

MARVELOUS MOUNTAIN CRABS

THEY ARE FOUND ON THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA.

Make an Annual Pilgrimage Millions Strong From the Hills to the Sea.

Bryan Edwards, the historian of the West Indies, pronounces the Mountain Crab of Jamaica, B.W.I., one of the choicest eatables that nature supplies; whilst Du Tertre terms them a "living supply of manna in the wilderness, equalled only by the miraculous bounty of Providence to the children of Israel when wandering in the desert." They are a resource, he continues, to which the natives of this island have at all times resorted; for when all other provisions are scarce, this never fails them.

The mountain or land crab survives in the larger of the West Indian Islands. Its history is so wonderful that it cannot fail to interest. These animals live not only in their retreats in the mountains, but regularly once a year march down to the seaside in a body of some millions at a time. As they multiply in great numbers, they choose the months of April or May to begin their expeditions to the waters of the deep; and sail out on the stumps of hollow trees.

From the Clefts of Rocks, and from the holes where they excavate for themselves under the surface of the earth. At that time the whole ground is covered with these bands of adventurers. The sea is their destination and to that they direct their march with right-lined precision. They turn neither to the right nor to the left whatever obstacles intervene, and even if they come across a house they will attempt to scale the walls to keep the unbroken tenor of their way. The procession sets forward from the mountains with the regularity of an army under the guidance of an experienced commander. The night is their chief time of proceeding, but if it rains by day they do not fail to profit by the occasion, and they continue to move forward in a slow uniform manner. When the sun shines and it is hot upon the surface of the ground, they wait until the cool of the evening. If something happens to terrify them, they march back in a confused disorderly manner, holding up their nippers, with which they sometimes tear off pieces of skin.

When, after a fatiguing march, and escaping a thousand dangers—for they are sometimes three months in reaching the sea shore—and they have arrived at their destined port, they prepare to eat their spawn. For this purpose the crab has no sooner reached the shore than it eagerly goes to the edge of the water and lets the waves wash over its body two or three times to wash off the spawn. The eggs are hatched under the sand; and some days after

Millions at a Time of the new-born crabs are seen quitting the sea and slowly travelling up the mountains. The old crabs having disburdened themselves, as related above, generally regain their mountain fortresses by the latter end of June. In August they begin to fatten and prepare for moulting, filling up their burrows with dry grass and leaves. When the proper period comes each retires to his or her hole, shuts up the entrance, and remains inactive until it gets rid of its old shell and is fully provided with a new one.

How long they remain in this state is uncertain, but the shell is first observed to burst at the back and sides to give a passage to the body, and the animals extract their limbs from all other parts of their old shells gradually afterwards. At this time the flesh is in the richest state, and covered only by a membranous skin, dish colored veins; but this hardens gradually, and soon becomes a perfect shell like the one recently cast off. It is, however, remarkable that during this change there are stony sections always found in the bag, which waste and dissolve as the creature forms and perfects its new shell.

Eyes in the Dark. Most of us are familiar by now with the marvellous streams of light which shoot up into the sky every night, switching from side to side in their search for Zeppelins. These search-lights are among the most wonderful of the devices used in warfare. The candle-power of the lamp is, in some cases, about 25,000. Their precise range has not been determined, but on a clear night they can pick you out if you are very many miles away. There is a searchlight at the Elgerwand station, on the Jungfrau Railway, the beam of which is visible at a distance of 60 miles; and it is strong enough to enable a newspaper to be read 20 miles off.

At night, grey or khaki is more easily seen by searchlight than the French red. When landing troops by night at the Dardanelles our own soldiers were more conspicuous than were the French. Nevertheless, the landings would have been infinitely harder had not the great shafts of light picked out the dangers and obstacles on shore.

Polynesian mothers mould and flatten the noses of their daughters, and think that the long, thin nose of English women are the result of being pulled out in infancy.

