

TERRIBLE BEES.

When Once They Start on Their Work the Victims Are Sure to Suffer.

Any one who is familiar with the marvelous 'Jungle Stories' of Mr. Kipling will not need to be reminded, having 'The Little People of the Rocks' still vividly in mind, that a colony of bees may make a dangerous adversary. It was in a ravine in India that the little people fought their victorious fight against the ravening pack of the red dhols—the wild dogs; but it was in the cliffs of an African mountain and the wilds of an African forest that Major J. R. McDonald, the author of 'Soldiering and Surveying in British East Africa,' learned how formidable is the concerted power of bees by the million. Many times his caravan was attacked and routed, some of his pack donkeys slain and his porters badly stung. Once he encountered the swarming foe in the clefts of a precipitous mountain, where they had doubtless dwelt and multiplied undisturbed for years, since the place was held sacred to an evil spirit, so dreaded by the neighboring tribesmen that they never ventured an ascent.

'While resting in a shady cave,' says Major McDonald, 'and admiring the masses of maiden-hair fern that clung to its camp walls, we heard a familiar sound above us, and looking up, saw a swarm of bees streaming in and out of a large hole in the cliff. As the hole was close to one of the worst portions of the ascending ledge, strict silence was enjoined on all.'

'We Europeans removed our boots, to get a secure foothold, and the whole party quietly along the face of the precipice. But cautious though we were, there was enough noise to attract the attention of the suspicious bees, and soon an angry cloud swarmed out. A false footstep must have been fatal, but there was no time to think of our footing with the angry swarms at our heels.'

Fortunately no one slipped, and the van of the expedition, scrambling frantically away upward from their spiteful little enemies, safely reached the summit of the mountain while the rear—for the onslaught had divided the party in two—bolted downward in the opposite direction, and awaited them below. But those on the mountain top had next to think of their return. Luckily for them the domestic habits of bees are as orderly as their methods of harvesting and architecture, and the men had only to wait till after sunset, which is the best hour of all self-respecting bees, to slip past quietly, unmolested; although the task to which such a delay reluctantly forced them, of descending dangerous crags and pathless slopes in the dark, was more perilous than pleasant.

Far more tragical was an attack in a less dangerous spot; for in the sudden scattering of the caravan before the stinging pests a sick man failed to make his escape and was left behind. He was missed, and the mayor with two natives went back to search for him beneath the hollow tree whence the bees had issued.

'We set to work quartering the ground near the tree; the bees swarmed down on us, and it was quite impossible to avoid being stung; all we could do was to keep the brutes out of our eyes. After a short time it became too hot for my companions and they left. It was becoming too hot for me, too, when I stumbled on the Mosgo, and picking him up, ran for it.'

'The poor fellow, who wore only a loin-cloth, was terribly stung. His body, owing to the innumerable stings left in him, instead of smooth black skin appeared covered with close brown fur. We dosed him with medicine, removed the stings and carried him to camp some two miles distant, when he was placed in the hands of the hospital assistant. But all was of no avail, and in about five hours the Mosgo died.'

HER VULNERABLE POINT.

She Said Nervousness was Folly but Couldn't Stand a Test.

'It's very foolish according to my ideas,' said Mrs. Sampson, addressing the Ladies' Sewing Circle, during a lull caused by a frantic hunt for a missing pair of shears, 'it is worse than foolish for people to give way to their nerves as they do. Now I may say with truth that I haven't a nerve in my body which isn't perfectly under control. It's merely a matter of self-control, of course every one knows.'

The minister's wife flushed uneasily, and Miss Marvin looked conscious, but defiant. 'Now I've heard of people,' said Mrs. Sampson, pursuing her theme with relish, 'who couldn't stand the ticking of a little clock in a room where they slept, or even the ticking of a watch! They'd wrap them up in flannel, or some such thing to deaden the sound. It hardly seems possible to me that anybody could be so foolish, but I've been told it for a fact.'

'Then there are those who don't like to hear wood sawed.'

Here the minister's wife breathed freely; her particular weakness having been mentioned at the start, she knew that for her the worst was over.

'Now that seems downright ridiculous to me!' continued Mrs. Sampson. 'A necessary sound like that! I should feel it

my duty to sit in the wood-shed and listen to sawing till I had overcome my nerves once for all!'

Miss Marvin's nose was elevated, and she gave a distinct sniff.

'I've heard of people who couldn't bear to see others rock, continued Mrs. Sampson, calmly, 'and of those who didn't feel equal to hearing the sound of a hammer, or rain on a tin roof, or water dripping from a faucet, or a pen that scratched once in a while, or squeaky shoes. I've heard that all those things made certain people 'nervous'—and other things just as foolish.'

Mrs. Sampson paused to measure a hem. She wore an air of lofty superiority.

Miss Marvin looked like one whose hour of triumph has arrived. She knew her old neighbor 'like a book.' She picked one edge of a length of cotton cloth with her scissors, and proceeded to tear it with great deliberation.

Before the cloth was torn in two the entire sewing circle was wreathed in smiles, for there sat the prophet of self-control with her fingers in her ears!

A HEALED HERALD.

Thinks Rheumatism is Born of the Lower Regions, but Proclaims South American Rheumatic Cure a Heaven-Sent Healer.

Henry Humphreys, East London, sends his unsolicited testimony: 'I was seized with painful rheumatism in my left foot. I could not rest with it day or night, the pain was so intense. I tried many remedies, but they had no more effect on me than water on a duck's back. I was persuaded to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I followed the directions closely and in a very short time this wonderful remedy effected a complete cure, and there has not been the slightest hint of a return of the disease. It is a sure remedy and I delight to herald the goodness all over the land.'

Married to a Flower Vase.

Among the curious marriage customs prevailing in China is one which is thus described by a writer in the Family Herald:

No long ago a very pretty girl, the daughter of a prominent Chinese official, was married with great pomp to a large red flower-vase, representing a diseased bridegroom, who had died a few days before his wedding was to be celebrated.

His inconsolable bride, declared that she would never marry any one else, but would devote herself as a widow to the dead man's family. So the ceremony with the flower vase was gone through with to enable the girl to enter the family, and the town proposes to build an arch to commemorate her devotion.

A SUBLE THIEF.

Kidney Troubles Stole on one Insidiously—A Slight Cold—Then Congestion—Then Inflammation—Then the Deadly Malady Bright's Disease South American Kidney Cure is a Kidney Specific—It Relieves in Six Hours and Cures—Never Fails.

Mr. James McBrine, of Jamestown, Ont., says: 'I believe South American Kidney Cure saved my life. I was so severely afflicted that my friends had to attend me daily to take the urine from me.'

Mr. A. Williamson, Customs Officer, Kincardine, Ont., writes: 'I can highly recommend this specific as the greatest of boons to suffering humanity for all affections of the bladder and kidneys.'

Meat Cooked by Cold.

Any one who has ever picked up with a bare hand a piece of intensely cold iron knows that the touch burns almost as badly as if the metal were red hot. Indeed, the action of great heat and extreme cold are so similar that, according to London Tid-Bits, a Hungarian chemist has turned the latter to account to prepare meats for food. He subjects the meat to 60 degrees of frost and then seals it up in air tight cans. The result is that the meat which is practically 'cooked by cold,' will keep any time and can be eaten with very little further preparation.

A Better Healer.

'Quickcure' takes the place of ill-smelling Iodoform in many cases with much better and quicker results. Physicians are using and recommending it for ulcers, bruises, cuts and burns. It heals the sore properly by subduing inflammation and destroying the microbes that retard healing, besides relieving the pain instantly.

Nipped in the Bud.

Mudge—Which is proper to say, 'Lend me ten dollars,' or 'loan me ten dollars?' Wickwire—It won't do any good to say either.

OH! THE MISERY.

Mrs. Gilbrath of Shelburne, Ont., was a Great sufferer from indigestion, the Bane of so many Lives—South American Nervine Released its Hold—It Relieves in one Day.

'I was for a long time a great sufferer from indigestion. I experienced all the misery and annoyance so common to this ailment. I tried many remedies and spent a great deal on doctors' bills without receiving any permanent benefit. I was strongly recommended to try South American Nervine. I procured and used it, after using only two bottles I am pleased to testify that I am fully restored to health, and I have never had the slightest indication of a return of the trouble. I recommend it most heartily.'

A Daughter's Education.

Daughter—'Yes, I've passed my examination at Girton; but now I must improve my knowledge in psychology, philology, bibliology.'

Practical Mother—'You needn't continue. I have arranged for you a thorough course in rosetology, boileology,

stitchology, darnology, patchology, and general domestic workology. Now get on your working clothes.'—Tit-Bits.

Josh Billing said

Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort give me an old shoe. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the worst corns in twenty-four hours. Putnam's is the only sure, safe and painless corn extractor.

Will False Teeth Grow.

It is reported that a Russian dentist has solved the problem of supplying us with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly a natural ones. His method is to bore holes at the root of gutta-percha or porcelain teeth and also in the jaw. After the tooth has been placed in the cavity a soft granulated growth finds its way from the jaw into the holes of the tooth, which, he claims, gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position. A number of American dentists standing at the head of their profession have, however, declared that the Russian's alleged discovery is a fraud.



"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP"—wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice. Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.

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OUT OF THE FIRE.

Horses do not Always get Excited in a Time of Danger.

The common belief that horses in a burning building are always panic stricken and refractory, not recognising their friends refusing obedience to those who would rescue them, is not strictly true, as is proved by an incident related by the Youth's Companion.

The governor had a fine black driving horse called Dexter. Although strong and spirited Dexter was docile and obedient, and was petted and made much of by his master. As the governor kept no other horse, Dexter had the stable all to himself with a clean stall and a full manger. The stable was the house, and in addition to Dexter's stall and harness-room, contained a large carriage room, an oat-bin, and a haymow over the stall. One night, when the family and the servants were away from home and the governor was in the house alone, he was awakened by an ominous crackling and a bright glare on his chamber window, and before he could collect his sleepy wits he was startled by a cry unlike any sound he had ever heard. As he sprang out of bed, the cry came again, and hastening to the window he learned the cause. The stable was all ablaze, and out of the smoke and flames Dexter was calling his master to his rescue.

Pausing only to don coat and slippers, the governor rushed out. The outside door of the stable leading into the stall was already blocked by flames, and the only entrance to be had was through the carriage-room, the harness-room and a narrow entry leading past the oat-bin. These rooms were on fire over head, and burning wisps of hay and shingles were raining down in showers. Blinded by smoke, the governor stumbled along the roundabout way, and reaching the stall sooner than he expected, fell headlong down the steps against the excited animal, who was vainly tugging at his halter. Thinking some new danger threatened him, Dexter gave a mighty kick that sent his master sprawling and lamed for a month.

'Whos, Dexter!' shouted the governor. 'Don't you know me, sir? Strady now, old fellow, and we'll get out of this.'

Recognizing his master's voice, Dexter turned his head toward the prostrate man and uttered a coaxing whinny quite unlike his previous loud cries of alarm. Knowing he need fear no more kicks, the governor crept up and cat the halter, and calling Dexter to follow him, limped blindly through the smoke filled entry and the two blazing rooms beyond. And close after him went Dexter, his nose pressed against his master's shoulder, man and horse reaching the safe outer air together.

'It was Dexter's obedience that saved him,' said the governor. 'I could not lead him, and had he shown the least obstinacy, or any less readiness to follow at a word through all that roundabout, unaccustomed way, I must have left him to perish in the flames. But he followed like a well trained soldier, and we escaped from our burning, fiery furnace almost as safely as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego did from theirs.'

QUID PRO QUO.

Why a Traveller was Regarded as a Hero by his Friends.

She had an enormous shawl strap in one hand, and a diminutive dog tucked against her waist with the other, and she invaded the smoking car with a get out-of-my-way or perish air a trifle more than terrifying. She flounced into a seat, and proceeded to make her horrid little pet comfortable beside her with many affectionate pats and caresses. Just then the conductor came in and saw her. He went up and explained her being in the wrong car to her courtously, and offered to assist her into another car, as the train was beginning to move, and all without appearing to see the vile little violation of the rules curled up beside her.

'I know it's a nasty smoking car,' she snapped, 'but no gentleman will smoke in the presence of a lady.' Then she glared at the unfortunate official until we could see him shrink together and shrivel up like a newspaper struck by lightning. With a deprecatory look about into our sympathetic faces, he staggered out to sit in the fire box and cool of gradually, I presume.

It was a warm day and the windows were all open, and we one and all, with more or less cunning, dropped whatever we happened to be smoking outside. I dropped a pipe that I wouldn't have taken \$50 for. That is, all but the young man with the square jaw who occupied the seat across the aisle from the intruder, and who had not hitherto been smoking. He now, however, with great deliberation drew a cigar from his vest pocket, carefully snipped the end off it, and lighted up. We all watched the dare devil thus recklessly assert his rights with absorbed eyes, and our female terrorizer did more. She had watched him with blazing eyes, of which he seemed ignorant, and just as his cigar was puffing finely she suddenly stretched across the aisle, jerked it from his lips, and threw it out the window, exclaiming, 'My! how I do hate cigars!'

An involuntary shudder rustled us, but the young man remained immovable until she had triumphantly settled herself back in her seat. Then he quickly reach-

ed over, seized her pet by the scruff of its neck and tossed it out the window, saying, 'My! how I hate poodles!'

We gave one irrepressible cheer, and crowded about to shake hands with our champion.—Harper's Bazar.

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