A LIFE IN PERIL.

STORY OF A GIRL SAVED BY A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE.

She Suffered From Headaches, Dizziness and Night Sweats—Her Friends Feared She Was Going Into Consumption.

From L'Avenir, St. Jerome, Que.

Among the thousands of young girls who bless Dr. Williams Pink Pills for safely carrying them through that most perilous period of their lives when they step from girlhood into the broader realm of womanhood, there is none more enthusiastic than Miss Gabrielle Thomas, a young lady known to most of the residents of St. Jerome, Que., and greatly esteemed by all her acquaintances. To a reporter of L'Avenir du Nord, Miss Thomas said: "From the time I was fourteen until I was eighteen years of age my health was very bad. I was very weak; had no appetite and could do no work. At night I perspired greatly and frequently slept but little. I suffered from headaches, dizziness and could scarcely move about without becoming breathless, and I finally reached a stage when my friends feared I was going into consumption. I was under the care of doctors, but their treatment did not help me. I then tried several advertised medicines, but with the same poor results and I had come to think I could not get better. One day I read in a newspaper the statement of a young girl whose symptoms were almost identical with my own, who was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I then decided to try this medicine and have reason to bless the day I did so. I had only used the pills a few weeks when I began to get better, and in a couple of months every symptom of my trouble had disappeared and I was as strong and healthy as any girl of my age. I have since always enjoyed the best of health, and I shall be glad indeed if my experience proves helpful to some other suffering girl."

The happiness of health for both men and women lies in the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which act as a nerve tonic and supply new blood to enfeebled systems. They have cured many thousands of cases of anaemia, "decline," consumption, pains in the back, neuralgia, depression of spirits, heart palpitation, indigestion, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance and partial paralysis. But substitutes should be avoided if you value your health; see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on every box. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Leading People.

The name of the Austrian Emperor recently figured in the will of one of his poor but loyal subjects. The sum left to His Majesty amounted to $2, and the Emperor accepted it as an acknowledgement of a singular display of loyalty.

Mr. Arthur Balfour recently paid a private visit to Westminster Abbey. As he was walking up the cloister he stepped on a length of red carpet which had been unrolled for cleansing purposes. The man in charge of the carpet, not knowing he was addressing a distinguished visitor, gruffly shouted, "Now, then, take your boots off that carpet, please." Mr. Balfour at once stepped aside and walked on the stone pavement.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema tells an amusing story of the fate of one of his larger pictures in his early student days. When completed it was so far from satisfactory to himself that he called in some youthful students and invited them to jump through the canvas, the painter himself leading the way. On another occasion he cut a picture from its frame and gave it to an old woman to use as a table-cover; the recipient declared that it was much better than the common oilcloth, and having plenty of paint it did not let the water through.

Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., relates that the German Emperor, when a little boy, was an uncommonly bad sitter. His portrait was required for the picture of the marriage of the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) for Queen Victoria. Whilst Mr. Frith worked at the canvas the lad was assigned one corner of it, which he daubed with his brushes and kept himself good. One day he tired of this painting and covered his own face with streaks of vermilion and blue. Mr. Frith removed the paint with turpentine, but received many kicks for his pains.

The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who is the next heir to Queen Wilhelmina, is a wealthy young prince. He is twenty-six years of age and unmarried. In Germany, it is said, he has a reputation for "bulls" worthy of an Irishman. Once while visiting a public school he noticed two boys of striking similarity in appearance. "Why, what a remarkable likeness!" he exclaimed. "Those lads must be twins!" "Yes, your Royal Highness," remarked the principal, and he beckoned the two frightened youngsters to him. "Ah, my son," said the Prince, placing his hand on the head of one of them "what is your name?" "Heinrich." "And how old are you?" "Six." "And you?" he said, turning to the other boy. On another occasion his kind heart took pity on a murderer sentenced to imprisonment for life, and he proposed to remit the "last three years of the sentence."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

A Positive Cure for Hot Weather Ailments.

In the hot weather the little ones suffer from bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Their vitality is lower now than at any other season. Prompt action at this time often saves a valuable little life. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world for little ones at this time. They speedily relieve, promptly cure, and give sound, refreshing sleep. The Tablets should be in every home where there are little ones during the hot weather months. Mrs. P. Ferguson, 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, says:—"I have found Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine I have ever used for children. My baby was attacked with dysentery and was hot and feverish. I gave him the tablets and they promptly cured him. Before this he had been rather delicate but since using the Tablets, he has been much better in every way. I can sincerely recommend the Tablets to all mothers with ailing children."

Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to be absolutely free from opiates and harmful drugs. Children take them readily, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. They are sold at all drug stores or will be sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER XVI.

It is a dull day, gray and sullen, yet full of a treacherous heat,—so heavy a day that the very summer wind is subdued. Not a sign escapes it, no faintest breeze disturbs the unnatural calm of the atmosphere. Every one is languid, and indisposed for work of any kind, and keeps looking round for cozy chairs and pleasant novels, over which to sleep away the dragging hours.

Sir John Blunden, half in and half out of the drawing-room window, with one foot resting on the balcony,—that is fragrant with drooping flowers,—is yawning tranquilly three times in every minute. Kitty, inside, is trying to deceive herself into the belief that she is doing crewel-work, but in reality wondering whether she can summon up enough energy to order the carriage and put on her things and go to spend an hour or two with Gretchen.

"I'm dining at Richmond this evening," says Sir John, presently, having overdone the yawning until he has become almost wakeful.

"Are you?" returns Kitty, growing herself wakeful on the spot. "With whom?"

"Lady Cyclamen, and Mrs. Charteris, and Landor, and some other fellows; Laura Redesdale, too, I think, and another woman, whose name I forget."

"Ah!" says Kitty, in a difficult tone. Feeling her color rise, she turns her head and examines with affected interest the basket of silks beside her.

"Bore,—rather," says Sir John. "Too hot a day to be energetic or conversational, or that."

"Then why go, if it is unpleasant to you?"—with just the faintest suspicion of a sneer.

"When a fellow promises, you know, it looks badly dropping out of it afterwards. And when she asked me I hadn't an excuse ready."

"When—who asked you?"

"Fancy Charteris."

"So I imagined. You are almost necessary to her, it seems to me. Are you to be her special property this evening?"

"No such luck," says Sir John, whose want of observation is quite unique. "I'm safe to be given over to the tender mercies of that other woman, who will, no doubt, expect me to converse straight through dinner. What a jolly sell she'll get!"

"And you knew of all this for a whole day, and never told me until now!" says Kitty, with lowered head and fingers that trifle nervously with a paper-knife lying on the gypsy-table near her.

"I knew it for two days," says the irrepressible Sir John, "and never thought of it until this morning. I should probably have forgotten it altogether had not I met Mrs. Charteris in the Park."

"You met her to-day?"

"Twice. Once in the Park, in the morning (by the bye, what a pretty chestnut that is she rides! I must get one like it for you), and later on, driving. She pulled up, and took me as far as Tattersall's."

"I dare say. She is the most obliging woman I know,—and the fastest. She is—to say the least of it—wretched form."

"My dear Kitty, don't begin," says Sir John, with a glance of exaggerated horror, "We all know that when 'women's thoughts about women' are spoken they are calculated to make one's hair stand on end. You are awfully down on that poor little woman. I wonder why?"

"I shall not say another disparaging word of her, as it distresses you so much," says Kitty, pale but quiet.

She never harmed you in any way."

"No—never." As she speaks she rises, with a book in her hand and moves towards the door.

"Kitty——" says Jack, quickly.

"Well?"—coldly, glancing back from the door-way.

"I shall be away all the evening. I want to say good-bye to you."

"Good-bye," returns she, icily, and going out, closes the door firmly behind her.

A minute or two later Sir John opens it again, and goes down the stairs and into the street, whistling gayly. He wonders a little "what's up with Kitty"—his usual inward interrogation—and then decides she has some secret grudge against Fancy Charteris, some jealousy about clothes, or a fancied slight, or a very superior bonnet—"women are so odd,"—and then dismisses the whole question from his mind with the comforting reflection that "everything falls into line in time," and meeting Danvers, goes on his way rejoicing.

Meantime, Kitty, to whose heart his careless departure has given more pain than she would willingly, acknowledge even to herself, having flung, with some impatience, the book she carried upstairs to the other end of the bedroom,—as though it, poor innocent fledgling of some youthful brain, had been the primary cause of all her discomfort,—dresses herself, and, filled with a curious fancy that it may be possible to cheat grief, goes, not to Gretchen but to the Park.

It is almost empty. But as she drives onwards she meets Cyclamen, to her surprise, with little Olive beside her.