WEAK, TIRED, DEPRESSED

That is the Usual Condition of Persons Afflicted With Anaemia

Anaemia is the medical term for poor watery blood. It may arise from a variety of causes, such as lack of exercise, hard study, improperly ventilated rooms or workshops, poor digestion, etc. The chief symptoms are extreme pallor of the face and gums, rapid breathing and palpitation of the heart after slight exertion, headaches, dizziness, and a tendency to hysteria, swelling of the feet and limbs and a distaste for food. All these symptoms may not be present, but any of them indicate anaemia which should be promptly treated with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills make new, rich blood which stimulates and strengthens every organ and every part of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made thousands of anaemic people bright, active and strong. The following is one of the many cures. Mrs. Phillips, wife of Rev. W. E. Phillips, Princeton, Ont., says: "Some years ago, while living with my parents in England I fell a victim of anaemia. The usual complications set in and soon I became but a shadow of my former self. My mother, who had been a former nurse of many years experience, tried all that her knowledge suggested; tonics of various kinds were tried, and three doctors did their best for me, but without avail, and a continued gradual decline and death was looked for.

"Later my parents decided to join my brothers in Canada, and it was confidently expected that the ocean voyage, new climate and new conditions would cure me. For a time I did experience temporary benefit, but was literally bloodless, and the extreme pallor and generally hopeless appearance of my condition called forth many experiences of sympathy from friends whom we made in our new home in Acton, Ont. Later a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although in a condition where life seemed to have little to hope for I decided to do so. After using three boxes I began to mend. Continuing I began to enjoy my food, slept almost normally, and began to have a fresh interest in life as I felt new blood once again running in my veins. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought about a complete cure and I am to-day in robust health. My husband is rector of this parish and I have recommended the use of the Pills to a great number of people with whom we have come into contact in the course of my husband's ministry, for we both know what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do."

These Pills may be had from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It is a mistake to think that married men lie from choice, but their wives persist in asking them such ticklish questions.

MANY UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

CRIMES WHICH HAVE NEVER BEEN SOLVED.

Case of Poor Wee Maggie Nally Recalls Crimes Never Brought Home.

"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" is the verdict of the jury, and another great crime is put into that vast pigeon-hole which holds so many of the "unsolved mysteries" of life, says London answers. The latest crime to be put into that category is the sensational murder of the poor little girl Maggie Nally, in a waiting-room at Aldersgate Street Station. All the help of the Press, and all the following-up of clues, all the publication of photographs proved futile, and the jury had no alternative but to fall back upon the stereotyped verdict.

This case is almost an exact parallel of another which equally kept the public upon the tiptoe of excitement and expectation for many weeks. It was known as the Starfield case, and again concerned the brutal murder of an innocent child—a boy—whose body was found in a train on the North London Railway.

Many Points in Common. Although many clues were followed, no result was ever secured. The man who was accused of the crime, stood his trial, and was acquitted by the jury, was the father of the boy. To-day that murder remains an absolutely unsolved problem.

In many ways one crime seems to parallel another, and the incidents of both these child murders are remarkable in their resemblance, not the least of which is that a railway was used as the place for hiding the body. When one goes back over other unsolved mysteries which Scotland Yard has failed to penetrate there are many which come to the mind of the student of criminology.

Perhaps no greater sensation was ever caused than by the series of what were known as "Jack-the-Ripper" crimes in the neighborhood of Whitechapel, and the newspapers were constantly coming out with placards of "Another Ripper Murder."—These crimes took their name from the horrible way in which the bodies of the victims were mutilated, and many asserted that they were the work of a Smithfield butcher. It is said also that the clue to the man was once in the possession of the authorities, and that they just missed getting him. The generally accepted theory of these unsolved mysteries was that the man was an escaped lunatic with homicidal mania.

Guilty or Innocent? This seemed to be borne out to some extent by the fact that there was a long series of these murders—indeed, two happened in one evening—

then they ceased, and after an interval there was another outbreak. Then they ceased altogether, and the criminal was never caught.

It seems very probable that they were the work of an escaped lunatic, perhaps from a private asylum, who was re-arrested, and then escaped again, and was then either secured for good, or, as some say, committed suicide.

What was known as the Clapham Common murder remains in the minds of the public—and, indeed, a great many who were present, like the writer, at the trial at the Old Bailey—as an unsolved mystery.

It was a case where a man named Stinnie Morrison was accused of the murder of an old man, with whom he was acquainted, by striking him over the head with a bar of iron. The defence was sensational and clever, asking for acquittal on the grounds of purely circumstantial evidence; but the jury held a different view, and brought in a verdict of guilty, with the result that the prisoner was sentenced to death.

