ROYALTY'S GREATNESS.

London Ragamuffins Treated by the Duke and Duchess of York.

There are not two warmer hearts in England than those of the Duke and Duchess of York. Every Christmas some hundreds of poor, hungry little wretches have at least one hearty meal provided for them entirely by their royal highness. Last year the poor children in a certain parish in the east of London were thus regaled, and, to add to their enjoyment, the duke and duchess went themselves and said a few cheery, heartfelt words to each of the little ones.

Going up to one urchin, who was looking very solemn and somewhat sad, the duke said to him;

"Now, my little man, why such a dismal face? Let me see if I can't do something to make you happier. Would you like some more pudding, eh?"

"Yes," stolidly, but not very politely, said the urchin.

"Yes, what? What ought you to say, my little fellow? Yes——"

"Yes, if I can get it!" replied the youth, without moving a muscle of his face.

His royal highness later on went up to a seven-year-old boy why appeared to be in more than ordinary pain, judging from his sorrowful, troubled face.

"You are not happy, little man, are you?" said the duke, most kindly.

"No, sir," said the youth, crying.

"Oh, this will never do," replied the duke, encouragingly. "Why are you not happy?"

The little boy put his hand across his trousers and said; "I'm too tight here to be happy, sir!"

La Grippe's Victims

ARE LEFT WEAK, SUFFERING AND DESPONDENT.

A Nova Scotian Who Was Attacked Almost Gave Up Hope of Recovery—His Experience of Value to Others.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

Mr. C. E. Johnson is about 28 years old, a gold miner by occupation, is well known about the mining camps in these parts and is thoroughly posted in his business. Not long since Mr. Johnson chanced to be in Porter's drug store, in Bridgewater, when a case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was being opened, and he remarked to the clerk; "I saw the time when a dozen boxes of those pills were of more value to me than the best gold mine in the country." A reporter of the Enterprise happened to hear Mr. Johnson's rather startling remark and asked him why he spoke so highly of the pills. Mr. Johnson's statement was as follows; "About four years ago I was attacked with la grippe which kept me from work about three weeks. I did not have it very hard apparently, but it left me weak all the same. Anyhow, after losing three weeks I concluded to go to work again. The mine I was working in was making a good deal of water and I got wet the first day. That night the old trouble came back, with the addition of a severe cold. I managed to get rid of the cold, but the whole force of the disease settled in my stomach, kidneys and joints, and boils broke out on my body and limbs. My back was so weak I could scarcely stand alone, while food in every form distressed me, and I became so nervous that any unusual noise would overcome me. I tried several sorts of medicines but none seemed to do any good. I next went to a doctor. His medicine helped me at first, but after a short time lost its effect. He then changed the medicine, but with no better result. About this time a clergyman who called at the house advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a box and used them, but they did not materially benefit me. I had now been some weeks idle and was feeling desperate. A friend strongly advised me to go to a hospital for treatment and I had just about decided to do so when an acquaintance learning I had taken but one box of the pills suggested that I should try three boxes more before giving them up. The matter of money decided me on trying the pills again. I got three boxes and when used I was quite a bit improved. Could eat light nutritious food, slept better, and felt noticeably stronger. But I was still an unwell man. As the pills were doing a good work, however, I sent for eight more boxes. I continued using them till all were gone, when I felt that I was restored to health. All my stomach trouble had disappeared, I was fully as fleshy as before the first attack of la grippe, my nerves were solid as ever, and I knew that work would give strength to my muscles. So, after about six months, I went to work again and have not had a sick day since. One dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and gave me better health since than I had before, and that is why I said they were worth more to me than any gold mine, for all that a man has he will give for his life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW HE GOT IN.

Torpey—I assure you I was perfectly amazed to meet Loosevish there. How did he manage to get into society.

Depalpit. — Oh, he got a bad name, and everybody wanted to have him.

LONDON CROSSING SWEEPERS.

There are nearly 2,700 crossing sweepers in London.

HOW TO BEGIN SAVING.

He who would save should begin with his mouth.

BULLFIGHTS HARD ON HORSES.

