"Yes," she said, simply.

prisonment!

you?'

Dawn answered.

she frowned.

staying so late."

said sharply:

"I scarce can realize it," he went on.
"You are really little Vixen, the May Queen that danced with me upon the

night. It was her secret, not mine,'

u?" wonderingly.
'Yes," with a faint inflection of bit-

me for her-for Lettie's sake."

"Lettie! How familiar the name sounds from your lips. Ah, would that

she had only remained Lettie Jarvis,

and that you, my darling, had been

the heiress!" he exclaimed, rashly, and

"Do not call me names, if you please, Mr. Tempest," she said, with pretty

'No right while you are betrothed to

nor darling to you. I am simply Miss Douglas, as before you recognized me.

And, by the bye, please do not let Mrs.

Douglas and your fiance into the seoret of my identity. I am too proud to have them know from whence I came,"

said Dawn, recovering her calmness,

womanlike, more rapidly that he did.

'And now do you know it is supper-

"How can you think of those puer-

"I have to take thought for myself,

He smothered a naughty exclamation

he questioned, reproachfully.

time, and I have to dress for the even-ing? Mrs. Elmore will scold me for

ile things when I have so much to say

and—you—ought to consider Aurora Douglas," she replied, with affected

lightness to hide her strong emotion.

on his lips, and as he turned to walk

make some little opportunity for me

ed a glance of sulky rage at Dawn, and

"Miss Douglass, I want to speak to

"Pardon me, Aurora, I will see Miss

Douglas to the door first," he retorted,

cried angrily to her companion. "Tracy

he asked, with a keen glance into her

"She would not stop at a bowl of poison for her triumphant rival."

Dawn Douglas dead with all her heart.

[To be Continued.]

The Poets.

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THE BOY WHO WHISTLES.

With happy face and heart of joy;

And whistling lightens it for you,

Whistle a tune when things go wrong,

Hoeing the corn, or pulling the weeds,

And that would seem the next best

That you can do, perhaps 'twill cheer

The hearts of some who chance to

And scold, and fret, no one can doubt;

Do all the good you can each day,

TODAY?

saw a load of new-made hay,

I saw a maiden fair and cute-

saw a man in his summer suit-

Riddle me, riddle me, right!

What did I see in the sky today?

A raft of clouds near the milkyway,

And the hat she wore was just a beaut

-Toronto Truth.

Gathering fruit or raking the hay,

Whistle a tune, if you can't sing,

Whistle away my merry boy,

If e'er your task is hard to do,

Whether it be sowing the seeds,

Or driving cows, whistle away.

Better to whistle than to pout,

So keep a merry heart, my lad,

And thus make other people glad

And as you toil, whistle away.

Riddle me right!

zest?

my vest?

I saw a sweet cerulean sky.

I saw a flock of crows on high.

And I saw a great big butterfly,

Riddle me, riddle me, right!

Who did I see on the street today?

What made my heart thump 'neath

SATISFIED.

Love wore a threadbare dress of gray,

Love wielded pick and carried pack.

And bent to heavy loads the back.

One only wage Love ever asked-

A child's white face to kiss at night.

CURIOUS HORSESHOES.

In Iceland horses are shod with

sheep's horns; in the Soudan the horses

are shod with socks made or camel's

skin. A German not long ago invented

a horseshoe of paper, prepared by sat-

urating with oil, turpentine and other ingredients. Thin layers of such paper

are glued to the hoof till the required

thickness is attained; and the shoes thus made are durable, and impene-

trable by moisture.

-Lippincott's.

Though meager fed and sorely tasked.

-The Khan in Toronto Star.

Did I see the girl I love the best?

Riddle me, riddle me, right!

And toiled upon the road all day.

Who did I see just 'er the way?

thing

hear.

If it will help you to be strong,

to gain it for my own?"

with chilly courtesy, and passed in.

Tracy, if you will excuse him a min-

you will give me no right.'

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The pier was quite deserted, though, he said, the view was beautiful from there. They walked out to its full length, and stood looking out over the wide expense of sun-gilded waves, catching the last reflection of the sinking sun. Yonder in the distance, a stately steamer, en route from Richmond to New York, rode the waves in confidence and pride. Tracy Tempest

You despise me," said sadly to Dawn.

I?" flurriedly. You need not deny it; I have read It in your eyes," he continued, low and "Your blue eyes say to me every day that I am a mercenary wretch who am madly in love with one woman and pledged to marry another— another who has no interest in my eyes except that she is a great heiress."
"Mr. Tempest?"

