WAS NOT A SEA SERPENT.

EIGHT FEET LONG, AND LOOKS LIKE A WOLF FISH.

Affidavits Made to the Fact of the Capture—Description of the Creature.

Has the sea serpent at last been captured? That is the question residents of Victoria, British Columbia, are asking. Three thousand persons have seen the monster. Not one has been able to recognize it as belonging to any known species of the fish or reptile family.

The man who captured it, when he saw it in the water thought it must be at least twenty feet long. Great was his surprise when actual measurement proved that it was less than eight feet long. Pictures and descriptions of the monster seem to indicate that it is a variety of the ferocious wolf fish, a common article of diet among the natives of Iceland. Not that the residents of Victoria are ready to believe this. So firmly convinced are they that a new monster of the deep has been captured that affidavits have been taken of the method in which the fish or serpent, was taken in the Euklatat Rapids, on the southern coast of British Columbia.

AFFIDAVIT AS TO CAPTURE.

The following is a true copy of the sworn statement regarding the capture:

"These are the facts as to the fight with the sea serpent, or wolf fish, or whatever it may be:—Three of us were in a fifteen foot Indian canoe, anchored in the rapids, which run about twenty miles an hour in the spot where we were located. We were engaged in fishing for codfish. The man in the bow, named 'White-Frenchman,' who has been fishing the rapids for nine years, and who hasn't any other name in these parts, was just in the act of hauling in a cod on the line when the sea serpent poked its head above the water and made after the cod to devour it.

"As the monster was coming direct for the boat, 'White-Frenchman,' thought he would take no chances, and, poising his gaff, thrust it into the serpent's side two feet from its head. After being landed in the boat the animal or fish, made a desperate fight for liberty and attacked the Frenchman who had wounded him. The old fisherman thereupon seized the canoe paddle and struck at the monster's head.

"In a half stunned condition the creature then seized the paddle between its jaws and crushed it in two, but afterward lay quiet.

"The serpent was then taken quickly to land and thrown into a salt water tank to keep it alive. The creature was afterward shipped to Vancouver, British Columbia, where it was on exhibition for four days alive in a tank, but finally died from its wounds.

"When alive it came to the surface of the water constantly for air, but was for the most time underneath the surface. Three thousand persons have seen the animal up to the present, and not one of them has ventured to give the creature a name or classify it.

"Sworn before me this 18th day of September, 1899.

"A. A. ANDERSON,
Notary Public.
"SIMON RYAN,
"D. H. FORBES.'"

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONSTER.

This baby sea serpent, although only eight feet long and ten inches through the thickest part of its snake body, possessed enormous strength, and in fighting used its two sets of teeth, its flippers as claws, and its muscular body snake fashion.

The snake had a gray mottled body, almost round, and had a mane composed of a hairy substance, which will stretch out over eight inches. The body is some inches over seven feet long. It has two flippers near the head, which look like reversed claws more than a fish's fins.

The head of the creature is the most remarkable part. It has an enormous jaw, and a long tongue, which when the animal was alive, was constantly darting in and out like the forks of a venomous snake. It is asserted that this tongue contains poison. The tongue is pointed, but not forked.

The creature had a large, clear eye, much like the eyes of a fur seal, but black and vicious looking. The jaw is heavy and of great strength, and encloses two sets of teeth. The front set are pointed much like cats' teeth and are strong set in the mouth. The top set, five in number, protrude, and when the jaw is closed lap into the lower set, which retreat from the mouth. Behind this set is another combination of molars, upper and lower, massed together in circular form. Evidently after the prey was torn by the front teeth it was masticated on the crunchers behind.

The monster will be sold to the British Columbia Museum of Curiosities at Victoria.

ARMY HORSES.

The British System for Getting Them Quickly—Omnibus Horses No Use.

The item of intelligence published in the daily press a few days since, which had its derivation obviously from a United States source, to the effect that a thousand London omnibus horses had been drafted by the British Government and were already doing duty at Aldershot, should be taken with something more than the proverbial grain of salt—say, a ton of that condiment. To anyone who knows London and has seen the omnibus horses of the metropolis, and who has also seen British cavalry and artillery, the notion of omnibus horses being employed for military purposes is decidedly funny. In truth the matter is more the other way about, a large number of omnibus horses consisting of "casters," namely, animals who have done duty in the cavalry, artillery and army service corps have been condemned by the veterinary authorities as being unfit for further military service. The government standard of qualification for an army horse, whether for saddle or draught purposes, is a high one, and it is hardly likely that horses weakened by the body-destroying check and pull of omnibus hauling would be chosen for military work.

