

Pale and Bloodless.

THOUSANDS OF ANAEMIC GIRLS HURRYING TO THE GRAVE.

A Young Lady at Colours, Ont. Who Was Pale and Bloodless, Tells How She Regained Health and Strength—A Lesson to Mothers.

Anaemia is the term used by doctors to indicate poverty of blood. It is a prevalent form of trouble, most alarming, especially among young girls, and a large percentage of the altogether too numerous cases of consumption, which has subtle ravages in the country have their origin in this trouble. The first indication of anaemia is a pale, sallow or waxy complexion. This is followed by loss of appetite, frequent headaches, indisposition to exertion, or swelling of limbs, violent heart palpitation, and frequently fainting fits. These symptoms may not all be present, but the more frequent the headaches, the more prompt and effective treatment, which should be persisted in until all traces of the trouble have vanished. Among the thousands who have been brought near to the brink of the grave by this trouble, and ultimately restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is Miss Bella...

It is nearly ten years since my illness first commenced, and although I was doctoring more or less I received little or no benefit, as the doctors did not seem to understand my trouble. Two years ago my health became so bad that another doctor was called in, and he stated that my case was a most severe type of anaemia, and that while he could help me the trouble had progressed to such a stage that he could hold out little hope of cure. At this time I was as pale as chalk, my eyelids were swollen and would hang down over my eyes like sacks of water. My feet and limbs would swell, and were always cold. I was subject to violent headaches, severe palpitation of the heart, and if I stood over I would be so dizzy that I could scarcely regain an upright position. My appetite failed me almost entirely, and I grew so weak that I was a mere wreck. While in this condition I read in a newspaper of the cure of a young girl whose case was much like mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. Those who knew me did not think any medicine could do me any good or that I would ever get better, but I determined to try them, and give the pills a fair trial. I have used them for nearly a year with the result that I feel like a new person. The swelling in my eyelids and limbs has disappeared, my appetite is good and my face is regaining the color which left it years ago. I can sew and do work about the house, and this great change in my condition is due solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is not too little to say that they have saved my life and I strongly urge girls who are similarly afflicted to give them a thorough trial.

VOCIFEROUS "BETSY."

How the International Gun Saved the Boy at Pekin.

This interesting account of the now famous international gun, known as "Our Betsy," is published in the London Standard. "An American gunner, named Mitchell, of the United States Legation, had a machine gun, mounted on a small cannon out of an old British Legation pump. A number of Chinese converts, refugees in the British Legation, together with a few marines, were ordered to guard the 'Betsy' to find materials and tools wherewith to bring about the necessary conversion of the pump. While they were foraging in a deserted backstreet the conversation was at an intense joy and surprise, an old cannon of Chinese manufacture, and brought it home, amidst the shouts of the besieged.

"The next trouble was suitable ammunition. When the Russians left their legation in more or less of a panic, they threw some shells they had in their possession into a well to prevent their capture. The shells were fished out and adapted, after a lot of skill and ingenuity, to meet the occasion. Other ammunition was made out of pewter cans and other temple vessels of every description, looted from a temple within the 'lines.' The manufacture of this ammunition was under the superintendence of one of the British marines. "Betsy" was mounted on an Italian gun carriage; Chinese gunpowder formed the charge; Russian shells were fired, and the American gunner, Mitchell, fired the gun. Unfortunately, on the day before the troops arrived, this very capable gunner was seriously wounded in the arm by a bullet from the enemy's fire.

"Although it was not by any means a formidable weapon, the excessively loud report therefrom usually struck consternation into the hearts of the Chinese soldiers, with the inevitable result that they quitted their positions as quickly as possible when 'Betsy' was brought to bear upon them. "Possibly they imagined that by some means or other the Legation defenders had been reinforced by a big battery of artillery, seeing that 'Betsy' was constantly being moved from one position to another and during the first days of the siege there was an entire absence of anything of the nature of heavy firing from the Kyo-peas. "One night, when the French Legation, the eastern limit of the lines of defence, was hard pressed, 'Betsy' was taken over to the French lines, with the result that the attacking Chinese soon scattered in all directions.

