IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL.

TELECTROSCOPE IS A MIRACLE OF MODERN SCIENCE.

Will Not Be Shown Until Paris Exhibition Opens—Will Be Perfect in Every Particular—Most Wonderful Invention.

Undoubtedly the most sensational of all the side shows at the Paris Exhibition will be the "distance seer" of the young Pole, Jan Szczepanik, writes a correspondent. I do not know of any previous example of a perfected invention of absorbing interest to the general public being held back more than a year simply that it may be shown with eclat at a great exposition. The truth is that Szczepanik, seduced by the offer of 6,000,000 francs for the Paris Exposition, entered into an ironclad contract not to show the "distance seer" anywhere before that date.

There is little doubt that Szczepanik's invention has solved to perfection the long-dreamed-of problem of sight at a distance over wires, just as the telephone transmits sound. Photographs are shown that have been taken in a darkened room from a camera 40 miles away.

ASTOUNDING PROMISE.

At the Exhibition, where the telectroscope, as it is called, will be exhibited in a building capable of seating 8,000 people, the views, in full color, as in movement, will be thrown on a screen, as in the case of an ordinary magic lantern. There they will show, they say, the moving life of Piccadilly Circus right in London; the arrival of a transatlantic steamer at Brest or Havre, the finish of a Longchamps horse race, and, as curious as anything, a bird's eye view of Paris, taken from a balloon actually in the air. The best seats at this show will be 20 francs, $4, each.

The principle of the telectroscope depends upon the fact that any image produced upon the retina of the eye is only the blending of an infinite number of points projected separately from the object, seen by separate rays of light. It is not necessary that all these points reach the eye at exactly the same moment; the vision will still be perfect, though some one a fraction of a second later than others, or though they all come at successive intervals, provided they be short enough. The persistence of vision of the eye will bring them together in a complete picture, just as it makes a circle of fire out of a glowing match end when it is moved swiftly round and round.

THE VITAL PRINCIPAL.

Szczepanik has found a way of separating any image that may be formed by an ordinary photographic lens into its component luminous points, of transmitting these points separately, but with enormous rapidity, over wires and of letting the eye reconstitute them at the other end into the original picture.

It therefore seems that the perfected telectroscope works something after this fashion. Two vibrating mirrors do the work of resolving the image into points and project them upon a selenium disk. Selenium is a rare element, something like sulphur, which has the singular property of transforming waves of light into waves of electricity, so that if rays of light be thrown upon a selenium disk from which wires extend it will be found, on closing the circuit, that a current is set up in the wires. Furthermore, and most important, these rays of light differing in color and intensity, produce currents which differ in intensity, each particular ray having its corresponding current, and no two of them alike.

The mirrors are metal plates, fixed on sounding boxes and are kept in continuous vibration so long as an electric bell at a certain pitch is sounded somewhere in the apparatus. Furthermore, as these metal plates and their sounding boxes are tuned to the pitch of the electric bell, the two mirrors must vibrate at a uniform rate—3,000 or 4,000 times a second. And in the same way the two mirrors in the receiver must vibrate in unison with the far-away other pair.

THE VIBRATING MIRRORS.

Now, these mirrors—vibrating, say, 4,000 times a second — break up the image into tiny points of light and transmit them at the rate of 4,000 to the second. Is a marvelous story. Though mirrors, they are blackened, so that they reflect only one line each, as fine as the edge of a knife blade. In the first blackened plate the mirror lies runs crosswise; in the second it runs lengthwise, so that while the first, vibrating, reflects successive lines on the second, the latter reflects only single points of these lines upon the selenium cell.

Transforming the waves of light into waves of electricity, the selenium disk gives them to the wires for transmission. At the other end the series of electric impulses, acting on two steel plates, or "lips," cause them to open and close, so that the band of light between them constantly changes in intensity. The two mirrors in the receiver, being arranged like the two in the transmitter, with the same periods of vibration, and the same narrow lines of reflection, pick out single points from each band of light and project these points with incalculable rapidity upon a ground glass plate, on which they are blended in a perfect picture.

TRAINING HORSES.