Did the government find it imperative to obtain a number of horses fit for service more quickly than the Remount Establishment could furnish them through the ordinary channels it has no fewer than some 80,000 fine animals in the United Kingdom alone, to pick from. These horses are the property of private owners, who, in return for a small sum per annum, paid as long as the horse is fit for service, have agreed to sell the horses immediately when required by the government, at the time the horse is placed upon the list.

TWO FAMOUS RINGS.

Two silver rings, of which one is in Paris and the other in Germany, have associations of rare interest. They were worn by Martin Luther and his bride, Catherine de Bora, on their wedding day in 1525. The rings bear on the inside the names of Martin Luther and his wife, and on the outside are engraved the spear, nails, and ropes, the symbols of Christ's suffering and death.

A place of safe deposit for furs has been established in New York city, and the furs are kept in cold storage all the year round. No moth can live in the icy temperature.

She Would Be a Lady

CHAPTER VIII.

Eva was not dead, she was not even injured beyond the effect of the shock, and the complete drenching which she had received from the furious downpour of rain.

Mrs. Westbrook superintended all the efforts made for recovery, and she shut herself in the same room with the girl, and did not even go to speak to her own son when he sent to inquire into the condition of the fair patient.

All this was very kind, or it would have been so had the action been prompted by good will. In very truth, however, Mrs. Westbrook was afraid to lose sight of Eva for a single instant. If once Ernest proposed to the girl and was accepted, her own objections would go for nothing, and she sternly resolved that all she could do should be done to avert such a sequel to her own unwise conduct in holding out a helping hand to this poor girl. All through that night Mrs. Westbrook watched by poor Eva's side, while she slept heavily and dreamlessly, and when the first streaks of morning made their way into the chamber, and the sleeper opened her eyes, Mrs. Westbrook hardened her heart to the self-imposed task she had undertaken.

"Eva, are you awake?" she asked, gently.

"Yes, I think I am," was the drowsily uttered reply.

"I wish you would rouse yourself," was the next remark, "I want to talk seriously with you."

The girl raised herself on her pillows, passed her hands over her face, and then, feeling more thoroughly awake, she asked:

"Yes; what is it?"

"I have been kind to you, have I not, Eva?"

"Yes; very kind, indeed," was the grateful reply; "but for you I might have been helpless and ignorant. I owe all that I am., and all that I ever may be, to you, Mrs. Westbrook. If I never speak of gratitude it is not because I do not feel it; but because words are too weak to express my deep sense of what I owe to your kindness."

"And would you really do anything in your power, Eva, to prove your gratitude to me?" asked the lady gently.

"Try me," she answered: "put me to the test."

"I will put you to the test," replied the elder woman, slowly. "You have it in your power to make me very happy or intensely miserable; to make me love you or to make me curse the day on which I first saw your face."

"You frighten me," said Eva, while her face became pale with agitation. "What have I done? What can I do?"

"You can swear to me that if my son ever asks you to be his wife you will refuse him," was the coldly-deliberate reply.

"Your son Ernest?" and the girl seemed to shudder with emotion and surprise. "He never spoke to me; he—"

"All the more easy for you to give me the promise," interrupted the mother promptly; "if he has never spoken of love and you do not love him the assurance can cost you no pain, and can be no sacrifice."

But Eva's face had suddenly flushed holy; she covered her burning cheeks with her hands, and she made no answer to the woman who looked down so coldly and so keenly upon her.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Westbrook after a time.

"I—I will go away; I will hide from him; I will try to forget him," sobbed the girl, painfully.

"And you will swear that you will never marry him without my consent?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, sternly.

For reply Eva flung herself upon her knees, moaning pitifully, as she pleaded:

"Don't make me swear that; have mercy upon me for—for—I love him."

She hid her face as though she had pleaded guilty to some dreadful crime and even Mrs. Westbrook's worldly heart was slightly touched by the poor maiden's deep humiliation.

But she had her end to gain, she had her son to save and she replied scornfully and bitterly:

"Everything but what I ask; I have been a fool for my pains. I have nurtured a serpent in my breast, and it takes the first opportunity of stinging me. Upon my word, you have played your cards well Eva Randolph; but I shall not condescend to reproach you if you have no more dignity of character, no more self-respect than to live for years upon my bounty and then try to entangle my son into a marriage that will be an outrage to me, and in every sense of the word, a wrong to him, then anything I can say against it would be in vain."

