V. C. HEROES AT COLENSO

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE TOLD BY AN EX-BURGHER.

Wonderful Resolution of a British Soldier With Both Legs Shot Off.

Mr. Bennett Burleigh, war correspondent, writes from Vryheid:

"There is still dispute as to how close the Boers actually were at Colenso to Col. Long's lost guns. Here is an account I have obtained from the Boer side. The account is furnished by one of the ex-burghers now with us. I give it as narrated. The information is supplied by Piet Nel, who was a corporal in the Boer army, a position nigh equal to that of lieutenant in our force:

" 'At the battle (Colenso) some of us were hid under the river banks, and others towards Hlangwani. When, with murderous Mauser fire used at close range, not more than 800 yards, we had shot down the gunners' horses and most of the men, as well as the infantry escort to Col. Long's batteries, none but dead and wounded remaining upon the field, I went out with eight men, several mule teams, accompanied by natives, to try and haul the guns away. Whilst approaching the batteries a Boer fell off his horse, and the horses that two others of my comrades were riding were shot under them. Instantly taking cover, we signalled back to the leaders of the mule teams to halt and

SCREEN THEMSELVES.

Then we tried to locate our, as yet, unseen enemy. I crawled cautiously forward some distance, and got nearly killed a bullet splashing full upon the front of a small rock behind which I had paused for a moment. Then it was that, but 30 feet distant, I saw a white, haggard face, with two gleaming, burning eyes, peering over the barrel of a rifle. The khaki soldier, for such he was, probably thought that he had laid me out. That pause was my sole chance, so I fired, and shot him in the forehead, blinding forever those burning eyes. That poor khaki must have been a man of rare courage, a soldier worthy of the best traditions of the British army. I found that both his legs had been blown off below the knees by the spiteful fire of one of our pom-poms. He had tied the shattered stumps with his putties and, exerting all his remaining strength, managed to drag himself, gather and pile together a low breast work of loose stones in front of him. He was one of the infantry escort undoubtedly, and determined to defend the guns while life remained. The putties were thickly dyed with his blood, and it drenched the ground, a big, coagulated patch, beneath which his dreadfully mangled limbs rested. His Lee-Metford held five more cartridges in the magazine, whilst some twenty more he had drawn from his pouch lay handy by him

READY FOR USE.

" 'Whilst I and my comrades, who came up, were looking at the dead soldier, we heard a faint voice asking for a drink of water. A few steps away we found a wounded British officer. He looked anxiously into our faces, and repeated the words, "Water, water." So I stooped down and placed my bottle to his lips, from which he drank greedily. The draught reviveh him, for he smiled, and tendered me his sporting Lee-Metford as a reward. But I could not take it, for the barrel was filled with blood, and the outside was sticky and wet, and I felt sorry for the poor fellow. His dead horse lay upon him and pinned him by the leg. We moved the animal off, got him free, and made him as comfortable as we could, and gave him some more water. Subsequently, when the British sent the ambulance out to collect their wounded, we helped to bear him to one of these vehicles. Months afterwards I learned that this young officer was none other than Lieut. Roberts, V.C." "

EAT FRUIT.

It is Good For Both Food and Medicine.

The curative value of fruit is becoming more and more insisted upon by those who make a study of dietetics. Grapes are recommended for the dyspeptic, the consumptive, the anaemic, and for those with a tendency to gout and liver troubles. Plums, also, are said to be a cure for gouty and rheumatic tendencies. The acid fruits, especially lemons and oranges, are particularly good for stomach troubles and rheumatism.

It is not sufficient, say the advocates of the fruit cure, to eat a small quantity at breakfast or dinner. One should eat from two to eight pounds of grapes a day, or, if oranges are the curative agency, the number to be eaten in a day may vary from two to six.

A healthy condition of the body depends upon a perfect balance of foods taken. There are many other factors entering into the question, but this feature must not be forgotten. Few people there are who can keep healthy without fruit.

How absurd, some one says, to be told to eat fruit when everybody eats it. Yes, but how do you eat it? Do you take a definite amount of it, the same as you do of meat and potatoes, or do you eat it as you do candy?

If you suffer from an acute attack of indigestion after a dinner of soup, meats, pickles, sauces, salad, cakes, pastries, with spices and condiments enough to blister the skin, to say nothing of the delicate lining of the stomach, pray do not aver that indigestion arises from the morsel of fruit taken at the end.