They Were Not Satisfied. The authorities, however, must have had some doubt in their minds as to the exact proving of the case, for, although they did not release the man, the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

It is argued that this must be an unsolved mystery, because, had the Home Office been satisfied as to the guilt of the man, then no one would have more deserved hanging. One of these days this mystery may be solved, as may the other one in the same district of London, where a man was found shot on the steps leading up to his own flat and there appeared to be no reason for the committal of the crime, and there was certainly no trace of the assailant.

Among other remarkable unsolved mysteries was the murder of the poor girl Miss Camp, again in a railway-train, whose head was battered in, it was alleged, with a heavy stone pestle, but no trace of the murderer was ever discovered.

But, perhaps the greatest of all sensations in connection with murder mysteries is what is known as the Peasehall crime, which resulted in a man being twice tried for his life at the assizes. In each case the trial lasted a number of days, and neither jury could make up its mind to a verdict.

After Two Trials.

The man, who was the master of the servant-girl who was found murdered in the house, with her clothing deliberately set on fire by paraffin, was kept in prison for some little time longer, and there was talk of a third trial. But the Crown, deciding that its evidence against him was not sufficient, dropped the case, and the man was liberated.

To-day that mystery is as great as it was then.

In the Births, Marriages, and Deaths column of the newspapers there appears every year on "In Memoriam" notice, referring to the death of a young man who was found murdered in some woods in Scotland. It was a complete mystery who had brought him to his untimely doom, and, although strong suspicion pointed in one direction, no conviction was ever secured. That memorial notice ends with the quotation: "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

The curious thing which is almost an unsolved mystery in itself, is the peculiar aberration of mind which assails certain individuals in connection with crime, and particularly murders. What is Their Motive? It must be some inflated idea of shining in the limelight of notoriety for a few brief moments that makes men give themselves up, self-confessed of some of these diabolical crimes, when it is clearly proved that it was utterly impossible for them to have been anywhere in the neighborhood.

Such happened in the very last mystery of the Aldersgate Street murder, where a soldier gave himself up to the police authorities in the province.

Three Brothers.

The following example of ready wit appears in "The Memoirs of Lord Charles Beresford." When, in December, 1897, on the death of Sir Frank Lockwood, the seat of York became vacant, Beresford stood for the election, and was opposed by Sir Christopher Furness, afterward Lord Furness. The contest was close and exciting and eventually won by Lord Charles with a narrow majority of eleven, after two counts, on a poll of over eleven thousand votes. He says: My brothers, Lord William and Lord Marcus, were helping me. Lord Marcus accompanied me to a meeting, and I told him that he must make a speech.

"I can't," he said. "I don't know what to say." I told him to begin, because he would surely be interrupted, and then, being an Irishman, he would certainly find something to say. Lord Marcus thereupon rose to his feet, and a voice immediately shouted: "Who are you?"

It was enough. The fire was kindled. "Who are we?" cried Lord Marcus. "I'll tell you who we are. We are three brothers, and our names are Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. And we have come here to put out the burning fiery Furness."

It has been established that the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo never uttered the famous words, "Up, guards, and at them!"



OVERBLOUSES AND BOLEROS THE VOGUE FOR GIRLS.

There is nothing, perhaps, that harmonizes better with the young girl's figure than overblouses and boleros. These have been exceedingly popular this season, due in no small measure, not alone to their good looks, but to their practicability. A very delightful dress with an overblouse is Ladies' Home Journal Pattern No. 8663, shown above. The underwaist opens in front and has a roll collar, full length plaits at the hips. The overblouse slips on over the head and is held in place by a belt. The pattern cuts in sizes 14, 16, 17 and 18 years, requiring for size 16, five yards of 36-inch material with two yards of material for the underwaist.

Patterns, 15 cents each, can be purchased at your local Ladies' Home Journal Pattern dealer, or from The Home Pattern Company, 183-A, George Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Making No Mistake.

He was an urchin of the streets, but did not lack wits.

One day he saw a well-dressed woman with a benevolent face coming along. At once he dropped in a mischievous heap on the curbstone and began to sob pathetically.

The kind lady paused beside him. "What are you crying for, my boy?" she asked gently. Stiffing his sobs with ease, the youngster looked up and replied: "Dunno. What have you got?"

Advice to Dyspeptics Well Worth Following

In the case of dyspepsia, the appetite is variable. Sometimes it is ravenous, again it is often very poor. For this condition there is but one sure remedy—Dr. Hamilton's Pills—which cure quickly and thoroughly.