Beckoning to her, she draws up, and says, with a most successful smile and in a charmingly indifferent tone, that doesn't deceive her friend in the least,—

"You will be late for your Richmond dinner."

"I am not going. No, some one told me yesterday the day would be unpleasant, so I wrote a little note to Mrs. Charteris explaining all things. I do so hate rain and confusion of all kinds. I am positive we shall have a thunder-storm before the evening is passed. You are not going?"

"No. I knew nothing of it until to-day," says Kitty, calmly, who is too proud to dissemble. "Laura is going."

"I think not. Only Fancy and Lady Inman. It will be a failure, I shouldn't wonder."

"Ah!" says Kitty; and then she smiles again, and nods gayly, and says something pretty to the small pensive child, who sits, like a frail shadow of her mother, on the right hand, and passes on with a calm face, but a breast too troubled for expression to give relief.

So she goes homeward full of bitter thoughts. Cyclamen not going, her Laura. They will be together, going there virtually alone, for Lady Inman doesn't count; she is as stupid as her husband, and he is the dullest man alive. Could Jack have known all this and suppressed it? The thought is agony, and for that reason she hugs it, and dwells upon it, and tortures herself with it, until finally she brings herself to believe her husband has purposely lied to her and hidden from her what he deemed it expedient she should not know.

So Kitty suffers, the more cruelly that she endures in secret; while Sir John goes down to Richmond and enjoys his evening straight through without blemish from start to finish. And Kitty, in her own room,—having refused dinner under plea of headache,—is crying her lovely eyes almost blind, and wearing out her bedroom carpet in a vain endeavor to walk down the passionate doubt and suspicion that are consuming her, perhaps (with a slight clenching of the small white hand), looking into her eyes, returning with interest her coquettish glances,—designing rather than coquettish,—holding her hand, it may be. Oh, no, no! Jack would not, could not do that! It is too much. It is impossible. He cannot altogether forget how he once loved the poor girl who truly loves him,—his own wife! How late it is! Eleven! If anything should have happened to him! He is such a reckless fellow. With a wild pang of anguish she remembers how she refused him that last caress he asked for when parting,—she closed the door upon his entreaty. How could she have been so callous, so unloving? No wonder he has flown to others for——

A step upon the stairs, "Nancy Lee" whistled very airily and vigorously, and Kitty, oblivious of her fears a moment since, freezes again.

"I say, Kitty, are you awake?" says Jack, knocking gently at her door as a clock in the distance chimes twelve; then, emboldened by the light that comes to him through the chink of the door, he goes on louder: "It was no end of fun. Let me in, and I'll tell you all the news. You would have enjoyed it tremendously, spite of your prejudice."

"I dare say,"—slowly. "But I am tired now. I cannot be disturbed. You can tell me all about it to-morrow."

"All right," says Jack, somewhat affronted at her tone, and, going into his dressing room, tells himself some people are cold and don't care for other people who care for them as they ought to care.

Which speech, though hardly graceful, satisfies him, which is, of course, everything.

Just two hours before this, in Richmond, the storm so long expected had broken forth in all its fury. Great flashes of blinding lightning intermingled with the grand roar of the thunder from on high; while ever and anon the passionate bursts of rain flung themselves against the window-panes of the hotel, almost drowning the gay laughter and merry voices of those within, where Blunden and Fancy Charteris and Laura Redesdale (who had gone down there at the last moment, having been persuaded thereto by Fancy and all the others) were holding high revelry.

When the hour for departure came, Sir John and Fancy and Laura Redesdale started together to catch the train. Now, as it so happened, Arthur Blunden came up to town that night by the same train, being unwilling to spend another hour outside the place that held his heart's idol; and as he stepped from his carriage on his arrival at the station, he saw, walking just before him, two figures, both so familiar, and one so bound up with every fondest thought of his heart, that he stopped short to contemplate them more at his leisure.

One is Fancy; her companion is Sir John Blunden. Laura Redesdale, who has run on before to her carriage (having telegraphed for it), is out of sight. So that Arthur, knowing nothing of that dinner at Richmond, sees only the woman he loves alone at eleven o'clock at night with the man he has long deemed his rival, and, with a brain on fire and a heart desolate, tells himself with a desperate sense of certainty, that surely she is false to him, and inconstant beyond belief.