About 5,000 horses are annually killed in Spain in bull-fights. At these contests from 1,000 to 1,200 bulls are annually sacrificed.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

It was early morning. In an elegant boudoir, whose oriel window overlooked the garden, sat three young ladies, respectively, Bessie Glenn, two-and-twenty; Gertie Glenn, twenty; and Eve Glenn, eighteen—all dark-eyed, dark-haired, and handsome, yet each of a distinct different type.

"I declare, Bess," cried Gertie, indignantly, twisting the telegram she held in her hand into a wisp, "it's from Uncle Jet! Guess what he says!"

"I couldn't possibly," yawns Bess, from the depths of her easy-chair; it's too much trouble."

"Is it about Alice?" questioned Eve, maliciously.

"Yes," replied Gertie; "but you are to try and guess what it is."

"Why, I suppose some stranger has chanced to flutter down into the quiet little village of Elmwood, and Alice thinks it her duty to stay there and capture him."

"That isn't it at all," snapped Gertie. "Uncle Jet says Alice can not come; but he has taken the liberty of sending another young lady in her stead, and hopes Miss Daisy Brooks will be the right person in the right place. She will arrive on the twentieth, at nine a.m."

Eve jumped to her feet in actual astonishment, and even Bessie dropped her novel, with widely opened eyes.

"Just fancy some tall, gaunt old maid of a companion, with such a name!" she cried, rising her eyebrows and picking up her book again. "I think you will find the daisy a rather ancient and faded flower."

"She couldn't be anything else," asserted Gertie.

"Wouldn't it be fun if she should turn out to be young and pretty, and take the shine off both of you?" laughed Eve, puckering up her mouth. "I would enjoy it immensely!"

"Eve, will you hold your tongue?" commanded Bessie, sharply.

"You'd better hold your temper!" retorted Eve.

"Pshaw! what's the use of being so silly as to quarrel over a Miss Nobody?" cried Gertie, stamping her pretty slippered foot. "Guess what else is the news."

"Haven't I told you I despise guessing?" cried Bess, angrily. "It is not good form to insist upon a person's guessing—please remember it."

"Write it down on ice," said Eve, sotto voce, mimicking her elder sister's tone.

"Well," said Gertie, with a look of triumph, "I drove over to Mrs. Lyon's yesterday to see how everything was progressing for that contemplated marriage, and, lo! she informs me the wedding is postponed for the present, and Rex—handsome Rex—is coming home alone."

"No—o!" cried both the sisters in chorus.

Bess sat bolt upright, and Eve danced around the room clapping her hands.

"I don't think much of a marriage which has been postponed," said Bess, a bright spot glowing on both of her cheeks. "Who knows but what one of us may have a chance of winning handsome Rex Lyon, after all? He is certainly a golden prize?"

"'Don't count the chickens,' etc.," quoted Eve, saucily.

"Gertrude!" said Bess, severely, "you will learn after awhile never to speak before Eve. She is as liable to do mischief as her namesake in the Garden of Eden."

"You ought never to go back on your own sex," retorted Eve, banging the door after her as she quitted the room, Rover, an ugly-looking mastiff, closely following at her heels.

"That is certainly an astonishing piece of news," said Bess, reflectively, smoothing out the folds of her white cashmere morning wrapper. "Now, here's a plan for you, Gertie. Find out his address in some way, and we will write to him on some pretext or other. Rex has probably quarreled with the haughty heiress of Whitestone Hall, and one of us ought certainly to catch his heart in the rebound. Send him an invitation to your birthday party, Gertie."

"I would be more likely to succeed than you, Bess," said Gertie, rocking complacently to and fro, and looking maliciously at her sister. "You remember he once remarked he did not like tall ladies, and you are certainly tall, Bess."

"Well, I'd rather be tall and willowy and graceful, than short and fat and dumpy," jerked out Bess, spitefully.

"What! at swords' points yet, eh? Ha, ha, ha!" cried Eve, suddenly, popping her head in at the door. "I'll be back after awhile to see which one of you gets the best of it."

