# SCENES IN **NEW ZEALAND**

Another Interesting Contribution From Mr. W. H. Sallmon, B. A.

A Remarkable Macri Funeral Which He Witnessed.

Experienced a Sample Earthquake-A Town Built on Piles-Beautiful Scenery.

The following is the third of a series of letters written to The Advertiser from New Zealand by Mr. W. H. Sallmon, B.A. It will be remembered that Mr. Sallmon in his last letter announced that he was on his way to see the tomb of Bainbridge, about five miles from Rotorna. Mr. Sallmon con-

"But to renew the story of my pilnot been standing long in the door of the meeting house, when a Maori poked his head out of a tent near by and grinned a welcome, for they are very hospitable, his perfect white teeth showing from ear to ear. Going into the roomy tent, built of reeds and rushes, I sat on a box and began conversation with the dark-skinned youth of about 30 years, who was stretched | 1866. on a rug thrown over some straw, and comfortably smoking his pipe. He had been to school and could talk Eng-Moreover, he followed me intelligently as I outlined my trip from New York through Canada to Francisco, Honolulu, Samoa and New Zealand. Some others of the tribe came in and squatted tailor-fashion on the floor. The old chief had nothing on students. It is sad to know that after but a blanket thrown about his body. His face, arms and thighs were closely tattooed. Pretty soon I found myself explaining to this group the meaning of Palm Sunday, while my original hearer interpreted, for none of the rest could follow the English very closely. When the rain subsided I rose to go, and they apologized for not education. Some of the boys have having anything to offer me to eat, conducted me on the way and said a hearty good-bye.

'In a little cemetery not far from this path, on a hill overlooking Lake Rotorna, is the tomb of Edwin Bainbridge, who was killed during the volcanic eruption of Mount Tarawera in 1886. A monument placed over the grave tells the sad story of his death. Whilst showers of volcanic stones and mud were falling he suggested a religious service. He read sbout the penitent thief and prayed. He said: O Lord, be with us now our lives are in thy hand, and should we meet thee at this time, have mercy and for-The party then left the hotel and the veranda fell on Bambridge, brave warrior and trusted friend tractive face must be a benediction to many who gaze upon it. To me, it spoke far more powerfully than the abored sermon to which I had listened in the morning.

ROTORNA TO NAPIER is a coaching tour of three days through varied scenery. The end of the first day's journey brings one to the greater Wairaksi Valley, where dense clouds of vapor and mysterious noises tell of the presence of boiling geysers and steam pits. The whole istrict is very treacherous underfoot, and no one is allowed to enter without a guide. Each of the gesyers is known by name. The Champagne Cauldron is a huge basin about 70 feet in diameter of perpetually boiling water, masses of it sometimes rising to a height of six or eight feet. The Dragon's Mouth sputters out a feathery stream to a height of about ten feet, and falls over rock which has turned red, white, brown, blue and gray by reason of chemicals in the water. Great Wairakei plays every eight min-utes in a fountain rising from 20 to 40 feet, and after four minutes of overflow settles down again. The time of action of each of the geysers is known to the guides, who can tell within a minute just when one is going to play or to subside. Six miles along the bank of the Waikato River brings one to Taupo, with its beautiful lake of that at the head of which stands Mount Ruapehu, snow-clad all the year round, and Ngaruhoe the only acvolcano in New Zealand. While it is in action the people feel perfectly safe, but if it is seen to subside, earthquakes are frequent and uneasiness prevails. There were five weeks of insant earthquakes in 1897, during which time many people camped in the



These conditions are due to disorders of the digestion or torpidity of the liver.

These cause impurity of the liver, and one cannot continually pump impure blood into every organ of the body without making those organs sick. Pump impure blood into the brain and there is soon a sick brain. It will show in headaches, dizziness, drowsiness, dull eyes, frightful dreams and loss of sleep. Pump bad blood into the lungs and the result is consumption, bronchitis, asthma, weak lungs, spitting of blood or throat or nasal troubles. Feed the nerves and brain cells upon the poisons of an im-pure blood and the consequence is nervous exhaustion and nervous prostration. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures these diseases and cures the condition cause them. It restores the appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady. It is the great blood-maker and steady. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It is the best remedy for blood and skin diseases. Druggists

Wm. Smothers, Esq., of Millston, Jackson Co., Wis., writes: "I wish to say that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for the Grip that I have ever tried. I was cured twice with it when I could not get any other relief."