Preparing the Stock for the Circus Ring in Summer.

All through the winter circus men are training the animals for new tricks for the next summer. The winter is by no means an idle time. Training horses for the ring is interesting work. The first thing done is to put the new horses in the stables with the old circus horses to get them used to their new company, and a queer thing noticed is that the old horses are jealous of the newcomers.

A great deal of patience and time is required to train the horses to run around the ring. They are blindfolded and taught to run around the ring in a circle. The natural tendency of the horse is to run straight, and it is a hard thing for him to learn. A system of checks and lines makes the training easier than formerly.

The horse is an observant animal and apt to do what he sees another horse do, so when the blindfold is removed he is placed alongside an old trained horse, and the man who is to ride the new animal does tricks with the old ones, then tries them on the pupil. A good, intelligent horse soon learns and actually helps his rider.

Horses are very sensitive to applause, and with that stimulus will do twice as much work as without. They are just as likely to lose their heads as human performers and have to be carefully watched. A well trained ring horse is easily worth $1,000, and riders who are stars usually own their horses. The most careful attention is given these animals. Before each act their backs are rubbed with resin, which has to be washed off afterward.

ALACK! ALAS!

She sings soprano sweetly;
Her voice is like a lyre;
But whenever she eats onions
There's trouble in the choir.

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Kilmeny from her hiding place shivered as she caught sight of his face. This was not the man who was so kind and considerate to her, who excused her inattention, pitied her loneliness, and made himself more necessary to her every day. This Lord de Bruyne had steely eyes which glittered with anger, and had a look stamped on his face which might have matched Lady Penryth's own for its cruel coldness.

"I was prepared for this Lady Penryth," he said, folding his arms and compelling her attention. "I suspected that you would try to steal a march on me and break off the marriage. The letter which you were kind enough to write to Miss Daryl disclosing the falsity of the stories that you understook to make up about Christopher Warrender reached my hands instead of hers, and let me into the game that you intended to play. It struck me as something new and refreshing that you should turn virtuously at the close of your career, and desire to confess and make amends."

"I knew it was only a chance, my letter reaching her," Lady Penryth answered. She had recovered her composure, and stood opposite to him with an expression quite as malignant as his own. "I dare say other letters were suppressed, too, and perhaps visits from her old friends. I heard something about a Doctor Richmond calling and being denied admittance in Miss Daryl's name."

"That is my affair. You do not think I am such a fool, when I have succeeded so far, as to allow the girl to slip through my fingers by handing her disturbing letters or allowing disturbing visits? You thought that you would revenge yourself on Miss Daryl by the stories which you told Mrs. Marsh about Warrender when you knew that she was close by listening to them, but you played into my hands. But for that scene, she would never have accepted me. You may return home knowing that I owe my success solely to you."

"Not solely!" she cried, moved at last to anger by the thought that her purpose had been foiled. "If I do not mistake, Miss Daryl heard some of the lies about Warrender from you yourself. I wish you joy of your ingenue. A girl who could believe Warrender to be a villain on the word of two such paragons of virtue as you and myself must indeed be innocent enough to suit you! What will you do when she finds out about it, as she is sure to do one day? You may keep watch on her closely enough until she is married to you, but how about afterwards?"

"Leave me to manage that," he answered curtly. "Miss Daryl may be simple enough to be shocked at indefinite stories about her friends—Lady de Bruyne will soon be wiser."

Lady Penryth laughed scornfully, and Lord de Bruyne went on without heeding her.

"You may go!" he said sternly. "And let me warn you to beware how you meddle with me or my concerns. I have taken care of my own interests hitherto, and I can take care of them in future. You have tried in every way to injure me and break off the marriage that I intend to make, but you have failed in every particular. The girl shall be my wife to-morrow, and after that I defy you!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The steps of Lady Penryth and Lord de Bruyne had long ceased to be heard, and still Kilmeny sat motionless where they had left her. It seemed to her as if she had suddenly come to the very brink of a chasm and was about to step into it. She had been deliberately trapped into her marriage engagement by a series of falsehoods invented to blacken Chris Warrender in her eyes, when all the time he had been innocent. As Kilmeny rose to her feet, her mind was made up.