And Mrs. Westbrook rose to her feet with an air of injured virtue and dignity and moved a step or two toward the door.

Eva rose also. Her face was white as the nightgown she wore; her large dark eyes seemed bigger and more mournful than was there wont but there were no tears in them and she said resolutely but with strong emotion:

"I give you the promise you require; you have a right to exact it, for I owe all that I am to you. But I must go away; I must not see Ernest again till I have conquered myself and forgotten him."

"You swear to me that you will never marry my son without my consent?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, her eyes flashing with triumph.

"Yes; I will swear that never under any circumstances will I be his wife, if you like," was the passionate reply.

"You need not promise too much, my dear," was the smiling reply; "but you are a good girl, Eva, and I find I was not mistaken in you; and now you had better go back to bed and sleep awhile."

"I cannot do that," was the dejected reply. "I must go and hide myself; I must start for London at once. I must never see Ernest again."

"You shall not see him, but you cannot go now. Get into bed; leave it all to me. I will send Ernest out of the way in the course of the morning, and you can start for town with Barbara, as arranged; then you will give rise to no curiosity; our compact must be a secret between us."

And so saying, Mrs. Westbrook, half by force, and half by persuasion, induced Eva to return to bed.

The scheming mother managed everything as she had said she would. Ernest went away to keep an appointment about the purchase of some land in the neighborhood, believing that Eva was still too unwell to leave her room. But as soon as he was out of the way the carriage was brought round, the two girls and their hostess entered it, and Mrs. Westbrook, when she returned to the Grange, had the satisfaction of feeling that she had removed a great temptation out of the way of her son.

When Ernest returned home he was surprised and annoyed to find that Eva had gone away without his seeing her; but he strongly suspected that it was his mother's work, and he smiled mischievously when he thought how soon he would outwit her.

With this object in view, he went up to London a few days after Eva had left the Grange, but when he called at the house in Gower street he was informed that Miss Randolph was gone to Rome.

In some agitation he asked to see Mrs. Longford or Barbara. Both ladies were at home, and both received him cordially. But neither of them could tell him much about the girl he sought.

She had suddenly announced her intention of going abroad with a married lady, who was likewise an artist, and Barbara declared herself hurt and indignant to think that Eva would not be in England to be present at her approaching marriage.

"I suppose she left you an address to which her letters are to be forwarded?" asked Ernest, as he rose to take his leave.

"No; but we are to write to the post-office at Rome as soon as we hear from her the probable date of her arrival there," was the reply; "and if you or your mother wish to write to her, and will send the letter here, we will forward it."

After this he took his leave. He felt hurt and perplexed; he saw his mother's hand in the girl's sudden flight, but how to thwart his parent and how to bring Eva back he did not know.

At one moment a wild notion of following here to the Eternal City and there pleading the love with which his heart was filled, occurred to him, but he soon dismissed that idea, and though he was not clever as a letter writer, and had but little faith in the success of an offer sent by post he was compelled to make his choice between waiting until Eva should return and appealing at once to her on paper.

So he decided upon the latter course and he wrote such a letter as only a true, generous-hearted man could write, and one that any pure woman might be proud to receive.

He told her that he loved her; that his love was not the sudden passion of an hour, but a feeling that had been growing for years. Her noble character had first compelled his esteem he wrote, and her sweet disposition and beauty had won his love, and now he asked her if she could return his affection and if she would be his wife.

He put his heart into the page, but he was dissatisfied with the letter when it was written. It seemed so cold and formal, and he felt that whole volumes of written words were less powerful to evoke responsive love than would be one touch of a hand, or one glance full of meaning into loved eyes that were able to read that meaning.

But the letter was sealed and posted, and after a long journey and much delay it reached Eva's hand. In the meanwhile Eva traveled with her companion, with whom it must be confessed she had little or no sympathy, from one Continental city to another, visiting all the museums and picture galleries and studios; but to her preoccupied mind they seemed very much alike, and she took far less pleasure in them than she had anticipated.

At length they arrived at Rome, and Eva went to the post-office to ask if there were any letters for her.

Yes, there was one, and it came from Barbara Longford. But in it was inclosed another missive, and a glance at the handwriting told Eva from whom it came.

