DOCTORS BAFFLED

BY THE CASE OF MRS. HARRISON, OF ORANGEVILLE.

She Was Completely Run Down—Racked With Pains in the Back, Head and Limbs—Again Rejoicing in Good Health.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Many cases are constantly being brought to light of persons being cured by that wonderful remedy—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—after doctors have failed to be of benefit. Among them may be noted the case of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, a well known lady who resides in the near vicinity of Orangeville, Ont. A reporter of the Sun hearing of Mrs. Harrison's wonderful cure called at her home to inquire into the facts of the case. Mrs. Harrison said she was pleased to be able to testify to the great curative powers of these pills. She said: "For some years I have been a constant sufferer. Just what to call my disease I do not know; even the doctors were unable to diagnose it. I was completely run down, I had racking pains in my head, back and limbs. I was unable to secure sound sleep, and on arising in the morning would feel as tired as before going to bed. My stomach was in a bad condition and the least movement caused my heart to palpitate violently. Doctors' treatment failed to be of benefit to me and I was in a very discouraged state when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thinking that they might relieve me a little I procured a supply and began taking them according to directions. From the first I could see that they were helping me, and by the time I had taken half a dozen boxes I was free from the ailments that had made my life miserable. It is now several years since I took the pills and not the least sign of my old trouble has since shown itself. I would strongly urge the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for any person who has a weak or run down system and I am sure they will not fail to be beneficial."

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BRITISH LOOT AT PEKIN.

Sir Claude Macdonald's Defence Of English Troops.

The North China Daily News of Shanghai, says that five classes of actions by the allies after the siege in Pekin were unjustifiable, according to the rules adopted at The Hague conference. It enumerates them as follows:

First—The atrocities committed by the Russian troops.

Second—The punitive expeditions organized by various Powers.

Third—The armed support given to adjust the claims of Catholic Christians by the French authorities or, at all events, by French troops.

Fourth—The looting of the Pekin Observatory.

Fifth—The charity from loot practised by some American and British missionaries.

Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Ambassador, on April 13 last, departed from the usual diplomatic procedure and wrote to the Kobe Chronicle in Japan a spirited denial that "wanton, cruel and indiscriminate looting" had been practised by the British troops. He said:

"The empty houses and palaces were converted into quarters and a military hospital for the troops who otherwise would have had to bivouac in the streets of the dirtiest city in the world. I have since heard that a prize fund has been expended in buying rice for the starving poor in Pekin during the winter months."

Sir Claude said in his letter that he was constantly walking or riding through the streets and that within a fortnight from the time the troops entered the city "no Chinese who had remained in their houses were ejected or molested."

The British troops had these orders: "Nothing is to be burned, destroyed or looted without orders."

The News gives this table as to the amount realized from the articles handed in by British search parties:

Treasure (Government).....	$140,000
Silk (Government).....	130,000
Sundries	60,000
Total.....	$330,000

"This," the News says, "divided up, yielded only $27 a share, and shows that the principles of the standing orders were the practice of the force."

WHAT PAPA SAID TO RICHARD.

Mabel had been waiting for her lover's return for what seemed to her an age. Her heart turned to stone as she thought of him, young, slender, but brave to rashness and recklessness, closeted alone with her stern father in the grim old library. The door opened at last and he stood before her, a flush on his cheeks and an expression in his eye.

Did you see papa, Richard? she asked, with trembling eagerness. He held her in his arms for a moment without speaking.

Yes, dearest, he said, at length.

And what did he say, Richard? Tell me what he said! He refused you? Oh! your eyes tell me! He refused; he will not give me to you? But I will be—I am yours—I do not fear his harshness—we will fly!"

But Richard looked down into her pleading face and shook his head slowly, like a man in a dream.

Tell me, then, for I cannot wait! Was he brutal and cruel to you? What did he do? What did he say?

Richard drew a long, deep breath, and again looked down at the face turned up to meet his troubled glance. He sighed and whispered slowly:—

He only said 'Thank Heaven!' and went on reading.

A MACLEAN AND A CAMPBELL.