Before either of the sisters had time to reply, the family carriage dashed suddenly up to the porch, and a moment later a slight, dark-robed little figure was ushered into their presence.

"This is Miss Brooks, mum," said Jim, the coachman, addressing the elder sister.

"I'd like to know why you have brought her in here?" cried Bess, angrily. "Why did you not take her into the servants' hall or into the kitchen?"

But Jim had disappeared.

"Well, now that you are here, you might sit down," suggested Gertie, wondering what kind of a face was hid behind the long, thick, clinging veil. "You may lay aside your bonnet and veil."

Trembling and sick at heart with the cold greeting which had been given her, Daisy did as she was bid.

"Why, I declare, you are younger than I am!" cried Eve, impulsively. "We were all expecting to see a wrinkled, dried-up old maid. Why, you'd make a much better companion for me than for mother."

"E—v—e!" cried the elder Miss Glenn, severely, "be kind enough to leave the room."

"I sha'n't go one step until I have had my say out," cried Eve, planting herself firmly down on a hassock in the middle of the floor. "Nobody likes me because I'm rude and free-spoken," declared Eve, addressing Daisy; "but I believe in letting people know just what I am to begin with. I'm not one of these sleek, smooth, tigery creatures that hide their claws under velvet-paws. We are three model sisters," she went on, recklessly; "we have tremendous spats—when we are here alone; but if a visitor happens in we all sit with our arms around one another, 'just to have the appearance' of affection, you know."

The elder Miss Glenn arose with dignity, motioning Daisy to follow her.

"Papa will see you later, Eve, dear," she said, with a baleful glitter in her sloe-black eyes; and as Daisy followed her she could not help but compare her with Pluma Hurlhurst, with that treacherous, mocking smile, playing about her full, red lips—and quite unconsciously poor little Daisy fell to thinking.

"Rex will go back to Pluma Hurlhurst now," she thought, with a bitter sigh. "He has cast me out of his life, he will go back and marry her."

Poor, innocent Daisy, how little she knew of life or the insurmountable barrier which lay between the haughty, scheming heiress and Rex—her husband!

"I was asking you if you resided in Elmwood, Miss Brooks," said Bess, raising her voice. "I have asked you twice."

"I beg your pardon; please forgive me," said Daisy, flushing painfully. "I—I was not aware you had spoken. No, I lived near Elmwood—between there and Baltimore."

Daisy was sorely afraid Miss Glenn would ask her to name the exact location. She did not, however, much to Daisy's great relief. By this time they had reached the door of Mrs. Glenn's room, and as it was slightly ajar Bessie pushed it open without further ceremony and entered.

"Has Miss Brooks come yet?" asked a thin, querulous voice.

"Yes," answered Bessie; "here she is, mamma."

The room was so dark Daisy could scarcely distinguish the different objects for a moment or so. She saw, however, a dark figure on a couch and a white jeweled hand waving a fan indolently to and fro. A sudden impulse came over Daisy to turn and run away, but by a great effort she controlled her feelings.

"Step forward, if you please, Miss Brooks. I can not observe you well at such a distance; do not tread on the poodle on the rug or brush against the bric-a-brac placed indiscriminately about the room."

"Oh, dear, if there were only a light," thought Daisy, in dismay. She was afraid of taking a single step for fear some of the bric-a-brac mentioned, either at the right or left of her, should come crashing down under her blundering little feet.

"I always exclude the broad glare of early morning light, as I find it especially trying."

As she spoke she threw back one of the shutters with the end of her fan, and a warm flood of invigorating sunshine poured into the room.

"Dear me," she cried, staring hard at the beautiful little face before her. "Why, you are a child, scarcely older than my Eve. What could that stupid brother of mine mean by sending you to me? I have a notion to send you back again directly."

"Oh, please do not, madame," cried Daisy, piteously. "Only try me first; I will do my very best to please you."

"But I did not want a young person," expostulated Mrs. Glenn.

"But you sent for Alice, his daughter, and—and he thought I would do as well," faltered Daisy, timidly.

"Alice Jet is over forty, and you are not more than sixteen, I should judge. How did you happen to think you could do as well as she?"