How her heart beat, fast and painfully, and then seemed to stand quite still; how she became hot and cold by turns, and how her head swam, and she nearly fainted with emotion, I need not tell. But she recovered slightly, after a time. The letter was still unopened; it might contain some mere friendly message; it might even be reproachful, but in any case it was passing strange that he should write. And so she sat and pondered, afraid, and yet longing to break the seal.

She opens it at last, and reads the fervid words addressed to her, ana then she feels like one whose heart is so full of love and thankfulness that now in the hour of her triumph she would like to die.

But death does not come. Instead of the sleep of oblivion that she longs for, comes the slow but cold awakening.

"He loves me!" was the glad cry of her heart. "He loves me. They can never take that assurance from me, even though they take him. And I shall spend the rest of my days in peace and contentment with the knowledge that he loves me, and that he once thought me worthy to become his wife."

And, oddly enough, this conviction gave her peace and comfort.

To a man, such a sentiment would have been impossible, but a woman of Eva's temperament this state of feeling was by no means unnatural. Her pride and her heart were satisfied, and though the sweet end of love might never be hers, she thought with a sad smile that thousands of women as pure and as gifted as herself were compelled by fate to live their lives alone.

But the life of an old maid had no terrors for Eva Randolph; and one thing she knew beyond all shadow of doubt—she would certainly die unmarried if she could not be Ernest Westbrook's wife.

Some days elapsed before she felt strong enough to put down the proffered cup of happiness definitely aside, before she could nerve herself to accomplish the sacrifice which she had sworn to make. When she did take up her pen, however, with her own hand to seal her own fate, her letter was as decisive as Mrs. Westbrook herself could have desired.

"I am very grateful for the high compliment you pay me," she wrote, "but I shall never marry; therefore, you will perceive that I must say No to your question, though I hope always to regard you and your mother as my kindest and dearest friends."

This letter she posted herself, and then the days and weeks rolled on, and no second appeal came in answer to her rejection.

Ernest Westbrook evidently regarded her decision as final, and she told herself that it was so, and yet she could not rest. She worked hard, and she did all she could to drown thought and memory in labor, and she made pleasant acquaintances; but though she endeavored to reconcile herself to the idea of taking up her residence in Italy for a few years, she could not do so.

A feeling of home-sickness, which she struggled against, but which she could not overcome, took possession of her, and at length she yielded to it and turned her face homeward.

The Longfords were delighted to have her back with them, for they had almost learned to regard her as a member of their own family.

So once more we see her in her old rooms, glad to be with friends, and trying hard, and with some success, to treasure her love, and yet keep it from wounding her.

In all these years she has never heard from her stepmother, Mrs. Church, or received any help from her or from her husband. More than once it has occurred to Eva to make inquiries about the affairs of her late father, but various causes have made her defer doing so.

Suddenly, about a fortnight after her return to England, she remembers once morning that it is her birthday—her twenty-first birthday. She is of age! And as the thought occurs to her she laughs bitterly; for what can it matter to any one but herself how old she may be?

Succeeding these meditations comes the sudden resolve to employ a solicitor, to ascertain whether her father was possessed of any property when he died; and, if so, what had become of it.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, she dressed herself for walking, and was just about to leave the house when a letter was brought to her.

Something in the handwriting of the address seemed to be familiar to her she laughs bitterly; for what can at once. It was actually from her stepmother, Mrs. Church, who, by some means or other, had always kept herself acquainted with Eva's movements, though never till now had she given her the least reason to suppose that she or her husband knew or cared what had become of her.

The letter began by remarking that, as it was Eva's birthday, she thought she would write and send her the inclosed piece of lace, which had belonged to the first Mrs. Randolph.

"And that reminds me, dear," the writer went on, "that Mr. Church wants you to sign some paper. I don't know what it is; but don't do it if you don't like, my dear, only write and tell me if you get the lace safely, and remember there's always a home with us when you want one."

Over and over again Eva read this odd epistle; then she glanced at the lace. It was not a piece of rare old lace, and certainly could not have belonged to Eva's mother. What could be the meaning of it? What paper could they want her to sign, and why were they so anxious that she should write to them? She could ask the questions, but she could not answer them, and, as the surest way out of her dilemma, she sent for a cab and drove to the office of a solicitor whom she had once met, and whom she knew well by reputation.

To him she stated her desire to know something about her father's circumstances at the time of his death, and then she produced the puzzling letter.