Why deny it?" he questioned drearfly. "It is what everyone else is saying. They all know-even my unfortunate affianced-that I-love-you. Forgive me. I had no right to say it; but the fact remains. And they say, 'He is a mercenary wretch, Why does he not ask the heiress to release him, that he may woo the woman he loves?' You, too, in your heart, Miss Douglas, have said these things of me."

She looked away from him, pale and agitated, her eyes mechanically following the moving steamer. She would not deny his accusation: It was too true. "You do not speak," he said hoarse-"Have you not one word to say to e, Miss Douglas?"

She turned her beautiful flushed face to him and said, rapidly, passionately:
"What is there for me to say? You have already spoken my thoughts aloud.
If I were a man I would woo where I loved. I would not sell myself for sordid gold. I wonder at you, that you by her side back to the hotel, said imploringly:

"But you will let me speak to you ce so noble, so true, so brave!"
"What do you mean? To what do you again on this subject? I have so much to ask, so much to confess. You will

she answered, with bright tears in her this evening?"
"I will try," she promised.
And then they came face to face with
Herbert Arden and Lettle, who flash-

"They tell me that once there was a young girl, poor and of humble birth, whose name, by accident, became linked with yours in a compromising way; and you-you, who can so lightly barter honor now-you offered to marry that girl and save her name from vil lage soandal. That was brave; that was noble; and—and—won my highest ad-

So you know that?" he said, sigh-"Ah, me, Miss Douglas, how long ago that seems now! She was very proud, that poor, pretty girl, and she is dan refused to marry me. Ah, had she night. only consented all this misery would have been saved to me now."

The blue eyes looked at him eagerly.
"What do you mean?" she said.
"Surely the girl acted wisely. She, poor and lowly, born, as they say, was no mate for the heir of Cedarhurst." You contradict yourself, Miss Douglas," he replied with dreary impatience. "How can you prate to me of class distinctions now when a little while ago you declared for love alone, with the world well lost?"

There was a minute's pause while Dawn's color varied from red to white and white to red. Then she said, with an effort at calmness:

But in that case, I understood there was no love-only a girl's helplessness

Tracy Tempest answered huskily: "So it seemed to everyone then, even myself; but afterward, when she left me in her proud helplessness, either from pity or from admiration, for her noble self-sacrifice I scarce know what, my heart went after her, and the last time I saw her I realized too late that I loved her with all the passion of a man's heart.'

The last time?" she murmured. "Yes, it was a few weeks after she disappeared from Sunnyside. I was in Washington, coming from the theater with-with the new claimant to Cedarhurst. We met face to face in the glare of the gaslight. She-little Vixen Jarvis-was clinging to the arm of a middle-aged man; she was splendidly attired, smiling, happy. My companion drew me rudely away, and muttered some words of contempt and scorn that set my brain on fire. Then, with the burning pang of jealousy and despair,

came the consciousness of love."

Carried away by the force of her emotion, by the sweetness of the knowledge that had come to her only at this moment, Dawn cried out, in tones of piercing regret: 'Ah, Mr. Tempest, if she had known

you loved her, she would have married you that day!" He started and fixed his eyes inquiringly on the lovely, agitated eyes. Like a flash the truth broke over his

Catching her little hand in his, he exclaimed: "Great heaven, how blind my eyes have been, although my heart was true to its instincts! You are she you are

my lost little Vixen!"

CHAPTER XXXV. The sun had sunk below the level of the waves now, and the gray twilight was fading over land and sea, marking indistinctly the lines of the receding steamer, but there was still light enough for him to trace every lineament of that startled, agitated face, and with every instant its identity grew plain-He gazed with longing eyes at its stupid that he did not recognize it

I understand all now!" he "Oh. "The cruel lie she hinted at was false. The man I saw with you that night was your adopted father.'

## MR. J. D. ROBINSON,

DUNDAS, ONT.,

Cives His Honest Opinion of Milburn's Heart and

Nerve Pills.

Mr. J. D. Robinson, a resident of Dundas. Ont., has found these pills to do all that is claimed for them and made the following statement of his case:

"Some time ago I obtained a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can now without hesitation say that they have been beneficial in relieving me of an obstinate and long standing complaint A woman's smile by candle light. affecting my heart and nerves.

"I was troubled with sleeplessness, dizziness, palpitation and neuralgia for such a long time that I had really given up hope of a cure. Now, that others may learn of the virtues of this remedy, I give my unsolicited testimony.