Be honest with your stomach for a month. Eat no more than you need of simple food, into which the true luxuries of nature, such as apples, oranges, pears or other fruit, shall enter. Try, if only as an interesting experiment, to eat sparingly of the cruder articles of diet, and more of those suited to your real needs, and see to it that fruit forms a part of each meal.

"But there are so many kinds of fruit that I cannot eat."

"There it is again. Because you cannot eat seventeen kinds of food at one meal ending with fruit, it, of course, war the apple, or the strawberries that did the harm."

"But doesn't fruit make the blood thin?"

"It certainly does, and we are mighty glad of it. Ask any doctor who has practiced medicine for ten years with his eyes open, and he will tell you that the great majority of grown-up folks have blood too thick.

"The minerals and natural acids of the fruit are the very best conceivable remedies for this thickened condition of the blood. Fruit then becomes both a food and a medicine—a necessity and a most delightful luxury."

GOLD FROM SEA-WATER.

Experiments are being made at Penzance by experts representing influential capitalists in connection with a scheme for extracting gold from sea-water. The process is to precipitate it by means of lime and then to extract the gold electrically. Experiments have before been carried out off the south coast, but the sea off Penzance is believed to contain a larger proportion of gold.

Marina:

The Daughter of Kison Ludim.

CHAPTER V.

Upon a slightly raised throne of ivory, inlaid with gold and precious stones, sat Mapen, King of Tyre. By his side stood Prince Phalis, over whose features the marks of dissipation had already been plainly laid. A few steps in front of the throne stood the sentinel who had been on post at the northern gate on the previous evening, and around him were a dozen soldiers while back of the throne were ranged in the most exact order a score of attendants.

The king's countenance was dark and lowering and as he clutched with nervous grip the hilt of a small dagger that was confined within his jeweled girdle, one might have seen that an emotion of more than ordinary import was rankling his soul. The soldiers stood trembling before the monarch, and as they met his flashing glances they cowered as before some raving beast.

"Slave!" cried the king, addressing the aforementioned sentinel, who stood cringing like a whipped cur, "was it by your post that these people passed?"

"A man and two girls sire."

"And had you not arms?"

"I had, sire; but the man was powerful, and he seized me unawares. I stoutly refused the girls passage, but he overcame me. I know now it must have been the armorer, for no other man in Tyre could have done what he did."

"Then the man and the girls put off from your landing?"

"Yes, sire—towards the coast."

"And were they not almost immediately followed?"

"Yes, sire; by seven of the soldiers."

"Phalis," continued the king, turning to his son, "have you sent messengers to the coast?"

"Yes," returned the prince. "I sent them early this morning. They should have returned by this time."

"Then we will wait for them," said Mapen. And, then, turning to one of the officers who had command of the soldiers, he continued: "Now take that vile slave away and confine him. We will consider whether his life is worth the saving."

As the king thus spoke the poor sentinel was led away. He knew Mapen too well to think of asking for pardon, or to attempt further explanation, for he knew that the simplest circumstance might decide his fate.

For some time after the culprit was lead away a strict silence was maintained about the throne; but at length a sudden stir was heard without, and in a moment more a messenger rushed breathlessly into the royal presence.

"How now, sirrah?" exclaimed the king. "Are you one who has been upon the coast this morning?"

"I am sire."

"And found you the soldiers who went thither last night?"

"All but one, "returned the messenger, trembling with the weight of the fearful news he bore.

"Ha! and why have they not returned? Do they still search for the fugitives?"

"They are dead, sire."

"Dead!" iterated the king, springing from his throne and grasping the speaker by the arm. "Did I understand thee aright? Dead, saidst thou?"

"Ease thy hold, sire, and I will tell thee all I saw."

"Speak then, and do it quickly."

"Near the spot where both the pursued and the pursuers must have landed—for we found the barge still fast in the sand—lay two of the soldiers stretched out upon the sand. They had been slain by stones. Further on, to the southward we found more of them dead. Two of these, also had been slain with stones, and the other two by the sword. The seventh was nowhere to be found; nor could we find the least traces beyond there of the fugitives, though we searched for over an hour."

"Then the villain must have accomplices," shouted the king, as he started nervously across the marble pavement of his divan.

"No, sire," returned the messenger. "The soldiers had but one opponent, for the footprints in the sand were plain."

"Think not strange of this, my royal father," said Phalis. "Gio is a man not to be easily overcome. Not only is he powerful in the extreme, but he is the best stone and sword player in Tyre."