"Don't answer it, and don't sign anything," was Mr. Garrett's advice. "Leave the matter in our hands and we will soon unravel the mystery."

Eva acquiesced and returned home, but the surprises of the day were not yet over.

A letter from Mrs. Westbrook awaited her.

"My Dear Eva," it ran, "I know it is your birthday, and I want you to come and dine with us, and Ernest will take us to a theatre to-night. We have secured a box. You must come. The promise Ionce exacted I give you back, so consider yourself a free agent—but come.

"Your old friend,
"Celia Westbrook."

This letter utterly bewildered the girl. Did Mrs. Westbrook want her to marry Ernest? No: that could not be. Was he married? But again her reason answered "No," for there was no mention of anyone but themselves.

Should she accept the invitation was the next consideration. Pride said "No," but love said "Yes," and the conflict in the girl's breast was a long and trying one; so long, indeed, that evening came before she had decided whether she would go or not. She was still sitting in her own room debating the matter with herself, quite unconscious of the flight of time, when a second and far more earnest appeal arrived from Mrs. Westbrook and this turned the scale of victory in love's favor, and Pride spread his wings and fled vanquished from the field.

To be Continued.

Words From the Heart

A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER TELLS HOW HE REGAINED HEALTH.

He Suffered for Years From Kidney Trouble, Sick Headache and Rheumatism—Although Advanced in Life He Has Found a Cure.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N.S.

Solomon Meldrum, Esq., of Upper Branch, Lunenburg Co., N.S., is a gentleman of Scotch descent, and well known throughout the county. He is an agriculturist of repute and is prominent in the local affairs of the Baptist denomination. Referring to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he says:—"I consider them a most wonderful and beneficent revelation in the realm of medicine. Previous to using these pills some two years ago, I had suffered for years from kidney trouble and rheumatism. Many a time had I been so bad that I could do nothing but endure the pain and pray for physical deliverance. My advanced age, being nearly 70 years old, made a cure look almost impossible, humanly considered, in a case of such long standing. But thanks to the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am here to-day in excellent health with scarcely an ill feeling to remind me of past sufferings. Something over two years ago I read of the wonderful cures attending the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought if these testimonials are true it is possible the pills may benefit even me. I bought six boxes first, used them strictly as directed, and with the Lord's blessing they did me much good. But my ailments were chronic, deep seated, and I am an old man. The cure was not complete, and I got twelve boxes more with all faith in the result. I only had to use six boxes of the second lot when I found myself quite free from kidney troubles, rheumatism, and all other bodily ailments, except the disability incidental to persons of my advanced age, and even these were in a measure relieved. I may add that for a long time before I used the pills and while I began their use, I was the victim of the most distressing attacks of sick headache, the sensation of seasickness in extreme violence, being not a whit more distressing. These attacks came on once or twice a week. After taking the pills, the attacks became less frequent and less troublesome and finally ceased almost entirely. My son who lived at a distance took the remaining six boxes and stated to me that they did him much good. This I do know, that he looked much fresher and appeared in better spirits after their use. Believing as I do that an over-ruling power suggests to mortals all the wise and beneficial thoughts and inventions which operate to improve our race, and allay and cure our suffering I say again that I thank the Lord that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my prolonged life and present good health.

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. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. 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.

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE GUILLOTINE

France Proposes to Use Electricity by a New Method.

If importance is to be attached to a recent letter from Paris, the French Government is considering the advisability of discontinuing the use of the guilloutne for the execution of criminals and the adoption in its stead of a method in which needles charged with high-tension currents are shot into the brain, causing instant death. According to the accounts given, the head of the criminal, as he sits firmly strapped in the execution chair, is to be enclosed in a helmet similar to that of a diver. Opposite to the temples of the wearer are two holes, through which the needles, duly connected with the source of electric current employed, pass. As the executioner touches a button, and so turns on the current, the two needles leap from their sockets and are forced through the temples into the brain of the criminal. With them they carry powerful alternating currents, which rupture and destroy the brain cells with such rapidity that one convulsive movement of the victim is the only sign that life is extinct. Whether such a mode of execution, if seriously proposed, is more merciful than the electrical methods adopted in this country will be doubted by many.

CHECKED IN TIME.

In Launceston, Tasmania, a mother of ninety years, brought her son of seventy-two to the Benevolent Asylum to be looked after. The poor lad had apparently taken up with bad companions and fallen into bad habits. The other day his speech was certainly thick, while from the odor of his clothes and breath her worst fears were aroused—she'd every reason to suspect that he had begun smoking. The asylum superintendent took charge of the bairn, and promised to let his mother know if he misconducted himself, so she might come and correct him.