"My honest opinion is that there is no oure so good for heart and nerve troubles as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 8 for \$1.25, at all druggista

### Light and Shade.

green that day, the same Vixen that If happiness hae not her seat fell at my feet from the window of And centre in the breast. And centre in the breast, the old west wing where your unkind sister had locked you in. And—great heaven!—it was little Vixen that re-leased Mrs. Douglas from her long im-We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest. -Robert Burns.

An English tourist who had left a Yes, but I dared not tell you that look for it. On asking the occupants of a third class compartment whether "And she even she who owes you they had sen anything of a "Macintosh?" "Na, na," one of them replied, "we're a' Macphersons here." such gratitude—has failed to recognize terness in her low tones. "She fails to recognize me. She is even offended

"There is no occasion for you to envy me," said the prosperous person.
"I have as many troubles as you." "I s'pose ye have, mister," admitted Dismal Dawson; but the difficulty with me is that I ain't got anything else."

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foilage in the spring time. "Ah, yes," said the wee lassie, "I understand; they "Pardon me, but great heavens, Dawn, you know how madly I love keep their summer clothes in their you, how I have always loved you, yet

"Oom Paul is a man of few words," another woman, Mr. Tempest. So long remarked the man who talks wise. as you remain hers, I am neither Dawn "Well," answered the flippant friend, "you take a look at some of the words in a Dutch dictionary and you won't blame him."—Washington Star.

## Is it a Good Ching to Cake?

This is a question frequently asked about

### Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Ask the thousands who use Abbey's Salt, and who have tried it and tested it. It cures all disorders of the digestive organs, clears the complexion and is unequalled as a refreshing drink.

Minimum Manumum Manumu

The late Dr. John Baker Edwards, Official Analyst for the Dominion Government at Montreal, made a careful study and analysis of this preparation. He wrote over his

own signature: Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage."

A pamphlet explaining the many uses of this fine preparation will be mailed free on application to the Abbey Effervescent Salt Co. Limited, Montreal.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c and 6oc a bottle.

SHE'AND ME. Her hair is smooth, His hair is rough; Her voice is low, His voice is gruff; She holds her school books in her lap, He swings his by the leather strap; Her dress is clean,

His coat is not; She says "I can't," He, "I forgot"; She's naughty sometimes; so is he,

And both as sorry as can be SHOPPING IN SCOTLAND.

It has been said that the Scottish dialect is peculiarly powerful in its use vowels, and the following dialogue between a shopman and a customer has been given as a specimen. The "How I hate that upstart girl!" Lettle conversation relates to a plaid hanging at the shop door: is dangling after her from morning till Customer (inquiring the material)-

"Why do you not marry him and put an end to his outrageous flirtations?" Shopman—Ay, oo (yes, of wool). Customer—A' oo? (all wool?). Shopman-Ay, a' oo? (yes, all wool).

flushed, angry face.
She muttered something so low that Customer-A' As oo? (all same he did not catch the words, but he saw such a flerce, murderous look in her eyes that she shuddered and thought: wool?). Shopman—Ay, a' ae oo (yes, all same wool).—Weekly Telegraph.

LACE.

Lettie was indeed thinking some hard Lace should be ironed on a pad of and wicked thoughts. She was wishing felt or thick flannel, as this raises the "I would push her into the sea if I had a chance, and no one could see pattern, and a fairly hot iron, which should be scrupulously clean, is necesme," she said to herself, passionately. sary, as the starch causes a cool iron 'If I leave her alone she will take him to stick. Iron straight across the lace from me. He will throw everything to at first, and then into the points, unthe winds and forsake me for her sake. rolling the lace as you finish each and honor on one side, and a man's I shall not trust any longer to Mrs. piece, thus preventing a rough-dried chivalry on the other."

I shall not trust any longer to Mrs. piece, thus preventing a rough-dried pouglas. I shall tell him myself that, appearance. If very fine and cobwebby, unless he marries me soon, I shall be- the lace is often pinned out, and not tray all, and his old father shall go to ironed at all; or it may be ironed with prison. Then we will see how much a piece of muslin between the iron our belle will care for her adorer. Oh, and the lace. When quite finished, air why can I not win his love, when I the lace well, or it will lose all its have tried so hard and risked so much stiffness.

Chiffon washes well in the same way. but should first be ironed on the wrong side, with a cloth over it, and then 0000000000000 without a cloth. Colored and black laces should not be steeped, but may be washed and stiffened in the same way.