"And who is this Gio?—this man who puffs at my authority as though it were a candle which he might extinguish?"

"You know him well, father; the old armorer of Tyre, and for so long a friend and follower of young Strato."

"Strato again!" uttered the king, suddenly starting as he heard the name.

Over the face of the monarch there came a still darker cloud, but in a moment it passed away, and a grim, savage smile took its place. Two or three times he strode up and down the apartment, and then, coming near to the prince, he uttered:

"By the Gods, Phalis, we will crush the viper beneath our feet. This Gio is Strato's friend—Strato stands between us and the daughter of Kison Ludim—Gio defies our royal will—Strato urges him on—Strato shall be seized!"

"Good father," returned Phalis, with sparkling eyes, "the pretext is warrantable. Surely the armorer would not have done this without urging from some one higher than himself. But we must be wary, for young Strato is the generally beloved of all the merchants, and 'twould be unsafe to estrange their wealth from the royal support."

"Leave that to me," said Mapen, in a confidential tone, "for I will make out a case against him of so firm a mold that even an Argus could not pick an objection against it."

Again the king strode against the divan, and, stopping near the messenger, he said:

"You say you found the tracks plain in the sand?"

"Yes, sire."

"And of the two girls?"

"We did."

"And could you not trace them?"

"Only to where they became lost among the tall grass and moss of the ruins."

"Oh, that the dog of an armorer would but once more show his face in Tyre," exclaimed the monarch, striking his hands together with savage vehemence.

"Your majesty," said one of the soldiers who had followed the messenger into the apartment, "I saw the armorer this morning."

"How slave—this morning?"

"Yes, sire."

"Where?"

"In his shop, at work."

"Now, slave, thou liest! The dog would not dare thus to beard me."

"I speak soberly, and that which I know," confidently returned the soldier.

"And you saw Gio in his shop this morning?"

"Most assuredly I did, sire."

"Then," cried the king, turning red and trembling with rage, "he shall find how a king can be revenged. Phalis, take you a guard and go to the armorer's shop. If he be in capture him and bring him here. Take javelins with you, and slay him if he offers the least resistance. Away now, and let me not wait long for your return, for till he be within my power I rest upon sharp, angry thorns."

With quick, eager movements, the prince prepared for his expedition, and ere long, at the head of twenty men, he set out.

Gio had indeed gone to work in his shop, and as he hammered away upon the anvil no one could have mistrusted from his manner that aught unusual had happened. His boy was at the bellows, and as the bright sparks flew out from beneath the heavy hammer, the stout man seemed to forget that any other occupation had called him lately away from his forge.

"I think you'll be called for today," remarked the boy, as Gio placed the pike-head he was fashioning once more into the fire.

"I expect so," quietly returned the armorer, while a faint smile passed over his features. "But speak you from your own reason, Abal, or from what you have seen?"

"From what I have seen, good master. Last night's affairs were enough, for when I let the soldiers into the house so that they should not batter down the doors, they ran about like wild men, and when they left they assured me that you would never dare show your face here again."

"Is that all?"

"No, it is not. Soldiers have looked in here upon you this morning, and then they hastened away towards the king's palace."

Again, Gio smiled, and drawing the pike head from the fire, he drew down its point beneath his hammer. While he was at work his doors were suddenly darkened, and on raising his head he beheld Prince Phalis and a body of soldiers.

"Ah, royal prince, I give you a good-day," said the armorer, in a half condescending tone and manner.

"I have come to give you a better one," returned Phalis, in a bitter tone. "You are my prisoner."

"Aha—say you so?"

"Dead or alive, you go with me. Now which do you prefer?"

"Oh, alive, by all means," returned Gio, as he deliberately dipped the end of the pike into the water that was near him, and then watched the varying colors as they came and went upon the surface of the steel.

"Then prepare to accompany me to the palace," said the prince, not a little surprised at the utter coolness of the armorer.

"Let me catch this temper first," returned Gio, without raising his eyes from the pointed steel. "One moment—hold—blue—ah! that's it. Now, sir, I will be with you in a moment."

From the armorer's movements Phalis seemed to fear that he was laying some plan for escape, and he drew his own javelin, and his followers did the same; but Gio thought of no such thing, for he turned quietly to where stood his wash basin, and having performed his ablution, he arranged his apparel, and then informed the prince he was ready to accompany him.

"Abal, he continued, turning to his boy, "if I do not return before dark you may secure the doors and retire; but I shall be here early in the morning at all events."