He makes a step forward, as though suddenly filled with a mad desire to reach her, to take her from his cousin, and declare aloud his engagement to her. Then the sickening knowledge that all the interference and all the loud talking in the world cannot alter facts checks him, and, turning abruptly aside, he strides away home. Flinging himself undressed upon his bed, he fights with his grief and desperate disappointment until morning breaks and the "sun begins to gild the eastern sky."

The early day passes slowly; but with the afternoon comes a resolution to seek Fancy, to upbraid her to her face, to accuse her of her sin, and, having thrown up his engagement with her, quit England forever.

Arriving at her door he is, perhaps, a trifle embarrassed at hearing she is within; but, following the man upstairs, with grim determination on his brow, he is ushered into a cozy boudoir, so dear to him in happier hours, where Fancy reigns queen.

He is looking worn and haggared, as one who has not slept for many nights; and there is an ill-disguised air of sternness and misery about him that makes itself felt.

"My dear Arthur," she says, "has anything happened? You look as if you had seen a ghost. Have you?"—with a little nervous laugh.

"I wish I could believe I had," he says, with sudden passion, pushing her hand off his arm. "No, it was you I saw last night,—you—alone with John Blunden at eleven o'clock."

She changes color, and an indescribable expression comes into her eyes. She moves away from him, and in her withdrawal from his side there is a suspicion of scorn, and surprise, and indignation.

"No doubt," returns she, with a disdainful shrug: "I should think we were quite visible to the naked eye."

"What were you doing at that hour?"

"I decline to answer you when you address me in that tone."

"I insist upon an answer to my question," exclaims he, vehemently.

"By what right do you insist?"

"By the right of our engagement."

"Then your right no longer exists. Our engagement is ended,—over. I will not be bound to any man who could distrust me as you do."

"You are indeed in a hurry to break your chains," says he, in a low tone.

"I am. Why should I subject myself to this kind of thing? I am not accustomed to it."

"Have I accused you of anything but the truth? Were you not alone with Sir John at eleven o'clock when,—when—And now you decline to say where you were, or why you were with him. And when you knew I had so often objected to your intimacy with him."

"Pray do not let us pursue the subject," says Mrs. Charteris, haughtily. "Too much has been said already."

"Am I to understand that for the future we meet as strangers?" demands he, hotly.

"As you will, of course"—quietly. "Indeed, I think it a very wise suggestion. Remember, however, it emanates from you. You are the hurried one this time, not I. I should be glad, too, if you would try to understand something else. That I wish——"

A pause.

"Yes?" from Arthur.

"You would go away! I am quite tired of it all."

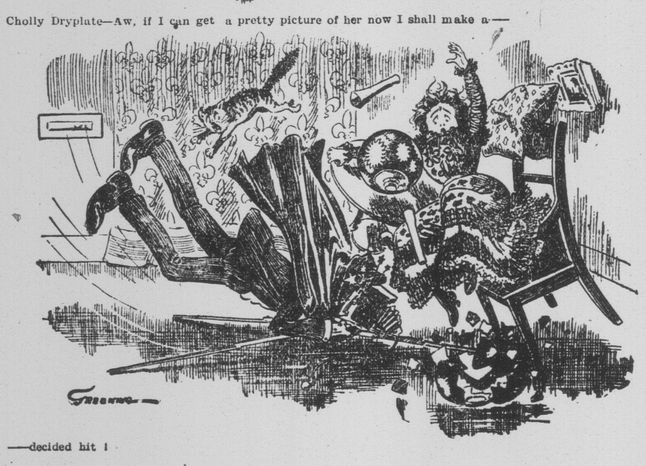
"You shall be obeyed," says Arthur, very grandly; and, taking up his hat, he moves towards the door and takes his departure.

(To Be Continued.)

THOSE SLIPPERY POLISHED FLOORS.

(A Warning to Amateurs.)

Cholly Dryplate—Aw, if I can get a pretty picture of her now I shall make a——



——decided hit!

Breathing Disease.

Infectious diseases are breathed into the system from those affected with disease or from bad smells; yet how many women breathe daily the offensive steam from common soaps made from rancid fats, and keep their hands for hours in such solutions, and the clothing from such soap suds is worn next the tender skin. No wonder disease and eczema are prevalent! Users of Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—know the difference between that and the pure, healthful smell from the vegetable oils and pure edible fats in Sunlight Soap. 208

THE MAKING OF WARSHIPS

BEAUTIFUL MODELS AND WHAT THEY COST.