"A stitch in time saves nine." Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser tells the mother how to take one little me stitch that saves nine costly visits from the doctor. For a paper-covered copy send at one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, 50 stamps.

fields and did not enter their houses. The buildings, public and private, are built on piles which allow a structure to settle back after a shock more readily than would a solid foundation. There are about 30 miles of pumice country to be traversed after leaving Taupo, and once in a while one catches sight of 'mobs' of wild horses roaming over the prairies. Stopping for the night at Tarawera, a small village of charming situation, one may enjoy the luxury of the last hot bath in the open air. Under the quidance of the postmaster on a beautiful of the postmaster on a beautiful moonlight night, I went out a mile and a half skirting a precipitous hill to where the water rushes out of the earth at a temperature of about 90 degrees. That night we were treated

A SAMPLE EARTHQUAKE

"The rattling of windows and falling of crockery soon brings one to his feet, while he takes hold of the bed and tries to keep it in position. It was one of those thrice repeated waves of motion which it is said may be seen approaching if one is in an open field. The ground rises and falls like the coming and receding of a billow. Two other kinds of earthquakes are experienced. The distinct single shock repeated at intervals and giving the impression that a mass has been hurled against the side of the house, and the rapid cassive motion which shakes things backward and forward. All are more or less accompanied by subterranean rumblings. To a traveler it is grimage to Bainbridge's tomb. I had ihexplicable that people should be willing to settle down amidst such surroundings.

"The next day's ride of 50 miles is never to be forgotten. Through deep valleys, rich with scores of varieties of ferns; over range after range of mountains, from the summit of which are glorious views and all over country made famous by the Maori wars of

"The pretty city of Napier with about 8,000 inhabitants, is situated at the foot and on the slopes of a steep hill overlooking the sea. The surrounding country is rich pastoral and agricultural land, and there is a general air of prosperity about the place. Here is a native girl's school, where it was my pleasure to meet about 80 receiving an education most of them go back to the settlements and resume the old life. At Te Aute, a little farther on, is a large native boys' school in charge of the Anglican Church. The Maori men are far su-perior to the women in intellect, so passed to the University of New Zealand, and are beginning to take their places as clergymen, lawyers, and even members of parliament.

"It is a day's journey by rail on the train which Mark Twain called 'the Ballarat Fly." to Wanganui, a thriving town of about 6,000 inhabitants. The Wanganui River is often called the Rhine of New Zealand, and its beetling cliffs, precipitous banks, wealth of bush and beautiful waterfalls make it worthy of the name. It was my good fortune to be there to witness

A MAORI FUNERAL. Probably such another will never occur again. Major Kemp, otherwise Meiha Keepa te a Rangahiwinui, a photograph is imbedded in the mon-ument, and the sweet, thoughtful, atin the early days of colonization, when he championed the cause of the whites and friendly natives against the un-friendly natives. For his valor and fidelity he was awarded by Queen Victoria with a sword of honor, and his tribe with a silk banner. Out on the banks of the river at Putiki Pah his body lay in a tent for ten days and the usual tangi (wake) was held over it. During all that time the widow, daughter and female relatives mourning near the coffin, would not touch bite nor sup. For days by canoe, train, steamer, on horseback and afoot, hundreds of natives came trooping in, bringing with them sheep and oxen and tons of potatoes. As they approached the pah they formed marching order, the warriors with their curious arms heading the procession, followed by the women dressed in black decorated with green wreaths, and waving bunches of willow. The receiving tribe would march out headed by a band and await the new-comers in a large field, and as they approached each other there were salvos of musketry and hakas of welcome. An old chief in a woolen shirt and drawers, with a woman's white petticoat round his waist, a shawl of black cloth draped across his broad shoulders, led in the haka. Two women with rolling eyeballs and strange gesticulations commenced the movements of the dance, while the tribes squatted in a great circle. Two men with painted faces, clad in flax mats about the loins, soon joined them, and before long the dancing, shouting and wailing reached a contagious pitch. Finally the funeral day arrives. There is the roll of the muffled drum, and the strains of the 'Dead March,' for this gallant warrior is to have a military state funeral, but above all rises the terrific wailing of the women. Thousands of people have seized every available vantage point on the hills. The procession wends its way to the little mission church, where the English clergyman, assisted by three Maori priests, read the Maori translation of the burial service. Then the coffin is carried to the brick-walled grave, the women throw in their green branches, and eulogies are pronounced over the dead. The climax was reached when the officiating clergyman spoke this touching word of farewell to the dead