"Don't be too sure of that," uttered the prince, in a meaning tone.

"Remember," added Gio, without seeming to notice the words of Phalis, "have all prepared for morning, for I will surely be here."

"We shall see," said the prince, as he made a motion for his men to advance and surround the prisoner.

"So we shall," returned Gio, with another of his peculiar smiles. "But come, sirs, I am ready for the palace."

Phalis set forward with his prisoner, but shortly after he entered the street he began to find that had the armorer a mind to escape, it would have taken a greater force than his to have prevented, for on all hands the people began to collect, and though they spoke not openly in words, yet their gestures plainly evinced that they not only knew that Gio was prisoner, but that they would dare even to rescue him should he give the signal. From house tops and from curtained windows, from behind garden wall and from half-closed doors, came hisses and groans, and more than once the prince heard his own name used in connection with epithets anything but agreeable.

"Be not alarmed, prince," said Gio as he noticed the manner of Phalis, "those are nothing but poor subjects of your father's crown."

"But, by my father's sceptre," hissed the prince, seeming hardly to know at which to be the most exasperated, the sound that met his ears from the cover around or the cool effrontery of the prisoner, "they shall suffer for this."

Once more Gio laughed in his own peculiar way, but he spoke no further. Phalis gazed at the working features of the armorer, and wondered what feelings could thus move him in view of the sure fate that awaited him.

CHAPTER VI.

Mapen was waiting anxiously for the arrival of those who had been sent after the armorer. Part of the time he had been lounging upon his throne, and then he had walked nervously and hurriedly up and down the divan. The thoughts of Gio alone had not the power to move the king as he was now moved, nor had the simple fact that the daughter of Kison Ludim had escaped him. The immediate circumstances connected with these two persons might have irritated him, even to madness, but they could not have so utterly aroused the maniac within him. There was a hidden cause, a deep, unfathomable mystery, that cast its black pall over the future, and Marina, the fair daughter of the murdered noble, was imaged forth in the vista.

Again and again the monarch turned in his walk, and amid the incoherent mutterings that fell from his lips there was an occasional casting of the eyes upward, as though he feared that heaven was frowning upon him too. At length the sound of many feet upon the broad stairs that led to the divan fell upon his ears, and starting back towards his ivory throne he waited for the visitation. The first who entered was the prince, and next came Gio.

To be Continued.

PROTECTED.

Brave Act of the British Consul at Chile.

In recalling incidents of international courtesy, when British and Americans have supported each other, a writer in the Boston Transcript tells the following story which came from an American sailor who had landed at a port in Chile.

The men had gone ashore and become somewhat hilarious, and one of the police officers, instead of warning him not to make a noise in the street, drew his sword and knocked him down. The American got up, and promptly knocked the policeman down in return. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to be shot the next morning.

Mr. Loring, the American consul, expostulated with the authorities, saying that it would be monstrous to put a man to death for such an offence; but they paid no attention to him. On the day specified the sailor was brought out and pinioned, in readiness for execution.

The English consul, preparing to hoist the Union Jack, saw a crowd in the field opposite, and realized that the execution was about to take place. He rushed over to the American consul, and cried:

"Loring! You're not going to let them shoot that man?"

"What can I do?" was the answer. "I have protested against it. I can do no more."

"Give me your flag!" cried the Englishman.

With the two flags in his hand, he ran to the field, elbowed his way through the crowd and soldiery, and reached the prisoner. He folded the American flag about him, and laid the Union Jack over it. He stepped back, and faced the officers and soldiery.

"Shoot, if you dare," he shouted, "through the heart of England and America!"

The man was not shot.

THE OTHER VIEW.

"It seems to me," said the lady with a severe glance, "that the newspapers print some dreadful things."

"Yes," answered the reporter; "it often makes me sad to think that people insist on doing shocking things and compelling us to write about them."

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.
Black, Mixed and Green.
Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

TEA-DRINKING IN RUSSIA.

The Russians are the greatest tea-drinkers in the world. They consume enormous quantities of the refreshing brew, but do not suffer from any effects, simply because they concoct the beverage differently from our idea. With the Russian it is not a cup of tea, but a glass of tea. A sprinkling of leaf is put into the pot, boiling water is poured on, and allowed to stand not more than thirty seconds. A small quantity of the brew—about two tablespoonfuls—is poured into a glass, which is then filled with boiling water. A slice of lemon and sugar are added, and here we have one of the most refreshing and piquant drinks imaginable. The color of the tea as drunk is a pale amber, and, of course, no milk is used.

