ABOUT LONDON'S BOBBIES.

AN ARMY OF POLICE IN THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.

Interesting Facts and Figures Culled From the Yearly Report—How London Is Growing.

The report of Sir Edward Bradford, Commissioner of Police, of London, for the year 1899, issued recently, is brimful of interesting facts and figures. There may be some truth in the saying, "See a policeman, see a public house," for of the former there are 15,765 in the metropolis, and of the latter 14,280, which number, if not actually public houses, are, at any rate, all licensed to sell beer, wines or liquors.

It has been found necessary to increase the force by 71 new men, but the increase is not put down to the increase of crime, but to the rapid growth of the metropolis.

Chicago and other Western States' cities have been cited as examples of rapidity of growth, but it is doubtful if any city grows as rapidly as does the world's metropolis.

During the year 1899, 27,381 new houses were built—not to mention 9,082 houses in course of construction on December 31st, 1899; 404 new squares formed, making altogether 87 miles 134 yards of new streets and squares added to London in 1899.

Of the 15,765, comprising the total force, an average of over 500 a day are absent on sick leave, 81 got mixed up with runaway horses and got hurt, and 21 while on point duty directing the traffic, were more or less seriously hurt.

It is a wonder to many that more accidents do not occur. Accidents in the streets during 1899 resulted in 186 persons being killed and the enormous number of 8,315 being injured.

MURDERERS AT LARGE.

Of the murders, of which there were 21, the police were unable to connect anyone with four; but only one of the four is considered of a sufficiently extraordinary character to make it worth a reference in the report.

It seems that, on a Sunday afternoon in February, Bertha Russ, a child between five and six years of age, disappeared after leaving Sunday school at East Ham. Two weeks after her dead body was found in a cupboard in an unfurnished house in the neighborhood. No bruises nor marks of violence were found on any part of her body, the crime appearing to be absolutely without motive, and the hypothesis of suicide was vetoed by the tender age of the child.

During the year absent-minded people lost or mislaid 39,851 articles which were afterwards received at the Lost Property Office. Among the articles were 3,214 purses, 210 watches and 1,000 pieces of jewellery of various kinds. Nearly 50 per cent. of the articles received were umbrellas, the large number of 17,497 having been lost by their owners or those who borrowed them.

The man with the "sectional jimmy" was busy during the year, but he got more time than money. There were only 447 burglaries committed during the year, each averaging about £10, of which about 6 per cent. was recovered.

The "unfortunates" of London number thousands, but only 1,436 of them were unfortunate enough to fall into the clutches of the "coppers," and 198 of them managed to escape conviction.

DYSPEPSIA AND HEADACHE.

An Elderly Lady Tells of Her Cure Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After A Score of Other Remedies Had Failed.

Dyspepsia causes more genuine distress than most diseases that afflict mankind. In this country from one cause or another, its victims are numbered by the hundreds of thousands, and those afflicted always feel tired, worn out and miserable, and are subject to fits of melancholy or ill temper without apparent cause. It is obvious that the human body, in order to perform its functions, must be properly nourished, and this cannot be done when the food is improperly digested. Those who suffer from indigestion should exercise care as to diet, and only easily digested foods should be taken. But more than this is required—the blood needs attention in order that the stomach may be strengthened, and the secretion of the gastric juices properly carried on. There is no other medicine offered the public that will act so promptly and effectively as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Proof of this is given in the case of Mrs. F. X. Doddridge, St. Sauveur, Que. In conversation with a reporter, Mrs. Doddridge said:—"For quite a number of years I have been a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, accompanied by the sick headaches that almost invariably come with this trouble. I suffered from terrible pains in the stomach, bloating and belching wind. All food seemed to disagree with me, and as a result of the trouble, I was very much run down, and at times I was unable to do even light housework. I am sure I tried a score of different medicines, but without success, and as I am 60 years of age, I had come to believe that it was hopeless to expect a cure. A friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with good results, urged me to try this medicine, and my husband brought home a couple of boxes. Before they were finished, I felt much better, and we then got another half dozen boxes, and these have completely restored my health, and I not only feel better than I have done for years, but actually feel younger. I very cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to similar sufferers.