chief: 'Good-bye, old rriend, good-bye; go on your journey, go."
"In another grave a little distance away are buried the clothes, bed and bedding, even to the spring mattress. FROM GRAVE TO GAY,

from tears to jollity, from mourning to laughing, from wailing to shouts of joy, and applause is a short way with the Maori. In less than an hour after the body was lowered into the grave, the whole assemblage turned loose for a wild war dance, and then began the feasting. Provisions were carted into the center of the pah until there arose a pile 80 feet long, 7 feet high, and several feet wide. There were 14 tons of flour, 26 sacks of potatoes, 127 bags of sugar, 48 large boxes of biscuits, 10 sacks, and 5 boxes of dried fish, 3 hogsheads of beer, 2 cases of whisky, etc. There were also rich mats and curios of greenstone and whalebone. In front were ten pigs tied to stakes, and on top were 199 one-pound notes impaled on sticks. This huge pile, partly from the government and partly from the tribe of the dead chief, was distributed as presents on the day after the funeral. The feasting, speechmaking and dancing lasted for eral days longer, and then the tribes dispersed to their settlements.
[To be Continued.]

RECORD-BREAKING HOG.

The biggest hog ever heard of has been produced by a farmer of Decatur, Ala. This hog, which is only 3 years old, weighs 1,524 pounds, and is so fat that it cannot rise. It is 10 feet 2 inches long, and 4½ feet high, and is of the Berkshire breed crossed on the native southern stock. His owner has refused \$500 for it, as he thinks he can make more by moving it from place to place and exhibiting it.

# HAS REACHED DAWSON CITY

Graphic Letter From a London Boy in the Klondike.

Strange Sights in the Mecca of the Gold-Seekers.

No Difference Between Night and Day There.

People Generally Work at Night and Sleep in the Day-Gambling Rampant-Disappointed Fortune Hunters Who Do Not Even Look for Gold -Steep Prices-Rough Sailing.

Appended is another letter by the London boy whose contributions have appeared in The Advertiser from time to time. It is addressed to his mother, who resides on Pall Mail street, and who has kindly consented to its pub-

Dawson City, N. W. T., June 30. Dear Mother,-After lining up for three hours in front of the postoffice, waiting my turn, I finally got in and received your letters. I had been there before, but had not got anything, as no Canadian mail arrived till Sunday. I have just got back from a trip up to the mines. We were away some days up Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks, the richest in the district, out of which the biggest portion of the gold you have read about has been taken. Those two creeks for miles have all been dug up, and the pay dirt is piled up in great heaps all along the river bed. The water coming down the gulches now doesn't run in the natural channel at all, but is carried along in flumes for miles. The claim owners run their sluice boxes into the flume, and so get the water for washing their pay dirt. When all the pay dirt has been run through the sluices they collect the gold out of the boxes, come down to Dawson, pay the royalty on their pile and take the first steamer for the outside.

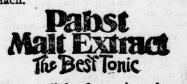
Two boats left since I have been here. The first carried out \$12,000,000, and the other some \$7,000,000, and that amount, by the time it gets out, will probably have increased to \$50,000,000 or so, thanks to the sensational class of newspapers.

SIGHTS IN DAWSON.

Well, it is a great sight to walk about in Dawson and see the number of people on the streets, and all the boats tied up along the beach, and others coming in every half-hour. We made a landing in front of the town, where the boats are tied up five deep, and now there are two or three lines behind us, and they are lined up that way for a mile and a half. We have to climb over half a dozen scows and boats every time we go ashore or out to the boat. We have the tent put up on our boat, and eat and sleep there, and so save \$10 a day, the cost of living here. Meals are \$2 50 each, and bunks (supply your own blankets!) \$2 50 a night. No boats have come in this spring so far from the outside. When they do get in prices may drop a little. They ask about twenty prices for everything at present. We have good outfits, so are not forced to do any buying. Men who get work here get \$15 a day; some make a great deal more. A man owning his own team and wagon get; \$100 a day, but pays \$900 a ton for hay. Some are making a great deal of money, and others spending all they have, and more than half of the people coming in are selling their outfits and getting back home, before even they have given the country a trial. Those people will surely give it a bad name when they get home this fall. It is a fact that the country is pretty well staked out for miles, 40 or more, around Dawson, and the government now claims every alternate claim, and all those claims that revert back to the government by reason of the owners failing to do their representation work are not open for relocation, but are held by the government so you see one's chances to get a location are not as good as they were a year or so ago. That is the principal reason so many are leaving. However, there is still plenty of unexplored country about, and some of the gulches when prospected may prove as rich as Bonanza and Eldorado. We intend to prospect till fall, or till we make a location, in an unexplored district about 65 miles from Dawson. Our chances will be as good there as anywhere, and we hope to make a location before winter sets in, Sept. 1. The gold is where one finds it. It may be anywhere. There is very little money in circulation here. Nearly all have LITTLE SACKS OF GOLD DUST.