> Missouri is to have two new buildings for the state asylum for feeble minded, and a woman has been chosen as the architect by the board of managers. Miss Mamie Hale, of Columbia, Mo., is the person so distinguished. It is not her first public commission, as the \$50,000 Christian college building, at Columbia, was designed by her, and built under her direction. Miss Hale will visit similar institutions in New York and other states to get the latest improvements and will have entire charge of the work "from turret to foundation stone."

FEMALE REAL ESTATE AGENTS There are several women in New York who are real estate agents. It has been claimed that they have a clearer idea of the "eternal fitness of things" than men agents, and are not nearly so likely to send the customer to the wrong place. "A great deal of discrimination is required," said one of them. "Two persons may say they want a certain number of rooms at a WHAT DID I SEE ON THE STREET certain rental, yet their requirements may be wholly different. An apartment covering the points named might be in a locality entirely unobjectionable to one applicant, while the other would be positively offended by having it suggested as possible. The real estate agent must be able to judge by the ineffable something that marks and makes social distinctions, or she may lose many customers."

WORKING GIRLS' HOTEL.

Miss Ina Robertson, of Chicago, has opened a home for working girls, where board and room can be had for from \$2 to \$3 a week. Luncheon is 3 cents extra. The hotel is prettily furnished; the sleeping rooms contain two beds, and everything for the comfort of boarders is done. No religious requirements are exacted, the boarders being free, aside from regulations pre-What made me cross the way with vailing in all first-class hotels. The home is self-supporting and accommodates 25. Plans are being made to increase its capacity to four times as many, and in time it is hoped by the management that branches will be established in all parts of the city.

STAIR CLIMBING. If one would avoid fatigue in climb-

ing stairs, a necessary act in a city like Chicago, where many buildings have no elevators, he must learn now to do it property. A physician of repute tells how this should be done "Usually," he said, "a person will tread on the ball of the foot in taking each step. This is very tiresome and wearing on the muscles of the legs and feet. You should in walking or climbing stairs seek for the most equal distribution of the body's weight possible. In walking up stairs your feet should be placed squarely down on the step, heel and all, and then the work should be performed slowly and delib-erately. In this way there is no strain on any particular muscle, but each one is doing its duty in a natural manner. The woman who goes up stairs with a spring is no philosopher, or, at least, she is not making a proper use of reasoning faculties. The habit, too, of bending over half double when ascend-

ing a flight of stairs is exceedingly reprehensible. In any exertion of this kind, when the heart is naturally excited to a more rapid action, it is more desirable that the lungs should have full play. The crouching position interferes with their action, the blood is imperfectly aerated, and there is trouble at once. Give the lungs a chance to do their work everywhere and at all times."-Chicago Record.

TO CLEAN PATENT LEATHER SHOES.

Nice patent leather makes the neatest of footgear, but it requires care to keep it in order. There is no better dressing for it than a very little salad oil. Before wearing a new pair of patent leather boots it is expedient to well rub in a small quantity of salad oil and then to polish with a soft cloth. This is to prevent the leather from cracking, as it sometimes does. Patent leather should never be dried by the fire, for heat has a way of causing the leather to harden and crack.

CLEANSING BRASSWORK.

Chased brass goods, such as are generally known as Benares work, are easily cleaned in this way: Wash in hot soap and water and dry thorough-Cut a lemon in half, and with it rub the brass. When it looks clean, rinse in warm water, dry and then polish well with a chamois leather. Chased work should never be cleaned with any kind of powder.

PAVED STREETS OF NEW YORK. The paved streets of New York aggregate 1,720 miles, of which Brooklyn provides 548 miles, and Manhattan 405 miles. There are 745 miles of macadam streets: 339 miles of granite, 238 miles of cobblestones, 230 miles of asphalt, 84 miles of trap, 45 miles of Belgian block, 19 miles of brick, 13 miles of gravel and 0.08 miles of wood pavement.

SUMMER SILKS.

The desirability of India and China silk for summer wear is not under-stood. When one buys a good quality it wears excellently and is cooler than any other fabric for either street or house gowns. Every woman who values comfort in summer should have an empire gown of India silk to get into when she enters the house hot and tired from walk or ride. The prettiest mode of making is the tight without darts, and watteau back. It should be cut with a low, square neck that may be edged with lace or filled in entirely, as preferred. The sleeves should be loose puffs, reaching only to the elbow. A gown of this descrip-tion made of black India silk can be worn all summer without becoming shabby, and no woman who has ever had one will allow a summer to pass without providing it.