When Sir Archibald Campbell was Governor of New Brunswick he chanced to meet with an aged Highlander of the name of Maclean, who had done brave soldierly service for his country, and had borne himself well in many a fierce encounter. After his discharge he had settled in the woods; but things had not gone smoothly with him, and his circumstances were quite straightened. Anxious to befriend him, his excellency invited him to make his home at Government House, where he could find easy work to do in blacking boots and shoes and such like little things. The old man was quite indignant, the hot blood mounting to his cheeks; and, drawing himself up to his full height, he replied, with all the dignity of a lord, "Na, na, sir—na, na. A Maclean never blackit a boot for a Campbell." He preferred privation with independence on the farm to ease as a menial in a rich man's house—a feeling that was appreciated by no one more warmly than by the genial and kind-hearted governor.

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Guy Hartleigh leaves England to find his long lost cousin in San Francisco. Maida Carringford, an actress in that city, is pestered by genteel loafers amongst whom is Caryl Wilton who proposes and is rejected. She learns the story of her mother's betrayal.

CHAPTER III.—Continued

She let her head fall upon her breast, and for a while there was no word spoken between them. The mother was thinking of the man who had moved her with false promises, and the daughter, with a shudder, was thinking of the man who had stood in that very room, saying to her much the same words that other false man had said to her broken-hearted mother. And as she thought, a detestation of all men came over her. She had been half inclined to let her heart soften to the man who had pleaded his cause so nobly and tenderly. She could see now that it was only a trap he was setting for her, just as long ago her father—she winced at the thought—had set a trap for the loving heart of her mother.

"Mother," she cried, with a new ring in her voice, "I will not falter. I will carry out your behest with a heart as cold as his own was when he ruined your young life."

"Will you, Maida?—will you?" was the glad, eager cry. "Hear me. Your father is known to the world as Sir Richard Hartleigh. He married a Constance Faulkner. She was a beautiful girl, and she loved him with a passionate devotion, only equalled by his for her. Heaven helped me when I seemed powerless to help myself. He was of a madly jealous temper, and he suspected his young wife, after five years of happiness, of unfaithfulness with a friend of his. He killed the man, and the wife fled from him, fearing him, even though she was innocent. He was too angry at first to try and find her, but afterward he learned in some way that she had been true to him, and he tried to find her. I had been waiting for this time, and I watched over the fugitive woman, and in one way and another I made her believe that he was seeking her to take from her her little daughter. He put detectives on her track, but each time that they found her I would send her away and they would lose her. The wife he loved has lived the same outcast life as the woman he betrayed, and the husband and betrayer has suffered agonies of remorse all these years. I have educated you so that—— Oh, oh,—Maida, brandy! There, there; I cannot last long. I—must—tell—you. Nearer, Maida! I—have educated—you—— More brandy! I can—not—swal—— Oh!—remember—promise—remember—oath!"

The wrecked and ruined life was gone, leaving a legacy of woe to the bright young life, hardly yet out on its journey.

Ah! well, you may weep, Maida Carringford, for the twin brothers of discord have entered your heart—hatred and distrust. And only by purification in the crucible of love shall peace enter your soul.

CHAPTER IV.

A week after the events of the last chapter the people of San Francisco had something to talk about. Already they had learned that, in consequence of the death of her mother, Maida Carringford would not return to the stage for a few days; and then, just as the time set by her manager for her return came, there was an additional sensation that she had disappeared. With this, by some singular chance, was whispered the fact that Caryl Wilton, the handsome young Englishman, had disappeared also. He had paid his bet without a word of explanation, and had not been seen afterward. It was learned, however, that it was he who had taken the part of Romeo on the last night of Maida Carringford's appearance, and the good people of San Francisco, with all the acumen which distinguishes the public in its relation to the stage, saw at once that the young lady had broken her mother's heart by running away with the profligate young nobleman. You see, they recognized his nobility by his conduct.

For once at least, however, the public was wrong; for, whereas Caryl was in the northern part of California hunting grizzlies, the young lady was on her way across the plains in a stage, having preferred that route to the one by water, which was accounted dangerous then, by reason of the fever raging at Panama.

The great transcontinental railway was not then finished, though it extended some distance out of San Francisco. As far as it went Maida rode on it, and then exchanged it for the swaying, lumbering stage, with its eight horses.