and pay for everything in gold dust. This is a paradise for gamblers.
Gambling is the chief industry at present. The place is full of saloons, and all saloons are gambling houses, and are all crowded day and night. It seems strange, but Sunday is strictly observed here. All work must cease, and all stores and saloons, and also gambling joints close up till 1 o'clock Monday morning. You know night is about the same as day here at this season the only noticeable difference being that the sun is not in sight and

"UNDER THE WEATHER." Perhaps because of a weak or an irritable



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it is cooler. People 50 about just the same at midnight as at mid-day. All people do their traveling at night, and sleep during the day. The sun is very hot, but we have a shower regularly every afternoon. I saw.R. Shaw-Wood, of London, on the street today, and also Langaster, the boatman at the also Lancaster, the boatman at the foot of Dundas street. If it wasn't him it was his double.

I can't begin to tell you how pleased I was to get those letters; one almost forgets how to read in this country for lack of practice. There are papers to be had here, but they are very expensive, and the news is very, very old. You couldn't send me papers or magazines, though, as nothing but letters are brought through.

But I must tell you about our trip from Lake Bennet to Dawson. I last wrote when we had finished sawing our lumber. Well, we built a boat, and it was a dandy, 21 feet long, 6 wide and 3 deep. We built her on good lines, pitched and caulked her well, loaded up and set ou! We were camped in a little cove, and as soon as we hoisted our sail there was a strong breeze. We shot out in the lake and joined in THE REGATTA. The lake was dotted with sails as far

out, and the people had started to move. Well, our boat proved to be a fast sailer, and we over-hauled and passed scores of boats and scows before we reached the end of the lake; we had a stiff breeze and made splendid time. We got through Cariboo crossing and made Tagish Lake all right; had a good breeze on Tagish, and got down without any rowing. Our boat passed everything. down the river connecting Tagish with Marsh Lake, but there the breeze failed us, and we had to pull the entire length of the lake against a strong head wind. We were two days at that work, and then reached Takena River, and 30 miles down struck Miles Canyon and the White Horse Rapids. The boats and scows were tied up by the score waiting their turn. We tied up, went ashore, and had a look at the canyon and rapids. They look pretty bad from the shore. The canyon is 60 feet wide, three-quarters of a mile long, and boats go through in threequarters of a minute. Well, it was late when we got back to our boat, so we slept in the boat till about 4 a.m., and then ran the canyon and rapids before breakfast, and before the other boats got started. We had a clear course and were through it all in 35 minutes. The only thing to do in the canyon is to keep the boat head on, and the current does the rest. The waves in the canyon are something enormous. They toss a boat about like a feather. All one has to do is to keep her head on and away from the walls. We steered with a 12-foot oar, and so handled her all right. Two and one-half miles below we reached the White Horse Rapids. They are bad-big waves, toobut we were through in no time. Had breakfast and started down for Lake Le Barge, against another head wind. That took two days. Got into the 30 mile river and through it in six hours. The current is terribly swift, the bottom full of rocks and shoals, and we saw about ten boats and three

or four scows that were WRECKED ON THE ROCKS, and a great part of the outfits lost. Boats and outfits were scattered along for miles. It is 30 miles of the wors water on the trip. More boats are lost there in a day than in the other rapids in two weeks. Well, we got through without a scratch, and reached the Hootalinqua. From there on we had a good strong current, and deep water to the Pelly, Fort Selkirk. The fort consists of only 10 by 12 tents and two Northwest mounted police. The old fort was burned by Indians in 1850. There are a few log shanties and a store there. The Yukon Railway begins at the junction of the Pelly and Lewis. From there to Dawson is 180 miles. It is 180 miles of dodging sandbars and getting lost among islands, of which there are hundreds between Selkirk and Dawson. Scores of boats and scows would get on bars and hang on for hours. We got through to Dawson without a single mishap in sixteen days. If we had had favorable winds on the lakes we would have made much better time. We pulled up every night and slept ashore; never put up a tent-just rolled up in our blankets. And now the real work of the trip begins-prospecting. I will write again in three or four weeks, and let you know how we make out.