If your dealer does not keep these pills, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GOLD PRODUCTION.

Australia and California have each averaged a production of $45,000,000 worth of gold a year, and the maximum production—$65,000,000—has also been the same. Each country also has almost exactly the same number of mines.

It is the amends of a short and troubled life that doing good and suffering ill entitles man to a longer and better.—Penn.

Heiress and Wife.

"There seems to be something of a mystery here," remarked one of the sisters when the trio were alone. "If that child is a bride, she is certainly not a happy one. I do not like to judge a fellow-creature—Heaven forbid! but I am sorely afraid all is not right with her. Twice this afternoon entering the room quietly, I have found her lying face downward on the sofa, crying as if her heart would break! I am sorely puzzled!"

And the flame of suspicion once lighted was not easily extinguished in the hearts of the curious spinsters.

"'Won't you tell me your sorrow, my dear?' I said.

"'No, no; I dare not!' she replied.

"'Will you not confide in me, Mrs. Stanwick?' I asked.

"She started up wildly, throwing her arms about my neck.

"'Won't you please call me Daisy?' she sobbed, piteously; 'just Daisy—nothing else.'

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it,' I replied. 'There is one question I would like to ask you, Daisy—you have told me your mother is dead?'

"'Yes,' she said, leaning her golden head against the window, and watching the white clouds overhead in the blue sky—'my poor, dear mother is dead!'

"'Then will you answer me truthfully the question I am about to ask you, Daisy, remembering your mother up in heaven hears you.'

"She raised her blue eyes to mine.

"'I shall answer truthfully any question you may put to me,' she said; 'if—if—it is not about Mr. Stanwick.'

"'It is about yourself, Daisy,' I said, gravely. 'Tell me truthfully, child, are you really a wife?'

"She caught her breath with a hard, gasping sound; but her blue eyes met mine unflinchingly.

"'Yes, madame, I am, in the sight of God and man; but I am such an unhappy one. I can not tell you why. My heart is breaking. . I want to go back to Allendale!'

"'Is that where you live, Daisy?'

"'Yes,' she said; 'I am going to start to-morrow morning.

"'How strange!' echoed the two sisters.

"The strangest part of the affair is yet to come. The little creature drew from her pocket a twenty-dollar bill.

"'You have been kind and good to me,' she said. 'I must take enough to carry me back to Allendale. You shall have all the rest, madame.'

"'Put your money back into your pocket, Daisy,' I replied. 'Your husband has already paid your bill. He begged me to accept it in advance on the night you came.'

"She gave a great start, and a flood of hot color rushed over her face.

"'I—I—did not know,' she said, faintly, 'how very good Mr. Stanwick has been to me.'"

The three sisters looked at one another in silent wonder over the rims of their spectacles and shook their heads ominously.

* * * * * *

Dear reader, we must return at this period to Rex—poor, broken-hearted Rex—whom we left in the company of Pluma Hurlhurst in the spacious parlor of Whitestone Hall.

"Daisy Brooks is at this moment with Lester Stanwick! You must learn to forget her, Rex," she repeated, slowly.

A low cry escaped from Rex's lips, and he recoiled from her, as though she had struck him a heavy blow. His heart seemed fairly stifled in his bosom, and he trembled in every limb with repressed excitement.

"Here is a letter from Madame Whitney," she continued. "Read it for yourself, Rex. You see, she says; 'Daisy fled. It has been since ascertained she went to Elmwood, a station some sixty miles from here, where she now is, at the cottage of the Burton sisters, in company with her lover. I shall not attempt to claim her—her retribution must come from another source.'"

