Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers certainly do make short work of headaches. 25¢ per box.
136

TORTURED BY BULGARIANS

HOW THEY TREATED BRITISH WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Clothes Torn Off, Food and Drink Refused—Back in London Tells of Hardships.

While acting as war correspondent for The Central News with the Turkish army, Mr. Angus Hamilton was taken prisoner by the Bulgarians. He has now arrived in London, and thus describes the disgraceful treatment he endured at their hands:

"I had been captured between 10 and 11 in the morning, and about 2 I was led past the halting place of the officers of the 36th Infantry, where I was stopped and questioned. The escorts' explanation that I was being taken to the quartier-general by General Popoff's orders was not sufficient for the colonel commanding, who ordered me to dismount.

"Before I could comply I was seized by a number of people, and dragged from my horse, a revolver was held to my face, a sword to my throat, and my arms were twisted behind my back. I was searched, and asked for my revolver and papers. Everything I possessed was taken from me, the colonel himself going through my pockets with a delicacy which suggested that I might have been a thief caught red-handed in the act of committing some crime.

"The conversation was pointed and personal, and was conducted in French, German and English. I was called upon to explain what my papers meant, what various pencil marks on the map which I carried indicated, and why I was wearing a Turkish uniform. I explained that I was not wearing Turkish uniform, but the ordinary shooting kit of an Englishman, but this protest elicited nothing more satisfactory than a tightening of the ropes on my arms.

"When this little scene had continued for some considerable time, I was warned that I was in peril of my life, and that if I attempted to get away I should be shot. Then I was ordered to mount my horse, my knees were strapped to the saddle, and my escort was increased to six, one of whom, an officer, rode behind me with a loaded revolver pointed at my back."

Threatened with Death.

The party failed to find the quartier-general, and at nightfall Mr. Hamilton was taken back to the bivouac of the officers of the 36th Infantry. He says:

"I was at once told to dismount, and to sit upon the ground, where my knees and ankles were bound with ropes, and the whole wearisome business of ascertaining my identity repeated. I was examined, cross-examined, and re-examined, repeatedly told that I was a liar, threatened with death, and regaled with stories of Turkish inefficiency, cowardice, and demoralization, and with epic narratives about Bulgarian bravery.

"Some three or four hours passed in this way, during which I frequently asked that my ropes might be loosened, to the end that my hands also were bound. I asked for food, but it was refused; I asked for a drink, it was refused; and when the officers round me had taken their evening meal and were dispersing to their various bivouacs, the officers of the 36th Infantry took me into a small tent, and for the best part of an hour submitted me to an experience which I never wish to have repeated.

"The ceremony was prefaced with the statement that if I would confess to being a Turkish officer I should be given a comfortable bed for the night and a good dinner. Not being able to comply I had necessarily to submit to the treatment which followed. I was made to stand up, my arms were twisted behind my back and bound, while an officer with a drawn revolver sat just behind me.

"In front of me were other officers, who proceeded to strip me and to examine my skin and my body generally for the marks which would prove that I was a Turkish officer, or, failing that, a British officer assisting the Turks. Without being able to go into the details of what happened in the tent, I may say that it was proved beyond doubt by a Red Cross man who was present that I was 'a true Constantinople Turk.'

"My clothes, my fez, my arm bandage inscribed in Turkish characters 'Correspondent of The Central News,' were, of course, direct evidence of my Turkish origin, and the officers now proceeded to go through my papers, which comprised a passport with photograph attached from the Foreign Office.

Halter Round His Neck.

"At this point some soldiers thrust into the tent a boy between 16 and 19 years of age. He may have been a Greek or Bulgarian, he certainly was not a Turk, but, having been beaten across the face with a whip and so reduced to a condition of absolute terror, he was asked whether my clothes were not those of a Turkish army officer.

"Without a moment's hesitation he identified both myself and my clothes, his willingness in this respect being equalled only by the engaging candor of one of the officers present, who suddenly recalled my name as that of a Turkish officer he had heard about at Salonika. I was now told that my identity was established, and was urged to confess my name, rank and position.

