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adstreets say quiet in most going out with that prospects So far orders ny wholesalers s business and ry satisfactory. s seen considerprevious tweive rices may have the volume of I'rade with the pod. .

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FIGHT ally Wounded,

pre the Men. -G. C. Sayers, s brought here on from Alber-ad a desperate sted in Saskatbery there and For the Grand The story is men from the up with them He posted one he himself enthe arrest. A n which Savers but with what e backed up fought till he The comrades wever, succeedmade several

Pinkham's ound I have taken egetable Comge of life. My

or told me it good, and since h better that I do all my work n. I hink a E. rinkbam's stable Comd a dne remedy all soman's bles, ad I r forget to tell done for me." East Long St.,

Hoiped.
I was passing ife and suffered other annoying . lakham's Veged my healthand orth mountains e sake of other m willing you letter." — Mrs. L.F.D., Granite-

ing through this o are suffering stressing ills penid not lose aight irty years Lydin ble Compound, roots and herbs, ard remedy for a very commu-

Right at Last

"Do not go," she repeated, moistening her lips and trembling in every portrait—can't part with it. limb.

"Ida, oh, be merciful! If I stay it must be because you bid me hope. Is that an?"

She looked at him steadily, though her lips and hands trembled like a leaf. "I have been thinking," she said, slowly, like one in a dream, "and-and

"And you consent, you give yourself to me?" he said, with a pant, and he drew nearer to her. She held up her hand.

"Stop; listen to me!" she said, heavily; "let me tell you all. You have asked me for my love-my love. I told you then I could not give it to you. I cannot, I have no love left to give. If I had had it would have been yours. But I have not. My heart is dead, dead, dead!" and her voice broke into a wail. But if you are content-if you will

"I am content!" he broke in, passionately. "I care nothing for the past! Let it go! The present, the future, at least, are mine! Give yourself to me, Ida, and I will make your life happy, if a man can make a woman's life happy! Oh, my darling, give yourself to

He drew nearer, he went on his knees to her. He was not acting now. Passion held him in thrall, and he scarcely

knew what he was doing.

Joan extended her hand slowly, hesitatingly. He seized it in both of his and kissed it passionately.

"My darling," he murmured, brokenly, "you shall never regret this! Never! I-I am all unworthy, but I will make you happy! Yes, I swear it!" He rose, and would have taken her

in his arms, but Joan shrank from him. "Not yet," she murmured, "not yet." He rose, and still holding her hand, gazed at her.

'It seems all too good to be true," he faltered. "You-you are not playing with me, Ida, Say after me, 'Mordaunt. I will be your wife!" Joan put her hand to her heart and

hesitated a moment, then she said: "Mordaunt, I will be your wife!" but she shrank back again when he would have embraced her. "No, no, not now! Go now!"

He raised her hand to his line and kissed it twice, thrice, passionately, then

Outside, in the street, he stood staring heavenwards, wrapt in a sense of vild triumph.

He had won her at last. Patience, and a skilful use of all the arts of which he was master, had made her his. And not only her, but two millions of

His brain whirled, and he walked ently he came to himself and began to think of ways and means.

1 To carry out his plans to their fulfilment he wanted money, and at the present moment his funds were running low. He meant to give her no time to re-

consider her consent. He would plead and insist on a speedy marriage. He would want money for this. There was one person of whom Mor-

daunt Royce could get the sum he required, and that was Bertie, Lord Dewsbury, and his evil genius led him to the rooms in Piccadilly. Two or three men were scated in the

room smoking and drinking, and Bertie hailed his appearance with joyous alac-"Here's Royce, the long absent, mysterious Royce!" he exclaimed, as Royce

entered, looking the picture of health and prosperity. They sat down to loo, and Reyce, who had of late played hadly and with bad luck. seemed

to have recovered his old form. He won heavily. Pontclere then proposed that they should change sides, and suit Royce won, and Bertie, now opposed to him. lost. They played until far into the night.

and then the party broke up, leaving Bertie and Royce alone together, "I've lost to-night," said Bertie, with a

laugh. "Lost awfully! I nught to have stuck to you for a partner, old fellow." 'I wish you had." said Royce, putting a pile of gold and notes in his pockets. "Can I lend you anything?"