She returned to her own room, and directed her maid to inform Mr. Daryl that she would remain alone for the rest of the evening. She dared not make any attempt to escape while daylight lasted, but in the end of October the dusk soon falls. She sat, apparently busy over a book, but with every power of her being thrilling intensely at what lay before her. If she could but carry out her plans, she might see the doctor and his wife that very night, she might turn her back on the nightmare of the past six weeks, and wake to freedom and love once more, leaving no word or line behind her.

Her maid brought tea to her, and she declined dinner. When she knew that her grandfather would be engaged, she slipped down to the conservatory and unlocked a small door at the farther end. She carried the key back to her room with her.

Four hours later, when everything was quiet, she dressed herself trembling in the gown which she had worn on the day when she came to her grandfather's house, and, taking her shoes and hat in her hand, went softly to the door. She turned the handle with all the firmness and quietness that she could command. It refused to open. She was locked in!

The discovery was a terrible shock. She had been so sure of escape that the thought of this had never occurred to her. Lord de Bruyne had been put on the watch by Lady Penryth's attempted visit to ensure that Kilmeny should not be tampered with. He had declared that the marriage should not be broken off, and it seemed to Kilmeny in her first shock of horror that he had spoken the truth.

Her hands dropped despairingly by her sides, and she restrained herself by an effort from sinking down upon the ground.

But in a moment her courage rose again. She would not tamely submit without at least an effort for freedom. She dared not strike a light, but she took a pencil and felt in the keyhole to discover whether the key remained outside or not. The pencil went clear through, letting her know that there was no obstruction. She stole to her dressing room for the key of it, but only to meet with a second disappointment. The key of that room had been removed also.

As Kilmeny stood helpless, a thought suddenly occurred to her. The key which she had brought with her from the conservatory might be of use. In another moment she had softly fitted it into the lock. It turned, and she was free!

She withdrew the key, having locked the door behind her. If the rest of her way were clear, her flight would not be discovered until the next morning, by which time she hoped to be safe. Slowly, listening and pausing between every step, her heart beating with almost audible throbs, she stole down the staircase and along the hall until she reached the conservatory by the door through which Lord de Bruyne had taken her on the night of her engagement. She felt hot and cold by turns as she groped her way to the far end and laid her hand on the door of escape. It opened easily, and in a moment she stood in the cold night air.

She closed and locked the door, and made her way as quickly as possible into the shade of the trees. The solemn darkness and the unusual stillness frightened her as she crept along, leaving the sleeping house behind her. All the stories that she had ever heard of midnight robbers prowling about and waiting to begin their deeds of wickedness crowded back on her, terrifying her. She had been afraid to put on her shoes, lest she might make a noise, and the stones hurt her feet as she hurried along. She had been so intent on escape that she had forgotten to form any plans beyond that point. She felt that if she could but get out from under the blackness of the trees and within sight of human habitation once more, she would be able to think again, but just then everything was a horror and confusion. She remembered, with a little repressed sob, that when she had first trodden this path Chris had been beside her, and she felt that, if he were only there once more, she should almost die, the joy would be so great. But she was alone, and she must hurry on—hurry on.

She climbed the stile when she came to it, and went along the sidepath towards the little cluster of houses which was near the cottage that Chis had offered to Mrs. Richmond. She was uncertain what to do when she got there, but she knew that she would feel safer if she were near living beings even though they were asleep. The whistle of a train close by gave her a sudden thought. She hurried on her shoes and hat, tied her veil closely, and ran on to the station.

It was a night train, and paused for scarcely a moment. Kilmeny waited for no ticket, but rushed into the first carriage that she could see. No one noticed her, and in a moment she was off.

She was free!

. . . . . .

The train stopped at Redminster, where Kilmeny jumped out and escaped without notice. Ten minutes later she was standing before the well-remembered door of her early home, and in the darkness could discern the outlines of the house looming over her. Kilmeny, in her great gladness and thankfulness, pressed her hands on the beloved door, her face against it. She had reached home at last.