Coal is cheaper in China than anywhere else in the world.

"None knew thee but to love thee, none named thee but to praise."
It is singular that some of the most beautiful poetry ever written is applicable to

MONSOON

CEYLON TEA.

GROWING BABIES.

Need Watchful Care to Prevent Overfeeding and the Evils That Follow.

All children at some period of their infancy are subject to indigestion, diarrhoea, or constipation. While the symptoms of these troubles greatly differ, the origin of each is due to the same cause—improper food or overfeeding. This results sometimes in diarrhoea, sometimes in constipation. In either the treatment is to remove the cause, and this can only be speedily, safely and effectually done by the use of Baby's Own Tablets, a purely vegetable medicine guaranteed to contain no opiate nor any of the poisonous stuffs found in the so-called soothing medicines. Mothers who once use Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones never after experiment with other medicines, and always speak of them in the highest terms. Mrs. Geo. R. Johnston, Wall street, Brockville, says: "I have been using Baby's Own Tablets for over a year, always keep them in the house and always find them satisfactory. If my little boy—two years of age—is troubled with constipation, indigestion or diarrhoea, I give him the tablets and he is soon relieved. The tablets regulate the bowels and do not cause after constipation as many medicines do. I have also found them beneficial in teething."

Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure for all the minor ailments of little ones such as colic, sour stomach, constipation, indigestion, diarrhoea, etc. Children take them readily, and crushed or dissolved in water they can be given with good results to the youngest infant. Sold by druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont - - - - 25c.
Sozodont Tooth Powder - 25c.
Large Liquid and Powder - 75c.
All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for the postage, 3c.
HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

25c.

THE ONLY WAY.

The Wealthy Bachelor — "Your daughter tells me she is a good cook."

The Mother—"Oh, yes. But one has to live with her to appreciate fully what she can do."

WHENCE COMES THIS MIGHTY HEALING POWER

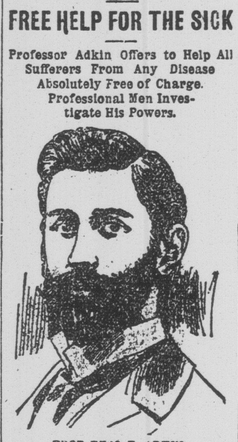
All the Land Wonders at the Remarkable Cures Effected by Professor Adkin.

HEALS DISEASES CALLED INCURABLE

Ministers, Doctors and Professional Men Tell How He Has Cured the Blind, the Lame, the Paralytic and Many on the Very Brink of Death.

FREE HELP FOR THE SICK

Professor Adkin Offers to Help All Sufferers From Any Disease Absolutely Free of Charge.
Professional Men Investigate His Powers.



PROF. THOS. F. ADKIN,
President of the Institute of Physicians and Surgeons.

In all parts of the country men and women, doctors and surgeons, clergymen and educators are wondering at the remarkable cures made by *Prof. Thomas F. Adkin*, discoverer of the Adkin Vitaopathic treatment.

Professor Adkin heals not by drugs, nor by Christian Science, nor by Osteopathy, nor by Hypnotism, nor by Divine healing, but by a subtle psychic force of nature in combination with certain vital magnetic remedies which contain the very elements of life and health.

A reporter recently talked with Professor Adkin and was asked to invite all readers of this paper who are sick or who are worried by the ills of those dear to them to write to him for assistance. "Some people have declared," said Professor Adkin, "that my powers are of God; they call me a divine healer, a man of mysterious powers. This is not so. I cure because I understand nature, because I use a subtle force of nature to build up this system and restore health. But at the same time I believe that the Creator would not have given me the opportunity to make the discoveries I have made, nor the ability to develop them if He had not intended that I should use them for the good of humanity. I therefore feel that it is my duty to give the benefit of the science I practice to all who are suffering. I want you to tell your readers that they may write to me in the strictest confidence if they are troubled with any kind of disease and I will thoroughly diagnose their case and prescribe a simple home treatment which I positively guarantee to effect a complete cure, absolutely free of charge. I do not how serious their cases, nor how hopeless they may seem, I want them to write to me and let me make them well. I feel that this is my life's work.