The words seemed to stand out in letters of fire.

"Oh, my little love," he cried, "there must be some terrible mistake! My God! my God! there must be some horrible mistake—some foul conspiracy against you, my little sweetheart, my darling love!"

He rose to his feet with a deep-drawn sigh, his teeth shut close, his heart beating with great strangling throbs of pain. Strong and brave as Rex was, this trouble was almost more than he could bear.

"Where are you going, Rex?" said Pluma, laying a detaining hand upon arm.

"I am going to Elmwood," he cried, bitterly, "to prove this accusation is a cruel falsehood. Daisy has no lover; she is as sweet and pure as Heaven itself! I was mad to doubt her for a single instant."

"Judge for yourself, Rex—seeing is believing," said Pluma, maliciously, smoldering vengeance burning in her flashing eyes, and a cold, cruel smile flitting across her face, while she murmured under her breath; "Go, fond, foolish lover; your foolish paradise will be rudely shattered—ay, your hopes crushed worse than mine are now, for your lips can not wear a smile like mine when your heart is breaking. Good-bye, Rex," she said, "and remember, in the hour when sorrow strikes you keenest, turn to me; my friendship is true, and shall never fail you."

Rex bowed coldly and turned away, his heart was too sick for empty words, and the heavy-hearted young man, who slowly walked down the graveled path way from Whitestone Hall in the moonlight, was as little like the gay, handsome Rex of one short week ago as could well be imagined.

There was the scent of roses and honeysuckles in the soft wind; and some sweet-voiced bird awakened from sleep, and fancying it was day swung to and fro amid the green foliage, filling the night with melody. The pitying stars shone down upon him from the unclouded heavens; but the still, solemn beauty of the night was lost upon Rex. He regretted—oh! so bitterly—that he had parted from his sweet little girl-bride, fearing his mother's scornful anger, or through a sense of mistaken duty.

"Had they but known little Daisy is my wife, they would have known how impossible was their accusation that she was with Lester Stanwick."

He shuddered at the very thought of such a possibility.

The thought of Daisy, his little girl-bride, being sent to school amused him.

"Poor little robin!" he murmured. "No wonder she flew from her bondage when she found the cage-door open! How pleased the little gypsy will be to see me!" he mused. "I will clasp the dear little runaway in my arms, and never let her leave me again! Mother could not help loving my little Daisy if she were once to see her, and sister Birdie would take to her at once."

The next morning broke bright and clear; the sunshine drifted through the green foliage of the trees, and crimson-breasted robins sung their sweetest songs in the swaying boughs of the blossoming magnolias; pansies and buttercups gemmed the distant hill-slope, and nature's fountain—a merry, babbling brook—danced joyously through the clover banks. No cloud was in the fair, blue, smiling heavens; no voice of nature warned poor little Daisy, as she stood at the open window drinking in the pure, sweet beauty of the morning of the dark clouds which were gathering over her innocent head, and of the storm which was so soon to burst upon her in all its fury. Daisy turned away from the window with a little sigh. She did not see the handsome, stalwart, figure hurrying down the hill-side toward the cottage. How her heart would have throbbed if she had only known Rex (for it was he) was so near her! With a strangely beating heart he advanced toward the little wicket gate, at which stood one of the sisters, busily engaged pruning her rose-bushes.

"Can you tell me, madame, where I can find the Misses Burton's cottage?" he asked, courteously lifting his hat.

"This is the Burton cottage," she answered, "and I am Ruth Burton. What can I do for you?"

"I would like to see Daisy Brooks, if you please. She is here, I believe?" he said, questioningly. "May I come in?"

Rex's handsome, boyish face and winning smile won their way straight to the old lady's heart at once.

"Perhaps you are the young lady's brother, sir? There is evidently some mistake, however, as the young lady's name is Stanwick—Daisy Stanwick. Her husband, Lester Stanwick—I believe that is his name—is also in Elmwood."