$3.95 Cut this out and return to us, with name of your nearest express office and we will send this watch there for you to examine. It is an open face, gold-plated dust proof case, handsomely engraved, fitted with American jewel 7 jewelled stem wind and set movement, lady's or gent's size. It is a good time piece, equal in appearance to a $25.00 watch, and is just the thing for timing purposes. If, on careful examination you are convinced this watch is worth far more than you ask, pay the express agent $3.95 and express charges and it is yours. Terry Watch Co., Box Z, Toronto, Can.

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

CULTIVATE THE SOIL.

'Fore the soil begins to bake,
Cultivate!
Stir it up for culture's sake.
Cultivate!
Tillage hinders 'vaporation,
Tillage works weed 'radication.
Tillage helps food 'laboration.
Cultivate!

If it rains and lays the dust,
Cultivate!
If it pours and forms a crust,
Cultivate!
Saves the moisture hygroscopic,
Helps the microbes microscopic,
Talk to neighbors on this topic,
Cultivate!

If your head begins to swell,
Cultivate!
Harrow, crush it, pound it well,
Cultivate!
Cultivate a humble heart,
Give "Big I" a meaner part,
Let the germ of culture start,
Cultivate!

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

During the next few weeks there is a good deal of work of a miscellaneous character to be done on the farm. They were wise, our forefathers, who originated the homely saying that "a stitch in time saves nine," and this of all seasons, is the time when many of those stitches should be taken by the farmer. It is stated by good authority that fifty per cent. of the agricultural implements used in Canada—wagons, sleds, mowing machines, ploughs, etc.—are destroyed by exposure to the elements—that the farmers lose millions of dollars annually by their neglect to house those implements when not in use. A little thoughtfulness, a few hours' work now and then, and especially in the fall, would reduce this loss by at least ninety per cent. Let every farmer gather together all the tools for which he will have no further use until next spring and store them away under cover, just where he can place his hand upon them when wanted. If there is a leak in the roof of the barn, a board in the covering hanging by a nail, a window broken, a door or gate with a dislocated hinge, a defective plank in the floor of the stable, any uncertainty about the water supply, see that the needed repairs are made at once; nothing can be gained by delay, and it may be the occasion of much loss. The piggery should be seen to and the poultry house, and if sheep are kept, comfortable quarters should be provided for them in the basement of the barn, if the barn has a basement; if not, a warm shed should be provided, not an open shed, but one with a window and a door that can be closed every night. All kinds of rubbish should be gathered up, not only about the house and barns, but in the fence corners and open fields, and burned, and an estimate of the number of fence rails that will be required in the spring should be made, so that they may be cut and hauled during the winter. Of course the winter's fuel is prepared and housed, but the supply for another year is to be chopped down so that when wanted it will be properly seasoned. There are kidney troubles, rheumatism, and all other bodily ailments, except the disability incidental to persons of my advanced age, and even these were in a measure relieved. I may add that for a long time before I used the pills and while I began their use, I was the victim of the most distressing attacks of sick headache, the sensation of seasickness in extreme violence, being not a whit more distressing. These attacks came on once or twice a week. After taking the pills, the attacks became less frequent and less troublesome and finally ceased almost entirely. My son who lived at a distance took the remaining six boxes and stated to me that they did him much good. This I do know, that he looked much fresher and appeared in better spirits after their use. Believing as I do that an over-ruling power suggests to mortals all the wise and beneficial thoughts and inventions which operate to improve our race, and allay and cure our suffering I say again that I thank the Lord that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my prolonged life and present good health.

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CHECKED IN TIME.

In Launceston, Tasmania, a mother of ninety years, brought her son of seventy-two to the Benevolent Asylum to be looked after. The poor lad had apparently taken up with bad companions and fallen into bad habits. The other day his speech was certainly thick, while from the odor of his clothes and breath her worst fears were aroused—she'd every reason to suspect that he had begun smoking. The asylum superintendent took charge of the bairn, and promised to let his mother know if he misconducted himself, so she might come and correct him.

clean is a good rule to go by, but if her appetite declines there is something wrong with her digestion that needs instant attention. Very frequently this cause is so simple that one overlooks it. In a nervous cow, a sudden fright, undue excitement or running in a field or anything that will upset the nerves may cause the flow of milk to stop temporarily and upset her digestion so that the full quantity of milk will not be given for weeks. It is to guard against such slight accidents that the dairyman must exercise his supervision and authority. His cows are high strung milking machines that easily give out under abuse or misuse.