Sufferers find marked benefit in a day, and as time goes on improvement continues. No other medicine will strengthen the stomach and digestive organs like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They supply the materials and assistance necessary to convert everything eaten into nourishment, into muscle, fibre and energy with which to build up the run-down system. Why not cure your dyspepsia now? Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills to-day, 25c. per box at all dealers.

RASPBERRY LORE.

(By Peter McArthur.)

The meanest man in Canada has been discovered, but I dare not give you his name or tell you where he lives, for like all the mean men I know, he is very respectable, and moreover, he is well off and for that reason his neighbors look up to him. It would never do to cast a slur on so estimable a citizen, but let me tell you what he does. He hires the children in the neighborhood to pick raspberries for him, and it is part of the bargain that they must whistle all the time they are in the berry patch. As he is always within hearing he is able in this way to make sure that they do not eat any of the delicious berries they are picking. Now, what do you think of a man like that? I wouldn't consider this man so mean had it not been that for some time past I have been trying to determine the origin of the name "Raspberry." The explanation given in the big dictionaries is perfectly absurd "Rasp—with reference to its rough outside—looking like a rasp." What nonsense. The appearance of a raspberry might remind one of a

cluster of rubies, but never of a blacksmith's rasp. But philology, or the science of words, is a mere matter of guesswork in many cases so I feel quite at liberty to guess at the origin of the name raspberry myself.

What does a healthy boy do when he discovers that raspberries are ripe? Anyone can answer that. He comes rushing towards the house yelling "Rah! rah! rah! The raspberries are ripe. 'Rah! an abbreviated cheer, expressive of joy. Hence raspberries is the berry that makes the small boy cheer because of the joy he feels. Do I hear any objection to that? Of course not. Anyone can see that that is the true explanation. Let the makers of dictionaries take note.

And now that I am at it I may as well set the learned philologists right on another point that has to do with the raspberry. They seem unable to decide on the exact origin of the word "jam" as used in raspberry jam. Once more I am amazed at their blindness. Also once more I go to the healthy small boy for my explanation. What does he say when he gets a chance to steal raspberry jam? If you cannot imagine, just use your memory and recall what you used to say. "Yum yum!" of course. With this starter any learned professor will tell you that by the application of Grimm's law, or some similar law, this ecstatic exclamation in time became changed to "yamm, yamm!" Still later it was changed to "jam jam!" and then in the hurry of our modern life was abbreviated to "jam!" It is I hear any objection to that? Do I hear any objection to that? It is all as plain as mud. Say I have a notion to give up farming and go in for philology. The college professors and dictionary makers seem to lack both imagination and knowledge of the small boy.

Now can't you see why I consider the man who makes the boys whistle when picking raspberries the meanest man in Canada? The berry itself and its chief product both take their names from the love of them shown by the small boy. If you do not believe in my derivations just try any healthy boy with ripe strawberries and strawberry jam and see how he will act. If he doesn't say "Rah!" and "Yum yum!" he is not a normal boy.

Sore Corns Absolutely Painless

No cutting, no pinners or pads to press the sore spot. Putnam's Extractor makes the corn go without pain. Takes out the stinging overgrowth. Never falls—leaves no scar. Get a 25c. bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor to-day.

A Graceful Hostess.

There are ungracious persons, of whom a certain Mrs. Gomer is one, who cannot do anything for themselves or anyone else without magnifying the difficulties of the task.

If Mrs. Gomer baked a cake or prepared a special dish she always remarked at the table, "Land sakes, it ought to be good! It was a terrible job! I nearly roasted myself over the stove baking it!"

If she sat up with a sick neighbor she spent the evening telling about what a "terrible mess" she had left her house in, and how difficult it was for her to get away, and how hard she would have to work the next day to make up for it. One afternoon while Mrs. Curtis, her next-door neighbor, was away, her sister unexpectedly arrived from another city.

Mrs. Gomer, seeing the visitor and her grips on the Curtis front porch, and knowing the Curtis house was locked, invited her to come over to her house and wait for her sister's return. That evening, when both families were on their front porches, Mrs. Curtis called across: "Oh, Mrs. Gomer, I must thank you for taking my sister in! She says you entertained her all the afternoon."