All the color died out of Rex's handsome face and the light from his brown eyes. He leaned heavily against the gate-post. The words seemed shrieked on the air and muttered on the breeze.

"Daisy is not his wife! My God, madame!" he cried, hoarsely, "she could not be!"

"It is very true," replied the old lady, softly. "I have her own words for it. There may be some mistake as you say," she said, soothingly, noting the death-like despair that settled over the noble face. "She is a pretty, fair, winsome little creature, blue-eyed, and curling golden hair, and lives at Allendale. She is certainly married. I will call her. She can tell you so herself. Daisy—Mrs. Stanwick—come here, dear," she called.

"I am coming, Miss Ruth," answered a sweet, bird-like voice, which pierced poor Rex's heart to the very core as a girlish figure bounded through the open door-way, out into the brilliant sunshine.

"God pity me!" cried Rex, staggering forward. "It is Daisy—my wife."

CHAPTER XIII.

Rex had hoped against hope.

"Daisy!" he cried, holding out his arms to her with a yearning, passionate cry. "My God, tell me it is false—you are not here with Stanwick—or I shall go mad! Daisy, my dear little sweetheart, my little love, why don't you speak?" he cried, clasping her close to his heart and covering her face and hair and hands with passionate, rapturous kisses.

Daisy struggled out of his embrace, with a low, broken sob, flinging herself at his feet with a sharp cry.

"Daisy," said the old lady, bending over her and smoothing back the golden hair from the lovely anguished face, "tell him the truth, dear. You are here with Mr. Stanwick; is it not so?"

The sudden weight of sorrow that had fallen upon poor, hapless Daisy seemed to paralyze her very senses. The sunshine seemed blotted out, and the light of heaven to grow dark around her.

"Yes," she cried, despairingly; and it almost seemed to Daisy another voice had spoken with her lips.

"This Mr. Stanwick claims to be your husband?" asked the old lady solemnly.

"Yes," she cried out again, in agony, "but, Rex, I—I—"

The words died away on her white lips, and the sound died away in her throat. She saw him recoil from her with a look of white, frozen horror on his face, which gave place to stern, bitter wrath. Slowly and sadly he put her clinging arms away from him, folding his arms across his breast with that terrible look upon his face such as a hero's face wears when he has heard, unflinchingly, his death sentence—the calm of terrible despair.

"Daisy," he said, proudly, "I have trusted you blindly, for I loved you madly, passionately. I would as soon believe the fair smiling heavens that bend above us false as you whom I loved so madly and so well. I was mad to bind you with such cruel, irksome bonds when your heart was not mine but another's. My dream of love is shattered now. You have broken my heart and ruined and blighted my life. God forgive you, Daisy, for I never can! I give you back your freedom; I release you from your vows; I cannot curse you—I have loved you too well for that; I cast you from my heart as I cast you from my life; farewell, Daisy—farewell forever!"

She tried to speak, but her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth. Oh, pitying Heaven, if she could only have cried out to you and the angels to bear witness and proclaim her innocence! The strength to move hand or foot seemed suddenly to have left her. She tried hard, oh! so hard, to speak, but no sound issued from her white lips. She felt as one in a horrible trance, fearfully, terribly conscious of all that transpired around her, yet denied the power to move even a muscle to defend herself.

"Have you anything to say to me, Daisy?" he asked, mournfully, turning from her to depart.

The woeful, terrified gaze of the blue eyes deepened pitifully, but she spoke no word, and Rex turned from her—turned from the girl-bride whom he loved so madly, with a bursting, broken heart, more bitter to bear than death itself—left her alone with the pitying sunlight falling upon her golden hair, and her white face turned up to heaven, silently praying to God that she might die then and there.

Oh, Father above, pity her! She had no mother's gentle voice to guide her, no father's strong breast to weep upon, no sister's soothing presence. She was so young and so pitifully lonely, and Rex had drifted out of her life forever, believing her—oh, bitterest of thoughts!—believing her false and sinful.