"Oh, no, thanks," said Bertie, carelessly, "Much obliged, all the same! No. I shall pay a visit to that old curmudgeon Craddock, of Chain Court, Fenchurch street!"

Bertie eat over the fire thinking of his losses and his fast disappearing estate. In the morning, about twelve, he drove his mail phaeton down to the city.

Mr. Craddock swung round upon his stool as the elegantly dressed figure of the young peer entered the office, and greeted him with a welcoming grin. "Ah, my dear young lord!" Be ernaked.

"and what can I do for you?" Lord Bertie laughed and Sang himsel into a chair.

How do you do, Mr. Craddock? I ever come here but I think of the soiand the fly. But now to business; I went a thousand pounds."

Old Craddock opened the sale slowly. and as he did so something fell out. It was an oil painting. Bertie stooped forward and picked a up. It was the portrait that Craddock had taken from the Wold. It was the face of loan arr-

He eat with the picture in his hands. astounded and overwhelmed. "What' that?" aid Croddock, peer ing at it. "Oh, that picture," and he

held out his hand for it. But Bertie still held it. "Didn't know you were a councisseur, Mr. Craddock," he said, jestingly. "How

did you come by this?" The old man grunted discontentedly. "Hem! sh, that's a portrait of my my sunt. Give it here, my lord," he

Tour aunt is a good-looking woman, engage, said Bertie. "Nicely gefuted, too, Will you sellvit, Draddocky"

"No, no," aid the old man. "Family Bertie laughed.

"Look here," he said, "you can make out that cheque for nine hundred and fifty, if you like, and throw the portrait in; I've taken a fancy to it."

"Oh, very well," he said, slowly. "If you have taken a fancy to it, you shall have it; but it's cheap."

"Cheap! I should think so!" said Berie, with a flush on his cheek, and he put the picture under his arm as he put the cheque in his pocket and went out. If Mr. Craddock had been blessed with

the faintest glimmer of what he had sold, Bertie would not have purchased that picture for twenty times fifty pounds. CHAPTER XXXI.

Lord Bertie carried the picture which he had bought of old Craddock home to his rooms in Piccadilly. If anyone had asked him why he had felt such a keen pang of mingled pain and pleasure at the sight of the face on the canvas, which was so strangely like that of the young and beautiful girl whom he had rescued from Stuart Villiars' hands, Bertie would have been puzzled to find an answer.

He had only seen Joan for a few minutes; but her beauty, her nameless grace. her helplessness, and the terrible danger in which she was placed had produced an extraordinary effect upon him.

They say that those we help we love. Bertie didn't know that he loved her; out he knew that ever since that day he had carried her in his thoughts that the lovely face, with its pathetic look of horror and alarm, had risen before him in many a varied scene and at strange moments.

He examined the picture thoughtfully to see if he could find any name or mark which might help him to trace it to its original, but there was no name, either of artist or owner.

The picture was encased in an old frame of black oak, carved round the edge of the gilt framework, and panelled at the back, as was usual with cabinet pictures of value; but there was | ribly selfish, dear Ida." nothing to guide him in any search he might make, and after looking at it for

some time, he went to lock it up. As he stood with the key of the bureau in his hand, the dark eyes seemed almost human, and obeying an inspiration which was irresistible, he bent and touched the lips of the portrait with his own: then, with a flush and a halflaugh of shame and self-mockery, he put it out of sight in the bureau, and carefully locking the door, put the key

Royce came to Vernon Crescent every

in his pocket.

into a warm and dazzling flood of sunlight. His eves were bright, his voice sweeter and happier, and a smile of expectancy and coming joy sat upon his Scarcely a day passed but he brought

a present in his hand. Sometimes it was only a bunch of rare flowers, at others a book that she had happened to say she would like to read, but now and again it would be a little morocco case containing some article of jewelry.