"On the memorable night before the relief force arrived when the Chinese made their most vigorous attack of the day, the defenders had in operation every single gun that was masterminded by 'Betsy.' The British Nordenfalk quick-firing gun, brought up by the British General, the Italian one-pounder, and the Austrian machine-gun. "Betsy" was so named after Lady Macdonald. This interesting gun will probably find a home in the British Legation, although the Americans lay claim to it on the score of its being found by Mitchell and fired by him."

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

A great lump rose in Daisy's throat. "Yes, madame," answered Daisy, raising her dark-blue eyes pleadingly to the stern face before her. "And may I ask by what right you dared violate the rules and regulations of this establishment by sending a sealed letter to a man? Your guardian strictly informed me you had no correspondents whatever, and I find this is a—I blush to confess it—actually love-letter. What have you to say in reference to your folly, Miss Brooks?"

"I'm sure I don't know," sobbed Daisy. "You don't know?" repeated madame, scornfully. "Not a very satisfactory explanation. Well, Miss Brooks, I have fully determined, and I shall read this letter this morning before the whole school; it will afford me an excellent opportunity to point out the greater folly of your conduct. Young girls are plunged by allowing their minds to wander from their books to such thoughts as are here expressed. What do you mean by this secret to which you allude so often?"

"Please do not ask me, madame," sobbed Daisy; "I can not tell you indeed I can not. I dare not." An alarming thought occurred to madame. "Speak, girl!" she cried, hoarsely, grasping her firmly by the shoulder. "I must know the meaning of this secret which is so appalling. You fear to reveal it? Does your guardian know of it?"

"No—!" wailed Daisy; "I could not tell him. I must keep the secret." Poor little innocent Daisy! her own ward had convicted her beyond all pardon in the eyes of a shrewd, suspicious Mrs. Whitney, who guessed at once the nature of the secret. Daisy dare not reveal to her guardian or herself.

"My duty is plain in this case," said madame. "I shall read this as a terrible warning to the young ladies of this institution; then I will send for Mr. John Brooks, your guardian, and place this letter in his hands." "Oh, no, madame, in pity's name, no!" sobbed Daisy, wildly, kneeling imploringly at her feet, her heart beating tumultuously, and her hands looked convulsively together. "Do not, madame, I pray you, anything but that; he would read me out of his heart and home, and I—could not go to Rex, you see?"

"But madame did not see. She laughed a little hard, metallic laugh that grated, oh, so cruelly, on Daisy's sensitive nerves. "When one woman's suspicions are aroused against another, Heaven help the suspected one; there is little mercy shown her. "Mrs. Whitney had discovered a capital way to score a hit in the direction of morality.

"No," she said, laying the letter down on the table before her. "Arise from your knees, Miss Brooks. Your prayers are useless. I think this will be a life-long lesson to you." "Oh, madame, for the love of Heaven!" cried Daisy, rocking herself to and fro, "spare me, I beseech you! Can nothing alter your purpose?" "No," said madame, reflecting. "I may not be quite so severe with you if you will confess, unreservedly, the whole truth concerning this terrible secret, and what this young man Rex is to you."

"I can not," wailed Daisy. "I can not. Oh, my heart is breaking, yet I dare not." "Very well," said madame, rising, indicating the conversation was at an end. "I shall not press you further on the subject. I will excuse you now, Miss Brooks. You may retire to your room." Will Daisy rock herself to and fro on her knees at her feet. Suddenly a daring thought occurred to her. The letter which had caused her such bitter weeping lay on the table before her, every line of which breathed of her pure, sacred love for Rex—her Rex—whom she dared not even claim. She could not resist the temptation to open every word and sentence, ridiculing those tender expressions which had been such rapturous joy to her hungry little heart as she had penned them, and, that she might have the most bitter thought, how dear old John Brooks would turn his honest eyes upon her tell-tale face, demanding to know what the secret was, the secret which she had promised her young husband she would not reveal, come what would. If his face should grow white and stern, and those lips, which had blossomed, pruned, and petted, but never scolded her, if those lips should curse her, she would die then and there at his feet. In an instant she had resolved upon a wild, hazardous plan. Quick as a flash of lightning Daisy sprang to her feet, and tore the coveted letter from madame's detaining grasp; the door stood open, and with the fleetness of a hunted deer she flew down the corridor, never stopping for breath until she had gained the very water's edge.