Poor little Daisy was ignorant of the ways of the world; but a dim realization of the full import of the terrible accusation brought against her forced its way into her troubled brain.

She only realized—Rex—her darling Rex, had gone out of her life forever.

Daisy flung herself face downward in the long, cool, waving green grass where Rex had left her.

"Daisy," called Miss Burton, softly, "it is all over; come into the house, my dear."

But she turned from her with a shuddering gasp.

"In the name of pity, leave me to myself," she sobbed, "it is the greatest kindness you can do me."

And the poor old lady who had wrought so much sorrow unwittingly in those two severed lives, walked slowly back to the cottage, with tears in her eyes, strongly impressed there must be some dark mystery in the young girl's life who was sobbing her heart out in the green grass yonder; and she did what almost any other person would have done under the circumstances, sent immediately for Lester Stanwick. He answered the summons at once, listening with intense interest while the aged spinster briefly related all that had transpired; but through oversight or excitement she quite forgot to mention Rex had called Daisy his wife.

"Curse him!" he muttered, under his breath. "I—I believe the girl actually cares for him."

Then he went to Daisy, lying so still and lifeless among the pink clover and waving grass.

Poor Daisy! Poor, desperate, lonely, struggling child! All this cruel load of sorrow, crushing her girlish heart, and blighting her young life, and she so innocent, so entirely blameless, yet such a plaything of fate.

To Be Continued.

All Japan teas are colored.

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

is pure and uncolored.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Reading About Some of the World's Great People.

The Czaritza has the greatest difficulty in speaking her husband's language, and the words come but slowly and laboriously, despite the many lessons given her by the Czar. Privately the Czar and Czaritza speak frequently in English, but their conversation is generally carried on in French.

One of the most interesting personalities in Russia is the famous Father John, the handsome priest whose piety is so great that he is supposed to have the power of performing miracles. He is devoted to his religious work at Cronstadt, where he often greets English travellers; and he distributes large sums of money intrusted to him by the wealthy Russian nobles among the poor of the neighbourhood. It was Father John who was called to pray at the bedside of the late Czar, and he possesses many tokens of Royal favor.

In some personal recollections of the late Prince Christian Victor, the head master of a well-known public school points out that he was the first English Prince to go through the ordinary routine of a public school like any other boy. When he was sent to Wellington College it was expressly stipulated that he was to be treated in all ways just as the other boys were, and the experiment was eminently successful. Probably no Prince before him in any civilized country enjoyed such freedom, and he made good use of it.

The oldest duly-qualified physician in the world resides at Carlsbad, in the person of Gallus Ritter von Hochberger, M.D., Imperial and Royal Counsellor at the Austrian Court. He was born in 1803, and, therefore, is ninety-seven years old. He has been in practice for seventy-one years, and still gives medical advice, but only visits poor people who live in the remote corners of the town and on the hills. The veteran doctor is not only known in Carlsbad, but all over the country, is a daily visitor to Carlsbad Theatre, and his mental faculties are as sound as they were fifty years ago.

The story of the rescue by Queen Amelie of Portugal of a drowning boatman at Cascaes brings to mind the fact that Her Majesty already wears a medal awarded her for saving the life of her own child some years ago. The child was drowning in the Tagus, when the mother jumped in and saved its life. Many stories are told of the Queen's courage. She is, for all practical purposes, a qualified doctor, although it is not true, as often stated, that she has taken the degree of M.D. She has, however studied medicine, and she was able, not long ago, to dress the wounds of a wood-cutter who met with an accident in a lonely wood through which she happened to be passing.