Miniature Men-of-War and Ocean Liners.—Complete in Every Detail.

It is not generally known that it is the custom of a large shipbuilders to first make a model of the proposed new battleship before the keel is laid in the yard. There are several reasons for doing this. First because it greatly facilitates the construction of the vessel. The lines of the ship are laid down from the model, working and other drawings are then made from these lines, and the material ordered from the model and drawings, says London Answers.

These models are very elaborate affairs. They take from two to six months to build, and cost anywhere from $1,000 to $4,000, and even more. All the large shipbuilders have a model-room, and a visit to one of these museums is an interesting diversion. Mr. Charteris, the model-room at the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company some very fine specimens of model work may be seen. They are nothing less than a faithful representation in miniature of some of the famous battleships of the day. Every gun and boat that the ships carry are represented on these beautiful toys.

The company in question are now building two new vessels for the British navy, the Duncan and Cornwallis. The museum boasts of a very fine model of these sister ships. An inspection of it reveals the number of guns the warships will carry when completed. There are four 12in. breech-loading guns, twelve 6in. quick-firing, and 26 other guns to each vessel. There are also four torpedo dischargers, and a little nickel-silver torpedo is shown in the act of being fired.

In all the models of warships seen in this interesting museum the guns, large and small, are faithfully represented. Complicated electric winches, regulation chain cables, tiny engines, battle hatches with gratings of iron bars, steering wheels—everything, in short, is of "service" pattern, even to the least block for the running rigging. Much of the work is quite as delicate as that done by any watchmaker, often requiring the use of a magnifying glass in finishing and adjusting the almost microscopic parts, and the artisans engaged in this kind of work take an odd sort of pride in giving the toys capability of motion wherever possible—in other words, making them practical and real.

The 6in. rifle that frowns from a port is almost as elaborate in its mechanism as the huge weapon which it imitates so accurately. Attached to the smoke-stack are a whistle and a steam-siren in miniature; ventilators turn their gaping mouths to an imaginary breeze; Ardois signals are ready to flash; and searchlights are prepared to reveal the approach of a prowling enemy.

These exquisite examples of toy-making are, of course, the property of the builders. But the Admiralty make models of warships for their own use, that is to say, models of each class of battleship. They are made at Chatham by mechanics specially engaged for the task. If anything, these miniature ships are more elaborate than those turned out by the shipbuilders. From four to six months is the time spent on one model.

The hulls, which are generally of yellow pine, are solid and in three pieces. After they have been cut to the right shape they are glued together, and then chiselled and sandpapered until the lines exactly reproduce those of the battleship. The rudder and propeller shafts are then added, holes are bored for the window ports, when the delicate work—the fittings of the deck—may be said to commence. The masts are of wood, but painted to look like the hollow steel masts of a real battleship. The conning-tower and charthouse are invariably clever pieces of carving. Each window port is represented by a bull's-eye of glass set in a ring of metal.

Most of the models are made to scale—a quarter of an inch to the foot. Thus, a battleship of 400 feet in length would be represented by a model nearly 8¼ feet long. They cost from $1,750 to $2,250 apiece. When finished they are carefully painted. This is carried out with the utmost delicacy, so as to make the decks look as if actually made of miniature planks, while the hull is painted the same color as the original. Many of the miniatures at Chatham have nearly a score of rowboats and a couple of steam launches swinging on their little davits. They are complete to the smallest detail, even the false bottoms being supplied.

In the same way shipbuilders make models of the big liners. At the museum of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, at Belfast, may be seen a magnificent model of the Oceanic. She is shown carrying 4.7 inch guns as she would appear if called upon in time of war. This beautiful model of the great liner was made before the keel was laid in the yard, and the same plan was also carried out in the case of the giant Celtic, the largest vessel afloat.

Few have any idea of the cost of the little miniature liners that one frequently sees in the windows of the great steamship companies. Many of these cost as much as $2,500; indeed, in one of the windows of a well known steamship line in London may be seen a model of an Atlantic liner that cost $6,000 to construct. Model builders will tell you there is practically no limit to the expense which one may go to in building these charming little toys. Ten thousand dollars has been frequently given for a 10 foot model of a ship, while in one of our museums there is a model of the old warship Victory which represents an outlay of $15,000.

LAST SHOTS OF THE WAR

CONFLICT AT DEELKRAAL ON JUNE 3rd.