And Joan took them gratefully, but with something that was almost like reluctance

The first night of "A False Love" drew near. The first dress rehearsal had been, so Mr. Giffard said, a very fair one, and Joan, though nervous and doubtful at first, had forgotten herself, and played strongly se the piece went on. Mr. Giffard was perfectly satisfied, and told her so when the rehearsal was

"It is all right," he said. "You go home and tell yourself that, and you'll find it will come true. Oh, by the way, you will want some diamonds in the first act. I'll see what I can find amougst my collection of stage jewels for

Royce was standing near as he spoke, but he himself said nothing. The next morning he came to Ver-

non Crescent and asked for Joan... "Don't disturb her if she is studying." he said; but Emily ran upstairs with a laugh.

"As if a girl would consider studying more important than love-making!" she said. "She'll be down in a moment." Joan came down, and he advanced to all. dear Emily." meet her, his eyes brightening at sight of her beautifut face.

"I am very early this morning." said. "I hope I haven't disturbed you, dearest?

"No," said Joan, and she gave him her hand, which he kissed twice or thrice passionately.

"How well you look this morning!" he continued, with fervent admiration. I almost envy the house the delight your appearance will cause them on Wednesday. I think if you did not act ! half so well as you did, 'A False Love' would be a success."

again.

He laughed. "See here, dearest!" he said, and he took a case from his pocket. "Here is the set of stones Mr. Giffard mentioned vesterday for the first act."

Joan opened the case, and she uttered an exclamation of admiration-woman-

"How beautiful!" she said; "and a complete set. A secklace and braceleta and pendant! Are they not beautiful Asyone would think they were real dismonds instead of stage imitations!" and site held them up to the light, views they show "like to a dragger's open." I must thank Mr. differd. How light

looked at the brilliants, a though struck her, and she said, with a little catch "Are they real?"

her, and she said, with a little catch in her breath. "Are they real?"

"They are diamonds," he replied, smiling, and speaking carelessly.

"Real diamonds!" she exclaimed, gazing at him. "Why—why they must be worth. They must have cost—" Her face flushed. "(I don't know what diamonds cost but they must many monds cost, but there are a great many here, and-and they are large and beautiful! Oh, why did you do it? It is a present for a princess, not for a simple actress!"

"You are my princess," he said, gently, enjoying her surprise.

"But then," she persisted, "they are magnificent. Far, far too good for me. Why did you buy them? I am sorry."
"Do not be," he said, gently. "They are not too good for you. Nothing can be; and when you wear them it is you who adorn and enrich them, dearest."

She looked from the splendid jewels

to him and back again. "I have never thought of it before," she faltered, timidly; "but you must be very rich to be able to buy such gems as these are."

He smiled strangely, nad shrugged his shoulders. "Passably rich," he said. "I-shall be rich, indeed, some day, when I have

There was a double meaning in his words that smote him a moment after he had spoken them, and his face flushed almost as hotly as hers. "You will wear them, dear?"

"Of course I shall wear them," she said,, softly, then her brows contracted. You load me beneath a weight of kindness and 1-She stopped.

"You will pay me back some day," he whispered; "some day ,when you have learned, how dearly, how deeply I love you. Ida " She still looked at the diamonds as

they glittered in their satin bed, to which she had returned them. "How do I know what sacrifices you have made to get these for me?" she

said to him, gently. He laughed, and his face paled for an instant as he wondered what she would say if she knew that he had won the money from Lord Bertie on the preceding night to pay for them; perhaps she

would have flung them at his feet. "No sacrifice at all," he said. "I could not endure that my queen should wear false jewels even on the stage, and it was to please myself as much as you that I bought them. You see I am ter-

She looked up at him and put out her hand. He took it and drew her nearer

For the first time she did not shrink back, but stood as if prepared to receive the kiss. His face burnt, and he bent forward, then suddenly the color died out of his face and he drew back.