Mrs. Whitney gave a loud shriek and actually fainted, and the attendant, who hurried to the scene, caught but a glimpse of a white, terrified, beautiful face, and a cloud of flying golden hair. No one in that establishment ever gazed upon the face of Daisy Brooks again!

CHAPTER IX.

"Where is Miss Brooks?" cried Mrs. Whitney, excitedly, upon opening her eyes. "Daisy!" she cried, motioning to the attendant who stood nearest her. "See that Miss Brooks is detained in her own room under lock and key until I am at liberty to attend to her case." The servants looked at one another in blank amazement. No one dared tell her Daisy had fled. The torn envelope, which Daisy had neglected to place in possession of, lay at her feet. With a curious smile Mrs. Whitney

HEIRESS AND WIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

smoothed it out carefully, and placed it, carefully away in her private desk. "Rex Lyon," she mused, knitting her brow. "Ah, yes, that was the name, believe me. He must certainly be the one. Daisy Brooks shall suffer keenly for this outrage," cried the madame, grinding her teeth with impotent rage. "I shall drag her pride down to the very dust beneath my feet. How dare the little rebel defy my orders! I shall have her removed to the furnace-room; a night or two there will humble her pride, and she will be ready to do as I bid."

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CANADIANS FOR THE POLE.

CAPT. BERNIER WILL START NORTH ON JUNE FIRST NEXT.

HE WILL FOLLOW NANSEN'S COURSE, BUT WILL GO IN A SWIFT AND LIGHTLY EQUIPPED EXPEDITION WHICH HE CALLS HIS 'FRAM'.

The first distinctly Canadian expedition in search of the North Pole will probably set out for the Arctic next year. It will be commanded by Capt. Bernier, of Quebec, an old-time navigator, than whom no Arctic explorer was ever more confident of achieving his self-imposed task. The captain's plan includes several novel propositions for facilitating his reach of the desired goal. A sealing man from his youth and a captain of many years' experience and of wonderful success in his vocation, the study of the great problem of Arctic exploration has been the hobby of Capt. Bernier's life. He is a French-Canadian explorer, and confident of his ability to plant the flag of the Empire and the arms of his native country upon the exact spot of the world's imaginary axis. The captain has promise of generous Canadian aid for his expedition, and has gone to England to interview the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, president of the Royal Geographical Society, on the project, and also to make arrangements for the construction of a new ship. It will be decided in the next few days whether the vessel will be of wood or malleable steel; that is, the Siemens-Martin steel.

A STEEL SHIP. The experience of Nansen's Fram makes the captain rather unfavorable to a wooden ship, because of the fact that the vessel engaged among her crew when in the ice floes. His preference is for a steel ship, the sides of which can be so heated from the outside that they will avoid the evil effects of ice pressure and being abraded like the Fram will readily rise from the pressure of opposing ice floes. Capt. Bernier estimates the total cost of the expedition at \$200,000, of which \$150,000 to \$200,000 will be required for the vessel and its outfit. He gives his own services free. Sir Clements Markham has already agreed to supply the expedition with the necessary supplies, and to continue Nansen's work, taking the drifting ice further to the east than he did, in which case he believes it would float over or nearly over the pole. Bernier does not share the belief of some that there is any extent of land in the neighborhood of the pole, that would interfere with the regular drift of the Arctic ice. He believes it increased to believe that there is other than deep water in the vicinity of the pole, when 300 miles south of it in the direction of Greenland, the depth of water is from 1,800 to 2,000 fathoms.

TO START JUNE 1. Capt. Bernier proposes to set out on his voyage about June 1, leaving Vancouver for Behring Straits, accompanied by a crew of twelve, all possessed of special scientific attainments. The coast of Siberia will be followed as far as the new Siberian Islands, the expedition passing to the west of them to survey Spitzbergen and to finish the survey of North Bennett Island commenced by the Jeannette's crew. They will be watched for in the latitude of navigation, to proceed to the north of the Jeannette's Arctic position through one of the north-easterly openings in the ice that are always found to exist about October. The water current of the arctic will be about 50 miles from the pole. Here the explorers will slaughter the live stock brought with them for food and store the flesh in a depot on the ice floe. The ship, against the time when there will be nothing to kill around them. In the latitude where the first winter will be passed, the explorers expect to kill large quantities of both seal and walrus, not only for current use, but also to add to their reserve stores.

A DRIFTING MATCH. All this time the captain expects to be gradually nearing the pole, carried toward it by the drift of the ice in which the vessel and attendant camp will be imbedded, or upon the surface of which they will be borne. So gradual is the drift and so slow the progress of the party, that they only expect to reach the pole during the third summer of their absence from home. It may not be possible for the expedition to take any direct line of communication to be sure of passing directly over the pole, because of the westerly drift. In order to counteract this, however, a series of observation stations can readily be increased, so that the passage of at least a portion of the party immediately over the pole may be definitely accomplished.

BALLOONS TO BE RELEASED. Small balloons with records of the expedition's progress will be released at monthly or fortnightly intervals, and each succeeding balloon will contain the record entrusted to former ones, to provide against the loss of any. The balloons will be inflated with twenty days supply of hydrogen. The usual evaporation they will be so freighted as to be imprisoned in the cold air near the surface of the sea, and Capt. Bernier is convinced that the prevailing currents of air will carry them first to the south and then east. Boats for use in cases of emergency will be taken out in accordance with the plan.

SETTLING THE SPELLING. When Police-sergeant McShane was going into a barber's shop he noticed a sign painted on the window, which read: 'Laundry agency.' 'Where did you learn to spell?' he asked the barber. 'Why, what's wrong?' he asked in reply. 'Look at that sign, replied McShane. 'You told me to spell agency that way?' 'It doesn't look right, admitted the barber. 'We had a big argument about it, me and the painter. I said it ought to be a-g-e-n-c-y, but he said it was a-g-e-n-c-y. He wouldn't give in to me and I wouldn't give in to him and we left it to a man that's president of the School Board. He split it the way it is on the window and we couldn't dispute it, could we?'

PRactical PATHOS. Ladies of Canada: Late-internal trade is the true basis of the federation of the Empire. So far as possible, one colony should consume the produce of another. Canadians and India and Ceylon tea can be about 10 per cent. of the latter planters' output side by side in Africa. The tea of Ceylon and India are the best and purest the world produces. 'Blessed Tea' of those colonies have captured the Canadian market. The Green is now fast displacing Japan's colored article. Quality and sentiment unite to recommend it. Canadian ladies who drink Japan tea should help the British planter by drinking Ceylon tea. Blue Ribbon, Johnson and Salspacher are ready for you. Colonist.

FUME-GENERATING BOMB. Prof. Camphausen, of Amsterdam, is out with a bomb generating fumes that will make breathing difficult, impossible for a distance of 100 yards around the centre of the explosion.

THIS IS A "FREE COUNTRY" STILL A LAW THAT COMPELLED PEOPLE TO TRY BLUE RIBBON BERLON SEA-WORTH AS A LOT OF GOOD.

THE EXPEDITION EXPECTS TO RETURN BY WAY OF SPITZBERGEN. Judging by the facts that the polar basin has a higher level than either the Pacific or the Atlantic ocean, that the latter is lower than the Pacific, and that the cold winds of the polar basin help the ice and water thence on the way to the North Atlantic to feed the evaporation always going on there. Capt. Bernier believes it now to be nothing more than a matter of time and patience until he shall have passed directly over the pole and returned safely home to tell the story of the expedition. At first his only anxiety was as to the possibility of reaching the mouth of the river Lena from Behring Straits. Dr. Nansen writes him that he has no doubts that he can easily do so. Prof. Nordenfalk, who reached the polar sea via Behring Straits from Stockholm, also writes encouragingly. The Royal Society of Canada and the Quebec Geographical Society have endorsed Capt. Bernier's plans. So has J. W. Tyrrell, the explorer of the barren lands and the chairman of the Committee on Polar Researches of the Ontario Land Surveyors' Association, who says: 'I believe you are on the right track to success.' Dr. G. M. Dawson, director of the Geological Survey of Canada, writes: 'The recent voyage of the Fram seems to indicate that an expedition carried out along the line of Capt. Bernier's project, if properly equipped and manned, would have every probability of a successful issue.' And Dr. Bell, the assistant Director-General of Dominion Surveys, supplements the above with the following: 'I think you have chosen the best course and the best method, and that if you follow out these plans you will succeed.'

LUDELLA.

CEYLON TEA. It always remains the best.

POULTRY, BUTTER, EGGS AND OTHER PRODUCE. If you have any correspondence to supply our trade.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.

THE COAL OF CHINA. SPLITTING THE ADAGE. Pick and Winches the Only Machinery Used.

Professor Drake, of Tientsin, has lately published a report on the coal fields of the Chinese province of Shan-si, in which he estimates that within 150 square miles around Tse-chau there are about 3000 million metric tons of coal and yet this area is only a little of the ragged edge of the great coal fields of Shan-si. Richardson, in 1870, estimated that the anthracite, coal alone of this province amounts to \$20,000 million tons, and that the coal area is greater than that of Pennsylvania.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. The Inevitable Bronchitis Talcum. All coughs and colds are cured in one day. It is the only positive cure now known to the world. The proprietors have a much better method of curing the disease, and are offering it to the public at a very low price. Send for list of testimonials. Sold by Druggists, etc.

PROVISIONS DEARER IN ENGLAND. Six Advances Over Last Year's Prices—Jams and Butter the Most Expensive.

It costs a good deal more to live to-day than it did twelve months ago. Mr. William Alstrom, of Kimberley road, Nunhead, the general secretary of the newly formed London Coffee and Eating House Keepers' association, estimates that £1 will purchase no more food now than it would a year ago.

"For instance," he said to a London Daily Mail representative, "meat has gone up 18 per cent. in price, flour 15 per cent., sugar 7-1/2 per cent., bacon 30 per cent., eggs 15 per cent., butter 20 per cent., currants as much as 250 per cent., raisins 80 per cent., salted 60 per cent., butter 7-1/2 per cent., lard 15 per cent., and even such necessities as mustard and vinegar have increased in price.

"The coffee house keepers have been obliged to raise their prices, for they save themselves nothing ahead. A large number have banded themselves together and resolved to sell no more halfpenny boiled or fried eggs, no plate of hot meat under 5d., no plate of cold meat for less than 4d., and no puddings at less than 4d. each. 'Why, even our crockery has gone up 20 per cent.," added the general secretary, "and as for coal and gas, everybody knows what a huge increase has taken place in the prices of these necessities. What has gone down? The only thing that is cheaper is jam."

GRAMMATICAL WITH A VENGEANCE. A certain Liverpool man who represented one of the oldest families in the north of England had many peculiarities. Among these was a remarkably fastidious care for forms of speech and pronunciation.

One day when he was standing on the Ermine's landing-stage he slipped in some manner and went into the water with a resounding splash. There were a number of people about, and amongst them an old lady, who shrieked out: 'The gentleman disappeared.' 'He'll be drowned,' she wailed; 'he'll be drowned.' Just then the waters parted and the head of the victim of the accident appeared above the surface. Coughing and spluttering, he looked towards the agitated old lady. 'Drowned, you old idiot, he roared, drowned.' And then they flamed him out.

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