

and was able to walk out greatly improved in health. Another case Mr. Barr vouched for was a city patient who had been cured by the pills of the effects of la grippe, after having been given up by the doctors. Many others had spoken highly of the Pink Pills as a fine remedy for nervous and blood disorders. Other druggists told the same story.

One thing worthy of note in connection with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the light expense attending the treatment. These pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk or by the 100) at fifty cents a box and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.

In Unhappy Paris.

On the 1st of March 1871, the day of the entry of the German troops into Paris, rather a curious experience befell me. While as yet within the German cordon in the Place de la Concorde, I observed that I was being dogged. I had no sooner passed out of that cordon than I was vehemently assailed by an angry mob, who insisted that I was a Prussian spy. A detachment of National Guards holding a police post rescued me at the bayonet point from the genial enthusiasts who were dragging me along the street on my back, with the expressed intention of drowning me in the basin of an adjacent fountain. A good deal of my clothing had been torn off me, but that was a trifle. Overhauling myself in the police station, I discovered that along with half of my greatcoat had disappeared my notebook, which was in the pocket of the missing section of the garment. This was a most serious misfortune. In those times I had accustomed myself to write out at full length in my notebook the description of scenes or events of which I was a witness, detailing in form ready for the printing the accounts of incident after incident as the incidents successively evolved themselves. From the summit of the tower of Longchamps I had looked down that morning on

KAISER WILHELM'S GREAT REVIEW

of his army on the racecourse, and my description of that remarkable scene, at least two columns long, was in the lost notebook. One result of this concurrent writing out is that the writer's memory does not charge itself with the recollection of what has been committed to paper; and thus I had not only lost the actual 'copy' already indited and out of hand, but was destitute of the power to reproduce the lost matter. While I was internally bewailing myself, a citizen in a fine glow of triumph rushed into the police station. "Voilà!" he shouted, as he waved aloft my notebook in one hand and my coat tail in the other: "Here is damning evidence that the prisoner is a wicked spy! Here are the villain's notes, the lies he has been writing down concerning our unhappy Paris!" I could have embraced the excited ouvrier, for as he was; he had done me an incalculable benefit in his effort to seal my doom. His face was a study when, in the gladness of my heart, I offered him a five-franc piece. The implacable patriot accepted it.

Presently, under an escort of National Guards with fixed bayonets—for the mob was still dangerous—I was marched through a couple of streets to the bureau of a sitting magistrate. My companions were a gentleman in a blouse who was accused of having stolen an ink-bottle; a tatterdenation detected in selling a couple of cigars to a Bavarian cavalryman, and a woman whom the Paris mob had

STRIPPED AND PAINTED DIVERS COLORS

because she had been caught parleying with a Prussian drummer. The magistrate was so good as to deal with me first. Fortunately I was able to produce to him my British passport and my journalistic credentials. He called in his sister, who had lived in England, to assist him in deciding on the authenticity of those documents. She promptly pronounced in their favor, and his worship became immediately gracious. He told me I was free and was good enough to lend me an old coat in which to walk to my hotel: at the same time gracefully begging me to excuse what he termed "the little inconvenience I had experienced, on account of the not unnatural excitement of the Paris populace."

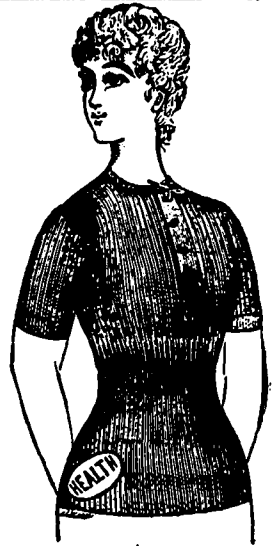
The magistrate's good sister sent me to a bedroom, where I washed off the most flagrant stains of the recent unpleasantness. Outside the mob were still howling fiercely. Time was very precious to me: I could not endure to wait indefinitely, yet I did not care to offer myself to the tender mercies of the gentlemen of the pavement. The sister in this trait proved herself a ministering

An American Girl in London

expressing her views upon Canada, said she never had a cold and was always jolly comfortable, because she wears the