The stage was crowded, although there was but one other of her own sex in the company. This lady was young and beautiful, but the charm of her face was not in its beauty, but in its sweet, gentle expression, that told of a mind at peace with itself and all the world. And yet it was not a weak face. It was full of self-reliance and cheery courage; and Maida, with her wretchedness fresh upon her, was attracted by it. She sat at the farther end of the stage, and could not talk with her, but she exchanged smiles and glances occasionally and finally, at supper-time, when they all alighted to eat at the little station, the two came together with such a smile of recognition, as only those who have travelled the weary miles of the stage route can comprehend.

"Do you ride all night?" asked Maida, as they sat down to the rude meal together.

"Yes, I am anxious to have the journey over. Do you?"

"Yes; like you, I do not enjoy the journey enough to wish to prolong it."

"It is a hard ride," said the stranger, doubtfully. "I have been over the route once before, and know what it is. I hope you have plenty of wraps, for we shall get into colder parts before the night is spent."

"I, too," answered Maida with a smile, "have been over the stage route before, and am prepared. I was about to warn you. I wonder if we could not sit together in the stage. It will be less lonely if we have each other to say a word to once in a while."

Maida did not ask the name of her companion, because she did not care to tell who she was, lest her name should betray her as the actress of whom all San Francisco was talking. And the other young lady, feeling as if by instinct that Maida did not wish the question asked, proved her delicacy by not volunteering her name. They became none the less good friends, and fell asleep in the swaying coach with shoulders touching and hands clasped.

How long they slept neither could have told, but the night was far advanced when they were awakened by that sound so dreaded by every overland traveler before the great railway spanned the continent—a man's voice speaking from the roadside. There was no mistaking the sound. It was a gruff, peremptory voice, and it said:

"Throw down that box!"

"Road agents!" whispered Maida, and she and her new-found friend drew closer together.

"No box here," growled the driver. Let go them horses. Let 'em have it, boys."

The last was evidently addressed to the guards, who had mounted the stage as soon as darkness came on. There was a click of the hammers, and then a jeering laugh from the road.

"Doctored!" was the exclamation from the roof. "Duck, and go it!"

Although the words were in the slang of the road, the people in the stage had no difficulty in comprehending what it meant. Indeed, the actions of the men on the stage and of those in the road explained themselves without the help of any words. The words seemed rather inoperative, for they were simultaneous with their actions. The whole dialogue was sharp and quick, and the startled passengers were hardly awake to the situation when they realized that the guns of the guards having been tampered with, they had determined to dash the horses beyond the control of the detaining hands at their heads, and make the attempt to run the ambush. Every head was bent to shelter at the words of the guards. There was a furious rocking of the coach, cries, oaths, and reports of guns, and the coach came to a dead stop.

"Fight for your lives!" shouted one of the guards, and on the instant all the men in the stage rushed out pell-mell.

"Let us fly!" whispered Maida.

The other merely pressed her hand and rose from her seat. Under the cover of the darkness, and crouching low to avoid the bullets which were whistling through the air, the two slipped out of the stage and made for the thicket bordering the road. They had scarcely reached a place of safety when Maida felt the hand in hers relax its hold.

"A little farther," she whispered.

"I am wounded. Leave me and save yourself," came the gasping answer.

"Where are you wounded?"

"In the side. A bullet struck me as I stepped out of the stage. Leave me. I am afraid I am mortally hurt. I am getting so weak. Go, go! I—I—cannot move."

She sank almost fainting from loss of blood. Maida knelt by her side and tried to coax her to try to walk a little farther where they would be more likely to escape the sight of the ruffians, capture by whom would be far worse than death. The poor girl made an effort to rise to her feet, more to please Maida than from any hope of saving her own life. Maida put her arm about her, and, with wonderful perseverance and courage, helped her through the thicket until she felt they were far enough from the road. There she made a couch with her own heavy shawl, and covered the fainting girl with the one she had worn over her shoulders.

"How good you are," whispered the suffering girl, taking Maida's hand in hers and softly caressing it. "I knew you were good when I first looked at you in the stage."

"Does your wound pain you now?"

"It burns as if there was a coal of fire on it."

"I hear water running near us. Will you mind if I leave you to find it so that I can bathe your wound?"

"How good you are. I am not afraid."

