NO JOY IN LIFE.

SO SAY THE SUFFERERS FROM CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA.

A Trouble That Makes the Life of Its Victims Almost Unbearable—Causes Headaches, Heart Palpitation, Dizziness, a Feeling of Weariness, and a Distaste for Food.

From "L'Avenir du Nord," St. Jerome, Que.

Sufferers from dyspepsia or bad digestion are numerous in this country. Almost daily one hears some one complaining of the tortures caused them by this malady and it is no uncommon thing to hear a sufferer say "I wish I was dead." And no wonder, the suffering caused by bad digestion cannot be imagined by anyone who has not suffered from it. The victim is a constant sufferer from headaches, heart burn, heart palpitation, and nausea. He has a bad taste in the mouth, is unable to obtain restful sleep and has always a feeling of weariness and depression. But there is a sure cure for this trouble and it is found in the greatest of all known medicines—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Among those who have been cured of this distressing malady by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. Alfred Chasbot, a well known farmer living near St. Jerome, Que. To a reporter of "L'Avenir du Nord," Mr. Chasbot told the following story of his illness and subsequent cure:—

"For three years I was an almost continual sufferer from the tortures of bad digestion. After eating I felt as if some heavy weight was pressing against my chest. I was racked with violent headaches; my temper became irritable; my appetite uncertain; my nerves were a wreck and I was always troubled with a feeling of weariness. I was able to do very little work and sometimes none at all. Although I tried many remedies I was unsuccessful in my search for a cure until a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Any doubts I may have had as to the merits of these pills were soon dispelled, for I had not been taking them long before I noticed an improvement in my condition. I continued the use of the pills some weeks when I considered myself fully cured. To-day I am as well as I ever was in my life, and would strongly advise all similar sufferers to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am sure that they will find them as beneficial as I have.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They make new, rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves and thus tone up the whole system. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ENGLISHMAN MURDERED.

Sixty-One Coreans Suffer Torture for the Crime.

After a very successful career of gold mining in Corea, Mr. F. F. Brandon, a young Englishman, met his death in the district of Ping Yang on the night of August 8 last. The news of the murder and of the subsequent trial and conviction of the suspected natives has just reached his relatives and the press. Far into the mountains of Corea (writes a correspondent) young Brandon was the assistant superintendent of an American mine.

The natives had for years made the most exemplary of workmen until the night of August 5, when a religious feast had taken place, and native whiskey in large quantities had flowed freely, not one sober native being left in the camp. The other six white miners had gone to Taboyle, and the nearest European settlement was six miles from Brandon's headquarters. On the fatal night he was the only white man in camp. The next day the other miners—two of whom were Americans and four English—found him dead in bed, his lamp still burning, and his cash box broken open on the floor.

Poor Brandon was mutilated almost beyond recognition, and the interior of the hut bore, though no sign of a combat, the appearance of having been visited by a large number of natives. Rifles and revolvers and a large amount of money were found missing. It was a rainy week and in the soft ground it was a very simple matter to trace the malefactors.

SIXTY-ONE SUSPECTS.

were brought in before nightfall, including the keeper of the only inn in the district.

Three days later a native magistrate arrived from Won Son, followed by twenty of his retainers—scribe and prosecutor, as well as a squad of native police. The following morning an impromptu platform was erected, and the court opened. The magistrate, carrying a European umbrella over his head took the "bench" (an ordinary stool) while the crowd yelled "Ho you, Ho you, Ho you—!" the meaning of which ejaculation was "Honor his words—speak the truth."

These cries were heard at short intervals from the native police during the entire proceedings. The prisoners were then thrown on the ground at a distance of about thirty feet from the judge, and with a rope round their necks as their names were called, crawled on their hands and feet toward the magistrate, without lifting their heads from the ground. Because of their loyalty to various secret societies, the prisoners rather submitted themselves to the most horrible torture than give any evidence against their fellow thieves.

The innkeeper and a Chinese miner were found guilty, and were hacked to pieces. The others were given a slow death by strangulation, death ensuing on the sixth or seventh day. In Corea, if the friends of a condemned man have money or influence the executioner (whose office, by the way, is hereditary) will end his misery on the second or third day with a heavy club. Almost all the prisoners in this case died within the month following their torture.

The prisoners bore all their punishment very stoically—a characteristic of the Coreans and other Mongolians.