WEALTHY JAP.

He Triumphantly Rehearsed His Own Funeral at Great Expense.

A curious incident is related by the Japanese papers about Mr. Kumekawa, of Kobe, who, like every other intelligent Japanese, desired that his funeral should be attended by ceremonies appropriate to his rank and social position. In order that he might not be disappointed in this respect, having reached his seventy-seventh year, and feeling that his days were numbered, he determined to have his funeral in advance and make the arrangements himself. On the day appointed his relatives and friends were invited to his house and gathered around an empty coffin with all the paraphernalia of mourning and engaged in the most elaborate Buddhist ceremony that could be devised. Mr. Kumekawa sat at the head of the casket and watched with interest all that was going on.

After the ceremonies at the house were concluded, a procession was formed, which marched through the principal streets to the cemetery. Mr. Kumekawa walked in front of his own coffin. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful.

The Kobe City Band led the procession and played modern airs, while at intervals groups of dancing girls and members of the theatrical profession, who performed pantomime allegories to illustrate the nobility of Mr. Kumekawa's character and the loss that was suffered by the community at his death. Just before reaching the gates of the cemetery the procession was halted, and several photographs were taken. After the coffin had been lowered into the grave and covered with floral offerings, the funeral party proceeded to the Jinko Club, where an elaborate feast was served, and speeches eulogistic of Mr. Kumekawa were delivered by several of his friends. Mr. Kumekawa was thoroughly satisfied with the success of his funeral, although it cost him a large sum of money.

DID NOT KNOW

Plight of a London, Ont, Man.

Had Bright's Disease and Didn't Know It—Had Existed for Three Years Before He Found What It Was—Then He Found What It Was and Cured It by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

London, Oct. 9.—Mr. G. E. Brady, 229 Talbot St., this city, feels that he is a lucky man. For three years he has been slowly sinking into a quicksand, deeper and deeper all the time and he not aware of his danger.

Mr Brady had Bright's Disease. Bright's Disease is generally considered incurable — in fact there is only one known cure. It is a Kidney Disease, those organs decaying and neglecting to filter the blood. Well, Mr. Brady never found out what was the matter with him until the disease had lasted three years and eaten right into his kidneys. He was sunk hopelessly in the quicksand. There was only one thing to save him.

Mr Brady found out what was the matter with him by chance. He read a list of the symptoms of Bright's Disease in a paper and at once recognized his own case. Then came the cure. Again he was lucky. After trying several medicines in vain he struck the right one, the only one that is a particle of use in Bright's Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills which have never failed yet.

Says Mr. Brady himself:—"I have been troubled for three years with Bright's Disease and I did not know it until I read the symptoms in one of your papers. I tried several remedies, but none could touch the spot. I purchased three boxes of your Dodd's Kidney Pills and after I had used one box I felt the disease leaving me. I am now completely cured. I am a contractor here in London, and my friends will vouch for what I say. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

Nature's Voices.

To the discerning ear Nature has many voices. She has a message in the sweet tones of the brook as it rushes down the hillside in ocean's moody voices, now rippling with gentlest cadence upon the golden sands, anon in deep boisterous voice as she lashes the beach with foam. Then the voice of trees which the laughing winds bear to our ears, of sunshine and shade, of hill and valley, of bird and flowers. But she comes in pain, too, the voice of the aching, stinging corn speaks impressively, but Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the worst corn in twenty-four hours, painlessly and without leaving sore spots.

SORT O' MIXED.

First Hindoo—Have you ever been for a boat sail?

Second Hindoo—Oh, yes.

First Hindoo—How did you enjoy it?

Second Hindoo—I did not like it; it's too horrible. The boat is going upside and downside, and your inside is going inside and outside.

CALLA LILY CREAM

ensures a youthful complexion. Send 25 cents for trial bottle, or post card for circular on skin and complexion. Address W. J. Urquhart, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.

BURGLARY WITH SPONGE AND WATER.