At length she summoned up strength to pull the night bell. She could hear the peal resounding in the house, and presently a window opened above. Doctor Richmond's voice was heard asking if the case was urgent, and Kilmeny answered in trembling tones unlike her own that it was. In a few minutes she could hear his steps as he came down the stairs, and then the bolts and bars being withdrawn. He opened the door, and the light which he held in his hand fell full on her.

He did not recognize her at once, but as she stumbled into the hall and drew aside her veil, he uttered an exclamation which she never forgot. The next moment she was in his arms, crying and laughing and half strangling him with her embraces. Nina Daryl had been left behind at the grand house which she had left, and it was the old Kilmeny Richmond, vehement, loving like a child, who had come back.

Mrs. Richmond, hearing a commotion in the hall, came in her dressing gown, trembling a little, to the head of the stairs, and then, with a joyful cry, rushed to embrace her darling. Kilmeny presently found herself in the familiar dining-room, with her head on Doctor Richmond's shoulder, while his arm encircled her, and Mrs. Richmond kneeling beside her, holding her hand and dwelling on her with overflowing eyes of love and sorrow while she told her story. They wanted her to wait until the next day but she could not be persuaded to do so. She did not hear the sound of another footstep behind her, or know that she had another auditor as she poured out her words.

Christopher Warrender, as well as Doctor Richmond,—who had hastily returned from America on receipt of his wife's letter informing him of Mr. Daryl's claim on Kilmeny —had exhausted every means to warn Kilmeny of the character of the man whom she was about to marry, but in vain. Their letters never reached her, and a personal interview was not permitted. Christopher had come that very day to Redminster, to consult anew with Doctor Richmond as to any possible way of averting the contemplated marriage, even at the eleventh hour, and he stole in and stood behind Kilmeny. He had wished at first to withdraw, but Doctor Richmond signed him to remain. As he stood, leaning over Kilmeny's chair, as her story came to an end, his eyes were dim, and his heart full of thankfulness that he felt he could never express, even if his life should be prolonged threefold beyond the ordinary span.

"And now," Kilmeny's faltering voice concluded, "I have come home again. Oh, if I would ever be wicked or ungrateful enough to regret anything, or repine at any sorrow which may befall me as long as your love is left to me may the remembrance of the terrible experience I have just had come back to me to recall me to my better self! I know that Chris can never forgive me. I believed the lies which were told about him; I wounded and insulted him past atonement. I was on the point of marriage with a man lost to every right principle and feeling. I deserve to be punished for all that, and I will bear my punishment as bravely as I can. Let me come back and be your daughter once more; let me live my life here with you, and remember that if I have lost Chris' respect you at least do not cast me off and despise me as I deserve to be despised."

"I think, my dear," Doctor Richmond said, smiling at his wife, "the girl would be the better for a cup of tea, if you will make it for her, and we can talk about her mistakes and their punishment to-morrow. And meanwhile I believe that Chris would like to say something for himself which may perhaps put a different face on matters and make Kilmeny's future not quite such a dolefu' one of repentance and penance as she has marked out for herself."

"Chris here!" cried Kilmeny, starting up with a little scream to find him close beside her.

Dr. Richmond judged it best to withdraw with his wife to make the tea, and, on the whole, it was the very best thing that they could have done.

Kilmeny's flight was not discovered until the morning. Her maid received the key early from Lord de Bruyne and unlocked the door, but did not enter her young mistress' room for some time, thinking that she slept. The knowledge that she was gone convulsed Mr. Daryl with an anger that he could not control. In his ungovernable fury he disclosed the reason why he had hurried on Kilmeny's marriage with Lord de Bruyne and had hesitated at nothing which could separate her from Mr. Warrender. One of that young man's relatives, whose death had brought the Merridale property to Christopher, had denounced Kilmeny's father, and had had him brought to justice for some of his misdeeds. Through him, Mr. Daryl's heir had spent some of his time in prison.