The color came and went on Daisy's pretty flower-like face, and her heart throbbed pitifully;

"I am not so very wise or learned," she said, "but I should try so hard to please you, if you will only let me try."

"I suppose, now that you are here, we will have to make the best of it," replied Mrs. Glenn, condescendingly.

The fair beauty of the young girl's face did not please her.

"I have always dreaded fair women," she thought to herself, "they are the most dangerous of rivals. If she stays at Glengrove I shall see she is kept well in the background."

While in the morning-room below the three girls were discussing the new turn of affairs vigorously.

A post card with your name and address will bring you free sample of

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA.

"Salada," Toronto.

"I am determined she shall not remain here," Bessie Glenn was saying.

"I heartily indorse your opinion," said Gertie, slowly.

And for once in her life the tongue of reckless Eve was silent. She looked thoughtfully out of the window.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The first week of Daisy's stay at Glengrove passed quickly. She was beginning to feel quite at home with Mrs. Glenn and Eve, but Bessie and Gertie held aloof from her. She was beginning to believe she never would would be able to win her way to their hearts. Eve—warm-hearted, impulsive Eve—took to her at once.

"You are just the kind of a girl I like, Daisy," said Eve, twirling one of her soft gold curls caressingly around her fingers; "and if I were a handsome young man, instead of a girl, I should fall straightway in love with you. Why, what are you blushing so for?" cried Eve. "Don't you like to talk about love and lovers?"

"No," said Daisy, in a low voice, a distressed look creeping into her blue eyes. "If you please, Eve, I'd rather not talk about such things."

"You are certainly a funny girl," said Eve, wonderingly. "Why, do you know all the handsome young fellows around here have fallen deeply in love with you, and have just been besieging both Bess and Gertie for an introduction to you."

No laughing rejoinder came from Daisy's red lips. There was an anxious look in her eyes. Ah! this, then, accounted for the growing coldness with which the two sisters greeted her.

"You do not seem enough interested to even ask who they are," said Eve, disappointedly. "I suppose you have never heard we have some of the handsomest gentlemen around here to be met with the whole South—or in the North either, for that matter," said Eve, enthusiastically. "Wait until you have seen some of them."

How little she knew the girl's heart and soul was bound up in Rex, whom she told herself she was never again to see.

"Do you see that large gray stone house yonder, whose turrets you can just see beyond those trees?" asked Eve, suddenly, a mischievous light dancing in her merry hazel eyes.

"Yes," replied Daisy. "I have a fine view of it from my window upstairs. I have seen a little child swinging to and fro in a hammock beneath the trees. Poor little thing, she uses a crutch. Is she lame?"

"Yes," replied Eve, "that's little Birdie; she's lame. I do not want to talk about her but about her brother. Oh, he is perfectly splendid!" declared Eve, enthusiastically, "and rich, too. Why, he owns I don't know how many cotton plantations and orange groves, and he is—oh—so handsome! You must take care you do not fall in love with him. All the girls do. If you did not, you would be a great exception; you could scarcely help caring for him, he is so winning and so nice," said Eve, blushing furiously.

To Be Continued.

HOSPITALITY FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

When children are in the habit of meeting pleasant guests at the family table, they are broadened and helped as they cannot be in a home which exercises no hospitality. No matter how easy and gracious are the family manners as an accustomed thing, the presence of a guest gives them an added touch of suavity. Topics of conversation relating to the great world, to politics, to church affairs, to current events, to the pleasant gossip of kindred and acquaintances are introduced, and the children listen to and participate in the talk. Nothing can be a greater mistake than to exclude hospitality from home life, if only for the children's sake. One does not need to go to very great trouble or expense, or to spend money beyond one's means in order to receive friends at one's board. The true art of hospitality gives the best one has, without effort or excuse, and then lets the guest fit smoothly into the grooves of the family life.

CARRYING OUT THE DISGUISE.

The Bride—Now, dear, we must act like old married people.

The Groom—All right. Give me back that fifty.

What is the Cause Of Pneumonia?