COULDN'T BUY A COTTAGE.

Believe me, George dear, the fact that you are not wealthy makes no difference in my love for you, she said. I love you for yourself alone. I would choose love in a cottage rather than a union without affection in a costly mansion.

Darling, he said, I am glad to hear you speak thus. There is now but one obstacle to prevent our marriage.

And what is that? she asked.

I can't raise half enough money to get a cottage.

DECLINE OF BIRTH-RATE.

The birth-rate throughout Europe according to a letter written by the Dean of Ripon, is declining, and England leads the way. During the last twenty-five years the decrease of children in this country has amounted to no fewer than 249,000 a year, the birth-rate last year being only twenty-nine per thousand of the population, as compared with thirty-five in 1875.

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Guy Hartleigh leaves England to find his long lost cousin in San Francisco. Maida Carringford, an actress in that city, is pestered by genteel loafers amongst whom is Caryl Wilton who proposes and is rejected. She learns the story of her mother's betrayal by Sir Richard Hartleigh. Sir Richard's child, Constance, whom Guy is seeking, dies, and Maida impersonates her and is taken to Hartleigh Hall, where she becomes the idol of the household. A fete is given in her honor at Vyner Castle during which it is suggested that she take part in some amateur theatricals. Mildred Thorpe, an unemployed American girl in London is exhausted by her fruitless efforts to obtain work. After securing engagement as country church organist she is about to faint when she is assisted by Carl Wilton who is struck by her likeness to Maida Carringford. He visits the Duke of Beldaire at whose seat the amateur actors are disconcerted by the loss of their Romeo. He is persuaded to act as substitute.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

They stood aside with a movement of curiosity. The tall, graceful figure in its magnificent costume came in, carrying his domino and mask in his hand, and looking around with a nonchalant, easy grace, so natural to him. He was certainly another who showed neither apprehension nor nervousness.

"Come on," said Lord Algy in his gentle voice, now tremulous with excitement, "I want to introduce you to Juliet."

At this moment Guy came into the room and announced that all was ready.

"We are ready, too," answered Lord Algy. "Where is Miss Hartleigh?"

"There."

"Oh, Constance, let me introduce my friend who has so kindly consented to come to the reecue and save us all from failure. Mr. Caryl Wilton, Miss Constance Hartleigh."

She was still talking to the Mercutio, and turned gracefully with some light remark upon her lips.

They were all looking at her, and they all, without exception saw the mask slip from the hand that went with a quick movement to the heaving bosom, as the face, a moment ago so smilingly, so girlishly serene, turned a deathly white, from which the dark eyes gleamed as might those of a doe at bay.

A certain expression as of incredulous horror, dimly defined, passed over the white face, and she stood silently staring at the man before her, who had not yet taken the trouble to lift his languid eyes.

But the silence, the stillness aroused him, and he coolly lifted his eyes to ascertain the reason. With a well-bred slowness, far enough removed from insolence, yet all indifference, he let his eyes run from the little satin slippers to the frozen face.

With a start he made a half step backward, and his dark face turned white underneath the rouge. Moments are ages sometimes; and this was one of the times. The two stood regarding each other for a moment in silence: then, as summer clouds flit over the sky, there chased across her face a look as of a hunted animal—of dread and of defiance. And then the actress was herself again; and had taken up her part. Her only glance, and that a valled one, was of keen inquiry.

Caryl had been the first to recover himself, and, as if he had read and understood each flashing glance of the other, had answered it. His first expression had been one of fierce exultation, his next had been one of doubt, and then had succeeded a calm cold smile of composure and waiting.

As long as it had taken to record this meeting, it had taken but a moment for it to take place, and ere any one there to witness it had fully realized that anything was amiss, Caryl Wilton had bowed low, and in his most natural tone had said:

"I am afraid I have kept you waiting, Miss Hartleigh—an unpardonable sin behind the scenes. I dare not hope for forgiveness, though I am filled with remorse."

With a mechanical smile her eyes fell upon his, and she inclined her head, struggling for the voice which would not come. Then, with an effort not the less strenuous that no one was cognizant of it, she said:

"I do not think you have kept us waiting. It is very much better late than never in such a case."