The old man could never forgive this public disgrace, and the name of Warrender became hateful to him ever after. One of his strongest reasons for acknowledging his granddaughter was to separate her from Christopher, whose attachment to her he suspected from the beginning; and the bitterest drop in his cup, when it was found that she had returned to her friends, was a knowledge that she had again come into contact with the man whom he hated. In the transport of his anger, he declared, that he would compel Kilmeny to come back and force her to marry Lord de Bruyne, a statement which was received by that nobleman with contempt.

The next news was that Lord de Bruyne had left England for an indefinite period.

No—not quite the next! Two days after Kilmeny had returned home Christopher Warrender came softly into the parlor where she was sitting in the dusk, and, taking a seat beside her, passed his arm round her.

"Are you quite recovered from that night, Kilmeny darling?" he whispered. "Can you bear to hear something else—something which will shock and grieve you? I have only just been told of it, and I was afraid that it might come to you suddenly and find you unprepared."

"What is it, Chris?" she asked, trembling. "You and papa and mamma and the children are here safe and well. It must be something connected with that—that time which we wish to forget. My grandfather——"

"He was found dead in his bed this morning. The news has just come."

And it was true. With the frustration of his hopes and schemes, the old man's life had suddenly gone out. The lawyer had been summoned to execute the last revenge by cutting off his grandchild from succession to his property, but death had stepped in and prevented it. Kilmeny became sole heir to his vast wealth, and the property was joined to that of Christopher Warrender at her marriage with him. Kilmeny became a great lady, as she had once wished to be; but the time of her connection with her grandfather and her residence under his roof had made her look on riches with a different eye. She developed into a noble woman, and her blithe spirits and loving heart gladdened every place in which she moved.

MULES IN WARFARE.

Next to the Horse, He Is Fighting Tom my's Best Friend.

Next to the horse, the mule is certainly the most useful of all animals employed in war. A mule lives longer than a horse, and his tougher constitution renders him much less liable to disease.

A mule is not generally put to work until he is five years old, but as he lives sometimes for thirty-five years or even longer, his sphere of usefulness is an extended one. The average load of the ordinary war mule may be estimated at about 160 lbs., though the weight of the pack-saddle is not included. Very fine mules, if well fed, will, however, carry as much as 300 lbs.

The mule is by no means a gourmet. Unlike the horse, he will eat almost any description of fodder however coarse and apparently unfit for equine consumption. In one way only is the mule fastidious. He invariably makes a point of objecting to his drinking water unless it is fresh and pure as possible. Lord Wolseley, who has employed them as pack animals in all parts of the world, says that they are "very particular and whimsical" in this respect.

It is, of course, in mountainous countries and all hilly districts that the mule proves his value most. In countries of this kind he is more useful even than the elephant, which requires good food to keep him in working order. Indeed, a mule will live, be fat, and do useful work under circumstances that would kill the elephant in a week.

When loaded heavily the war mule can easily travel at a rate of three, four, or even in quarter miles an hour. Moreover, in a rocky, uneven country, like the Transvaal his wonderful surefootedness is proverbial. Soldiers say of him that he "can hang on to a precipice with his eyelids and ears."

The mule is an excellent swimmer, and never funks water. He is able to cross a wide river in perfect safety. Although in tropical countries the war mules suffer much from leeches and other insect pests, which do their best to make life a burden for man and beast alike, yet his skin is much tougher than that of his cousin the horse.

In South Africa the rations a mule earns by his labors are 10 lbs. of "mealies," or 20 lbs. of oat hay, or half of each together. This is supplemented by a little allowance of half an ounce of rock salt. This is very good living, and it is not always obtainable. Nevertheless, when forage runs short the war mule, philosophically puts up with what he can get, and does his work without grumbling.

AFTER EFFECTS OF FEVER.

Mrs. Angle, of Merritton, Suffered a Severely That Her Friends Feared She Was Likely to be a Permanent Invalid.