AND HOW IT IS MOST EFFECTIVELY CURED BY DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

This question is of vital interest at this season of the year, when nearly every newspaper contains reports of one or more deaths from this deadly disease. Prof. J. J. Walsh, M.D., Ph. D., an eminent authority on diseases of the lungs, says that pneumonia is the result of taking cold when the system is in a run-down condition, and of neglecting to take prompt means of curing it. The beginning is with a cough, chills and aching of the bones, soreness and tightness in the chest, pain in the lungs, weariness, exhaustion and sleeplessness.

It is easy to let a cold run on. You may say with others that you always let a cold take care of itself. There is danger of following this plan once too often. At this season of the year the lungs seem to unusually susceptible to disease and before you suspect it pneumonia or consumption has seated itself in your system. It is possible you have tried the cough mixtures which druggists offer to their customers. These may do well enough for slight coughs, tickling in the throat, but they are powerless in the presence of serious disease.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is far more than a cough remedy. It cures the cold as well as loosening and easing the cough. It takes the pains out of the bones and reaches the very seat of disease when there are pain and tightness in the chest. It would not be too much to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has saved thousands of people from pneumonia and consumption. There is not a village or hamlet in Canada where this famous family treatment is not recognized as a most unusually effective cure for croup, bronchitis, asthma, coughs and colds.

Mrs. F. Dwyer, of Chesterville, says: "My little girl of three years, had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctors' treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say is all right to-day after seven weeks' sickness."

Don't take anything said to be "just as good." There is no throat and lung medicine just as good as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Remember this when buying and insist on having Dr. Chase's; 25 cents a bottle, family size, three times as much, 60 cents; all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

WINTER CARE OF HORSES.

The nobility, intelligence and beauty of the horse are attributes that have been freely dwelt upon writes' Chas. M. Drake. It is much on account of these that the horse requires better care than many other domestic animals. As a rule, the nearer a domestic animal approaches the human the greater its need of intelligent care and feed. Strange as it may seem, as animals rise in this scale of intelligence the longer the list of maladies to which they are heirs. The culmination, of course, is the human family, whose list of maladies is very long, indeed.

In view of these facts the horse ought not only to be thoroughly cared for as regards grooming, cleaning the stable and regular and proper feeding, but its health should be a matter of constant watchfulness. This requires the service of a man who is not only careful and thorough, but who possesses the faculty of observation and willingness to learn. Such a man will at once learn to note wrong physical conditions of the horse and be apt and prompt in applying the remedies.

An experience covering more than a decade in the ownership and care of horses is not devoid of valuable lessons. A horse's condition will nearly always reflect its care and feed, and, like ordinary mirrors, their shinnig coats reflect good care and treatment. A regular and thorough grooming is just as important in winter as at any time. The chafing effect of a good currycomb assists the skin to perform its functions as an eliminating organ—even more important in winter because perspiration is less. It will not do to neglect grooming because horses have not much to do. Removing the manure and urine-soaked bedding at least once a day should be done as surely as the feeding. It will not do to let manure accumulate in the horse stable. The bedding should be abundant and clean. Many a farmer skimps the bedding as though there were a lack of material. The more bedding the more manure saved, and the more manure the more straw grown. If the supply of straw is short and it cannot be had use leaves or shavings. Many a farmer skimps the bedding because the straw is not very handy or is outdoors and frozen and water-soaked. It ought to have been housed soon after thrashing.

The feed should be sufficiently varied in winter to meet the demands of nature, and should not be so abundant as when the horse is at work. Many a horse has been overfed in winter. Three full feeds are not so good as two. Two good feeds and two waterings are enough in winter when horses are not at work. The grain ration need not be large at this season, but I do not like the idea of taking away all grain. I also like to feed some good straw in winter, as it saves hay, and the horse is not apt to gorge itself as with hay. Many feeders are apt to give too much hay, and an overdistended stomach and little exercise are an unfavorable combination.

A SUCCESSFUL FARMER.

The man who makes the farm pay is a busy man, but there are some things he does not let his busy life prevent attending to.

He is never too busy to keep up with his work. The way he accomplishes so much is to have everything done in season. He is never too busy to plan out his work, days, weeks, and months ahead.

He finds time to keep up with modern methods and discoveries, and is a deep student of those sciences which apply to his business.

He finds time to attend the meetings of farmers and listen to the papers, discussions and lectures given for his benefit.

He finds time to attend the poultry, cattle and horse shows, and local fairs and expositions where agriculture and kindred vocations are given attention.

He is never too busy to see that his stock is rightly treated. His horses are carefully groomed after the day's work, and his hogs and cows are never without an abundance of pure, fresh water.

He is never too busy to take care of his machinery as soon as through using it for the season, painting and oiling all exposed parts.

He finds time for repairing all the farm buildings as soon as they need it, and never neglects needed repairs.

He finds time to cut all the weeds in fence corners and other nooks about the farm, and does not allow the road bordering his farm to grow weeds and ripen seeds to seed his farm.

He finds time to work his garden, cultivate his orchard and care for the trees and shrubbery about his farm.

He finds time to build and keep up a neat lawn with choice beds of flowers and ornamental shrubbery.

FARM HINTS.

Having a place for everything in the stable saves time and labor. John may do the chores at night and Bill in the morn, and if such a system is followed there is no loss of time or religion hunting for things one or the other has used. We have seen farmers look 20 minutes for a pitchfork or shovel that they required the use of for not more than five minutes.

When you notice anything is out of order make the needed repairs at once. The man whose barn door needed one hinge delayed until it cost him two hinges and other repairs.

It will pay to make the cornerbins as near ratproof as possible. Rats will not only destroy an immense amount of corn during a winter, but will muss over a great deal, making it unfit for food purposes. One of the cheapest things to use in making cornerbins ratproof is fine mesh wire netting. It is cheap and its lasting qualities are well worth considering. Keeping good cats at the barn will aid in keeping down the rat nuisance.

Don't delay any longer in making the pig pen more comfortable for the hogs that are to be kept over.

SICK FOWLS.

The most troublesome diseases of fowls, with their causes, may be summed up as follows:

Roup—Planted by "only a neglected slight cold."

Cholera—Caused principally by over-crowding.

Diarrhea—Damp houses, filthy houses and runs and bad feeding.

Canker—Dampness and filth.

Diphtheria and Ulcerated Throat—Roosting in draughts, also damp houses.

Consumption—Neglected cold.

Apoplexy, Vertigo and Epilepsy—Overfeeding.

Sore Eyes—Damp houses.

Costiveness and Constipation—Improper food.

Soft and Swelled Crop, Indigestion and Dyspepsia—Overfeeding.

Pip and Bronchitis—Damp quarters.

Black Rot—Result of indigestion.

Soft Eggs—Overfeeding.

Gout, Rheumatism and Cramp—Damp houses.

Leg Weakness—Inbreeding and overfeeding.

Bumble Foot—High perches.

Scaly Legs and Chickenpox—Filthy and damp quarters.

PROTECTING TREES.

Drive four stakes about a foot distant from the tree. Saw off to equal heights nail on cleats, forming a square to hold the stakes firmly at the top, then put hoops of wire around the stakes 8 or 10 inches apart. The wire need not be large, and may be twisted tight, or held in place by cutting small notches in the stakes. The expense is but a trifle.

ENGLAND IN CHINA.

The Large Hold the British Have Gained in the Celestial Empire.

Great Britain is farther in China already than any other power. The facts are sensational when taken together. The British have most of the trade in strong ports where they have put up handsome buildings, and they have most of the concessions. It is the expectation that British capital will play the largest part in the modernization of China. Frank G. Carpenter, who has been in that part of the world for some time, contributes to The Saturday Evening Post an article giving the most recent facts of the situation. He says:

"The English are doing the most of the foreign banking for China. They get a percentage on the greater part of the quarter of a billion dollars used in its foreign trade. They have made the Chinese Government loans up to the last four or five years; the first two loans at the close of the Chinese-Japanese war, each amounting to $80,000,000, having been placed with the English and Germans. There is one English bank in China which has deposits of $80,000,000. It pays six per cent. on deposits, and, notwithstanding this, declares big dividends. In a recent transaction it made a clear profit of $2,000,000, and its stock is now two hundred per cent, above par.

"There are, in round numbers, about 13,421 foreigners in China. I do not include the soldiers called in by the present war. Of these foreigners more than 5,000 are English, 2,000 Americans, 1,000 Germans, 900 French, 160 Danes, 400 Spanish, 150 Italians, 1,000 Portuguese, and 1,700 Japanese. More than two-thirds of the Americans are missionaries.

"A look at what the English are doing at the different ports will show whether they are profitable or unprofitable servants. They surely have not wrapped their talent in a napkin and buried it in the sand. They have made the open ports modern European cities. They are everywhere the leaders in society, education and business."

GLEANED IN FOREIGN FIELDS.

One-fifteenth of the inhabitants of Spain are nobles.

Russia secured Finland from Sweden in 1809.

Nearly every Chinaman can read, but 90 per cent. of the women are uneducated.

None of the nations of Europe can properly be called "free trade nations" except England.

Spain has a national debt almost twice as large as that of the United States.

The Afridis are said to have no sense of honor. They are the greatest robbers among the Afghans of British India.

The general tendency in all nations is to increase their public debts, except in the United States, where there has been a gradual reduction since the civil war.

Barcelona, owing to its geographical position, has long aspired to be the first commercial city in the Mediterranean, its formidable rival having been always the neighboring French port of Marseilles.

The cavern of Aglelek is one of the most remarkable in Europe. It consists of a labyrinth of caverns, one of which is 96 feet high, 90 feet wide and nearly 900 feet long in a straight line.

A DUBLIN FLOWER.

Not long ago, as the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were driving through Dublin, a corpulent man ran alongside their carriage for such a distance that the duchess stopped it, and asked the man his wishes.

Puffing very little for one who had run so far, the man replied that it had long been his desire to get a good look at their highness.

But how did you keep up such a pace? asked the duchess.

Oh, sure, ma'am, haven't I been chasin' pigs all me life? said he.

A reply which surely indicated that a poor courtier had been spoiled to make a good pig-jobber.

Ever Increasing Popularity for

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

the reward of merit. For purity, strength and Flavour, it has no equal.

Lead Packets, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60c.

MERE TRIFLES.

Snow-blindness is very common among Eskimos.

In Alaska a native just 50 years of age is a rarity.

The term "algebra" comes from two Arabic words signifying the putting together of broken things.

There is a pearly white mineral, hard enough to scratch glass, found in the vicinity of Ephesus. It is called Ephesite.

The vast swamps of the Adirondacks are almost impenetrable with the thick growth of cedar, tamarack and hemlock.

The term "abbot" comes from the word meaning "father." It was originally given to any aged monk, but afterward more strictly applied to the superior of a monastery or abbey.

The names of the letters of the ancient Hebrew alphabet were also the names of material objects, and the letters themselves were at first, in all probability, rude outlines of the objects. "Aleph," for example, means an "ox," and the letter was in its origin the outline of an ox's head.

DEATH IN THE DRINK.

Some time ago in India an officer who was parched with thirst was travelling with his Indian servant where water was scarce. It was evening time, and in that country the moon throws a peculiar light upon many things. The officer saw at the side of the road a pool of water that looked very clear. He was stooping down to drink when his servant called to him, Nay, nay, Sahib lend me your sword, Going to the pool the servant put the edge of the sword into it to stir it, when up came the head of a cobra, the most dangerous serpent in India. The servant then brought the weapon down upon the reptile and cut off his head; Had the officer drank of the pool, he would have been a dead man. There was death in the drink. How many the serpent drink is destroying every day in our great cities! Let us be servants for them, and show them the work of the serpent. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder, says the Bible.

WHY STEEL RAILS BREAK.