When Oom Paul first visited England he was the object of much concern to his fellow-passengers on board the liner from Cape Town, many of whom were consumed with curiosity when they noticed his absence from the dinner-table for the first four days out. On inquiry they found that the careful Transvaaler spent the dinner-hour on deck, where he eagerly devoured biltong and biscuits. When asked his reason he testily replied, "I have no money to fool away on expensive eating like you Englishmen." A correspondent who tells the story, and was on board at the time, adds, "You should have just seen the old man trying to make up for lost time when it was explained to him that his passage-money included his meals on board."

Lieutenant Arthur Cole Lowry, R.N., of the Empress of India, has distinguished himself by an act of great bravery. In the Grecian Archipelago one night he, with other officers of his ship, saw rockets being fired by some ship in distress. A drifting steamer was found, but, owing to the boisterous weather, it was impossible to take the vessel in tow. The crew embarked in two small boats and tried to reach the man-of-war, but were all drowned, and Lieutenant Lowry then swam to the steamer with a lifebuoy and line. The loss of the line caused the plucky officer to remain on the steamer all night, but in the morning he was rescued with the other survivors. Lieutenant Lowry has a brother in the Navy, and is a son of General Lowry, C.B.

Dr. Chase Makes Friends Of Hosts of Women

By Curing Their Peculiar Ills Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a Surprising Restorative for Pale, Weak, Nervous Women.

As a result of much confinement within doors, and the consequent lack of fresh air and healthful exercise, most women not only lose much in figure and complexion, but also suffer more or less from serious bodily derangements, as the result of thin, watery blood and exhausted nervous system.

More than nine-tenths of the cases of diseases peculiar to women are directly due to a weakened condition of the nerves, and can be cured thoroughly and permanently by taking mild outdoor exercise, breathing plenty of pure, fresh air, and using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to form new blood and revitalize the depleted nervous system.

It takes time to build up the system anew, to fill the shrivelled arteries with new, rich blood, restore the wasted nerve cells and renew the activities of the bodily organs, but the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will accomplish these results and bring health and happiness to weak nervous and suffering women.

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pierceton, Que., writes:—"For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells, and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring, his medicine did not help me. I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes;—

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

GROWTH OF CANADIAN CITIES.

The following table, showing the population of the Canadian cities in 1881 and 1890, and their estimated population at present, is reproduced from the Canadian Magazine for December:

	1881	1890	1900
Montreal	155,237	216,611	288,657
Toronto	86,196	187,776	212,260
Quebec	62,446	63,090	65,000
Hamilton	35,969	44,653	52,000
Ottawa	31,307	43,728	57,000
St. John	41,353	40,179	50,000
Halifax	36,100	38,536	45,000
London	26,266	39,705	38,900
Winnipeg	7,985	22,492	42,534
Kingston	14,691	18,169	18,000
Victoria	5,925	16,000	27,000
Vancouver	.....	12,000	29,000
Brantford	9,616	14,280	16,200
Charlottetown.	11,485	11,374	12,000
Hull	6,800	10,900	12,000
Guelph	9,890	10,300	14,500
St. Thomas ...	8,367	10,329	11,900
Windsor	6,561	10,528	12,129
Sherbrooke	7,247	9,924	11,000
Belleville	9,516	10,128	10,513
Stratford	8,239	9,892	10,752
St. Catharines	9,631	10,023	10,300
Chatham	2,873	9,060	10,000
Fredericton ...	6,208	6,000	7,000
Brandon	.....	3,500	5,300
	612,378	860,909	1,066,308

MISNOMER.

Hicks—What is your favorite dainty?

Wicks—Pig's feet.

Hicks—The idea of calling pig's feet a dainty!

BITS OF INFORMATION.

Some Things Which It Would Be Well for You to Know.

Eight soldiers are located in Ireland to one in Scotland.

Over a hundred kinds of wine are made in Australia.

The greatest depth of the ocean, as far as sounded, is 25,720 ft.

Land is worth 300 times as much as it was 200 years ago.

The annual income from the Monte Carlo gaming-tables reaches over £1,500,000.