So great is the sensation wrought in the medical world by the wonderful cures performed by Professor Adkin that several professional gentlemen were asked to investigate the cures. Among these gentlemen were Doctor L. S. Hawley and Doctor S. Dutton Whitney, both famous physicians and surgeons. After a thorough and painstaking investigation these eminent physicians were so astonished at the far reaching powers of Professor Adkin and the wonderful efficacy of Vitaopathy that they volunteered to fix aside all other cases in life, and all other kinds of treatment and devote themselves to assisting Professor Adkin in his great work for humanity. With the discovery of the Adkin Vitaopathy treatment eminent physicians are generally agreed that the treatment of disease has at last been reduced to an exact science.

In all some 8,000 men and women have been cured by the powers of Professor Adkin. Some were blind, some were lame, some were deaf, some were paralytics, scarcely able to move, so great was their infirmity. Others were afflicted with Bright's disease, heart disease, consumption and other so-called incurable diseases. Some were sufferers from kidney trouble, dyspepsia, nervous debility, insomnia, neuralgia, constipation, rheumatism, female troubles and other similar ills. Some were men and women addicted to drunkenness, morphine and other evil habits. In all cases Professor Adkin treats he guarantees a cure. Even those on the brink of the grave, with all hope of recovery gone and despaired of by doctors and friends alike, have been restored to perfect health by the force of Vitaopathy and Professor Adkin's marvelous skill. And, remarkable as it may seem, distance has made no difference. Those living far away have been cured in the privacy of their own homes, as well as those who have been treated in person. Professor Adkin asserts that he can cure any one at any distance as well as though he stood before them.

Not long ago John Adams, of Blakesburg, Iowa, who had been lame for 20 years, was permanently cured by Professor Adkin without an operation of any kind. About the same time the city of Rochester, N. Y., was startled by the cure from of its oldest residents, Mr. P. A. Wright, who had been partly blind for a long period. John E. Neff, of Millersburg, Pa., who had suffered for years from a cataract over his left eye, was speedily restored to perfect sight without an operation. From Logansport, Indiana, comes the news of the recovery of Mrs. Mary Eicher, who had been practically deaf for a year, while in Warren, Pa., Mr. G. W. Savage a noted photographer and artist, who was not only partially blind and deaf, but at death's door from a complication of diseases, was restored to perfect health and strength by Professor Adkin.

Vitaopathy cures not one disease alone, but it cures all diseases when used in combination with the proper remedies. If you are sick, no matter what your disease nor who says you cannot be cured, write to Professor Adkin to-day; tell him the leading symptoms of your complaint, how long you have been suffering, and he will at once diagnose your case, tell you the exact disease from which you are suffering, and prescribe the treatment that will positively cure you. This costs you absolutely nothing. Professor Adkin will also send you a copy of his marvelous new book entitled "How to Be Cured and How to Cure Others." This book tells you exactly how Professor Adkin will cure you. It fully and completely describes the nature of his wonderful treatment. It also explains to you how you yourself may possess this great healing power and cure the sick around you.

Professor Adkin does not ask one cent for his services in this connection. They will be given to you absolutely free. He has made a wonderful discovery, and he wishes to place it in the hands of every sick person in this country, that he may be restored to perfect health and strength. Mark your letter personal when you write, and no one but Professor Adkin will see it. Address Professor Thos. F. Adkin, office 709 G., Rochester, N. Y.

WONDERS OF THE ALPS.

Their Most Impressive Feature Neglected by Guide Books.

Myriads of British and American tourists are at this moment delighting themselves with the grandeurs of Alpine travel. Nothing in the world's history is more impressive than the story of the Alps. Ten or twelve million years ago, possibly far more, a long unseen line of weakness, a crack or fissure in the earth's crust stretched away from France eastward hundreds of miles. On this line followed huge volcanic outbursts. Next ensued a vast slow subsidence, which went on through geologic epochs, until where Mont Blanc now rears its summit 15,780 feet was a sea fringing an old continent. Large rivers emptied into it. Deposits of mud, sand, gravel were laid one on another as the sinking went on, until the layers became 50,000 feet, nearly ten miles, thick. Then at last commenced a great uplifting; the struggling subterranean forces raised a huge load. For ages this went on until the rocks, crumbled, crushed, contorted, rose above the waters, and continued to rise, forming lines of mountain chains and making Switzerland a tableland. Every hour since then rain and snow, river, glacier and avalanche have been sculpturing into peaks and carving into lakes and valleys that vast platform with its recent sedimentary covering and primeval granite core.