By the sense of hearing Maida groped through the underbrush, and, finding the stream, wet her handkerchief and returned to the sufferer. The dawn was beginning to break by this time, and Maida could see sufficiently well to lay aside the girl's clothing and see the wound. It was an ugly looking sight, and the blood, which had saturated all the under part of the gown, was still flowing. It seemed a hopeless task, and the girl realized it, for she said, in her patient way:

"It is useless. I know I am dying. I can hardly speak, and my breath comes hard."

And then, as Maida tenderly washed and bound up the wound as well as she could with the means at her command, she drew her nearer to her and whispered with her failing breath:

"Will you tell me your name now? I would like to know it. You have been so kind to me."

"Maida Carringford."

"The great actress?" with a smile of pleased surprise.

"Yes. And what is your name? Have you no word to send to your friends?"

"I have no friends in all the world. Would you like to know my story?"

"You are not strong enough to talk. I can hardly hear you now."

The dying girl smiled feebly in acquiescence, and whispered in the ear bent low to her lips:

"You will find a book—book in my pocket. It—will—tell—you—about—me. Name—Constance Faulkner."

She smiled, shut her eyes, and Maida, looking at her in that dim light, saw her grow unconscious. But she did not move from the presence of death she saw hovering there. She sat and gazed with a sort of horror, and at last covered her face with her hands and wailed:

"My sister! my sister! I could not have hated you, and I had sworn to wrong you; for, oh! I know it, it was what my mother meant."

The face before her was cold and white now, and as she placed her hand on the heart, she found its beating stilled. She raised her eyes to heaven with an agonized look, and then threw herself over the inanimate body, sobbing like a soul wrecked. But by and by she calmed herself and dried her eyes. She looked for a few sad moments at the fair young girl, so lately full of loving life, and then with a harder look upon her beautiful face, leaned over her and took from her pocket the book spoken of.

She took nothing else, but rose with averted eyes, and with a shudder turned away, and fled like a guilty creature. Which way she went, or how long she had no defined notion. There was but one thought in her mind, and that was to get away from the dead girl whom, even in death, she was bent on wronging. She kept repeating to herself that it could not matter to her now, since she was no longer living, and that the vacant place in the far-away English home was as much hers as it had ever been Constance's.

Was she not the elder daughter? Had the law any right to deprive her of the place she was determined to take? And she argued with herself and thought of her mother, dead so far away from her native country, her heart hardened, and she became indifferent to everything but the success of her plan.

She sat down in the desolate forests of the Sierras; she read the little book she had taken from her sister. And as she read the tears flowed, for it was the mirror of a gentle, lovely life, made only sweeter by the hardships it had undergone, and at each recital of some new and unexpected trial, coming at a time when peace seemed at last to have settled on them, Maida sobbed harder and harder, for she knew that which the dead girl had never suspected—that the wronged woman, lying in her grave in San Francisco, had been the cause of it all; that the mother of the girl now living had wrecked the life of the girl just dead.

But the gentle, unrepining spirit of the dead girl had not moved Maida's mother to any softer feeling for the man who through it all had been living in ease, luxury, and, as she thought, indifference. If she pitied the woes of the fugitive wife and the innocent child, she was all the more confirmed in her hatred of the cause of those woes, for she saw in her mother only the instrument in the hands of fate, and visited on the man the whole of the indignation and bitterness she felt.

She read the little record of Constance's life as a sister might and should, and then she read it as an avenging woman, conning its dates and occurrences with all that wonderful capacity for remembrance which her training as an actress endowed her, and entering into the life of the dead girl so that she might fittingly play the part when the time came.

And she did it then and there in that strange spot, far from any human eye, because from that moment she buried Maida Carringford and resurrected Constance Faulkner. It was henceforth the child of shame who was dead, and the child of wedlock who lived.

She rose from her study, for it was study, and hard study, too, and dragged herself, weary and fainting with hunger, through the silent forest. How long she went thus she never knew, for she rested and walked alternately until night came on again. And then she still walked. She was footsore and famished, but her wonderful spirit and will power kept her up, even after she had lost all sense of pain in the very excess of suffering.

When darkness came on she would have dropped and rested her weary limbs on the soft leaves, but the call of the puma and the wild-cat could be heard waking the echoes of the vast solitude, and with a shudder she kept on. At last she came upon the stage road, and that put new courage in her heart, and enabled her to drag herself on with more hope.