"HEALTH BRAND"

undervests, and would send across to Murray's or some first class store this season to replenish her supply; and in her opinion every lady in Canada would do the same, as they are faultless in fit and embody every quality wanted.



angel. She said there was a door opening in a quiet side-alley, and

ACTUALLY OFFERED TO ESCORT ME

to my hotel, which was close by. As we walked; I told the good soul I did not know how to thank her; had it been her servant I could have found no difficulty in requiting the good office, but a lady—"Oh," she broke in, "that is not so difficult, I will put my pride in my pocket. My brother has a fair salary; but he has not seen a franc of it for six months. We are gentlefolk; we cannot join the queue outside the baker's shop, and, O mon Dieu! we are actually starving," and the poor woman burst into tears. "We could not take charity," she continued, sobbing, "but I have heard of that kind don anglais which, they say, is now being distributed freely; if only one could get a little aid from its bounty!" We had a sub-depot in my hotel; I myself was one of the accredited sub-almoners; some of the Commissioners were living with me. I hurried the lady into a room where there was no one to notice her emotion; then found John Furley and told him the little story. Furley is a man of energy. In five minutes a big hamper had been packed full of comestibles and a porter had it on his back, waiting for the lady's commands. With the chivalry of a fine gentleman Furley respectfully announced to her that one of his men was at her disposition. She came out into the passage, looked down at the great basket, whose open mouth disclosed inter alia a leg of mutton, a couple of fowls, a great honest loaf, and sundry vegetables

SHE GAVE A GREAT OASIS

and I thought she was going to faint. She was anaemic from sheer want, but she rallied, tears helping her; and then she went silently away with her veil down over her face, and the stalwart porter tramping behind her. It was such people as those, with pride and fixed salaries which were not paid, who suffered worst during the siege; and they, too, it was who were the most difficult to relieve when the siege was over, but without as yet any alleviation of their misery. The women were the most stubborn. The concierge would assure the almoner that the two old ladies on such an etage were literally starving. The two old ladies, when you pushed their button, would appear stately and gracious. Yes, they would say—yes, the English were a kind people, and the good God would reward them. There were some poor creatures in the roof who were in pressing need. For themselves, thanks, but not, they could not accept charity; and then the door would close on the wan eyes and hollow cheeks. Ah me! it was melancholy work.

It is impossible to go into detail about the fell days of the Commune's close, and that was the only phase of it of which I was a witness. All that I can here say is that in the lurid chaos which marked the ruthless stamping out of the Commune by the Versailles Army under Marshal McMahon, the conditions under which correspondents tried to fulfil their duties were more full of peril than one can incur in any battle of which I have had experience. In a battle you know your danger. The enemy is for the most part in front; and you can either stand up and take your chance of his fire, or take cover to protect yourself from it. But in the seething turmoil of the

LAST DAYS OF THE COMMUNE

bullets were flying from front, flanks and rear. There was a universal raving lust for blood. As Mr. Labouchere cheerfully wrote, "They shot you first, and apologized to your

corpse afterward." The brightest feature of the grim drama which I can recall after so long a lapse of time, was the imperturbable coolness of Mr. Malet, now Sir Edward Malet, our Minister at Berlin. He was left in charge of the Embassy in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore when Lord Lyons and the rest of the personnel migrated to Versailles. For two long days it seemed that Malet, or at all events the Embassy he inhabited, was the target for the artillery alike of Versailles and Communists. Shells bedevilled the ballroom, knocked great holes miscellaneous all over the building, and explosion blew up the walls of the Embassy garden, through which the Versailles were sapping their way to outflank the Communists. Malet, bland and cheery as his wont, quietly and methodically performed his duties, the shell fire apparently a matter concerning him not at all. In no conceivable circumstances could Malet look absurd; and that surely is a great gift.

A Very Queer Story.