New Zealand Officer Falls.—Three Cape Rebels Do the Highwayman Act.

The London Standard's Pretoria correspondent in a mailed despatch gives the following account of the last shots of the war and the killing of Lieut. McKeech, of the New Zealand contingent, on June 3rd, after peace had been proclaimed. The last actual fighting appears to have taken place about Deelkraal, ten miles east of Frederickstad, on the Klerksdorp line of railway. On the afternoon of Friday, the day before peace, some Boers, anticipating the termination of the war, raided some cattle from the native location at Buffelsvei. The following day (Saturday) a body of the South African Constabulary, under Captain Fowler went out to deal with the Boers. The attack was successful, 34 cattle, 13 horses, 30 rifles, 130 saddles and one prisoner being taken, while one of the British was killed and Lieut. Treddennick and three men were wounded. The Boer casualties are not known. Exceptional precautions were taken in order that not another shot might be fired between

BRITON AND BOER.

Unfortunately, circumstances were against the peace being preserved. On June 3rd, three days after peace had been signed, Lieuts. McKeech and Raine, of the 9th New Zealand contingent, which was encamped at Vereeniging, and which had not yet seen active service, left camp to visit a laager ten miles out. They took their sporting rifles with them. On arriving at the site of the laager they found the latter deserted, the occupants having left to surrender at Heidelberg. The two officers were on their way back to Vereeniging when they were met by three Boers, who turned out to be Cape rebels, and, unthinkingly, believing that the peace had disposed of all our enemies, permitted the Boers to come up to them. The latter held up the officers and proceeded to strip them. Mr. Raine had to give up his trousers, and, while he was covered by one of the rebels, he drew his revolver from the inside pocket of his tunic, and, killing the man by shooting him

THROUGH THE HEART,

fired at a second Boer, and dropped him with a bullet, which lodged near the same spot. The third Boer, who was standing apart, then appears to have fired at Mr. McKeech, killing him on the spot and bringing down Raine with a bullet in the thigh. He then rode off, leaving one of his companions dead and the other seriously wounded. Raine managed, badly wounded as he was, to get into Vereeniging, whereupon a strong body of his regiment went out and found the body of McKeech, as well as those of the two Boers. The remains of Lieut. McKeech were brought in and interred at Vereeniging on Friday, June 6th.

The Standard's correspondent also says that General Botha has taken no pains to conceal the fact that, had it not been for the women, the war would have been finished eighteen months ago.

HAD TO BE LIFTED.

A HELPLESS CRIPPLE IS RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Lame Back Had This Man a Prisoner for a Long Time, but at Last He Found a Cure Though Given Up by the Doctors.

Napanee, Ont., July 14.—(Special)—The doctors told Simon Warner that they could do nothing for him. He had tried many medicines and treatments with no good result.

He was a helpless cripple with lame back, and for a long time his wife had to lift him in and out of bed, the pain in his back was so very severe.

In this extremity a friend's advice saved him. This man had suffered with backache himself, but had been completely cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, thus when he heard that Mr. Warner was so bad he went to his home and recommended this medicine to him.

Mr. Warner and his good wife were at first inclined to be somewhat doubtful, but here was the evidence that Dodd's Kidney Pills do cure Lame Back right before their very eyes in the person of the man who had been cured. Surely it must be true.

So after some deliberation they decided to try, and now they are very much pleased that they did so, for in a short time Mr. Warner's backache had vanished. He grew gradually stronger and better and at present enjoys the best all-round good health he has had for many years.

There is not a trace of lame back remaining, not a single symptom, and the helpless man who used to be a burden to himself and his wife is now strong and a comfort to his faithful helpmate. He says:

"We have used in all about twenty-five boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and given some away to our neighbors. I find that when they use a box they themselves are about as strong in their recommendations as we are.

"I can certainly highly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a sure cure for Lame Back, for they cured me, and I never heard of a worse case."

KNEW HER ABILITIES.

A savage dog was sniffing about a market place in search of something to eat. He came too close to a choleric gardener from the suburbs and received a kick, whereupon he fastened his teeth in the leg of the kicker, greatly to that person's consternation, and the terror of the assembled customers.

The wife of the gardener, who was assisting him in disposing of the stock of vegetables on hand, did not lose her presence of mind. She immediately picked up a stone and prepared to hurl it at the animal.

"Martha," yelled her husband, "don't throw it at the dog. Throw it at me! Throw it at me!"

She did, and the dog fell.

Such is the value of presence of mind.

An every-day soldier is walking proudly down the street, arm-in-arm with his young woman, when he runs suddenly against his sergeant. He introduces his girl very respectfully to his superior officer:

"My sister, sergeant." The Sergeant—"That's all right, my boy. She used to be mine, too."

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

A little boy was asked by his Sunday school teacher why a certain part of the church was called the altar. "Because it is where people change their names," he promptly answered.

Creditor (angrily)—"Do you expect me to call many times for this account?" Debtor (blandly)—"I do, but I hope you won't."

"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Longfellow was not thinking of

MONSOON

TEA when he wrote these lines, but they describe this delicious beverage accurately.

LEMONS Extra Fine Stock 300 or 360 size, **$3.50** PER BOX.

The DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO.

Non-Sulphurous. Odorless. Every Stick—A Match. Every Match—A Lighter

Every body ask for..... **E.B.Eddy's "Headlight" Parlour Matches**

The finest matches in the world, made from soft corky pine, and especially suitable for domestic use—put up in neat sliding boxes, assorted colors each box containing about 500 matches—three boxes in a package. .....

For Sale by All First Class Dealers.

DON'T WANT MEN THERE

CANADIANS WARNED AWAY FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Very Few Openings for Newcomers in the Conquered Country.

Mr. J. G. Jardine, who has been sent to South Africa as commercial agent for Canada, writes as follows from Durban, Natal: Kindly find space for the enclosed paragraph from the Natal Mercury of to-day, "warning intending settlers of unduly rushing to South Africa." Permit me also to emphasize for the information of Canadians desiring to come here to improve their condition, that living expenses are more than double what they are in Canada. A four-roomed house in Johannesburg, Cape Town, Durban and Pretoria rents from $30 to $40 a month, exclusive of taxes. Single men, for a bed and board (two or three in each room), pay $6 to $7 weekly, and enjoy few of the comforts and conveniences of many of our Canadian boarding-houses charging $15 of $16 monthly. Young fellows coming to South Africa require at least $600 to cover traveling expenses (second-class), and a margin over their living expenses for a few weeks after their arrival. I fear that clerks, mechanics, etc., receive bigger wages in South Africa than in Canada, but the purchasing power of a dollar in Ontario is at least equal to 10 shillings or $2.50 here. The Uitlander refugees and Boer prisoners (many of whom are salesmen and artisans) will shortly return to their homes, when the supply of such will be equal to the demand. We must not forget also that about 92 per cent. of nearly everything used is imported from abroad. Hence very skilled mechanics are required. The white population being under 700,000 in the whole of South Africa, and the blacks numbering over two millions, existing on mealies or Indian corn, and half-naked, are of no use to us commercially as consumers of our exports. Hence I imagine it will need so@e time, and a vast expenditure for railways, irrigation, house-building, etc., to place South Africa within measurable distance of Canada's enviable position at present.

AFRAID OF A RUSH.

The following is the extract from the Natal Mercury, which Mr. Jardine encloses: "It is to be hoped that steps will be taken to prevent any undue rush to South Africa, now that peace has been declared. But from the cable messages it would appear that such a rush is imminent. It will take some time yet before the country is ready to absorb a host of new-comers, and in any case it is only fair and just that the old residents who desire to return back should be given permission to do so before the gates are thrown open to all who have the amount of their passage money. In this colony at any rate we look to the early abolition of martial law, but there are many good reasons why the permit system in connection with steamship passengers should not be too speedily relaxed. In the interests of both those in the country and those desiring to come in, it is necessary that nothing in the shape of a headlong rush should occur, as such would only entail misery and hinder the rapid recovery of the country from the effects of the war. The restarting of the gold industry will now be able to go ahead by leaps and bounds, but still the surest way to a return to prosperity will be by regulating the entry of new-comers for some little time to come."

Mrs. Wanterknowe—"I should like to know, Mr. W., why you are so cross when I ask questions? Surely you don't think I have idle curiosity?" Mr. Wanterknowe (savagely)—"Idle curiosity! Great Scot, no! Yours is the most perniciously active, wideawake, sleepless, energetic curiosity it was ever my fate to encounter."

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Yours truly,
W. A. OKE,
Harbor Grace, Nfld., Jan. 8, 1898.

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