She could but go on and on now, and she did so. By and by she thought she saw a glimmer of light. What it was or whence it came, she did not stop to ask herself. It was a light, and though it were to lead her to the very scoundrels who had robbed the stage, she would go on. Indeed, it came to her, even in the state she then was in, that there was really something in common between herself and those men, for had they not killed her sister, and so put her in the way of avenging the wrongs of her mother and herself.

She drew nearer to the light, and saw or understood in some way that it came from a window. She stumbled more than once, and as she lay on the earth she tried to cry out for help, but her throat was too dry, and her strength was too spent, to enable her to emit more than an indistinct murmur, and she was forced to rise to her feet again and stagger onward.

But the light was nearer at every step, and at length she could make out the dark outlines of a cabin. A few more steps and she would be saved. She lifted her hands thankfully, and rushed forward with what strength she had left. It was the last effort of exhausted nature. She was not yet on the threshold of the door when her head began to swim. She uttered a faint cry for help, and fell headlong to the earth.

But faint as the cry was it had been heard; and a moment later the door of the hut opened and a young man, with a pistol in his hand, stepped out on the threshold. He looked around for an instant with a puzzled look, and then his eyes fell on the prostrate form on the ground. He stooped and lifted her as tenderly as if she had been a child; and Maida Carringford lay in the arms of Guy Hartleigh, who had come this far in hot pursuit of his cousin, whom he had traced to the ill-fated stage.

To be Continued.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

LIVED UNDER FIVE MONARCHS

Now Old Mrs. Davies Has Come to Spend Last Days in Republic.

On one of the Cunarders which came into New York last week was an English woman who has lived under five British monarchs and now expects to die in a republic. She is Mrs. Elizabeth Davies, who at the age of 86 has come across the ocean to spend her declining days with her son in Newcastle, Pa. She is one of the oldest immigrants the Cunard Line has ever carried.

Mrs. Davies was 6 years old at the death of George III. She distinctly remembers the rejoicing on the accession of George IV. to the throne. When his successor, William IV., began to reign she was 17, and when the late Queen Victoria was crowned Mrs. Davies was 24. She lived in England long enough to become a subject of Edward VII., the fifth sovereign to whom she had owed allegiance.

The new immigrant has excellent health. She has a brother, she says, who is 86 and shows little trace of his years, and her mother lived to be 95.

A DAINTY PANTRY.

Upon moving into a new house the writer made up her mind to do away with paper on the pantry shelves. It conceals crumbs and all sorts of leftovers, harbors roaches, gets tangled and worn and is a nuisance. The new pantry has a large window, it was stained and varnished in light wood and had a painted floor. Before the workmen carried away their paint pots I had all the shelves, high and low, the insides of the drawers and doors and the plastered walls treated to two coats of dazzling white paint. When that hardened I went over it with two coats of enamel. It is wonderfully easy to keep clean and it costs very little.

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DOING GOOD BY STEALTH.

BENEFACTORS WHO GIVE MILLIONS IN SECRET.

Who the Donors Are and Where They Reside it is Impossible to Find Out.

Although 500 families are saved from starvation every year by the Chancey Bequest, and allowed an income till they can find work, there are not more than three people in the country who know who the mysterious donor is that supplies all this money, and those three keep the secret close as wax, says London Answers.

This bequest allows a regular $100,000 per annum to the families left by disabled or accidentally-killed workmen, and,

THOUGH IT CANNOT COPE

with the enormous demand, does more good than almost any other charity. It has an office in London, one in Liverpool, and one in Dublin, with a recently-started branch in Glasgow, and at each office is a little staff of employees, who deal with the thousands that are paid out; and whenever a bad case is introduced to the staff's notice the relief is forthcoming at once, without any red tape or delay. A pound a week is paid to the widow or eldest daughter of the family and this is kept up for a limit of two years if necessary. The funds come in regularly, by post, to the heads of the staffs, every trace being covered; and it is a rule that any employee seeking to get information about the donors will be dismissed. Three confidential inspectors visit at times, to examine the bequest's affairs; but they say nothing of the generous donor. The favorite belief is that it is the Duke of Devonshire; but he denies the fact.