Oxford is the greatest University in the world. It has twenty-one colleges and five halls.

The average walking pace of a healthy man or woman is said to be seventy-five steps a minute.

There are fewer than 80,000 English soldiers in India, or about one white soldier to every 3,500 natives.

One million eight hundred and fifty thousand square yards of looking-glass are manufactured in Europe annually.

The idea of indiarubber-soled boots for policemen originated in Belgium, where the force was supplied with them over ten years ago.

Out of the Vatican's 11,000 rooms, Pope Leo has reserved for his personal use only three—a small sitting-room, a little dining-room, and a bedroom.

Denmark holds the record in thriftiness. Her inhabitants have, on an average, £10 9s. apiece in the savings banks; English people have only £3 2s. a head.

The annual crop of mushrooms in France is valued at £400,000, and it is said that there are sixty wholesale firms in Paris dealing exclusively in them.

A man who has just died in East London retired some years ago on a modest competence acquired by selling hot water at a halfpenny per quart.

The highest spot inhabited by human beings on this globe is the Buddhist cloister of Hanle, Tibet, where twenty-one monks live at an altitude of 16,000 ft.

The age at which children begin to work is eleven years in England, fourteen years in Switzerland, thirteen years in Germany, and twelve years in France, Holland, Russia, and Belgium.

Canada lacks only 237,000 square miles to be as large as the whole Continent of Europe; it is nearly thirty times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and is 300,000 square miles larger than the United States.

Lord Curzon's speech at Simla on the famine helps us to form some idea of that enormous calamity. We hear that a quarter of all India suffered, that the loss in money runs to about £50,000,000, not including the millions of cattle that perished, and that half a million deaths were due to the famine alone. It is, perhaps, the most awful disaster that ever visited the country.

In 1881 a compulsory national workman's insurance law was passed, which provided for sickness. It was shortly afterwards followed by an enactment providing for the needs of working peoplee in case of accident. As benefits from these two measures, according to the reports, the members are provided with medicine, money, nurses, etc., rents are paid in cases of accidents, and if these results fatally the immediate needs of those dependent on the unfortunate are met.

Neuralgia

is Rheumatism of the face. Uric Acid left in the blood by disordered kidneys lodges along the nerve which branches from the eye over the forehead, and across the cheek to the side of the nose. The cause is the same as in all Rheumatism— disordered Kidneys. The cure is likewise the same—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

MORE HORSES THAN BULLS.

The average number of horses killed in Spanish bull fights every year exceeds 5,000, while from 1,000 to 1,200 bulls are sacrificed.

SWEETEST SONGS BUT TELL OF SADDEST THOUGHTS.

Dear Ladies;

What to you has been for many months the saddest, yet sweetest hour of the day? Surely that when in silence, alone, or in sweet communion with relatives or friends, you have let your thoughts dwell on the dear absent ones in Africa. Your hopes and fears, your prayers and tears have gone forth to them. And was not that the hour of afternoon tea?

Your soldiers' comrades—the British planters—make the delicious GREEN teas of Ceylon and India. This alone should incline you to try their teas. Japans have no such claim on you, and are, besides of inferior qualities, Monsoon, Salada and Blue Ribbon brands are all good.—Colonist.

FOR FORM'S SAKE.

Tess—Jack tried to kiss me last night.

Jess—Indeed? Of course you resisted?

Tess—Certainly; every time.

When we urge you to try

LUDELLA

Ceylon Tea we do so feeling confident that its excellent flavor will suit you. Lead Packets, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60c.

APPLES.

Poultry, Butter, Eggs and other Produce.

If you have any correspond with us. We want 100 CARLOADS to supply our trade.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

WEAK MEN

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY UNTIL CURED.

It's something new in the field of medicine to meet with a man who positively knows what his remedy will do, and is willing to wait for his fee until the work is done. I am that way. I know that my Electric Belt will cure where every other treatment fails. To make you feel secure I don't ask for my pay until you are cured.

The Dr. McLaughlin Way.

It took me twenty years to perfect my appliance and the way I now use it, but there is no guesswork about it now. As sure as an engineer knows that he can pump steam into his boilers and make his engine go, I know that I can pump electricity into your body and make it go, and go right. There's no guesswork about the engineer's task, as he has learned his trade. I have learned mine in the same way—by experience, and know what I can do.

If you are broken down from hard work or any other reason; if your nerves are shaky; if you have those "come and go," pains in your back, shoulders and hips, if your stomach is weak, your kidneys and bladder ailing, or if you are a man or woman with any trouble which you have tried in vain to cure with drugs, I will cure you first and you can pay me afterward.

My appliance cures while you sleep, and causes no bother.

SPECIAL NOTICE—If you have a belt of the burning kind or a "no electricity" band which has disappointed you, bring it in and I will allow you half price of mine for it.

CALL TO-DAY and get a free test of my Belt. If you can't call write for my beautifully illustrated 80-page book, which I will send, sealed, FREE, Address, enclosing this ad.,

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A Sailor Was Hanged for Complaining of the Grub.

One hundred years ago pocket-picking was, in England, a capital offence, where anything worth more than a shilling was taken. There were other 220 offences at that time for which death sentences could be passed. Sir Samuel Romilly, who devoted himself by pamphlet and parliamentary agitation to the amelioration of the criminal law, succeeded after great difficulty in getting pocket-picking removed from the list. Very little more than 100 years ago a seaman was hanged for complaining of the quality of the provisions. Seventy men on board the Namen, in Portsmouth Harbor, set out for London to lay their complaint as to the provisions before the Lords of the Admiralty. Fifteen of them procured an audience, but were ordered to be put in irons and carried back to Portsmouth to be tried by court-martial for mutiny. They were all sentenced to death, and one was actually hung, the sentences on the other fourteen being remitted. In the sixteenth century death sentences could be passed for malicious tearing or defacing the garments of any person, breaking a bank of a fish-pond, or cutting down a tree in an orchard.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Ladies of Canada;

Love of country is the strongest characteristic of the average Britisher. Nor is it developed less in the fair Colonist. See her bosom expand with pride, as she speaks of the old country. Hear her dilate on the pleasant time she had when last there.

There was nothing she enjoyed so much as the pleasant afternoon tea. And why? Because she sipped the pure product, GREEN OR BLACK, of Ceylon and India. She can buy both in Canada now. The delicious Salada, Blue Ribbon or Monsoon packets await her pleasure.—Colonist.

DECLINED.

Did you say you would let me in on the ground floor in this investment?

That is my proposal, replied the promoter.

Well, you needn't mind. You allow the thing to run along until you can let me in somewhere near the third or fourth story, The man who is let in on the ground floor is the one who catches all the debris if the bottom happens to drop out.

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AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue Family Hotel rates $1.25 per day.

HIS OCCUPATION.

Lawyer—What is your business?

Bankrupt—Well, I suppose I might be called a bill collector.

Lawyer—A bill collector?

Bankrupt—Yes, At least, I have a large collection of unpaid bills.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

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I understand she loved him at first.

Yes, that was before.

Before what?

Before she had found out that she had mistaken him for his rich cousin.

People don't take long to find out the merits of an article. Ask your friends what they think of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green Tea.

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Bighead—You are too set in your own opinions to be a good reasoner.

Thickened—I don't see how you can say that. I hold myself open to conviction even when I know I am right.

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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 colics and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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Say, ma!

What is it Freddy?

Are these cold-storage eggs or hens' eggs?

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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That confounded life insurance company refused my application for a policy, said Hunker.

Why, I should think you were a fine risk replied Spatts. What made them refuse your application?

Well, they found out in some way that I am in the habit of eating mushrooms that I gather myself.

W P C 1055

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For all skin ailments.

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