GINGERBREAD LOAF.

Melt four ounces of butter in a basin and stir in by degrees a teacupful of molasses. Add half a teasponful of mixed spice, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and a teacupful of warm milk. Sprinkle in sufficient flour (stirring the ingredients all the time) to bring the cake mixture to the consistency of a thick batter, beat it well, add two tablespoonfuls of split raisins which have been lightly dredged with flour and a tablespoonful of chopped lemon peel, candied. Butter a cake tin, dust it with flour, pour in the mixture and bake it in a moderately

HIS TOUCHING APPEAL. "Can I teach you to love me, Miss Genevieve?" pleadingly asked the young man. "I fear not, Mr. Spoonamore," she

answered. "Then wont you please teach me how

to teach you to love me?" he insisted, eagerly. This appealed to the assentially masculine or pedagogic element more or less latent in every woman, and she

promised to take it under considera-

PREACHING AND PRACTICING. Rev. Cassius M. Roberts is one of the wittiest and jolliest of divines, a there was placed in my hands a photo man who believes that smiling is part graph of Schiel being driven along the of a Christian's duty, and who permain street on his way to Deadwood sists in looking at the bright side of camp. His eyes were raised, and you things. Needless to say, he relishes a follow their direction to an open wingone he studied law and way to Deadwood things. Needless to say, he relishes a follow their direction to an open wingone he studied law and way to Deadwood things. Needless to say, he relishes a follow their direction to an open wingone he studied law and way to Deadwood things. agone he studied law and was admittuo girls. Yes, I thought, it is the ted to the Ross county bar and pracsame Schiel. Talk to him at Deladwood, ticed for many years. It was on a recent visit here he fell in with a number of his former comrades, and naturally they fell to talking over old

"Cassius," one of them asked at last, "how did you ever come to give up the law and enter the ministry?" 'Well, boys," he answered, his eyes twinkling, "I'll tell you. You know I was a poor lawer, and had hard work to get along. I stood it a good many years, and finally I came to the conclusion that it was a good deal easier to preach than to practice."-Denver

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your

# GEN. CRONJE'S

The Captured General Spends Most of him best. His Time on the Veranda-Can Talk English Well, but Refuses to Do So at St. Helena.

A correspondent, who has visited the Boers in St. Helena, reports their lot to be very comfortable. Cronje and his wife and three members of his staff are in Kent Cottage, perched on top of a hill, "just such a cottage as may be seen on the outskirts of many an English village. Imagine an unpretentious two-storied dwelling with slate roof, and yellow-washed walls, standing out clearly from a background of green hillside. The window frames and shutters are painted the same shade of green that you may see any day at a Dutch farmhouse in the Paarl district of the Cape Colony. In front runs a veranda, and there is a slightly raised 'stoep.' There is also some precense at a flower garden, but it is sadily neglectis a little more cultivated land with bananas and a few other trees. The scene is simplicity itself, but for the bell tent in the right-hand front corner of the garden, and the steady tramp of khaki-clad sentries, east, west, north and south.

"On the stoep and beneath the veranda for the best part of the day sits Gen. Cronje, dark of visage, somewhat long-bearded, and with hair turning gray. His eyes are deep-set, dark and ferret-like, and his demeanor is one of extreme reserve. Piet Cronje can speak English almost as well as any Transvaaler of Dutch extraction, but you may ply him in vain with questions in English. He positively refuses to speak anything but his native taal, and even then his replies are little more than monosyllables. He has little to say about anything, and is difficult to draw. Of course, he feels his position You may see that written large upon his face: but contrary to what so many people think, he appears to be very grateful for any kindness that is shown him, and fully appreciates the efforts that are made to secure his comfort. Beyond this he is as the sphinx. "It is a strange character, this of