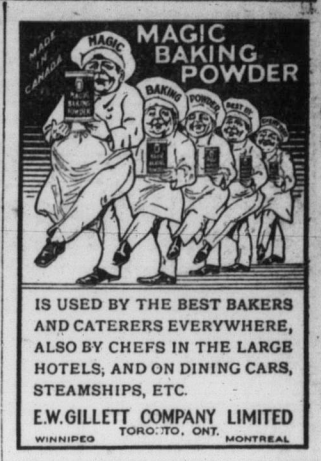
"Yes," replied Mrs. Gomer, "and it was a terrible job, too."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Don't Suffer Themselves.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, apropos of the "reprisals" which make the world-war more horrible, said at a luncheon: "Has it occurred to you that the Germans who ordered these cruel reprisals are old, fat, soft fellows, seated in leather cushions in luxurious offices? They don't suffer themselves so much as a pin prick. They rather remind me of the mother who brought her little boy to school and said, 'This little boy of mine, teacher, is very delicate. So we mustn't whip him. If he does anything bad—and I know he will—just whip the boy next to him. That will give him a good scare and bring him round, maybe.'"

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.



Fickle Youth. Alys—George came to our house every evening for three months. Mai—Well? Alys—I don't know whether he got tired of my company or just wanted to hear all our music machine records.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Lips. Father—What did you and John talk about last night, dear? Daughter—Oh, we talked about our kith and kin. Small Brother—Yeth, pop, I heard 'em—he seth, 'Kin I hev a kith? and she sets, 'Yith you kin!'

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30.00. Cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.

MOISE DEROSCE, Hotel Keeper, St. Philippe, Que.

Wise Man.

Farmer Stack—You say you went through an agricultural college? Then you must know all about nitrates? Stranger—Sure thing! Where did you want to telegraph to?

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria.

Men are brave, and all that, but when one of them is sick he grunts twice as much as a sick woman.

FARMS FOR RENT.

IF LOOKING FOR A FARM, CONSULT me. I have over Two Hundred acres of flat, located in the best sections of Ontario. All sizes. H. W. Dawson, Brampton.

AGENTS WANTED.

McLAUCHLAN MADE \$67 LAST week. House to house canvassing. Wonderful sellers. Either sex. Craigie Brothers, Niagara Falls, Ont.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

PROFIT-MAKING NEWS AND JOB Offices for sale in good Ontario towns. The most useful and interesting of all businesses. Full information on application to Wilson Publishing Company.

FARMS FOR SALE.

FARMS FOR SALE IN THE County of Norfolk. Good choice. Prices ranging from \$20.00 to \$100.00 per acre. Terms reasonable. Apply R. W. Bartmann, Lynedoch, Ont.

DOGS FOR SALE.

RED, OR BLACK AND WHITE Cocker Spaniel puppies. Males \$20, females \$15. Alredales, males \$25, females \$15. St. Bernards, males \$30. These are the best breeds for Canada. All pedigreed stock. Suitable for children or guard for the home. F. E. Stewart, Oakworth Kennels, St. Nicholas Building, Montreal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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One application KILLS all Mites and prevents their reappearance during the season. Keeps fowls free from body lice. Makes scaly legs bright and clean. Keeps lard, poultry and sweets free from ants. Bedbugs will give no trouble where used. Write to-day for special trial price. Booklet free.

Marshall & Marshall, Niagara Falls, Ont.



Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.



ICE CREAM (Good Enough for Babies)

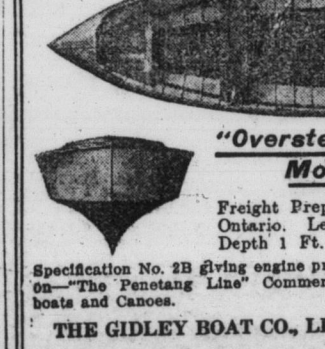
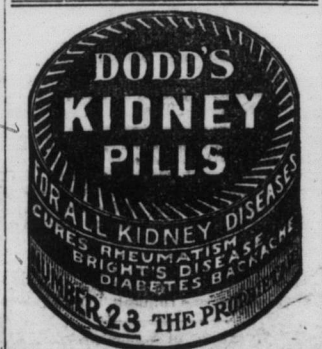
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It is much better than pastries and candies—if it's Ice Cream made as pure and in a sanitary plant like the City Dairy.

We ship thousands of Ice Cream Bricks for consumption in the home and thousands of gallons of Bulk Ice Cream for consumption in the shops of discriminating dealers everywhere in Ontario.



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