In the picturesque village of Merritton resides Mrs. William Angle, who, for months of suffering, has found a cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Angle relates as follows the experience through which she has passed. "Four years ago this spring, while a resident of Buffalo, I had an attack of typhoid fever and the disease left me in a worn out and extremely nervous condition, so that the least noise startled me. I could not sleep at times for a week on account of terrible attacks of heart trouble. Then again my head would trouble me and I had bad dreams. I had no appetite and lost twenty-two pounds in weight and had become so very thin that my friends were alarmed. While in this condition I was treated by two physicians but with no avail. I tried everything recommended but still found no relief. Finally I was persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After I had taken the first box I could see a change for the better, so I continued the use of the pills until I had finished six boxes and the results were most gratifying. I now have normal sleep there is no more twitching in my hands, the palpitations have ceased, and I have gained in weight and strength. My whole system seems toned up, and I feel entirely well. I feel grateful to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., and hope they will keep up the good work of administering to the afflicted."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

A RETURN TO FALSE HAIR.

An era of false hair seems to be upon us, if one is to judge by the present displays in the leading hairdressers' windows. Such an array of fringes and pompadour pads and puffs and long curls and wavy switches and what not, we have not had since the days of that terrible fact, the waterfall. Young girls affect the Newport coil or figure eight coil and single long curl, and right becoming it is. The pompadour with light curling fringe is doomed and the dignified part is to be revived. With it the low coil and the fancy net of chenille, a la Trelawney, as it is named.

The water famine has reached a serious crisis in Letterkenny, there being only a few inches' depth of water in the lower levels of the reservoir. There is a general outcry against the Urban District Council for having given away the public water to a large number of builders for mortar during the last three months.

Quite recently the Great Northern Railway Company of Ireland has added a splendid batch of carriages to its line. The new carriages are about 56 feet in length, and built on bogie frames. The first-class are upholstered in moquette, and some of them have coupe compartments with plate-glass fronts, while the second-class have been upholstered in rep, and both classes are supplied with lavatory accommodation.

MOULDER'S FORTUNE

Geo. Barkley, of Hamilton, finds a Cure for Rheumatism.

He Makes No Secret About It—Everybody Can Have the Benefit of His Experience—Dodd's Kidney Pills Are Within the Reach of All.

Hamilton, Dec. 11.—George Barkley, a moulder of this city, is satisfied he has found a sure cure for Rheumatism at last. He, as is well known among his friends, has been searching for such a medicine for the last few years and until recently quite vainly. He has since been cured of his own case and he reasonably infers that the remedy that cured him will cure others.

Rheumatism is well known to be a disease resulting from disordered kidneys. That is nowadays an acknowledged fact. Uric acid, which should be filtered out of the blood by the kidneys, remains in the system when those organs are unhealthy, and lodges in the joints, causing rheumatism. The reasonable argument remains therefore to cure Rheumatism by curing the kidneys. This is exactly what Mr. Barkely did. He used Dodd's Kidney Pills—the best kidney medicine in the world—and is to-day entirely free from his old complaint. He writes as follows:

Dodds Medicine Co.,

Gentlemen,—I have been for three years troubled with Rheumatism. I have tried several remedies but to no use. I could not get any relief. I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the wonderful cures they had made and decided to try them. I got one box and after I used one half of this box I found I was getting better. I have used six boxes and now I can walk without my cane. I consider I am cured. I remain, yours, etc.,

GEO. BARKLEY,
Hamilton, Ont.

THE CROCODILE OF HISTORY.

His Live Toothpick, His Tears and His Way of Getting Caught in the Nile.

To say that the crocodile has seen his best days is but feebly to express the rapidity with which he is lapsing into the class of extinct animals. As a feature of modern Egypt he is perhaps rather a curiosity than a plague; and the traveler has to get far beyond the regions of the Delta before he can begin to hope for the chance of being introduced to one. Crocodile stories are no longer told, in fact, it is safer to trust to the sea serpent. Nothing can make the crocodile attractive, and even the man with the camera is shy of treating him as a subject—whether for personal or artistic reasons is not quite clear. Possibly, the crocodile resents being focussed as he formerly shrank from confrontation with a mirror—an ordeal which often led to his dying of chagrin, as was supposed, at the sight of his own ugliness. Moreover the experienced photographer is wise in "taking no risks," remembering that the crocodile's tears are only a natural solvent which the saurian applies to the tougher form of animal food.