In 1895 a steel rail on the Great Northern railway in England broke into 17 pieces, causing a serious accident. A committee of the board of trade appointed to investigate the cause of the breakage has only recently made its report, after four years of work on the subject. The committee ascertained that the particular rail which broke on the occasion described possessed certain abnormal features the precise origin of which remains undetermined, but the investigation led to several discoveries of scientific and practical importance. Among these is the surprising effect of cracks in the upper surfaces of rails. It was found by experiment that a rail nicked with a chisel to a depths of a sixty-fourth of an inch broke under a weight of 600 pounds falling from a height of 12 feet, while the same rail not nicked resisted the fall of a ton weight from a height of 20 feet.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill, box and name—but imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

WANDERING JEW.

The botanical name of "Wandering Jew"—Tradescantia zebrina—is given in honor of a celebrated florist, John Tradescant, gardener, to that unfortunate monarch, Charles I. Tradescant was a Dutchman and was called Tradeskin by his associates. He established a botanic garden in Lambeth, England, as early as 1629, which was then a rare thing. He also collected a botanical museum, of which Flatman, the painter-poet, said,

Thus John Tradeskin starves our wondering eyes,
By buying up his new-born rarities.

He bequeathed this museum to his friend, Elias Ashmole. His wife contested the will, but failing in her suit, and not willing to be resigned to the loss of the museum, she foolishly drowned herself; this tragedy so affected Ashmole that he did not care to keep it in his possession, and he presented the museum to the University of Oxford in 1677. It would be interesting to know whence the plant derived its common name, "Wandering Jew," which seems to have been bestowed sans rhyme or reason.

CEYLON and INDIA TEA

GREEN OR BLACK.

To get clean GREEN tea use the machine made tea of Ceylon and India It contains no adulterants, no sticks, no willow leaves—it's all tea.

The same is true of BLACK.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

Little 4-year-old Nellie was gazing intently at the visitor's bonnet.

What do you think of it, dear? asked the lady.

Oh, replied Nellie, it's all right. Mamma told Aunt Mary it was a perfect fright, but it doesn't frighten me.

HISTORIC CASTLE BURNED.

The Chateau Bel Oeil, the castle and summer residence of the prince of Leigne, near Brussels, dating from 1456, has been destroyed by fire. The paintings and most of the principal works of art which it contained were saved.

The New Furniture Company.

The London correspondent of The New York Sun says "that the most promising market is offered in the United Kingdom for American furniture manufacturer," and also adds that "by sending good furniture enterprising manufacturers will find a trade awaiting them which will pay handsome profits." The Canada Furniture Manufacturers, Limited, which came into existence last week, with a capital of $3,000,000, is well equipped to do a very large export trade. It has absorbed the Furniture Manufacturing Exporting Co., of Berlin, and Liverpool and also the Anderson Furniture Co.'s English organization. This will give the new company ample facilities to compete with the United States factories successfully. In connection with this we might add that the Canada Furniture Manufacturers offer a portion of preference stock to the public. It is one of the best investments offered.

HER LOVE.

Visitor—Do you love your dolly?
Little girl—Indeed, I do.
It's a girl dolly isn't it?
Yes'm.
Why don't you have a boy dolly?
Oh, the live ones is nicer.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

A SON OF THE SOIL.

Trace back the man who comes to fame—
('Twill do his name no harm)—
And ten to one you'll find the same
Was brought up on the farm.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan $1.50 & up

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

THE MYSTERY OF THE AGES.

Dickerman—There's one thing that puzzles me.

Rawley—And pray what is that?

Dickerman—How it happens that the new woman is generally not a very young one.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea, 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

A WORK-A-DAY WORLD.

Then you place industry before genius?

Yes; industry can get on without genius; but genius can't get on without industry.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best

HER VIEW.

Mr. Solidrocks—It's a heavy delusion and perhaps, I'd better keep it quiet.

Mrs. Solidrocks—Oh, no! Let the world know how easily you can afford it.

W P C 1059

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.

For all skin ailments.

J. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

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Sausage Casings—New importations finest English Sheep and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at right prices. PARK, BLACKWELL & CO., Toronto.

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Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned These can be sent by post, 1c per oz. the best place is

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

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it Will Pay You to consign all your Produce to the Dawson Commission Co. Limited Cor. Colborne and West Market St., Toronto. They will get you highest possible prices.

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