The result is a land of unequal grandeur. Find you this in the guide books? Not a word of it. Yet Professor Judd in his charming "Volcanoes" (Kegan Paul) told the tale years ago in half a dozen pages. Would not the traveller look on the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau, the stupendous Splugen, the massive Gothard, the Mer de Glace, the deep Lake of Geneva, with quickened interest had he this story before him? And it can be told so easily; but 'tis not there.

WHITE POWDER ON NUTMEGS.

Most housekeepers have wondered what the white powder covering the nutmeg is. An old spice dealer is authority that as soon as the nutmeg is gathered it is rolled in a lime made from burnt oyster shells in order to prevent its destruction by the weevil, and it is this dust that remains upon it. Mace is one of the outer coverings of the nutmeg, and is preferred by many cooks because of its color.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

SOLDIERS AND SUICIDE.

The "France Militaire" publishes statistics showing that cases of suicide are very frequent in the French army; more so, perhaps, than in any other European force. Among every 1,000 deaths in the army from all causes, no less than an average of fifty (in 1896 exactly fifty and in 1897 fifty-one) are caused by self-destruction; while of every 100,000 men on the rolls of the army no less than an average of twenty-seven commit suicide every year. Among the Colonial troops the number is even higher. In the navy the practice seems less prevalent.

On River Terrace, at Greenwich Hospital, stands the only statue to a French officer near London. It is that of Lieutenant Bellot, who lost his life in the search for Franklin.

WHISKEY ENDS HIS MELODY.

The following story was related the other day in the Liverpool (England) Post. Seated in a third-class carriage of a south-bound express were eight people. Seven of the number were quietly reading, when suddenly the eighth broke into deep and blood-curdling groans. Horror-stricken the rest gazed at him for a moment, and then one of them, with great presence of mind, produced a brandy flask, and, pouring out a copious draught, forced it on the sufferer. It was quickly disposed of. "How do you feel now?" inquired one of the company. "Prime!" was the reply. "What was the matter with you?" was the next query. "Matter with me? Nothing!" was the indignant retort. "What in the name of thunder did you groan like that for, then?" cried the owner of the brandy. "Groan, sir—groan!" said the astonished man. "Why, I was singing."

Mamma—"I have been almost distracted since brother Frank gave Bobby that drum for a birthday present." Papa—"Why don't you make Bobby a present of a nice, sharp penknife?"

WONDERS OF THE ALPS.

Their Most Impressive Feature Neglected by Guide Books.

Myriads of British and American tourists are at this moment delighting themselves with the grandeurs of Alpine travel. Nothing in the world's history is more impressive than the story of the Alps. Ten or twelve million years ago, possibly far more, a long unseen line of weakness, a crack or fissure in the earth's crust stretched away from France eastward hundreds of miles. On this line followed huge volcanic outbursts. Next ensued a vast slow subsidence, which went on through geologic epochs, until where Mont Blanc now rears its summit 15,780 feet was a sea fringing an old continent. Large rivers emptied into it. Deposits of mud, sand, gravel were laid one on another as the sinking went on, until the layers became 50,000 feet, nearly ten miles, thick. Then at last commenced a great uplifting; the struggling subterranean forces raised a huge load. For ages this went on until the rocks, crumbled, crushed, contorted, rose above the waters, and continued to rise, forming lines of mountain chains and making Switzerland a tableland. Every hour since then rain and snow, river, glacier and avalanche have been sculpturing into peaks and carving into lakes and valleys that vast platform with its recent sedimentary covering and primeval granite core.

The result is a land of unequal grandeur. Find you this in the guide books? Not a word of it. Yet Professor Judd in his charming "Volcanoes" (Kegan Paul) told the tale years ago in half a dozen pages. Would not the traveller look on the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau, the stupendous Splugen, the massive Gothard, the Mer de Glace, the deep Lake of Geneva, with quickened interest had he this story before him? And it can be told so easily; but 'tis not there.

WHITE POWDER ON NUTMEGS.

Most housekeepers have wondered what the white powder covering the nutmeg is. An old spice dealer is authority that as soon as the nutmeg is gathered it is rolled in a lime made from burnt oyster shells in order to prevent its destruction by the weevil, and it is this dust that remains upon it. Mace is one of the outer coverings of the nutmeg, and is preferred by many cooks because of its color.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

SOLDIERS AND SUICIDE.