Her voice, though low, was as steady as his own, and her eyes met his unflinchingly. And this was all, only two polite, conversational sentences, while the heart of each throbbed wildly under the strain of a sudden recognition. And if the outward eye of each was cold and steady, the inward eye was none the less feverish with the far away visions of another theatre far distant, where a Romeo had stood one night before a Juliet; of a lonely house and of a passionate declaration of love.

What of the boasted stoicism of the red Indian in the face of self-restraint such as this?

With his white fingers playing with apparent carelessness with the jeweled handle of his sword, stood a man who had suddenly, without a hint of warning, come upon the woman whose face had haunted him for weary weeks, and whom he had longed to see as only such a man could long; stood carelessly waiting and talking, his heart on fire, his brain reeling with astonishment, delight, wonder.

And almost touching him, erect and composed, with her delicate lips curved in a faint, sweet smile, stood a girl face to face with the detector of her crime, face to face with one who must either be a passionate lover or a deadly foe. And before her was a task sufficient to try the strongest to the uttermost—a task requiring all the delicate fire of genius, all the calm composure of trained talent.

How was it possible that she could go through it with this man—this relentless pursuer, watching her every word and looking for some sign of weakness?

Realize it! Words cannot even describe it.

"Well," said Lord Algy in a commonplace tone that seemed all out of tune with the passions hidden in those two breasts, "are you ready?"

Caryl Wilton glanced at the face opposite him, and then, in his most indolent tone, answered:

"Oh, yes; but give me a drop of champagne to drive away the nervousness of an amateur. My knees are trembling."

"You look frightened," said Lord Algy, laughing. "But here is the champagne," and he handed him a glass.

Caryl took it and appeared as if about to drink it, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he offered it to Maida. She shook her head with a smiling negative, but he did not take back his hand.

He still held the glass before her, and bowing courteously, said, in a tone audible to every one:

"Take the advice, Miss Hartleigh, of one who has had the misfortune to go through this sort of thing several times, whereas you, probably, have never had a taste of amateur theatricals before. You would be wise to take a glass of champagne."

Only Lord Algy notices the change which has come over the whilom indolent man. The indifferent drawl has gone from his voice, the dark-gray eyes flash with a new fire, and there is something imperative in the poise of his head.

Maida hesitated a moment and then took the glass. Did he know that her throat was parched and burning, that her heart was beating so that it took all her strength to speak? what did he mean? Was he covering a threat under his proffer of aid? Was he merely playing with his victim? Or was he trying to encourage her?

She drank the wine slowly in order to collect her forces as well as to profit by the liquid refreshment. Her eyes sought his face and studied it.

It was a face handsome enough at all times, but made particularly so now by the long, flowing hair, which set it off in a Titian-like modeling. There was no weakness in it, and though it was inscrutable even to her sharpened eyes, she seemed to feel that it held her fate with a conscious power. Should she defy him, deny him, or yield to him? Neither. She would be woman-like and wait. And if fight she must, then, woman-like again, she would fight to the last gasp.

"Another glass?" he asked politely, as she took the empty glass from her lips and held it out to him.

"No more, thank you," she answered, as calmly as he.

"Better be persuaded. It will not hurt you."

"No more."

"Will you not drink yourself?" demanded Lord Algy, seeing that he was about to put the glass down.

"Oh, I was forgetting. My nervousness, you see," and he held out the glass to Lord Algy to be filled.

And when the glass was filled he raised it to his lips, and, with a smile which only Maida could understand, said, carelessly:

"If it were not bad manners to propose a toast to a lady at such a time, I would drink this to Miss Hartleigh's success in Juliet—or in any other part she may play." He drank the wine. "Now I am ready to do poor Romeo to his death. Have no concern Miss Hartleigh; should your lines fail you, you may rely on me, for I have played the part quite recently." He leaned a little nearer, so that only she could catch his words, and went on, with a light smile: "I don't mind telling you that the last time I played it was with a professional actress in America. Her name was Maida Carringford. You must have heard of her, though I know you have never seen her, for she was killed on the overland route during a stage robbery."

"Hush!" said Lord Algy. "All ready, now. Take your places for the first set."

CHAPTER XIV.

The curtain rose, and there was a delighted ripple of applause at the beautiful scene disclosed; another and still another, as each actor made his appearance.

Then Romeo, with moody, abstracted step, entered. At sight of the tall, richly dressed figure there was a loud welcome—then a little buzz and hum of surprise.