Here's a very queer story (says a correspondent) about a man who undertook to carry off his wife after she had married another. The body of James Lennon, according to the belief of his friends, was picked out of a bog-ditch in Ireland near his home some weeks ago. He was decently washed and buried, as they say, and a tombstone in the village churchyard speaks of his virtues, which were extolled at length by the parish priest in his paenegyric, while the church records show that his wife, through

A STRANGE FREAK

of circumstances, was forced to change the name he gave her for that of another. The man who was found dead was one John Leonard, whose absence, as it was thought, had been extensively advertised, for his body wore the clothing of Lennon, and partly decomposed as it was, was accepted as Lennon's. It was identified as such by William Rodgers, a foreman in Lennon's employ, a man who thinks that he is the husband of Lennon's wife and the master of Lennon's mill. And all this confusion, this mixture of romance and tragedy and mystery, was brought about through the operation of the Coercion Act in Ireland. But now for the incidents of what may be termed the plot of the story. James Lennon had suffered imprisonment under the Coercion Act. His release was celebrated in a public demonstration. Fired anew with the spirit of patriotism, he used seditious language. At the fair of Rathpreland, a place two miles distant from his home, he learned that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, and that the police awaited his return home. His health made him

FEARFUL OF THE RESULT

of a second imprisonment. His friend and neighbor, John Leonard, offered to exchange clothes and throw the police off the track until Lennon had time to seek a hiding-place some miles away. "Tell my wife," said Lennon to Leonard, "that I will take a month's rest or so to recover, and that I will not write to her meanwhile, because the post-mark would betray me. Tell her not to worry, and if the police arrest you I will have a good march on them before they find it out." The message was never delivered. Leonard fell into or was shoved into, the ditch on his way home, and the body, partly decomposed, as already stated, was found four days later by William Rodgers, Lennon's

foreman. It was buried, and Leonard was classed among the missing, and considered to know something of Lennon's supposed death. But here Lennon turns up all right, and this new feature also hinges on the Coercion Act, for Lennon would not have

ATTEMPTED TO RETURN

from Cumberland, where he had been sojourning, had not the proclamation gone forth some days ago from Dublin Castle that all prosecutions under the Crimes Act would be dropped by the authorities. Then did James Lennon decide to return home, still unaware of the changes that were to greet him. James Lennon arrived home early on a Sunday morning. William Rodgers, his foreman, and Mrs. Lennon were going down the road to church. He followed them leisurely. The priest's residence is between the little church and Lennon's home, and as James arrived opposite the priest's house Father Doherty came out on his way to celebrate mass. He saw Lennon, whose funeral ceremony he had conducted and whose paenegyric he had preached. Naturally he was startled, and exclaimed, "My God! James Lennon are you dead or alive?" "Alive and well, Father Doherty," was the answer. "Then, James, something more terrible than death has happened." "Why, what's the matter, Father?" "Come inside, James, and I'll tell you." The two entered the priest's house. Lennon related the circumstances of his departure, and the priest realised how the blunders arose. Then he startled Lennon by relating that William Rodgers, the foreman, had determined to resign unless a share in the mill and the land, if not the heart, of Mrs. Lennon be bestowed upon him. His resignation under

THE PECULIAR BUSINESS

circumstances then existing meant ruin for Mrs. Lennon, beggary for herself and children; but as even the priest could not change Rodgers' mind, she reluctantly consented, and Rodgers took Lennon's place in the management of the mill and home, and became the head of the family. James Lennon sat dazed. Begging the priest not to mention his existence, he started for the New World, where he thought he could forget his sorrow, and if his wife and children were happy all would be well. On leaving Castle Garden he proceeded up Broadway with no definite purpose. When opposite the Astor House he was accidentally met by John Hughes, a New York box manufacturer, who visits Ireland every other summer, and who has spent many pleasant days with Mr. and Mrs. Lennon, in the County Down. To Mr. Hughes Lennon told his pitiful story. Mr. Hughes brought him to his home and coaxed him to return to Ireland, sell his property, and take his family to America and start anew. Lennon took his advice.

News From High Latitudes.

Sir James Grant, of Ottawa, says:—"To secure health in our Canadian climate pure wool undervests are very necessary, and I feel confident you have accomplished a good work in the production of the 'Health' Brand, which cannot fail to meet the requirements of our people. Wishing you every possible degree of success in this line of manufacture so scientific and practical. Yours, etc." The above speaks for itself, and every lady who desires a light, luxurious, and comfortable undervest will find all these qualities combined in the Health Brand, for sale by W. A. Murray & Co and every leading dry goods store in the Dominion.