A constant puzzle to those interested in the sea and sailors is the question who "Mr. Seaman's Aid" may be. He works without any staff or assistants whatever, and he gets rid of at least $25,000 a year in gifts to

SEAMEN AND SEAMEN'S

families, as near as can be estimated; but it is probably more. Hundreds of sailor-men, whose families have been in distress while their heads were away at sea, know the familiar long envelope, and the short note inside, with the printed heading: "Seaman's Aid" in place of an address.

The note, which is stereotyped in the old-fashioned way, consists of a few words, begging "the acceptance of the enclosed loan," which generally consists of postal orders for from $5 to $25. In the case of a distressed family, these payments are generally kept up weekly till the breadwinner returns; and how the mysterious donor manages to know so much about the affairs of the families is the greatest puzzle of all. An odd detail is that the envelopes, which most of the recipients keep, bear postmarks from all over the United Kingdom. Lady Burdett-Coutts is most often indicated as the secret donor; but there is no real clue to the facts, and many seamen think Mr. Crossley Bankes, the wealthy retired shipowner, is the original.

There isn't a charity organization in the kingdom that does more good than the "White Cross Society," which is not a society at all, but a little body of poor but educated people who are paid to dispense the well-known "White-Cross" grants. The "society's" office is in Victoria street, Westminster, and its object is to

PROVIDE THREE HUNDRED

poor children with technical education to fit them to be engineers, skilled artisans, musicians, and so forth. This costs a sum of about $110,000 a year, providing each pupil with board, lodging, instruction and education free of charge. The society has several homes, the chief one near Hawkhurst, in Kent. All this is provided by one person, who keeps his—or her—identity absolutely concealed, and there is not even a guess to be made at the name of the provider, who must be very wealthy. The organization has been running for over twenty years now, and whenever there is a vacancy all that is required for the introduction of a candidate are two references from respectable people of any station in life. Just under a thousand children of penniless parents have been launched into well-paid careers by this mysterious good fairy, and all attempts to discover who the head of the society may be have failed.

Whoever "Pendennis" may be—and there are not many clergymen of any persuasion who do not know of him—he is the best friend the pastors of England ever had, or are likely to have. It is his habit to send aid—pecuniary—by post to clergymen or their families who have fallen on hard times through no fault of their own, and particularly to those who have, by

STRESS OF SEEING

their families in want, been driven into the clutches of the money-lender. There is never an address on these letters, nor anything but the signature "Pendennis" below a few words stating the amount enclosed, which is always a Bank of England note, and thus never less than £5.

No sort of distinction is made between creeds; but at least a third—probably more—of the clergy of England and Ireland who have been in a particularly hard circumstances have had help from "Pendennis," whose identity is a complete mystery, and whose knowledge of the private affairs of his grantees is extraordinary. When "Pendennis" dies it will be a considerable loss to the poorer clergy of Britain.

Something like him, but in a rather smaller way, is "Father Scott," one of the best-known men in the East End of London. Not that he lives there for no one knows his abode, and attempts to track him home have always failed. His favorite beat is in the neighborhood of the docks, where he wanders most nights of the year, clad in a huge ulster in winter, and

A DUST-COAT IN SUMMER.

He visits no man's home, but gets into conversation with the homeless outcasts who sleep wherever the police let them; and in most cases—guided, apparently, by his judgment of the subject's features—he slips anything from half-a-crown to a sovereign into the man's hand on leaving him.

Sometimes he gives nothing; but the police who know him well by sight and conversation, declare that a night never passes but he gives several doles away to the homeless poor. He gets rid of a considerable income during the year, for he seldom misses a night, except Sundays, and is out in all weathers. He is tall, clean-shaven, and his cloak is generally shabby and well worn. "Father Scott" is as complete a mystery as "Spring-Heeled Jack."

A well-organized charity "run" by an anonymous philanthropist who must be rolling in money, unless the gifts absorb his entire income, is the "National Fire Fund," as it is called, and many hundreds of unfortunate people have good cause to be thankful for it. The Fire Fund has $60,000 a year devoted to helping poor people whose homes are burnt down uncovered by insurance—as they generally are. This fund has been in working order for eight years, and

HAS PAID OUT

over $485,000 up to date. Yet none of the administrators, who deal out this charity from the fund's offices in Bury street, London, and Manchester, have any idea of the identity of the provider of the funds—or declare they have not. There is a general belief in almoners' circles that Mr. Haines Griffiths, the wealthy mineowner, is the good angel; but there are half a dozen other guesses, and no reliable clue. This identity is more strictly guarded than any of the others.