"Why—why," said the duke, "that is not Manville! Who can it be?"

"It is—no, it isn't—yes, it is. Why it is Caryl Wilton!" whispered her grace.

"Eh?" muttered Sir Richard, leaning forward. His only interest in the matter was its bearing on his daughter. If it was anything to affect her he was anxious to know. "Who is it? Caryl Wilton? Wouldn't know him. Where is Manville, then? I hope he will do as well."

"As well?" echoed the duke. "I should think so. Manville was a good Romeo to look at, but Wilton is good to look at, and —— By Jove! listen to him! He has the nerve of a professional. I didn't know he was here. I'll wager Algy is delighted."

If Algy was, so was the audience. They had been well enough satisfied to get a handsome Romeo, but here they had the looks and much more besides.

Composed and self-possessed, Caryl Wilton played as if he was earning his daily bread. Letter-perfect, action perfect, but rather like an admirable machine than a real Romeo. He was playing mechanically, for there ran constantly through his brain the query, How comes Maida Carringford to be Constance Hartleigh?

He went off to a hearty round of applause, and Lord Algy caught him by the hand and thanked him eagerly for having done so well.

"I see you have forgiven me, old fellow," he said. "How well you did it!"

"Did I?" asked Caryl as a peculiar smile passed over his face.

He looked around for Maida, but she was not to be seen. She had retired to her room. But presently she came out, and when he looked at her he saw that she had fought the battle with herself and had conquered. A calm smile was on her face, and her eyes rested on Caryl Wilton as unconcernedly as if she had never been aught but Constance Hartleigh.

"Have I been called?" she asked of him.

"Not yet," he answered; "they are shifting the scene. Will you not take a seat?"

She declined with a slight gesture, and stood looking past him toward the wings, and his eyes watched her with only half-concealed earnestness.

They were standing thus when Guy, covered with perspiration, came suddenly upon them. A puzzled expression flashed over his face, and he dropped into a chair, looking at Maida with admiring, wistful eyes.

"All ready?" he asked. "Now for your boasted courage, Constance. Are you sure you feel calm?"

"Quite," she answered, but she did not look at him. Her eyes were full on Caryl Wilton. "I have courage enough to carry it through. Of that I am confident."

And Caryl Wilton, looking straight back into her eyes, saw a gleam there which told him that she was prepared to hold the position in which he had found her.

"I, too, am confident of it," he said.

Guy turned to him with a sort of apologetic smile, and said, in his frank way:

"We have not been introduced. I am Guy Hartleigh, and stage carpenter is your vocation. I want to congratulate you on your performance. I never saw a professional do it as well."

"I suppose I may thank you for the compliment without fear of being understood as believing it," replied Caryl, with his careless smile.

"Oh, but I meant it literally."

Caryl bowed with an air that might be construed any way but as one of acceptance.

"Juliet! the nurse! Lady Capulet!" shouted the call-boy.

With a scarcely perceptible glance around, Maida moved away, followed by the other characters. Guy looked after her for a moment, and then turned to find Caryl also gazing after her. And he was struck by the singular expression on his face.

"By the way," he said abruptly, "have you met my cousin—Miss Hartleigh, you know—before, Mr. Wilton?"

Caryl turned a cool, composed, absent gaze on the frank, handsome face of his questioner, and, without the least show of consciousness, answered:

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting Miss Hartleigh before to-night. Why do you ask?"

Guy hesitated a moment.

"I fancied—I don't know, either—that you seemed to recognize her. Foolish, of course, but I had the notion."

Caryl watched him narrowly to see if there was any hidden meaning, but the honesty and openness of Guy was unimpeachable, and he answered, slowly:

"One does not meet such beauty as Miss Hartleigh's every day, and, to confess the truth, I was startled by it."

Guy colored and looked curiously at Caryl. He did not seem the man to be startled by anything, but it was not Guy's way to harbor suspicion without more than good cause, and so he now dismissed the subject from his mind for the time.

Moreover, there came a diversion which, anyhow, would have effectually driven the thought from his brain, and that was a sudden and prolonged burst of applause from the audience. Guy jumped to his feet and cried enthusiastically:

"She is on. Listen to them!"

Caryl laid his hand upon the back of a chair and turned to listen.

"It is an ovation," he said. "I wonder if it is for the beauty or for the acting."