"As I elected to maintain my own point of view I was taken outside the tent to a cart which stood three of four yards away, thrown upon the ground, pulled into a sitting position and tied to a wheel. In this position I was left, being told that in the morning I was to be shot."

Mr. Hamilton remained in this exceedingly unpleasant position for something like three hours, at the end of which period a mounted orderly arrived from the divisional headquarters, whither Mr. Hamilton was half led and half dragged across country with a rope round his neck. Here it was agreed that Mr. Hamilton was a British correspondent, and the violent treatment ceased.

SHADOWED IN SILENCE.

Wiles and Work of the Up-to-date Detective.

"Watching is not what many people suppose. It is a real art. Disguises!" The speaker—a well-known detective—laughed heartily.

"Not nearly so much use is made of disguises as the sensational novelist represents. It isn't necessary. One night a man who was keeping observation in the Strand took shelter from the rain, and presently his bird followed suit, and not three yards from him, either, says London Answers. After they had both stood there for a quarter of an hour, the watched stepped out into the wet, and, as he passed the watcher, murmured: 'How clever!'

"Now, the game, you think, was up then. But the man had him in the end. By a few simple alterations in his dress, he was able to continue his watching without being spotted again.

"A curious thing happened when Neill Cream, the wholesale poisoner, was being kept under observation. He discovered, before anything definite was known against him, that he was being followed, and then did a bold thing—actually went to Kennington Road Police Station and complained!

"It is a fact, though, that he was completely taken off his guard. Not long afterwards a 'Yard' man had a drink and a chat with him in a certain public-house, and he had not the least suspicion that his affable acquaintance was a police-officer who had been dogging him all over London.

"In towns where everybody knows everybody the difficulty as regards recognition is sometimes overcome by temporarily engaging a man from London—not a police-officer, but somebody used to detective work. I know a man who has been sworn in as a 'special' at least a dozen times, and another who has often been picked for exceptional jobs because he is little. After he had given evidence in one case, the prisoner declared, in a loud voice, that he hadn't had fair play, as the witness was too little to be taken for a policeman!

"Here is another remarkable fact. Sometimes a man is watched for months on end without anybody but two persons ever knowing anything about it.

"A landed gentleman once asked a private detective to find his head-gamekeeper, against whom he had taken out a warrant which the police had been unable to execute, and to keep the man under observation till he returned from abroad in about six months. The detective discovered the man about a week later in South Kensington, and then tried to get lodgings in the same house. They were full up, and he was referred next door, where a precise, carefully-groomed man invited him into the parlor.

"'Yes; I think we can accommodate you,' said he, after the detective had told his story—a concoction, of course. 'I assume that you are respectable, and I shall certainly expect you to be, because I am Inspector ——, of Scotland Yard.'

"It was quite true; he was Inspector ——. However, awkward as the position was for the detective, he pulled through all right. He watched the ex-gamekeeper for a little more than five months, and then, on his client returning to England, gave him such information as led to the 'wanted' man's arrest.

"But you mustn't think that anybody can be shadowed. I would defy anybody to follow me in London for two hours; and I could mention people who could do the same thing, and they wouldn't all be professional 'crooks,' either.

"The worst dance I ever had was after a little doll of a woman who apparently couldn't sah 'Boo!' to a goose. Once a week she called on a solicitor in Chancery Lane, and when she left his office I was on her trail, because I wanted to know where her husband was; but six times she gave me the slip between Chancery Lane and Sloane Square."

NO LONGER FOR POOR MAN.

But Still Many Yukon Sections Not Yet Prospected.

Henry Pinkiert, who used to be a merchant in San Francisco and went to the Klondike in 1897, and has been in business in or around Dawson City ever since, says there are no mining opportunities in the immediate neighborhood of Dawson except for men and companies with big capital.