And this is where the legend of the toothpick properly comes in. Herodotus noticed the fact, but seems to have been misled as to the motive. He discovered that the crocodile made friends with

A PARTICULAR BIRD,

which he allowed to enter his mouth in order, as the writer supposed, to rid the reptile of the leeches which infested his jaws. Pliny says nothing of these pests, but considers the complaisance of the crocodile to be due to the satisfaction he felt in having his teeth picked by the bird: "He taketh so great delight in this her scraping and scouring of his teeth," and jaws." Both authors speak of the bird as a wren; later naturalists described it as being as large as a thrush, which has been reserved for the present generation of travelers to identify this useful friend of the crocodile as the spur-winged plover. Of the fact of the alliance there is not the least doubt. The operation has been frequently witnessed by numerous independent observers, one of the latest of whom considers that the bird does actually perform the functions of a toothpick, "a process which the crocodile enjoys." With such corroboration the narration of Herodotus, subject to qualification, as it must be, is at least to be taken seriously, and no longer regarded as the visionary idea of a mere fabulist.

In the Egyptian hieroglyphics the crocodile is represented by a single wavy line, so perfectly suggestive of the contour of the animal that it is quite impossible to escape from its meaning. If might stand as an excellent contemporary illustration of the text of Herodotus, neither author nor artist overstepping the modesty of nature. This was reserved for later times, in which arose so many of the myths and extravagances which we are ready to impute to the lack of practical knowledge by the classic writers. When Fuller lucubrated so learnedly of the crocodile he doubtless felt that he was correcting the erroneous ideas of an earlier period, and the following example of his erudition may serve to show how he set about the task: "The sovereign power of saffron is plainly proved by the antipathy of the crocodile thereto; for

THE CROCODILE'S TEARS

are never true; save when he is forced where saffron groweth; whence he hath been named of saffron-fearer, knowing himself to be all poison and it all antidote." As to legend of the crocodile's tears, it can only be regarded as a myth grafted upon some of the reptile's observed habits. Probably because they could offer less resistance to his attacks, women and children were especially liable to them, the office of the former as water carriers bringing them often to the Nile, and the children naturally finding a playground on its shores.

Herodotus gives an amusing account of the manner in which the Egyptian brothers of the angle used to fish for crocodile, from which it would seem that they had taken a leaf out of the reptile's own book of strategy. They baited the hook with a large piece of hog's flesh, with which they made a real angler's "cast" into the middle of the river. And they employed a very special and alluring form of ground bait, consisting of a vigorous young porker, whom they anchored, "Irish fashion, on the bank, and incited by divers irritating arts into energetic squealing. Entranced with the melodious sound, the crocodile was drawn in the direction from which it came, and being unable to get at the pig put up with the baited hook instead.

ABOUT AUCTIONEERS.

The ways of auctioneers in different parts of the world vary greatly. In England and America the seller bears the expense of the sale, but in France the purchaser bears the cost, 5 per cent. being added to his purchase. In Holland it is still worse, the buyer being required to pay 10 per cent. additional for the expense of the sale.

AN ISLAND OF SULPHUR.

In the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand, is one of the most extraordinary islands in the world. It is called White Island, and consists mainly of sulphur mixed with gypsum and a few other minerals. Over the island, which is about three miles in circumference, and which rises between 800 and 900 feet above the sea, floats continually an immense cloud of vapor attaining an elevation of 10,000 feet. In the centre is a boiling lake of acid-charged water, covering 50 acres, and surrounded with blow-holes from which steam and sulphurous fumes are emitted with great force and noise. With care a boat can be navigated on the lake. The sulphur from White Island is very pure, but little effort has yet been made to procure it systematically.

AN UNUSUAL BOY.

I do think that boy of mine, said one member of a company of friends, breaking in upon a lull in the conversation, is the most remarkable little fellow I ever saw.

It was too late to avoid the ordeal by a hasty retreat, and the others braced themselves to endure it.

Yes? said one of them, listlessly.

He is six years old, pursued the father, and I can't remember that he ever said a bright thing in his life.

Other parents, however, who may read this, will be likely to conclude that it must have been the father, not the boy, who was unique.