It was for the beauty, for as yet she had not said a word. The costumer's art will render even a plain person fair look upon; there is a wonderful magic in pearl powder, rouge and India ink. Imagine then Maida's loveliness, heightened by their aid, her exquisite form set off by the close-fitting costume of satin and pearls, the whole set in a beautiful picture and moving to soft music. They were astounded and looked from one to the other in amazement. Was this young creature with the girlish, almost childish face, with the happy, innocent smile on her half-parted lips, and deep, translucent eyes, the reserved, silent Constance Hartleigh, who had come among them like a vision, none knew whence.

Sir Richard, pale and agitated, as much by her beauty as by the noise, half arose from his seat, then sank back and looked at her with his trembling hand shading his eyes, which were moist with tears of loving pride.

"Hush, hush!" said twenty voices, and at once there fell a silence of expectation.

Most of them there had met and talked with Constance Hartleigh, and they now listened to hear her voice, but they listened for what was not to come. Constance Hartleigh no longer stood there. Maida Carringford had sunk her identity into that of Juliet, and those who sat there heard fall from the cherry lips only the artless prattle of the child-woman of old Florence.

It was Juliet herself who stood there, Juliet who spoke; and she had not uttered a half dozen words ere all had forgotten that she was anything else. The audience sat spellbound.

But there was still a further surprise in store for them. Presently there came the meeting between Romeo and Juliet. For an instant Maida grew cold and merged into the Constance Hartleigh they all knew, but, as if Caryl Wilton's spirit had caught the fire from hers, his acting was quite different from that in the first act, when he had been alone. It was all intense, earnest, passionate, now.

And so it went on, she cold and he passionate, until her nature could stand it no longer, and the actress once more conquered the woman. Then there came such acting as none in that audience had ever seen or hoped to see. Romeo and Juliet in the body seemed to be before them, talking and moving about, instinct with the life great Shakespeare had given them.

To be Continued.

TOO TIRED.

Dusty Dan—Hi, git off the track! Here cums de t'roo freight.

Layaround Lucas (sleepily)—Wuzn't fer gittin' my clos tore I'd lay still.

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

for the TEETH and BREATH

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID . . . 25c
New Patent Box SOZODONT POWDER . . 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER . . . 75c

25c

At the Stores or by Mail, postpaid, for the Price.

A Dentist's Opinion: "As an antiseptic and hygienic mouthwash, and for the care and preservation of the teeth and gums, I cordially recommend Sozodont. I consider it the ideal dentifrice for children's use." [Name of writer upon application.]

HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

CEYLON AND INDIA NATURAL LEAF GREEN TEA

Is Free from Any Particle of Coloring Matter; is Dainty and Invigorating; is the only tea that suits fastidious palates and is wholesome for the most delicate digestions.

IT IS ALSO A BRITISH PRODUCT

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Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

BIG FINANCIAL CRASHES.

STOCK EXCHANGE ROMANCES THAT SHOOK ENGLAND.

Some Memorable Days in the Financial History of the Nation.

We believe it was the late Mr. Gladstone who said that "nations, like individuals, have periods of recklessness akin to madness." It is at such times that the Stock Exchange acts as a safety-valve, says London Answers.

When the famous South Sea Company issued its shares, Great Britain was intoxicated with Marlborough's brilliant victories over the French. Work seemed distasteful, when, by buying shares, life might be made one long maffick. Everyone bought, and the one-pound share was soon selling for £1,200. That was in August 1720. By the end of September ruin had

CLUTCHED THE NATION.

One smart gentleman issued the following prospectus: "To carry on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." Sterling for some object or other not too particularly specified. The instalment payable on application was five shillings a share, and the reckless rushed to make their fortunes It was not until a very large sum had been subscribed that an advertisement appeared, informing subscribers that, on calling at the office, they might obtain the

RETURN OF THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The suppositious undertaking, it was explained, was merely an experiment to test the question as to how many fools could be caught by such means in one day!

That South Sea Bubble did some good, for Mr. Charles Duguid, in his "Story of the Stock Exchange," states that the founder of Guy's Hospital was a lighterman, who made the necessary money to endow that benefit to London during this time of mad gambling. Amongst all the memorable days of the Napoleonic excitement (says Mr. Charles Duguid), the 21st day of February, 1814, stands out the most prominently in the annals of the Stock Exchange. For a long time the funds had been heavily depressed by the success of the French, and had fallen as low as 27¾.