The "France Militaire" publishes statistics showing that cases of suicide are very frequent in the French army; more so, perhaps, than in any other European force. Among every 1,000 deaths in the army from all causes, no less than an average of fifty (in 1896 exactly fifty and in 1897 fifty-one) are caused by self-destruction; while of every 100,000 men on the rolls of the army no less than an average of twenty-seven commit suicide every year. Among the Colonial troops the number is even higher. In the navy the practice seems less prevalent.

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IT CAN'T BE TOLD OFTEN ENOUGH THAT

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

Is unsurpassed for Richness of Flavor and Purity. One trial will prove it. Lead packages, 25, 30, 40,50 and 60c.

SWEET ORANGES

A box of sweet Sonora Orange for $2.50. Special prices in lots of 5 or more boxes. We have 150, 176, 200, 216 and 250 sizes.
The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.
If any Potatoes to sell in car lots quote lowest prices f.o.b.

A QUICK CHANGE.

The Duke of Fife is the only man who has ever been known to change his rank while he ate his breakfast. After the marriage ceremony had been celebrated in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace, on the morning of July 27th, 1889, he led his royal bride into the dining-room, where the wedding breakfast was laid, as an Earl. When the meal was half over, the late Queen, in raising her glass to the toast of the young couple, conferred a dukedom upon him, and thus, as he ate, he passed through two ranks of the peerage—surely the quickest promotion ever recorded. The only example believed to approach this is the case of the present Prime Minister, who rose to speak in the House of Commons as Lord Robert Cecil and sat down Viscount Cranbourne and heir to a marquisate. During his speech the message conveying the tidings of his elder brother's death was brought into the House, and communicated to the young man whose whole prospects in life were thus altered in the course of a speech.

FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

He only thinks he thinks who thinks
The girl he loves to-day
Will not insist, when she's his wife,
On having her own way.

A Well-Known Beachville Lady Cured of Catarrh in its Worst Form After Years of Suffering.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES

There are hundreds of so-called catarrh cures, but those who have tried them all proclaim Japanese Catarrh Cure the only real and permanent cure.

Miss A. Noti, Beachville, Ont. writes:—"I feel so gratified for the invaluable benefit derived from Japanese Catarrh Cure that I would like to make this wonderful medicine known to all who suffer from this most annoying and disagreeable disease. I had catarrh for years. There was almost a constant dropping in my throat, and my breath was very objectionable to others. Nothing I could get gave me any permanent relief until I used Japanese Catarrh Cure. I used in all six boxes, and it worked wonders in my case. I have not now the least symptom of catarrh, and cannot praise this remedy too highly."

Japanese Catarrh Cure is the only permanent and guaranteed cure for catarrh. All druggists sell it, 50 cents, or mailed, postpaid, by The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, 121 Church St., Toronto.

A SAD CASE.

Hostess—"My dear count, you must pardon me, but I have such a poor memory for names, it's a real affliction. I have forgotten yours."

The Count—"You should gonzult a specialist on mental diseases, my tear madam, you really should. My name is Kaskowowskischniffingloski."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

RUDE.

"When the lecturer made a grammatical error it brought down the house," said Miss Gurley.

"I don't think the house had been well brought up," commented Mrs. Gurley, gravely.

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Sydney, C.B. C. I. LAGUE.
I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT
CHARLES PLUMMER.
Yarmouth.
I was cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Burin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

At Auchmore House, in Scotland, is a vine bigger than that at Hampton Court. It produced three years ago 4,000 bunches of grapes.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

HER TASTE.

Mr. Fussy (rearranging the things in the parlor)—"You have wretchedly poor taste, my dear."

Mrs. Fussy (resignedly)"That's what everybody said when I married you, Henry."

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

The average Englishman of twenty will live 39 to 40 years. The girl of twenty may expect 2 1-5th years more than this.

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."

The world's yearly coal is worth $750,000,000; her gold $125,000,000 only.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

London's 20 biggest hotels represent a capital of seven millions sterling, accommodate 8,400 guests a night during the season, and employ 4,500 servants.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

The ocean used to be considered about as deep at its deepest as the highest mountains are high. It has now been proved to be half as deep again—that is, 46,236 ft.

Stop the Cough and Works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Rosewood is not the wood of any species of rose-tree, nor is it red. Its fragrance gives it its name.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Women were first employed in the British Post Office in 1870. There are now about 105,000 post-mistresses and clerks.

W P C 1107

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.
CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.
Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for any thing in Music or Musical Instruments.
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or Dyed; also Ladies' Wear of all kinds and House Hangings of every description.
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