"No," he murmured. "I should think it was only to pay me for the diamonds. I will wait until you kiss me for nothing but my love, dearest." and dropped her hand and left the room. Joan looked after him and she was

nale and trembling. "He was right," she said to herself. Over him a great and harvellous "It would have been simply a payment change had come. It was just as if he for his gift. I wonder when when I Joan, smiling.

hall be able to repay him for his love?" and she put the diamonds from her with a sight. Emily went into a frenzy of delight

over them. "Why, my dear!" she exclaimed, "they are magnificent! they are-areoh, dear, I can't find a word big enough! Anybody lend me a dictionary? Ida! They must have cost a fortune. Why, a real live duchess couldn't want anything finer! Mr. Royce must be an enormously rich man, or else he has ruined himself to pay for them!"

"I don't know," said Joan, smiling at her enthusiasm; "I only know that I am sorry he should have spent so much money on them. Imitation gems would have done as well."

"My dear, you are a most extraordinary girl. Imitation! What a strange and wonderful creature you must be. Even diamonds don't move you-and everybody knows that it was really diamonds and not apples that the serpent tempted Mother Eve with." Joan laughed.

"I suppose I am a strange being. Emilv." she assented; "for even diamonds do not move me."

"Weli, you are a very particular young lady," said Emily, turning the iewels over in her and looking at them rapturously. "It seems that you want to marry a millionaire; he can't be much less when he can make such presents. Ids. don't you really know no more about him than we do?" Joan shook her head.

"No." she said, listlessly. "I know that he is far too good and too kind, and too tender-hearted for me-that is "Well, certainly your don't know

much," retorted Emily, naively. As for Mordaunt Royce, he went home with the blood surging through his veins. He had nearly touched Joan's cold heart at last-he had nearly kissed

The diamonds had cost a great dealmore even than the large sum he had won from Lord Bertie on the preceding night-but he did not regret the cost. "I shall get it back a thousand fold," he muttered: "and if it were not so I would not care. I would give my heart blood to win one word-one look of love "If it is not a success," she said, "I from her. But patience, patience! The shall never dare to face Mr. Giffard prize is almost within my grasp! Joan -my love, my darling, my queen-and the two millions of money.

· CHAPTER XXXII.

It was the first night of "A False Love," and the Coronet was crowded. Not only the "first nighters" present. but the ultra-fashionable world, the mysterious class known as "society," moved to curiosity by all that had been said and written concerning Miss Ida Trevelyan, was there; so that the pit and upper circle were filled with persons who usually occupy the dress seats, and the gallery was dotted here and there with evening attire.

It was said that as much as ten nounds had been offered for a stall, and

sud thoughtful he is?"

Mordanut Royce smiled curiously.

"I have solded Mr. Giffard of your thanks, dearest," he said.

Jose looked at him.

"Ten bought these for me?" she said.

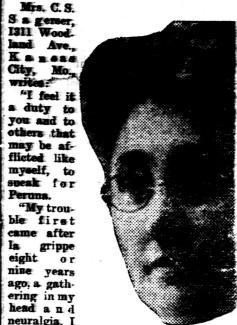
"They are breatiful; and it was the said.

They are breatiful; and there offered for a stall, and the many of the dress circle seats had been sold by the speculators for a guines.

Mr. Giffard was, as was usual with him on first nights, in the house, and a darp and intense anxiety reigned.

It was a most critical test for the new sectress. She had played as a Pafry

der Terrible Experience Shows How Peruna Should Be in Every Home to Prevent Calle



Mrs. C. S. Sagerser.

suffered most all the time. My nose, ears and eyes were badly affected for the last two years. I think from your description of internal catarrh that I must have had that also. I suffered very

eight

severely. "Nothing ever relieved me like Peruna. It keeps me from taking cold. "With the exception of some deafness, I am feeling perfectly cured. I

am forty-six years old. "I feel that words are inadequate to express my praise for Peruna."

Queen: it now remained to be seen whether she was worthy of anything higher or whether she should have to stick to playing in pantomine and bur-

Joan fully realized the importance of the occasion, but she was hopeful, though very quiet and reserved.

She had done all she could do to prepare for the ordeal, and like all persons who have done their best, she awaited the result with composure.

Emily ran in and out of the dressing room every now and then, much more excited and agitated than Joan, and uttered bird-like notes of encouragement. Of her own part the unselfish little mite scarcely thought in comparison with Joan's.

"You'll bring the house down, dear!" she said. "Do you remember your first night, your first appearance here?" "I'm not likely to forget it!" said

but it will be nothing to what they will do to-night; you'll see!" "And nothing to what they will do

if I fail!" said Joan. "Fail!" exclaimed Emily, scornfully, and the dresser, as she put the finishing touch to the magnificent evening dress in which Joan was to appear in the first

act, laughed in harmony.
"Miss Trevelyan only talks of failing to make her success all the greater," she

"No, she doesn't!" retorted Emily; "Miss Trevelvan never plays tricks of that kind. She says it because she is really modest, which you will never believe. Mrs. Jones, because you have been about theatres all your life!"

"You will make me vain enough between you!" said Joan, with a laugh. (To be Continued.)

WINTER ON THE SHEEP RANGE. It's a cruel business, this range-sheep growing, eruel and hard and rough. The waste of animal life through starvation, freezing and smothering in stampedes is enormous. A few, a very few, flockmasters make provision for hard winters, but the majority do not. Let there come a wet snow, falling with little wind, as happens on some parts of the range, each winter, and the grass is buried. The sheep then huddle on their bedding ground and wait; the herder site in the wagon by the stove, reading his magazine, or smoking his pipe, or chewing his tobacco, or indulging whatever similar foible he may foster. He knows he can't help the sheep. A regiment of empty-handed herders could do no more than one. It snows on, the wind blows afresh, the temperature drops. The wet snow covering the brown grass out on the pasture lands takes on a crust of ice; ice cakes the fleeces of the sheep. They huddle together, pleading in tremulous bleats for the succor which does not come. The storm rages across the wilds, hending its force upon them. They sink beneath the weight of hunger and cold and snow, and perish wailing their anguish until death stifles their quavering ament. Many a man's start, many a man's all, goes this way each year on the sheep-range.—Everybody's Magazine.

THREE CHOICE DURHAMS.

(Exchange.) Senator Depew, at a dinner in Washington, recounted a number of senatorial "bulls."

"It was a southern Senator." he said. who once met an interruption with the stern and lofty rebuke: "The gentleman, like a mousing owl, is always putting in his ear where it

I think it was a Senator from Chica go who once declared: "The iron heel of stern ne darkens every hearthstone."

"And I'll never forget a Texas

BLICH TERRY IN CLOSURE

A Fancy Costume for Sixpence an Ex-

"If you 'mix your colors with brains," writes Ellen Terry in McClure's, "it is quite possible to be cheap and not nasty in stage costume. My daughter Edy, who has designed and made so many beautiful dresses for the stage, has always understood this.

"I remember that years ago, when she was at school, she wrote to me and asked me to send her some money, as she wanted to go to a fancy dress ball. Times were improving with me then, but I still had to be very careful, and I answered that I was sorry, but luxuries were not for the likes of us! That this was one of the things she could do without, must do without.

"But I enclosed a postal order for two shillings sixpence, telling her that if she shillings sixpence, telling her that if she could make a 'fancy dress' for that she sis so that he could not help himself might go to the dance. She spent sixmight go to the dance. She spent sixpence on the dress and squandered the rest of that large sum on chocolate! My young lady went to the ball and her dress was the success of the evening.

"With burnt cork on her face, neck, arms and ankles, brass curtain rings in her ears and old red slippers on her toes, she took the Turkish towels from her bathroom and draped her little body with them, twisting one around her head into a fine turban. With these and her own clever skill she presented an Arab boy of immaculate appearance, and all for sixpence!

"Again the other day we hastily arranged to do the sleep walking scene from 'Macbeth' at an entertainment in our vilalge town hall. I had my dress for Lady Macbeth: the doctor's was hired from London: but Edy as the gentlewoman appeared to the greatest advantage. She looked splendid.

"'What a fine dress, Edy,' I said, when first saw her in it on the little platorm, where she was busy arranging the ights before the curtain went up. 'Wh did you get it? I knew she had none of her stage dresses in the country and in the hospital of Burlington, Vt., came that she had not time to write to London for them.

and there was laughter in her eyes. 'The underneath part is an old dressing gown of yours turned back to front, the overdress is a tartan rug belonging to the dog, the head dress is a motor veil and the ornaments are bunches of buttons! "I think I may say without boasting that I have always been well dressed on the stage, but I doubt if there has ever been a more cheaply dressed actress. Off he stage, tout au contraire! After trying garments of every size and shape in private life I have ended by adopting the from Lachute to see you, whereas you Jaapnese style one day and the Greek can get six boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink the next. A cupboard full of unworn corsets bears witness to the number of presentations and representations I have when some time later I saw her in Lareceived (and disregarded) from staymakers and stay recommenders begging Williams' Pink Pills did it all. ne to improve my figure.

Tudor period. As Queen Katherine I sufferers that these cures should be paid my tribute to archaeology in those given the widest publicity. If you wish awful stays, and added thick brocade me to go before a magistrate and take dresses with fur sleeves of tremendous oath to the truthfulness of the things weight. But my preference is for loose, mentioned above, I am prepared to do diaphanous dress: I am always happy

On this same subject William Winter savs in Harper's Weekly that it was not. as is customarily supposed. Burne-Jones, who invented the Ellen Terry draperies. but Ellen Terry, who deviced them and

who inspired Burne-Jones to paint them.

Proof From Nova Scotia. "After ten long years of suffering with Catarrh in the throat and nose write to tell you that I am now completely cured with Catarrhozone. What a relief it was to get that buzzing stopped in my ears, to have my nose free and easy to breathe through—what a blessing it was to get cured of droppings, catarrhal dyspepsia and bad breath. All this is the result of Catarrhozone, which recommend everyone to use for any trouble in the throat, nose, bronchial

tubes and lungs."—John McCułlough, Moosebrook, N.S. Cure guaranteed with Catarrhozone.

25c, 50c and \$1.00 sizes at all dealers. A GREAT FIGHT AGAINST ODDS. Mr. W. G. McAdoo opened an office in New York and had his home in New Jersey. This was in 1892. Every morning he took part in the rush and crush to get across the ferries, and in the melee and free-for-all contest to get back at night. He saw that conditions were growing worse and would soon be intolerable with New York growing at the rate of a fair sized city every year. New York at that time had no tunnels, no subways, and only one bridge—the old Brooklyn Bridge, which was already loaded far beyond the plans of its builders. More ferries would not be a great help; they were only a makeshift and could not be depended upon. Many a time when he wanted to get home he had been sailed around in the fog, while the pilot was trying to make out whether the lights ahead were in Jersey City or Hoboken. At other times the ferries were blocked with floating ice, and there was more delay.

Mr. McAdoo decided that the tunnels could be built, and found that he was the only one who thought so, and he decided that he was the man to put the stupendous project through. As he had not a cent at the time to back up his dea, and was but little known, it was little wonder that all he had at first was plenty of discouraging refusals. He urged that tunnels had been put

under the Thames in England and under the Seine at Paris, but the Hudson River scheme was so much larger that the after being put into some clean water. money men not gifted with McAdoo's prophetic vision could not see what it would mean for them, and preferred to let other kinds of water affect their stocks rather than that which separated

New Jersey from New York. As the tunnels went further the money came easier and the plans larger. Now that they have been completed and over 200,000 persons are saving time and nerve force by their use, they can see that the price paid for it was about

AN OPEN LETTER

ample of a Cheap Stage Dress. By a Baptist Clergyman, Telling of Cures Wrought by Dr. Williams" Pink Pills.

> The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville. Ont.: Gentlemen, It has been my intention to write to you for some time, but being busy I have neglected to do so until

I am a Baptist minister. Was or dained June 14th, 1887, in Cramahe Baptist Church, Northumberland Co., Ont. I want to tell you in as few words as possible what I know about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was pastor of the Dalesville, Que., Baptist Church in 1891 and again in 1894-5. While pastor in 1891, the Rev. John King, a former pasof rhubarb every day to keep his bowels regular. I thought of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He began taking them and it was not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis never returned and his bowels remained active. He died a few years ago prac tically from old age.

I went from Dalesville, Que., to Gro-

ton, Vermont, as pastor of the Baptist Church in that place. There lived a man about two and one-half miles from Groton by the name of Neil McCrae, a Canadian. I heard he was ill, and being Canadian, I went to see him. I found him lying in bed. He said he had no pain, but was too weak to sit up. His lips were bloodless, in fact, he was as white as chalk. I recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gave him some. He began taking them and in a short time could see blood in the veins of his hands and in the course of a few weeks he was out watching men building a new barn for him, and shortly after that he came to Groton to church. Now, I ought to tell you that the doctor of Groton (a doctor in an adjoining village) could not help him and said so. The best doctor and saw Mr. McCrea, but said he could not help him. He did not get any help "'I made it this afternoon,' said Edy, till Dr. Williams' Pink Pills put him on

his feet again. Later I returned to Dalesville. Que... as pastor. A young lady who lived about six miles west of Dalesville at a place called Edina, sent for me to come to see her, as she had been a member of my congregation in my former pastorate. I went to see her and found a similar case to that of Mr. McCrae, of Groton. Vt. This girl was so weak she could not sit up. She appeared to be bloodless. I said to her: "It will cost you \$6.00 to get a doctor to come out Pills for \$2.50." She followed my advice, took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and chute, she was as well as ever, and Dr.

I have given you the facts of these "But on the stage I have submitted three cases which came to my personal even to the iron body casings of the notice and I think only just to other istic work, and have therefore not at the present time a permanent address. I

can, however, refer you to the editor of the Canadian Baptist. (Signed),

PRESS, PULPIT AND PLATFORM

We are still waiting for an audience of musically educated people; it is our greatest need.-Miss Horniman, at There are dunces in all classes, and

clowns in the upper regions of society as well as the lower.—Bishop of Lincoin at Rawmarsh. There is spreading about us a spirit of heedlessness, of self-will, of self-con-

ceit-a spirit of impudence. - Archbishop of York, at Sheffield. The proximity of extreme wealth and extreme poverty gives a sting to the contrast between the situations of the rich and the poor.—Dean of Manchester.

at Manchester.

Our general education is far too much developed on the purely literary side. and our boys are brought up too much to look forward to cheap brain labor.-Mr. A. J. Hobson, at Sheffield. When working men earn good wage they are not careful to save for times

when trade is bad, because they know they will be able to get credit," said Judge Emden, at Lambeth County The main object of education is to prepare the youth of the country for the duties of citizenship and for giving good udgment on questions of State. Mr. R.

Blair, at the Evening School Teachers

SALMON LEAPED INTO BOAT.

A curious thing happened at Dunfallandy, Pitlochry, during the night a few days ago. The Tummel was in high flood and Stewart Fergusson's oversinan went down early in the morning to see to the safety of one of the boats, riding in the river at the end of a long pole and about fifteen feet from the bank.

There had been a lot of rain during the night and the boat had about nine to ten inches of water in her, in the middle of which floated a fine, almost clean, saimo nof about twenty pounds.. It was stil lalive, though much exhausted, as the water had become quite de xygenized. It had leaped into the boat during the night. The sides of the bout are quite fifteen inches above the water line. The salmon soon revived and swam away London Globe.

1 Wauld Seem So.

Gver-I understand young Seers was married last week Myer—Yes; he married a ciairvoyant. Gyer-Indeed! Case of love at see and sight, I suppose?

LOUISIANA PEANUTS.

Peanuts are a dollar a bushel. The you stamp out the last flicker sixty million dollars and it has proved banks of Ruston have paid out more of a life that is fast obbing successful.—Robert S. Blair, in the Chair, then \$60,000 to planters for peanuts this banks of Ruston have paid out more