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THROUGH SUEZ CANAL.

Britain First With 56 Per Cent., Germany Next With 15.

For more than three decades the ships of the world have been making use of the Suez Canal as a highway between East and West. The comparative figures showing the progress in the traffic through the premier inter-oceanic canal convey much interest, especially in view of future undertakings of the same nature. A glance at a table enables one to realize the extent to which the Suez Canal has been of use to the European maritime countries.

Nineteen flags have their separate columns, though ships of all these nations do not appear in every year of the series from 1870 to 1900. Great Britain started with and has maintained a vast preponderance in the gross tonnage of ships passing through the canal. Last year she headed the list, with 56.7 per cent. Germany, which comes next, having only 15 per cent. During the last decade there have been considerable fluctuations in the British totals, and the year 1891 still remains the high water mark, with 9,484,608 tons, against 7,771,346 for last year.

Germany's increase has been progressive from 2,069 in 1871 to 2,047,229 in 1900.

Austria also shows a remarkably steady rise, and stands above Russia and Japan, which make use of the canal for the transit of war vessels for the East.

American tonnage is only a fraction of the whole, last year reaching 0.6 per cent., largely due, apparently, to transport ships to Manila.

The full list of percentage of gross tonnage for 1900 is as follows: British, 56.7; German, 15.0; French, 8.5; Dutch, 5.2; Austro-Hungarian, 3.4; Russian, 3.3; Japanese, 2.6; Italian, 1.8; Spanish, 1.1; Danish, 0.7; Norwegian, 0.7; American, 0.6; Turkish, 0.3; and Belgian, 0.1.

A STRAIGHT CASE AGAIN THIS TIME.

Two Letters Which Prove the Permanency of Cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sam Derrochers Cured of Diabetes in 1898—Had it for over five Years—His Recent Letter Proves that His Cure Still Holds Good.

Quebec, June 24.—(Special)—Sam Derrochers, of the Fortress City was cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills in 1898. His case is well known here, it having been published in the papers at the time, and a great deal of attention was drawn to Dodd's Kidney Pills on its account.

Diabetes, however, is known to be an incurable disease, and many of the more sceptical of Quebec citizens expressed doubt as to the permanency of the cure. These doubts may now be set at rest. Mr. Derrochers ffimself attests that in three years he has had no sign of Diabetes' return.

In May 28, 1898, Mr. Sam Derrochers published the following letter in the Quebec papers: "I have been a victim to Diabetes for over five years with terrible pains around my kidneys. My feet were always cold, and my thirst could not be quenched, no matter what I drank. I tried remedy after remedy but received no help. I purchased one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and found immediate relief. I have now finished five boxes, and can say I am perfectly cured."

Now clear away all possible doubt that Mr. Derrochers was not cured, to show beyond question that Dodd's Kidney Pills did not merely relieve him for the time, but actually cured him of Diabetes, and cured him to stay cured, we publish his letter of June 24, 1901.

"Dear Sirs,—My cure of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills has been permanent. I have not been troubled with a sign of Diabetes since my cure three years ago."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all diseases of the kidneys, and the troubles arising from weak action of the Kidneys. They are used throughout the world.

EVERYTHING you would expect to find in a tea for gentle and refined folks is contained in the five different grades of
LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA Lead Packages, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts

WOMAN KNOWS PAINT

and she likes good paint; a paint that stays on when put on, that looks bright and clean throughout the life of pure paint; a paint that is handy—ready for the brush; that is better than white lead or any other hand-made paint.

Ramsay's Paints

are just that kind—ready for use, acknowledged the best, known as the leader for sixty years, economical, brilliant, pure. Send for our BOOKLET "K" FREE about paint, homes and painting.

A. RAMSAY & SON,
PAINT MAKERS,
MONTREAL.
Est'd 1842.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

LEATHER DRESSING.

How to Make Your Boots Shine Like a Looking-Glass.

The best dressing for black leather is orange juice. Take a slice of an orange, and rub it thoroughly all over the shoe or boot, and allow it to dry. Then brush quickly with a soft brush until it shines like a looking-glass.

A most convenient dressing for tan shoes is the inside of a banana skin. This is rubbed well and evenly all over the shoe, and removes all spots and dirt, as well as gives a fine polish, which last is brought out by using a flannel cloth for wiping dry, and another clean flannel for polishing.

A slice of lemon is also used as a tan-leather dressing.

Patent leather must never be blackened or polished with anything but an oil. A fine sweet oil or vaseline is the best. They are the hardest kind of shoes to keep in good order. It is necessary to take a clean sponge and clean them from all dirt before applying the oil. It may then be rubbed dry at once with a flannel or other soft cloth which will not scratch the patent finish.

Cheap round trip rate between St. Paul, Minn., and the Pacific coast.

On July 6th the Northern Pacific Ry. will place in effect a low first-class round trip rate of $45.00 from eastern terminals to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland. Dates of sale at eastern terminals will be from July 6th to July 13th inclusive, and the final limit for return will be Aug. 31st, 1901. Destination must be reached not later than July 18th, stopovers being allowed IN EITHER DIRECTION within the transit limits.

This offers an unsurpassed opportunity for those desiring to hunt new homes and farms to go into the northwest and look over the country, or for those wishing to visit relatives or friends or to make pleasure trips, to do so.

Colonel (to friend's little four-year old daughter home with her parents on leave)—And so, my little girl, you have been to India? Little Girl (airily)—Oh, I just went there to be born, and then I came here.

HIS OWN FREE WILL.

Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

It is truly a wonderful medicine.
JOHN A. MACDONALD.
Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

THE USE OF SLANG.

Slang has a deeper interest than mere curiosity. It is, to say, the natural speech of mankind. The further we get from civilization and the restraints imposed by it, the more eloquent and quick-witted grows the lingo of street and hedge-row. The harsh simplicity of what Grose calls the vulgar tongue is more rapidly expressive than the trim refinement of written English. Yet if the life of slang-words is adventurous while it lasts, they run the risk of untimely death. It is printer's ink alone which confers immortality, and oral tradition is only trustworthy among savages.

SPECIAL TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

For Canadian delegates and all others going to the Epworth League Convention, via Chicago and North-Western Railway, to leave Chicago Tuesday, July 9th, 11.59 p. m. Stops will be made at Denver, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake, passing en route the finest scenery in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains. Through Pullman Palace and Tourist Sleeping Cars. Order berths early, as party will be limited in number. Fare only $50 round trip, with choice of routes returning. Send stamp for illustrated itinerary and map of San Francisco to B. H. Bennett, Gen'l Agent, 2 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

The Isle of Skye has 65 in. of rain a year, two-and-a-half times that of London.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Horses killed for food in France yield on an average 450 lb. of meat each.

SELF PITY.

"I see Jack Ketcham has been married to Miss Goldiron."

"Yes, and I was very sorry to see it."

"Sorry? For her sake or his?"

"For mine. I wanted her."

Twenty-six English bishops rank as peers.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The Russian Minister of Railways has prepared a timetable showing that when the Trans-Siberian Railway is finished, the journey around the world can be made in thirty-three days.

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.

During the last century the Bible was translated into more than 350 languages, which nine-tenths of the human race can read.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.
AVENUE HOUSE—Corner McGill and College Streets. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

A recent test of salt-water fire service gave satisfaction. Salt water extinguishes fire much more rapidly than the same amount of fresh.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

A CALL DOWN FOR MR. MEEK.

Mr. Meek—I should certainly have some say as to whom my daughter weds.

Mrs. Meek—Not at all. Let her alone, and she'll marry some old fool just like her mother did.

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."

Taking water as 100, ice weighs 92 bulk for bulk, firwood 55, and oakwood 117.

Minard's Liniment sold everywhere.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

He is a wise man who never lets his wife know he can put shelves up as well as a carpenter.

W. P. C. 1032

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.
For all skin ailments.
J. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

Metallic SKYLIGHTS DOUGLAS BROS., 124 Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONT.

FRENCH CLEANING.
For made up Goods, Suits in Cloth, Velvet, Silk or Furs and all valuable house Hangings, nothing to equal it if done by the
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO., Montreal.

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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 200 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for any thing in Music or Musical Instruments.
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Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and