Piet Cronje. Charges of terrible cru-elty have been laid at his door, and somehow, when you carefully regard his face, you feel sure that the man is capable of violating the terms of an armistice or firing on the women and children's laager. Yet there are some redeeming features, as, for example, when the fire of patriotism lights his eye; and more particularly in the hompaid to his wife. All day long, Mrs. Cronje, in a rusty black dress and black Boer 'koppie,' is the defeated general's companion. Others who are blood relations may emerge from the house and remain for a brief while beneath the veranda, but there is about them the restlessness and impetuosity of the younger Boer when under restraint. When, for example, I was at Kent Cottage, there came within 150 yards, just outside the cordon of sentries, two young subalterns, with field tries, two young subanterns, uses. Of glassess and snapshot cameras. Of inquisitive. The course, they were inquisitive. The general and his wife were screened by the closed end of the veranda; but a younger relation was extremely annoyed. He was a fine tall young fellow in shirt-sleeves, and the inevitable slouch hat. As he caught sight of the officers he gesticulated violently, flung his arms about and muttered in Dutch. Then he hurriedly entered the house, but only to emerge a minute later, if anything, more restless than ever. Cronje and his wife, however, have acquired the habit of sitting still. His attachment to her is very great. Talk to him, and he will immediately make reference to her views and acts. Cronje. the devoted husband, the Cronje of Potchefstroom, of Mafeking and of Kimberley! You come away feeling that the conjunction is incongruous. SCHIEL LEARNS A LESSON.

"Quite a different man is Command-ant Schiel. Here you have one who has received training in European military schools. There is much of the soldier of fortune about him; but there is much that is superficial and insincere. When I last saw Commandant Schiel he was a prisoner on board her majes-ty's ship Penelope at Simonstown. Today he has recovered from his wound and occupies a tent standing alone and within sight of the house in which Napoleon lived and died. But it is the same Schiel. At Simonstown the sight of ladies in a boat approaching the prison ship sent him in ecstasy of delight and he would chatter away with fervor about "the dear ladies." Almost as soon as I stepped ashore on St. Helena

Dear Sirs,-Within the past year I know of three fatty tumors on the head having been removed by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT without any surgical operation, and there is no indication of a return. CAPT. W. A. PITT,

Clifton, N. B. Gondola Ferry.

and there is the same assumption-it is not real-of the old devil-may-care spi-

COTTAGE PRISON | "Next time I fight," he says, it shall be on the side of the British," but you feel instinctively that if he ever fights again it will be on the side that pays

"'Oh, the war will not last long,' he tells you; 'that is, if one thing hap-pens. If you beat the Boers well at Kroonstad, it will be all over in three

weeks.' "Then we will change his tune. The assumed gayety passes away, and al-most pleadingly he will tell you that he is not at all well treated, and that he has made application to be allowed to roam the inland on parole. Yet all the time this insincere creature knows that he has been guilty of more attempts to escape than any other of the pris-

oners. "The Boer prisoners are being well treated. This I know as a fact, and as the result of personal inquiries and ob-servation on the spot. But, of course, there will be some objections. for example, declares that the British prisoners at Pretoria are permitted to go out pienicking and so forth; and then he will make comparisons. of this statement we have no confired. The garden is inclosed by a black mation. Other prisoners, however, wooden paling, and still further in front speak well of their treatment, and I do know as a fact that all of them are better fed and get more fresh meat

than their guards. "Unfortunately, sickness had broken out among the Boer prisoners before they left the Cape. The sick, however are extremely well cared for. As I write, there are 20 in hospital out of the 500 on shore, and two have died. These were accorded military honors, and were buried over the hills beyond Cronje's new home.

### SIMPLE DYSPEPSIA CURE

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Simple in Action, Sure in Effect

fire as it is for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Billousness or any other kind of stomach trouble to resist the action of Dodd's Dyspensia Tablets.

This is a big assertion. But it's a big fact. The experience of thousands has proved it, and all men can't be liars. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets can't help curing Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, etc. They do it very sim-ply and easily, too. They digest the food. The stomach does not help. It rests, and the Tablets give it health and vigor—make it over—new, in fact. That's all there is about it.

One or two Tablets will prove their worth. Are you tortured with a dead weight on your stomach after eating? Take a couple of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets after your meal, and see if they don't relieve you. They digest the food that your weak, exhausted stomach can't digest.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, etc., so quickly, easily and pleasantly that you forget that you were ever troubled with it. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets purify the blood, restore the shattered nerves. give new vigor to the stomach and bowels, and make the complexion pure and clear. These effects follow the proper digestion of food as surely as day follows night.

Who would walk open-ered into a furnace at white heat? Who would deliberately tread, bare-foot, on a rattlesnake? Who would suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia or any of their kindred ills, when for 50 cents, a box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, a positive, unfailing cure for these diseases can be got?

The municipal control of the gas works at Rochdale has been so successful that £13,000 has been produced for the relief of the rates.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever. Dr. T. Felix Gourand's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.



similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.

Also Poudre Subtile recovers a service of the said to a lady of the least harmful of all the skin preparations. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous bair

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