But on that Monday morning the whole tone of the Stock Exchange was suddenly changed. Rumors as welcome as they were vague, reached "the House" that the allied armies were in possession of Paris, and Napoleon was slain. There was no official information, but postboys were in London who had conveyed an officer from Dover the previous night. He had announced himself as Lieutenant-Colonel du Bourgh. In This gentleman stated the capital was half a million, in 5,000 shares of £100 each, on which the deposit was two pounds. Each subscriber, on depositing, was to be entitled to £100 per annum per share.

The projector opened his office in Cornhill, and before he shut it and decamped at three o'clock the same day, he had secured £3,000 in deposits of two pounds.

The end of another company which seemed to be of a singular class was happier. An office was opened in Change Alley, at which investors were invited to subscribe a million his patriotic elation, he had made no

SECRET OF THE TIDINGS.

Stock rose to 30, and those who hastened to verify the good news encountered a carriage-and-four. Of the three people seated in it, two were French officers. Upon the eager throng which lined the path of its progress were showered papers announcing the taking of Paris and death of Napoleon. Stocks rose to 33.

Then it was discovered that the Government had no official confirmation, and stocks crashed back to their original figure. But meanwhile Charles Random de Berenger, who had masqueraded as Lieutenant-Colonel du Bourgh, had netted a profit of about ten thousand pounds! This fraud was probed by the Government, and De Berenger was forced to refund some of the money thus acquired. He died a livery-stable keeper.

Stephenson's invention of the steam engine was the cause of the biggest financial crashes England has seen. In January, 1845, when the public had begun to take the steam-engine seriously, sixteen railway companies were registered, and so quick were the public to invest that by April the number had increased to fifty-two. Then the value of the shares, the majority of which were in companies which had not been formed, and never would be, rose by leaps and bounds, and finding not enough British railways, the public

INVESTED IN FOREIGN RAILS.

Long after the Stock Exchange was closed each day the gamble continued in the coffee-houses and other places of resort. The number of new projects registered in September was 457, bringing up the total for the three-quarters of the year to 1,036, and October added 363 more. With the end of October came the panic and crash, and people who had bona-fide shares sold, or even, in many cases in anger, burnt their scrip.

In financial annals 1866 is a black-letter year, owing chiefly to the failure of Overend and Gurney's Bank, with a capital of £5,000,000. At the time of their suspension, the company's engagements amounted to £19,000,000. The terrible announcement was made at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon of May 10th 1866.

The following produced the greatest panic that has ever struck England, and the Government was compelled to authorize the Bank of England to issue notes beyond the legal limit. This crash entirely ruined English credit on the continent for many months. The aggregate loss to the shareholders in Overend and Gurney's Bank was over

THREE MILLIONS STERLING.

An even worse crash was only averted in 1890 by the prompt action of the Bank of England. On the morning of the 15th of November, of that year, the public were informed that the great financial house of Baring had fallen. Its liabilities were at the time £21,000,000. But even as the news filtered through England, it was announced that the Bank of England, guaranteed by the other banks of the country, had undertaken to meet all the Baring debts as they fell due. Thus panic was averted, although, even under these circumstances, such had been the shock to the financial world that Consols fell to 93¾, a price which they have only touched once since.

TOY INTO TORPEDO.

Reel of Cotton Suggested the Deadly Naval Engine.

Everyone must be familiar with the ingenious locomotive animals to be bought in the London streets for a penny, miniature mice, lizards, and spiders that, on being dropped from the hand, at once begin to run by merely slackening the string that is fastened through the creature's back on to a bobbin.

But probably very few people are aware that the simple contrivance that makes the animal move was the means of giving the War Office the Brennan Torpedo—an expensive toy indeed—as it gave Mr. Brennan £250,000.

The manufacturers of locomotive animals noticed that if an ordinary reel of cotton was put upon the ground, and pulled towards the holder of one end of the thread—the unwound thread being underneath the reel—the reel did not come towards the person pulling, but at once ran in an opposite direction. Consequently a string was wound on a wheel inside the dummy of a diminutive animal, with the resut that the toy mentioned above was produced.

The mechanism that propels the Brennan torpedo is in the main nothing more than a wire rope coiled round a drum in a steel case, a more elaborate version of the penny street toy.

