraged me to continue the treatment. From that on my strength gradually but surely returned, and in a course of a few more weeks I was once more a well woman, able to do my own housework and feeling better than I had done for years. I have since remained well and feel that I owe my good health to the healing powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Every other weak, sickly, worn out, nervous person should follow the example of Mrs. Ward and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These Pills will send new blood brightness and energy to the weak and despondent. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The If in a Shark Story.

While swimming in the Gulf of Mexico with a party of friends during a cruise last week Editor Straub was fiercely attacked by a shark, and only succeeded in beating it off after a desperate struggle into shallow water. Miss Blanche was swimming at his side, and the possibilities of what might have been are rather appalling.

Mr. Straub, Miss Blanche and Paul L. James were attempting a long distance swim, during which Mr. Straub felt some object persistently and sharply striking his person from underneath, but not wishing to drop out of the race he merely struck under to drive off what he presumed was some fish and kept on his way. Reaching his goal in shallow water with the attacks keeping up, he was able to give his assailant personal attention, and found a shark about 14 inches long ferociously yanking away at the strings of his bathing suit, as if fully determined to devour him, strings, suit and all.

If the shark had been just as ferocious and 14 feet long instead of 14 inches—but that would have been another story.—From the St. Petersburg Times.

Probably on the Team.

"Such ignorance is inexorable!" exclaimed Aunt Hyattia. "My nephew Percival has been going to college nearly three years, and when I asked him this morning whether he knew anything about Homer, he said: 'Sure! A homer is a hit that's good for four bases!'"

AND HE PASSED.

(Cassell's Saturday Journal.)

"Good night," said Staylate. "I enjoyed myself immensely. Now, next Sunday night I—expect to pass your house, and—"

"That will be nice. Good night!" And she shut the door.