A Boon to Catarrh Victims.

We offer to the readers of this paper a never failing remedy for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Irritable Throat and kindred affections in Catarrhozone. There is no mystery about it but the effect is magical. Ointments, washes and snuffs have proved worse than useless because they cannot reach the seat of the disease, but Catarrhozone is carried by the vehicle, the air you breathe, nature allows to enter into the lungs or bronchial tubes, directly to the seat of the disease, where it kills the germ life that causes Catarrh, and at the same time heals all the affected parts. It cures by inhalation, and is both pleasant and safe to use. For sale at all druggists or by mail, price $1.00. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., Box 518 Kingston, Ont.

THEN SHE WENT OUT.

Tom—What do you think she did when I asked her to let me be the light of her life.

Dick—I don't know. What?

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

NOT COMPLIMENTARY.

I say, Mr. Shoutah, I wish my brother had a voice like yours.

Oh! is he in the profession?

No; he's a fish salesman.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal.

AGE AFFECTS FEET.

A London physician declares that a person in robust health walks with his toes pointed to the front, while one with his health on the wane, gradually turns his toes to the side, and a bend is perceptible in his knees.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOWS SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

NOT IF HE COULD HELP IT.

Father, after giving Bobby a good licking—There! don't ever let me catch you smoking cigarettes again.

Bobby—I—w-won't, y-you c'n bet.

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

WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT.

Watts—The development of the sense of touch in the blind is something always a wonder to me.

Gotrox—I have it pretty well developed myself. I have got so I can tell a borrower two blocks away.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

NO DANGER.

Physician, giving advice — Lastly, McGorry, don't go to sleep on an empty stomach.

McGorry, who is ailing—No danger av thot, doother; Oi always slape on me back.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

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

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop's.

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

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

MAKING TERMS.

Caller—You advertise a special sale of stop watches.

Dealer—Yes, sir.

Caller—What time will you give on them?

NEW CROP CHANGES—The Uniformly High Quality of

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

is strictly maintained. Do you use it? Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c

LOOKING AHEAD.

Women journalists must avoid Japan. The new press laws for the Empire of the Mikado prohibit women from becoming publishers or editors, as the discharge of such work by females is neither becoming nor desirable." The framers of the law are certainly looking very far ahead, for as yet Japanese women have given no sign of emulating their Western sisters in newspaper work.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

INTERESTING.

Life must be very monotonous for you, said the sympathetic friend.

Not at all, answered the Chinese emperor. I find a great deal of excitement getting up early in the morning to see whether or not I was assassinated the night before.

W P C 1002

CALVERT'S Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevents infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application. F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER, - - ENGLAND.

Blemishes OF THE SKIN AND **Complexion** TREATMENT. Send one cent stamp for circular. N. J. UROUHART, Analytical Chemist, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.

HARRIS Buys Scrap LEAD, COPPER, BRASS. Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 1879. WILLIAM ST., TORONTO.

I.C.C. permanently cures Catarrh of nose, throat, stomach and bladder. 50c & $1 a box. Write for particulars. The Indian Catarrh Cure Co., 145 St. James-St., Montreal.

POULTRY, BUTTER, EGGS, APPLES, and other PRODUCE, to ensure prompt returns, ship to The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Cor. West-Market & Colborne St., Toronto.

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WANTED—Salesmen; "Arborine" protects fruit trees from all pests; $50.00 week. A.R.BORINE CO., Montreal.

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

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 381 Queen W., Toronto.

Sausage Casings—New importations finest quality English Sheep and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at fair prices. FARR, BLACKWELL & CO., Toronto.

Cartera COLD CURE 10c. Cures in a fifty. F. McCormacz & Co., Agents, Montreal.

THE DES MOINES INCUBATOR—Best and cheapest. O. Rolland, sole agent for the Dominion. Send 2 cent stamp for catalogue. 373 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

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Dyeing! Cleaning! For the very best steam work go to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO." Look for agents in your town, or send direct. Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

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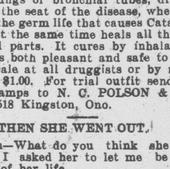

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