The technical working of the Brennan torpedo is as follows: Two wires are rapidly unwound from two reels placed in the interior of the torpedo, and connected to the two propellor shafts of the weapon. The unwinding of these two wires is effected by means of a winding engine placed at the starting point on shore, for the Brennan is particularly useful for harbor or coast defence, for which purpose it was practically invented. The unwinding of the wires causes the two propellers to revolve at a very high rate of speed, and forces the torpedo through the water.

Twelve miles of steel wire are necessary for a two mile run of the torpedo, six miles being wound on each reel.

The curious part of the Brennan lies in the apparent paradox in its method of propulsion, the harder the torpedo is pulled back the faster it will go ahead. Yet a reel of cotton will do the same.

The explanation of the torpedo's vagaries is easy enough in reality. By hauling at the wires a corresponding rate of revolution is imparted to the reels which are fixed to the propeller shafts in the torpedo and thus to the two propellers themselves. This gives a contrary power to the propellers, a power, which, if it only be strong enough to resist the retarding strain on the wires—as it is—must urge the torpedo through the water.

The Brennan torpedo will travel at twenty miles an hour and has a range of two miles. It weighs, when fully "dressed" with its deadly explosive about twenty-five hundredweight, being twenty-five feet long. And this formidable "toy" came from the same source as the penny crocodiles you can buy in the London streets.

A MANITOBA MAN.

ONE OF THE LINKS IN THE LONG CANADIAN CHAIN OF DIRECT EVIDENCE.

Testifies to the Powers of the Famous Dodd's Kidney Pills.—Cured of Backache Like Thousands More—Spreads the Good Work Among His Friends.

Oak Lake, Man., Aug. 12.—Frank Colleaux, of this place, has turned missionary. A conscientious sense of duty has impelled him to spread a certain good work among his friends and neighbors. The work in question is the work of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Some time ago Mr. Colleaux was cured of Backache. He had it for years. Though he didn't know it, his kidneys were affected, and it was his kidneys that caused him so much misery.

But he found relief. He did more, he found a positive cure. He read that Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Backache. So they do; they've cured thousands of cases of it, simply because they act on the Kidneys with such splendid effect and thus get at the cause of that fearful disablement.

So Frank is spreading the good tidings among his friends as fast as he can. If he meets a man suffering with Backache he tells him right straight what is really the matter with him and recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills. In this way he is the means of helping many a poor victim of Kidney Disease who might never have understood that in Dodd's Kidney Pills he has a sure escape from his affliction.

"It gives me a great amount of pleasure," says Mr. Colleaux, "to recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all my neighbors and friends. I can testify to their excellent curative properties for Backache because two boxes cured me."

LIKE THE BROOK.

Excuse me, said the new neighbor, as he leaned over the fence, you have a daughter who plays the piano, I believe.

I have, answered the man on the porch.

Well, said the other, I have been a great student of nature in my time—have spent many years on a farm—and I want to say that your daughter's music reminds me of the music of a brook.

Ah, said the pleased father, I confess that there is an undefinable, murmuring sweetness running through her music that resembles a brook, now that you have called my attention to it.

Yes, agreed the new neighbor, there is all that. And, besides, there is another way in which the resemblance is very marked. Probably you have read that line that calls attention to the fact that the brook goes on for ever.

And with a cold stare he walked back to his porch and picked up his newspaper.

Thanks, dear Mrs. Grundy for your advice about 40 of Monsoon Ceylon Tea

I have tried it & must say it is most delicious. My husband now says that breakfast is something to look forward to.

CONSIDER THE HIGH QUALITY OF

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

and you will be convinced that it cannot be surpassed by anything at the same price.

Lead Packages, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 Cents

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Printing Material for Sale.

PRINTING PRESSES.

One Four Roller Campbell Press, front delivery, bed 43x56, $1200
One Four Roller Campbell Press, bed 37x52, ... $1100

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Two 7-col. quarto Brown Folding Machines, each . . . $400

Type-Setting Machines.

Two Roger's Typographs, in first-class order, each . . . $550

Also Cutting Machine, Stones, Stands, Body and Display Type.

All this Machinery is in First-Class Order. Easy Terms will be Given, or Special Discount for Cash. On account of adding a more up-to-date Plant the above Machinery and Type will be disposed of at a Sacrifice.

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HOW ARMY ELEPHANTS ARE FED.

Elephants in the Indian Army are fed twice a day. When meal-time arrives they are drawn up before piles of food. Each animal's breakfast includes 10lb. of raw rice done up in five 2lb. packages. The rice is wrapped in leaves and then tied with grass. At the command "Attention!" each elephant raises his trunk and a package is thrown into its capacious mouth. By this method of feeding not a single grain of rice is wasted.

ONLY EIGHT.

Willie—O maw, I have sich a pain in my stummick.

Fond Mother—Willie, have you been eating something?

Willie—No, maw, I didn't eat a thing but eight green apples.

THE VERY IDEA.

Deddebete—I want you to measure me for a suit.

Tailor—Why, you haven't paid me for the last one I made for you.

Deddebete—Huh! It's worn out long ago.

To Clean Bamboo.—Bamboo furniture is best cleaned with a small brush dipped in warm water and salt. The same treatment is effective with Japanese and Indian mattings.

Miss Tellit—Do you know I heard to-day that Miss Flossie Fusseigh's engagement ring is paste. Miss Gabbeigh—Oh, how perfectly lovely and appropriate. You know her fiance is a bill poster.

The oldest British peer is the Earl of Perth and Melfort, who is 94. Lord Gwydyr is 91, the Earl of Devon is 90, and Baroness Burdett Coutts 87.

Neither the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Fife, nor the Earl of Derby possess land in the counties from which they take their titles.

The record for navy firing is held by Britain's biggest cruiser, the Terrible. With 6-inch guns, 84 hits out of 100 shots were recently registered.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—I have great faith in MINARD'S LINIMENT, as last year I cured a horse of Ring-bone, with five bottles.

It blistered the horse but in a month there was no ring-bone and no lameness.

DANIEL MURCHISON.
Four Falls, N. B.

EVERYBODY WELCOME.

Little Fly—Oh, paw, here's a man asleep with his mouth open!

Papa Fly—Better hang the fly bulletin on his nose.

Little Fly—What shall I write on it?

Papa Fly—Wipe your feet and walk right in.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best

A CONTINUOUS STRIKE.

Your cousin, Chollie, isn't a youth of striking appearance.

He isn't? Well, I never saw him yet when he didn't appear to be striking matches to light his cigarettes.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

KRUPP'S FORTUNE.

The German papers state that old man Krupp is worth $5,000,000.

Who is old man Krupp?

He is the maker of the Krupp guns. Well, say, $5,000,000 isn't much for a cannonmaker when you consider all the startling reports.

NOW, ABOUT THIS SEASON'S OIL

For MOWERS, REAPERS, THRESHING MACHINES, Etc.,

"S" PEERLESS

is Favorite with Ontario Farmers—over 20 Years before the Public. See that you get it. Hardware, Drug and General Stores sell it. Holds 17 Gold Medals.

THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO. SAMUEL ROGERS-PRES. TORONTO.

USE MICA AXLE GREASE.

TRYING TO FIND OUT.

Tommie, is your mamma at home? asked a lady caller coming up the gravel walk. Tommie, who was peeping around the corner of the house, gave a guilty start, and then replied meekly:

That's jist wot I wuz tryin' t' find out; I've bin swimmin'.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

VERSATILE.

Funnybiz—Penwhiz is a most versatile man; he has written a book on several thousand different subjects.

Fiddlesticks—Wh-wh-at!

Funnybiz—Fact; he compiled a dictionary.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

A BUTTIN'.

Layaround Lucas—I went up ter a farm house dis mornin' an' ast a lady fer -es a common, ordinary button an' wot duz yer suppose she duz?

Dusty—Haven't de slightest; wot duz she duz?

Layaround Lucas—Why, she turned de goat loose.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

WEALTH'S VEXATIONS.

Mrs. Newriche.—Mrs. De Smythe told me last evening that she is troubled with ongwee.

Mr. Newriche—What's that?

Mrs. Newriche—Dear me! I don't know, I've looked all through the 'O's' of three different dictionaries and can't find any such word.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

EXPENSIVE.

Funnybiz—Freshleigh's sweetheart has sent him word from abroad that she cannot marry him.

Fiddlesticks—Freshleigh must be dreadfully broken up.

Funnybiz—He is; she sent word by cable, collect, and explained why.

W. P. C. 1089

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For all skin ailments.

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