"Dawson is not growing," said Mr. Pinkiert. "In the early days there were all kinds of mining right there on the ground for the individual, but now, for a radius of about fifty miles around the town, the territory is so worked out that only big corporations can make money working it, and these have taken up a great deal of the land. The biggest operations in the neighborhood are being carried on by a South African company, which owns or practically controls all the claims within that fifty-mile radius that the Guggenheims do not control.

"In the days of the gold rush a man would stake his claim, which would run 500 feet. The moment he got that worked down to low grade he was up against a proposition that required dredges and hydraulic machinery to work on a profitable basis. The majority of small claimholders sold out, and some gave options. A few are still holding out for their prices. The Government gives a man the right to hold his claim so long as $200 worth of work is done on it in a year.

"But the situation at Dawson does not end the Klondike for the prospector by any means. I should say that part of Yukon territory is still in its infancy as a gold producer, in spite of the millions that have been taken out. The great difficulty has been getting into the interior. Small boats go up the streams now for hundreds of miles, but still there are regions practically unprotected. In the past few years the Canadian Government has helped transportation by subsidizing these craft, and this makes it possible for miners to carry up their grub in the fall and continue their work in the winter. In my opinion, one of these days we shall hear of discoveries up there that will make the Klondike finds seem insignificant. From Dawson to White Horse it is 410 miles, and there are numerous regions on both sides of the way that never have been prospected."

HUGH CLARK'S JOKE.

Hugh Clark is known as a very funny man.

As editor of the Kincardine Review, the genial member of the Commons representing South Bruce is never at a loss for a dry and humorous reply to any old kind of question.

Hugh is the colonel of the 32nd Bruce, and as such is some entertainer. During a recent camp he

Col. Hugh Clark.

was host to Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary for Ontario. There were big times around the colonel's quarters between the guests, and the newspaper men and the P.S. had a fine time sleeping out and telling stories.

One morning about two o'clock several privates on late leave, who had been down city celebrating, got past the guards and wandered about the streets of the white village singing "The Holy City" with a vengeance on the chorus, and before long the crowd was augmented by a couple dozen from the various regiments.

Mr. Hanna heard the noise and turned over on his cot. Next morning he asked Colonel Clark what the rumpus was.

"Oh," said Hugh, and he never cracked a smile, "I'll find out." He went out and gathered a coterie of newspaper men and officers back to his guest's tent for the fun. When all were comfortable Hugh started.

"Did you know that Hanna was given a 'tremendous' ovation by this camp last night?" he said, and all listened for the news.

"Yes," he continued, "it was an immense ovation for him. During the night there were throngs passing and repassing his tent crying 'Who's Hanna? Who's Hanna? Who's Hanna to the King.'"

We Do Hope It Wasn't You.

"There goes a man who hasn't a single bad habit."

"Excepting the bad habit of continually bragging that he has none."

When fools are glad wise men are sad.

Lord Byron, in reference to a lady he thought ill of, writes: "Lady —— has been dangerously ill, but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again."

Work of the British Mint.

Some colossal figures demonstrating the enormous industry of the British Mint were given in a recent report of current coinage for 1911, when over 33,000,000 sovereigns were coined. But such extraordinary despatch was even rivalled by the average output of silver during that same period, which amounted to something like 50,000,000 coins, while the bronze circulation followed closely with 14,270,400 pieces. Indeed, so heavy in point of weight was this later coinage that its dimensions had to be taken in tons, reaching 240½, 71 3/5 and 11¾ tons respectively for pennies, half-pennies, and farthings. It is also interesting to note with regard to the gold circulation that more than 5,500,000 ounces of bullion was brought into the country for the purpose of transforming it into sovereigns and half-sovereigns. While worn and thin gold coin to the tune of £2,000,000 was received back by the Mint to await recoining.

The Most Delicious
OF ALL TEAS IS
"SALADA"
CEYLON TEA—BECAUSE OF ITS UNVARYING GOOD QUALITY . . .
Sold only in Lead Packets. By all Grocers.
HIGHEST AWARD—ST. LOUIS, 1904.