When a burglar wants to break into a Peruvian house he takes a sponge and a bucket of water and moistens the walls, which are covered with only a thin coating of mud, and easily dissolve upon the application of moisture. Then when the mud is removed he takes a sharp knife and cuts the strips of split bamboo which serve as a substitute for laths. That easy little operation produces a hole in the wall large enough for a man to crawl through, and can be performed so silently that people sleeping in the house will not be awakened. Not long ago the residence of the cable manager at Barranca was entered in this way. The thieves frightened the family, but were discovered before they had seized much booty.

NERVES AND FOOD.

It is the nervous cow that gives the greatest amount of good milk, says C. W. Jones. One inclined to go to fat makes an excellent beef cow, but a relatively poor milker. As the nervous cow is apt to be smaller in proportion than a large, fat, beef making cow, the idea gains some headway that she requires less food. Indeed, there is a tendency in some quarters to reason that a cow needs food in proportion to her size—that is, a large cow requires more than a small one. This is an error of a most pronounced order. It is nervous energy that absorbs and uses up food, and it requires more to feed such a nature than it does one of a phlegmatic disposition. If anything the opposite to what is true in general practice should be observed. More rich and highly concentrated food should be given to the smaller milker than to the large beef maker. The good milker, if her digestion is good, can change more of her food into milk than another animal can convert into beef or fat. A good deal of this food that is given to the milker is converted directly into milk and is thus more profitable than when fed to the beef cattle.

The nervous animal's mechanism is more easily deranged than that of the heavy, beef making animal. A plow horse can stand more abuse than the high strung race horse. Many dairymen do not appreciate this thoroughly either in their feeding or caring for good milk cows. As the whole value of the animal's products depends very closely upon the condition of her digestion a study should be made consiantly of the cow's health. In a normal condition she can take a great amount of food and convert it directly into milk. This food should be given with the best possible caution, so that it will not injure the health of the animal. Give all to the cow that she will eat up

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea is always uniform and always the best. Try it

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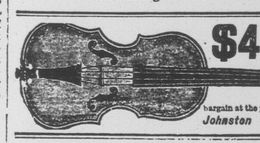

$4.95 Cut this out and send it to us with the name of your nearest express office and we will ship you this Violin Outfit by express, subject to examination. Examine it at your express office, and if you find it exactly as we represent it and entirely satisfactory, pay the express agent our special price, $4.95 and express charges. This is a finely finished, regular $20.00 Stradivarius model violin, richly colored, highly polished, powerful and sweet in tone. Complete with fine bow, extra set of strings and rosin. A genuine bargain at the price. Buy direct from us and save the dealer's profit.

Johnston & McFarlane, Box 'Z,' Toronto, Ont.

CURIOUS FUNERAL CUSTOM.

In Switzerland a death is attended by a custom which calls upon all charitable and Christian people to show their sympathy. A notice edged with a wide black line appears in the daily papers setting forth the day and hour when sympathizers must assemble before the house of the deceased. At the time named a little cloth-covered table supporting a good-sized jar is stood before the house—table, cloth and jar all being of a sombre, ebony hue—and into the latter small mourning cards, bearing the name and address of their owners, are deposited. The day the funeral takes place is the day selected for the exhibition of the jar. No ladies are allowed to follow at a Swiss funeral.

THREE THINGS.

Three things to cherish—virtue, goodness and honor.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to like—cordiality, goodness and cheerfulness.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF MALT Invigorates and Strengthens. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

WOULD BE HIGH-PRICED.

She—What a lot of things, they're inventing now; chainless wheels and horseless carriages, and all those things.

He—I wish someone would invent endless vacations.

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. 50c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

LONG WORDS.

If you would win the the world's respect,
For what you have to tell,
First learn to use four syllables
Where one would do as well.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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

NUTRITION IN CHOCOLATE.

The great nutritive powers of chocolate are now so generally recognized that it has been adopted for campaign use in the armies and natives of almost every European Government. The increased consumption in Europe within four years is 35 per cent.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

THE FINAL STAGE.

Banks is in a bad way financially.
All his money gone?
Worse; he can't borrow any more.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY Montreal

NO EXCUSE FOR THEM.

Mother—I don't see why you and your husband should have so much trouble. You don't belong to different churches, do you?

Daughter—No, mother.

Mother—Then there is no excuse for fighting like cats and dogs.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

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

Hotel Carslake, European Plan Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Props.

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

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot. Two blocks from C.P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate

HIS PREFERENCE.

Great Employer—I always employ married men if possible.

His Friend—Good idea. Helps conserve that sacred institution, the home.

I hadn't given that a thought, but I guess