## WESTERN ONTARIO

Mr. W. A. Christie has sold the Guelph Advocate to Mr. F. Armstrong, who is now in possession. Wm. H. McGhee, formerly of Bosanquet, has been appointed postmaster at Wilkesport, Sombra township, in

place of O. Bishop, resigned. Dr. McLurg, of Woodstock, formerly principal of the Petrolia public schools, has been nominated for the office of grand master of Ontario for 1899. The Dunkley Celery and Preserving Company, of Kalamazoo, Mich., intend erecting a branch of their concern at

Chatham if suitable arrangements can Mrs. Webster, of Dawn, sister of H. ing. She had been sitting up with a sick child, and the exertion proved

too much for her. lot 20, con. 7, West Zorra, and the building was burned to the ground. Mr. Kent's crop was entirely destroyed, along with all the other contents of the barn.

Mr. Fred W. Walden, for some time past choirmaster at the Charles Street Methodist Church, Ingersoll, has received the appointment of choirmaster and organist for the George Street Methodist Church, Peterboro, at a salary of \$500 per annum.

The management of the Harwich branch Agricultural Society feel deservedly elated over the handsome donations made by the town and township councils, the former granting \$25 and the latter \$100 towards the success of this popular fair.

The Stratford public school board | Co., the druggists. has decided to do away with the use of drawing books in the public schools, and the inspector has been instructed to prepare a syllabus of work for each grade in this subject. The age of admission is raised to six years. The Dutton high school board has

engaged a science master, and honor graduate of Queen's, with eight years' experience as a teacher—three in high school work—at a salary of \$500. The board received 46 applications. The highest salary asked was \$800 and the lowest \$450. The quality of the new Ontario

winter wheat is simply perfect, several cars of red wheat having been received at Montreal weighing 63 pounds to the bushel, and its condition has never been surpassed. The kernel is large and plump, and as hard and dry

Mr. T. L. Pardo, M.P.P., of Kent, has sold his year's crop of wheat—some 3,000 bushels to the big mill in its great cities. In point of fact, that

# as one could see. The ice had just gone

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Blenheim. So far as believed it has tested on an average 63 pounds to the bushel. The yield from nine acres averaged 46½ bushels per acre. Wednesday last the little daughter of John McIntosh, of Brigden, sleeping upon a sheaf of oats in the field, where the men were at work. Chas. Farquharson aroused the child, and when loading the sheaf found a good-sized rattlesnake under it. The reptile is now a pathological specimen. Mr. Harold Clarkson, second son of Mr. Charles Clarkson, headmaster of the Seaforth Collegiate Institute, for Fort McLeod, Alberta, where he has secured the position of principal of the public school at a salary of \$1,000 per year. Mr. Clarkson has been principal of the Drumbo public school

for some years. The Methodists of Port Lambton are arranging for a big time at their picnic on Wednesday next, Aug. 24. Addresses will be given by Revs. R. Whiting, M.A., Forest; R. L. Wilson Dawn Mills: Dr. Daniel, Sarnia; Smith, Wilkesport; Butt and Currie, Crozier, Walladeburg;

Holmes, Algonac. The death took place the other day at the "Elms," Beachville, of Mrs. Martin, widow of the late C. D. Martin. The deceased was in the 84th year of her age, and, with her death, another of Oxford's oldest residents has passed away. Mrs. Martin was a daughter of the late Dr. King, and is the mother of Dr. Martin, the present mayor of Kincardine, and of Mrs. Fred Wilkes, of Brantford.

Do You Read

What people are saying about Hood's Morningstar, dropped dead of heart disease at Dresden on Sunday morn- cases of scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism and all forms of blood disease, eruptions, sores, boils and pimples. It is giving strength to weak and tired Wednesday morning lightning struck women. Why should you hesitate to take it when it doing so much for

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The time necessary for the conversion of a forest tree, or a part of it, into a printed paper in a recent test made in Germany, was 2 hours and 35 minutes.

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in the market. Knives, when intended for sale in India, are usually made with rings in the handles. The natives carry them tied to their girdles.

After the rinderpest the locusts have come to South Africa, and trains are

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