1,500 Manufacturers of FURS in N. Y. City have sold their old stock and are hungry for fresh goods. We sell to them. Send for price list and ship to M. F. Plaslizer & Co., 6 East 12th St. (Cooper Sq.), New York City.

$200.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY FREE

EPAPE	NNEOCA	UPML	ATSWRYREIR
CPANE	ROYREH	YBRAPRORE	ERPA

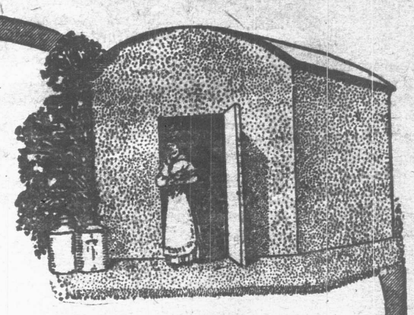
Can you arrange the above sets of jumbled letters into the names of eight well known fruits. If so, YOU CAN SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE ABOVE PRIZE. It is no easy task. But by patience and perseverance you can probably make out 5 or 6 of them. To the person who can make out the largest number we will give the sum of One Hundred Dollars. To the person making out the second largest number the sum of Fifty Dollars. To the person making the third largest number the sum of Thirty Dollars. To the person making the fourth largest number the sum of Twenty Dollars. Should two persons send answers equally correct, the first received will be entitled to the first prize. Should three send in equally correct answers, the first three prizes will be divided, (each receiving $70.00). Should four persons send equally correct answers, the whole sum of $200.00 will be equally divided (each receiving $50.00), and so on in like proportions, provided they comply with a simple condition about which we will write as soon as answers are received. WE DO NOT WANT A CENT OF YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU ANSWER THIS ADVERTISEMENT. If you can make out anything like a complete list, write us at once enclosing 2-cent stamp for our reply. DO NOT DELAY, WRITE AT ONCE. Address, CANADIAN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 81 MONTREAL, QUE.

HOTEL TRAYMORE
ON THE OCEAN FRONT.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

A magnificent ten-story, fire-proof addition is just being completed, making this famous hostelry the newest and most up-to-date of Atlantic City Hotels. A new feature is the unusual size of the bed rooms, averaging 19 feet square. Every room commands an ocean view, bath attached with sea and fresh water. Chevalglass in every chamber. Temperature regulated by Thermostadt, the latest development in steam heating. Telephone in every room. Golf privileges. Capacity 600. Write for illustrated booklet.
CHARLES O. MARQUETTE, Manager. TRAYMORE HOTEL COMPANY, D. S. WHITE, President.

BOYS AND GIRLS Don't Miss This
It's the "Best Ever"
Send Post Card to-day for particulars.
74 St. Antoine St., Montreal, Can.

A concrete milk-house makes milk worth more



PEOPLE are willing to pay more for milk that comes from a clean, sanitary dairy. In nearly every city such dairies charge from 50 per cent. to 100 per cent. more than others—and even then they can't supply the demand for pure, high-grade milk. You will get more value out of your cows if you properly cool and store the milk. Such milk is not only more wholesome—and therefore can be sold for a better price—it is also slower to sour than milk handled by ordinary methods. Ask for the free book,

"What The Farmer Can Do With Concrete"

IT will tell you how to build a concrete milk-house, and also describes scores of other uses for concrete around the home and on the farm. It is not a catalogue. Its 160 handsomely illustrated pages are devoted entirely to the subject—in which every progressive farmer is interested.

YOU do not place yourself under the slightest obligation in asking for the book. We do not even ask that you agree to use cement. Just sign the coupon attached to this advertisement, or send your name and address by letter or post card, and the book will be mailed to you at once. Address,

Publicity Manager
CANADA CEMENT COMPANY LIMITED
513-554 Herald Building, Montreal

Please send me your book

WHEN you buy cement, remember that the farmers of Canada have found that "Canada" cement is best. Look for the label on every bag and barrel.

PORTLAND CANADA CEMENT

Something New-and Better.

In this 5-Pound Sealed Package Ask your Grocer about it

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL