HOW KWANG HSU LOOKS.

The Emperor Holds Audience From Midnight Till Dawn.

The Chinese Emperor is now about thirty years of age. He is under the medium height, sallow, and apparently of a weak constitution. He has received a good training in Chinese and Manchu. He knows some English. He has a wife, a dozen concubines, and no children. He is unable to control his explosive temper. It is doubtful whether he can exert a rule of authority over others. He has a kind of feminine energy to push ahead, but lacks clear vision of surrounding conditions. His reform edicts are unique in the history of the empire. It is impossible to say, however, what part of them are due to him and what part to Kang Yu-Wei, the greatest leader of the Reform party.

The Emperor, as is customary in China, transacts all state affairs between twelve at midnight and the rise of the sun. Some sharp tongue has said that the Chinese love darkness because their deeds are evil. What is good, however, is done at the same time. It is during these hours that Kwang Hsu formulates his edicts, which are all published in the Pekin Gazette. Two officials shadow the Emperor without ceasing. These are the Imperial Recorders. They note and transcribe his every act, his every word. Their memoranda are transferred to the Imperial archives and are not opened until the history of the dynasty is written, long after the rotting bones of Kwang Hsu have become sacred beside those of his ancestors.

TEN THOUSAND DESERTERS.

Warrants Out in France for the Arrest of Many Soldiers.

According to the official returns there are at the present moment more than 10,000 deserters from the French army at large, whose names are contained in the hands of the gendarmes and police, and for whose arrest warrants have been issued.

The magnitude of these figures, which speak volumes for the unpopularity of compulsory military service, is more astonishing when it is borne in mind that the Amnesty bill, which became law in April, 1898, granted a free pardon to all military deserters who should give themselves up.

When it became necessary to dispatch troops to China a bonus of 200 francs was offered to every soldier volunteering for service in the East. No fewer than 200 pocketed the bounty, deserted, and have not been heard of since, while of those who remained and were shipped to China no less than fifty-one deserted from a single transport while passing through the Suez canal.

FADING AWAY.

THE CONDITION OF YOUNG GIRLS WHO ARE ANAEMIC.

This Record is of Especial Value to Parents—It is a Message from a Mother to Mothers of Growing Girls.

Among the young girls throughout Canada who owe good health—perhaps life itself—to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is Miss Hattie Althouse, of Campden, Ont. When a representative called at the Althouse homestead to make enquiries as to the particulars of the cure, he was cordially received by Mrs. Althouse, who readily consented to give a statement for publication. "Up to the age of fourteen years," said Mrs. Althouse, "my daughter Hattie had always enjoyed the best of health. Then she began to complain of weakness, and grew pale and languid. We tried several medicines, but instead of helping her, she was steadily growing worse, and we became alarmed and called in a doctor. He told us that her blood was in a very watery condition, and that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. She was under his care for several months, but still kept growing worse. She had become very pale, had no appetite, frequent headaches, and after even slight exertion her heart would palpitate violently. As time passed, she seemed to grow worse and worse, until at last she could scarcely move about, and would lie upon a sofa most of the day. At this juncture she had occasional fainting fits, and any fright, as from a sudden noise, would bring on slight attacks of hysteria. Both my husband and myself feared that she would not live more than a few months. It was while Hattie was in this condition that I read an account of a girl cured of a similar ailment through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Then I decided that Hattie should give them a trial, and procured three boxes; when she had used them there was an undoubted improvement in her condition, and we felt hopeful that she would regain her health. She continued using the pills, and from that on daily made progress toward complete recovery. Her appetite returned; color began to come back to her face, headaches disappeared, and in the course of a few months she was as well as ever she had been in her life. It is now more than two years since she discontinued the use of the pills, and in all that time has enjoyed the best of health, with absolutely no return of the trouble. I can scarcely say how grateful we feel for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for my daughter, and I would strongly urge mothers whose daughters may be ailing to give them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once, and not experiment with other medicines."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, and thus reach the root of the disease. In the case of girls merging into womanhood they are almost indispensible, and their use is a guarantee of future health and strength. Other so-called tonic pills are mere imitations of this medicine and should be avoided. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A GOOD RULE.

When men abuse you suspect yourself; when they praise you suspect them.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Mme. Whitney's Seminary for Young Ladies was a magnificent structure, situated in the suburbs of Baltimore. On either side of the pebbled walk which led to the main entrance were tall fountains tossing their rainbow-tinted sprays up to the summer sunshine. The lawn in front was closely shaven, and through the trees in the rear of the building could be seen the broad rolling Chesapeake dancing and sparkling in the sunlight. The reputation of this institution was second to none. Young ladies were justly proud of being able to say they finished their education at Mme. Whitney's establishment.

As a natural consequence, the school was composed of the elite of the South. Clang! clang! clang! sounded the great bell from the belfry as Daisy, with a sinking, homesick feeling stealing over her, walked slowly up the paved walk by John Brooks' side toward the imposing, aristocratic structure.

Poor little Daisy never forgot that first day at boarding-school; how all the dainty young girls in their soft white muslins glanced in surprise at her when Mme. Whitney brought her into the school-room, but she could have forgiven them for that if they had not laughed at her poor old Uncle John, in his plain country garb, and they giggled behind their handkerchiefs when she clung to his neck and could not say good-bye through her tears, but sunk down into her seat, leaning her head on her desk, bravely trying to keep back the pearly drops that would fall.

When recess came Daisy did not leave her seat. She would have given the world to have heard Rex's voice just then; she was beginning to realize how much his sheltering love was to her. She would even have been heartily glad to have been back in the little kitchen at the cottage, no matter how much Septima scolded her.

All the girls here had the same haughty way of tossing their heads and curling their lips and looking innumerable things out of their eyes, which reminded Daisy so strongly of Pluma Hurlhurst.

Most of the girls had left the schoolroom, dividing off into groups and pairs here and there. Daisy sat watching them, feeling wretchedly lonely. Suddenly a soft white hand was laid lightly on her shoulder, and a sweet voice said;

"We have a recess of fifteen minutes, won't you come out into the grounds with me? I should be so pleased to have you come." The voice was so gentle, so coaxing, so sweet, Daisy involuntarily glanced up at the face of the young girl bending over her as she arose to accompany her. She put her arm around Daisy's waist, school-girl fashion, as they walked down the lone halls and out to the green grassy lawn. "My name is Sara Miller," she said; "will you tell me yours?"

"Daisy Brooks," she answered, simply.

"What a pretty name!" cried her new-found friend, enthusiastically, "and how well it suits you! Why, it is a little poem in itself."

Daisy flushed as rosy as the crimson geraniums near them, remembering Rex, her own handsome Rex, had said the same thing that morning he had carried her heavy basket to the gates of Whitestone Hall—that morning when all the world seemed to change as she glanced up into his merry brown eyes.

"We are to be room-mates," explained Sara, "and I know I shall like you ever so much. Do you think you will like me?"

"Yes," said Daisy. "I like you now."

"Thank you," said Miss Sara, making a mock courtesy. "I am going to love you with all my might, and if you don't love me you will be the most ungrateful creature in the world. I know just how lonesome you must be," continued Sara. "I remember just how lonesome I was the first day I was away from mamma, and when night set in and I was all alone, and I knew I was securely locked in, I was actually thinking of tearing the sheets of my bed into strips and making a rope of them, and letting myself down to the ground through the window, and making for home as fast as I could. I knew I would be brought back the next day, though," laughed Sara. "Mamma is so strict with me. I suppose yours is too?"

"I have no mother—or father," answered Daisy. "All my life I have lived with John Brooks and his sister Septima, on the Hurlhurst Plantation. I call them aunt and uncle. Septima has often told me no relationship at all existed between us."

"You are an orphan, then?" suggested the sympathetic Sara. "Is there no one in all the world related to you?"

"Yes—no—o," answered Daisy, confusedly, thinking of Rex, her young husband, and of the dearest relationship in all the world which existed between them.

"What a pity," sighed Sara. "Well, Daisy," she cried, impulsively, throwing both her arms around her and giving her a hearty kiss, "you and I will be all the world to each other. I shall tell you all my secrets and you must tell me yours. There's some girls you can trust, and some you can't. If you tell them your secrets, the first time you have a spat your secret is a secret no longer. Every girl in the school knows all about it; of course you are sure to make up again. But," added Sara, with a wise expression, "after you are once deceived, you can never trust them again."

"I have never known many girls," replied Daisy. "I do not know how others do, but I'm sure you can always trust my friendship."

And the two girls sealed their compact with a kiss, just as the great bell in the belfry rang, warning them they must be at their lessons again—recess was over.

CHAPTER VIII.

In one of the private offices of Messrs. Tudor, Peck & Co., the shrewd Baltimore detectives, stood Rex, waiting patiently until the senior member of the firm should be at leisure.

"Now, my dear sir, I will attend you with pleasure," said Mr. Tudor, sealing and dispatching the note he had just finished, and motioning Rex to a seat.

"I shall be pleased if you will permit me to light a cigar," said Rex, taking the seat indicated.

"Certainly, certainly, smoke, if you feel so inclined, by all means," replied the detective, watching with a puzzled twinkle in his eye the fair, boyish face of his visitor. "No, thank you," he said, as Rex tendered him an Havana; "I never smoke during business hours."

"I wish to engage your services to find out the whereabouts of—of—of—my wife," said Rex, hesitatingly. "She has left me—suddenly—she fled—on the very night of our marriage!"

It hurt Rex's pride cruelly to make this admission, and a painful flush crept up into the dark rings of hair lying on his white forehead.

Mr. Tudor was decidedly amazed. He could not realize how any sane young woman could leave so handsome a young fellow as the one before him. In most cases the shoe was on the other foot; but he was too thoroughly master of his business to express surprise in his face. He merely said;

"Go on, sir; go on!"

And Rex did go on, never sparing himself in describing now he urged Daisy to marry him on the night of the fete, and of their parting, and the solemn promise to meet on the morrow, and of his wild grief—more bitter than death—when he had found the cottage empty.

"It reads like a page of a romance," said Rex, with a dreary smile, leaning his head on his white hand. "But I must find her!" he cried, with energy. "I shall search the world over for her. If it takes every cent of my fortune, I shall find Daisy!

Rex looked out of the window at the soft, fleecy clouds over-head, little dreaming Daisy was watching those self-same clouds, scarcely a a stone's throw from the very spot where he sat, and at that moment he was nearer Daisy than he would be for perhaps years again, for the strong hand of Fate was slowly but surely drifting them asunder.

For some moments neither spoke.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Tudor, breaking the silence, "there was a previous lover in the case?"

"I am sure there was not!" said Rex, eagerly.

Still the idea was new to him. He adored Daisy with a mad, idolatrous adoration, almost amounting to worship, and a love so intense is susceptible to the poisonous breath of jealousy, and jealousy ran in Rex's veins. He could not endure the thought of Daisy's—his Daisy's—eyes brightening or her cheek flushing at the approach of a rival—that fair, flower-like face, sweet and innocent as a child's—Daisy, whom he so madly loved.

"Well," said Mr. Tudor, as Rex arose to depart, "I will do all I can for you. Leave your address, please, in case I should wish to communicate with you."

"I think I shall go back to Allendale, remaining there at least a month or so. I have a strong conviction Daisy might come back, or at least write to me there."

Mr. Tudor jotted down the address, feeling actually sorry for the handsome young husband clinging to such a frail straw of hope. In his own mind, long before Rex had concluded his story, he had settled his opinion—that from some cause the young wife had fled from him with some rival, bitterly repenting her mad, hasty marriage.

"I have great faith in your acknowledged ability," said Rex, grasping Mr. Tudor's outstretched hand. "I shall rest my hopes upon your finding Daisy. I can not, will not, believe she is false. I would as soon think of the light of heaven playing me false as my sweet little love!"

* * *

The dark mantle of night had folded its dusky wings over the inmates of the seminary. All the lights were out in the young ladies' rooms—as the nine-o'clock call, "All lights out!" had been called some ten minutes before—all the lights save one, flickering, dim, and uncertain, from Daisy's window.

"Oh, dear!" cried Daisy, laying her pink cheek down on the letter she was writing to Rex, "I feel as though I could do something very desperate to get away from here—and—and—back to Rex. Poor fellow!" she sighed, "I wonder what he thought, as the hours rolled by and I did not come? Of course he went over to the cottage," she mused, "and Septima must have told him where I had gone; Rex will surely come for me to-morrow," she told herself, with a sweet, shy blush.

She read and reread the letter her trembling little hands had penned with many a heart-flutter. It was a shy, sweet little letter, beginning with "Dear Mr. Rex," and ending with, "Yours sincerely, Daisy." It was just such a dear, timid letter as many a pure, fresh-hearted loving young girl would write, brimful of the love which filled her guileless heart for her handsome, debonair Rex—with many allusions to the secret between them which weighed so heavily on her heart, sealing her lips for his dear sake.

After sealing and directing her precious letter, and placing it in the letter-bag which hung at the lower end of the corridor, Daisy hurried back to her own apartment and crept softly into her little white bed, beside Sara, and was soon fast asleep, dreaming of Rex and a dark, haughty scornful face falling between them and the sunshine—the cold, mocking face of Pluma Hurlhurst.

Mme. Whitney, as was her custom, always looked over the outgoing mail early in the morning, sealing the letters of which she approved, and returning, with a severe reprimand, those which did not come up to the standard of her ideas.

"What is this?" she cried, in amazement, turning the letter Daisy had written in her hand. "Why, I declare, it is actually sealed!" Without the least compunction she broke the seal, grimly scanning its contents from beginning to end. If there was anything under the sun the madame abominated it was love-letters.

It was an established fact that no tender billet-doux found their way from the academy; the argus-eyed madame was too watchful for that.

With a lowering brow, she gave the bell-rope a hasty pull.

"Jenkins," she said to the servant answering her summons, "send Miss Brooks to me here at once!"

"Poor little thing!" cried the sympathetic Jenkins to herself. "I wonder what in the world is amiss now? There's fire in the madame's eye. I hope she don't intend to scold poor little Daisy Brooks." Jenkins had taken a violent fancy to the sweet-faced, golden-haired, timid young stranger.

"It must be something terrible, I'm sure!" cried Sara, when she heard the madame had sent for Daisy; while poor Daisy's hand trembled so—she could scarcely tell why—that she could hardly bind up the golden curls that fell down to her waist in a wavy, shining sheen.

Daisy never once dreamed her letter was the cause of her unexpected summons, until she entered Mme. Whitney's presence and saw it opened—yes, opened—her own sacred, loving letter to Rex—in her hand.

Daisy was impulsive, and her first thought was to grasp her precious letter and flee to her own room. How dared the madame open the precious letter she had intended only for Rex's eyes!

"Miss Brooks," began madame, impressively, "I suppose I am right in believing this epistle belongs to you?"

To Be Continued.

SUBMARINE BOATS.

England's Torpedo Boat Builder Says That Submarine Boats Are Not Necessary.

Mr. Thorneycroft, England's torpedo boat builder, has been expressing interesting opinions on submarine boats. He does not believe it necessary for Great Britain to build submarine boats, even if the experiments of other nations have been quite successful. He is carefully studying the problem of devising a submarine destroyer should it ever be necessary. Mr. Thorneycroft regards the American submarine boat as the best type yet made, but he doubts its efficacy even for harbor defences. "A shell dropped in the neighborhood of a submarine boat," said Mr. Thorneycroft, "and exploded either level or below it would afford sufficient shock to crumple up the boat. Possession of a submarine boat of your own will not help you to find an enemy's. They are at present of too limited range and insufficient propelling power to be really a serious factor, and the unsatisfactory problem of keeping a level keel under water is yet to be solved. If I ever have to go under water with a submarine boat I will prefer to sit outside."

In spite of the pessimistic opinions of Mr. Thorneycroft, the British Admiralty has at last decided to grant a submarine boat designed by J. E. Howard of Tasmania an official trial.

LOGIC.

Bystander—Poor fellow! One of his wounds is fatal, I believe.

Policeman—So it is; but the other wan ain't, so he has an aven chance.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA?

A severe case of Chronic Asthma, which would yield to no other treatment cured by Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

The symptoms of asthma are keenly distressing and are not easily confused with those of any other ailment. The victim is suddenly aroused by an intense anguish in the chest, the breathing is accompanied by a loud wheezing, the face becomes flushed, and bathed in perspiration; he gasps for air, believing that each moment may be his last. After these paroxysms, which may last for hours, the patient usually falls asleep to arise next day weak, languid and debilitated.

Dr. Chase's treatment for asthma consists in the combined use of two of his remedies, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Asthma is a nervous disease and the attacks are brought on by some irritation of the nerves along the air passages. These nerves are soothed and quieted and immediate relief afforded to the patient by the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. In fact asthma is frequently thoroughly cured by the use of this remedy alone, as is evidenced by the testimonial quoted below.

In most cases, however, it is found advisable to combine the two remedies, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The former as a local treatment acting directly on the bronchial tubes and air passages, and the latter as a nerve restorative to build up and strengthen the whole nervous system. It is confidently believed there is no treatment extant that is so perfectly successful in the cure of asthma as the combined use of these two great remedies.

Mrs. George Budden, Putnamville, Ont., says:—"I feel it my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as I had the asthma very bad; could get nothing to do me any good. A friend of mine persuaded me to try this remedy, as he had tried it, and it proved successful. I tried it and it cured me. I am thankful to-day to say I am a well woman through the use of this remedy, I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it."

Dr. Chase's family remedies are for sale at all dealers, or from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

All Japan teas are colored.

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

is pure and uncolored.

Agricultural

TO KEEP A BULL SAFE.

Almost every day we read in the papers of some one gored to death by a bull. But almost always it is a bull that has been more or less handled and not one that has been running loose constantly with a herd and therefore open to suspicion of being wild and possibly dangerous. These tragedies occur so often that we think some suggestions by Henry E. Alvord, Chief of the Dairy Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington, ought to be placed within reach of all who keep one or more bulls. It is a fact well known by regular stockmen that any bull may be very dangerous; it is also just as well known that any bull properly trained, kept in subjection, and managed may be perfectly safe. We quote the suggestions for training and management entire:

"The chief objection made to bulls of some age is that they are likely to be vicious and dangerous. Every one recognizes the difference in temperament between the fleshy, beefy bull and the one of pronounced dairy character; but experience and observation have taught that the bulls of marked dairy type are much alike in disposition, regardless of breed, as among men, some bulls will be found of naturally bad temper, but it is believed that the great majority of bulls of all the dairy breeds, can be safely kept until too old for service and handled without serious trouble, if only properly reared and judiciously managed.

"In rearing a bull, accustom it to being handled from calfhood, but without fondling or encouraging frolic. Give it kind, quiet, firm and unvarying treatment, and keep it always under subjection, that it may never know its strength and power. Insert the nose ring before it is a year old, keep this renewed so as to be always strong, and always lead and handle the animal with staff in the hands of a discreet and trusty man. The bull should never run loose in yard or pasture, but should be provided with abundant and regular exercise, always under restraint, and full control. The 'walk around' arrangement, like the sweep horse power, affords a fair degree of voluntary exercise, but is hardly sufficient. The best plan seems to be to provide a suitable tread power with a governor attached, place the bull in this daily, and let him walk a fixed tiem, or known distance. The main object should be regular and sufficient exercise for the bull. Incidentally, he may be made to run a fodder cutter or a cream separator and perform valuable service. As age and strength increase, let the staff be supplemented by strap, chain or rope attached to a second ring. To this may well be added some hitching or leading chain with a strong strap around horns or neck. Let there be always a double hitching device, so that the bull may never by accident find himself loose when he should be tied. If restiveness and temper are shown, add to the exercise in duration or quantity, without violence; a bull physically tired may be depended upon to be quiet and easily managed.

"It is much better to keep the bull as much as possible in the presence or in full sight of the herd than stabled by himself in a lonely place. Let him be in the same room with cows during the stabling season, and at milking times the rest of the year."

HORSE HINTS.

Correct feeding, clean water, comfortable housing, thorough currying and brushing, plenty of work and good care are the safeguards of the health of the farm horse.

The horse that is compelled to pull his hay from a rack above his head will generally be troubled by inflammation of the eyes. When he throws up his head and noses the hay all the loose dirt and seeds will fall from the hay, and the horse will get more or less of it in his eyes. Much trouble may be caused by such racks, even with the best and cleanest of hay. Lower the racks.

When the horse is suffering from collar and harness rubbing bathe the sore spots in lukewarm water and castile soap, and after drying thoroughly with a soft cloth, apply with witch hazel. The witch hazel is mildly astringent, and therefore closes the lacerated pores and thus soothes by protecting the exposed nerves from the air. The warm water keeps up the circulation of the blood in the congested area and the alkali in the soap disinfects the galled spots. This simple treatment, if it can be followed by rest for the galled animal, will hasten the formation of a new coat on the galled places.

FOR A CAR LOAD.

Often people are anxious to know what constitutes a car load, and we annex the following for the benefit of any who may desire the knowledge. The figures may not exactly suit everywhere, but approximate so closely to a general average that shippers will find them a great convenience as reference:

As a general rule 20,000 pounds or 70 barrels of salt, 70 of lime, 90 of flour 60 of whisky 200 sacks of flour, 6 cords of hard wood, 7 cords of soft wood, 18 to 20 head of cattle, 50 to 60 head of hogs, 80 to 100 head of sheep, 9,000 feet of solid boards, 17,000 feet of siding, 13,000 feet of flooring, 40,000 shingles, one half less of hard lumber, one fourth less of green lumber, one tenth less joists, scantling and all other large timber, 340 bushels, of wheat, 360 of corn, 680 of oats, 400 of barley, 360 of flaxseed, 360 of apples, 330 of Irish potatoes, 356 of sweet potatoes, 1,000 bushels of bran.

FOWL HINTS.

In selecting the breeding fowls sacrifice points for vigor.

Milk is one of the best foods for young or adult fowls.

A fat hen seldom lays anything but soft-shelled eggs.

One way to make money with poultry is to keep down expenses.

Fowls confined take on fat faster than those allowed to run loose.

When possible it is always best to have two rooms to the poultry house.

Filthy quarters give great feasts for the lice and they multiply rapidly.

Boiled oats mixed with corn meal is a good egg producer.

Soft soap is a good remedy for scaly legs. Rub on and let remain a short time and wash off.

Fed for growth and for eggs, not

Feed for growth and for eggs, not for a mere existence.

Well-fed pullets will mature much earlier than those allowed to go to roost without a well-filled crop.

The best of stimulants are pure water, clean and proper food, clean and comfortable quarters.

The breast bone at an early age is chiefly cartilage or gristle and is easily bent.

In buying ducks customers will not take those with dark pin feathers, no matter how good they may be in other respects, if they can get those with white feathers.

When a hen is given food that she does not require, it is simply wasted, and it may prove more or less injurious.

Do not attempt to keep too many breeds at one time, unless fully prepared to keep each breed separate, as crossing promiscuously does not pay.

ACCOMPANIED BY BELLS.

The Muzhik is Musical and Likes to Work to the Time of Some Tune.

The happiest, most contented and most musical agricultural toiler in the world is the Russian muzhik. The typical muzhik is like no other peasant. With all his sunny nature there is a strain of sadness in him. Throughout Russia, among nobles and serfs alike, the same admixture of the joyous and the melancholy is observable. This is why all Russian music lapses into the minor key.

The Russian peasant revels in his native music. The tones of the church-bells, which ring at all hours of the day and night, distil their melody into his ears from babyhood. There are more bells in Russia than in all the rest of the world, and immense sums are spent yearly in their manufacture.

No Russian driver would think it worthy of his dignity as a coachman to drive a troika, team of three horses abreast, with a carriage or a sleigh, unless the harness were gay with numerous tinkling bells. A Russian peasant is never happier than when he is urging his beautiful and hardy ponies across the flowery steppes, not by lashing them with the whip, but by singing in his own rich intonation his national or popular songs.

As an agriculturist the muzhik is conservative. He likes every implement to be as primitive as possible. He hates agricultural machinery, and clings to the rude plows of his ancestors. Thousands of pounds have been expended in vain by rich proprietors in purchasing expensive American and English implements, for the peasants either altreat or neglect them.

Yet the muzhik is a skilful workman in his own peculiar style. He does everything with his native topor a kind of axe. With it he can make almost anything he wants.

The childish simplicity of these sons of the steppes is touching, and their improvidence almost past belief. It is no uncommon thing for a family to burn the roof of their hut for fuel.

A Russian village is a squalid-looking place, but except in time of famine it is not the abode of misery. Every hut is constructed of roughly trimmed birch logs mortised into strong, upright oak or pine posts, and lined with rough planks. The roofs are made of long strips of the same material.

The house usually has two rooms opening into each other, the front one being the guest-chamber and the shrine, which holds all the sacred pictures of the family. The inner room is the kitchen and sleeping-place, where, upon the top of the great stove, the family sleeps. All the furniture of the house is of birch, and is invariably manufactured by the muzhik himself. He fashions every domestic utensil, and with the help of his wife makes much of the clothing for the family.

In the matter of food the Russian peasant is not fastidious. He dearly loves mushrooms, which grow by millions on the steppes. For months in the autumn they are his chief article of diet. At other times dried fungi, sausages, onions and coarse rye bread will make the family a satisfactory meal, always provided that the tchai, or Russian tea, prepared and served as it is in Russia only, is not lacking.

HEART DISEASE

is a symptom of Kidney Disease. A well-known doctor has said, "I never yet made a post-mortem examination in a case of death from Heart Disease without finding the kidneys were at fault." The Kidney medicine which was first on the market, most successful for Heart Disease and all Kidney Troubles, and most widely imitated is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

When you buy Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea you get the best in the market and remember there can only be one best.

Policies May Change, Opinions May Change, but one thing that never changes, that is the quality of

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA, it always remains the best.

In Lead Packets 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

APPLES.

Poultry, Butter, Eggs and other Produce.

If you have any correspond with us. We want 100 CARLOADS to supply our trade.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

NO SAFE PLACE.

Said to Be Dangerous to Live Anywhere on This Earth.

Many scientists insist that it is dangerous to live anywhere on this earth, and give facts and figures to prove it. From pole to pole danger abounds, and frightful catastrophes are liable to overcome humanity at any spot on the globe. Science proves that not a square mile of the entire earth but has in some time of the ages been swept by flood, fire or glacier, or buried by volcanic eruptions, or violently shaken by earthquakes, so that all human life there must have been ended.

As to earthquakes, there is no place that has not felt them. There is an erroneous and popular belief that only the tropical regions are liable to severe earthquakes. Even the chilly plains of Tartary have been torn by these shocks. Earthquakes have visited the city of New York within this century, that, were they to come to-day, might topple over the sky-scrapers and kill thousands on the streets. Tornadoes, ignorantly called cyclones, are liable to strike anywhere south of this polar regions, and where they cannot live the blizzard takes up the work of scaring mankind.

It is a well known fact that the entire Atlantic seaboard is sinking at the rate of two feet a century from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras. If it can sink that fast it certainly has no very solid underpinning, and some day the props may let go all at once, and where will New York be? Vast tracts of Holland are already below the surface of the sea, and the waves are kept out with the great dykes, and science says that Holland, Belgium, Denmark and all the southern coast of the Baltic are sinking steadily. The entire continent of Atalanta has gone down under the waves—why should not other continents follow?

To balance these depressions, some spots are rising. About one-half of the Pacific islands are being elevated. So are the West Indies, the west coast of South America and Spitzenbergen. The entire series of Japanese islands rose from the waves in a comparatively brief time.

"The Land That Swings Like a Hammock" is the name given by Indians to the territory about San Salvador, Central America. That city was utterly destroyed by an earthquake on March 19, 1873, but the people had grown alarmed and had deserted it, so only 500 were killed. It flourishes to-day.

But in spite of these terrors men live calmly on. Most men never study nature, and so do not know these things. Others read of them in their school books and forget them along with their Latin and mythology. Only the professional scientists keep them ever in mind, and these are not alarmed, for they know there is really no safe place on earth, anyhow.

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When my daughter got married we thought we would board with her and her husband.

Well?

We got a late start, somehow, and they are boarding with us.

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A peculiar accident occurred in a Western town recently. The big iron safe in a shoe factory refused to open, and the bookkeeper and engineer conceived the idea that they could burn out the combination by use of carbon and electricity. It took several hours to accomplish their purpose, but they finally succeeded, but not until they had stood for several hours in the glare of the electric light taking turns at holding the wire and carbon. When the work was over both complained of a dizziness and pain in the head which increased as the hours passed, and in a short time both went suddenly blind at about the same time. All efforts to restore their sight have been unavailing, for while the eye balls appear all right, the sight is destroyed.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for List of Testimonials.

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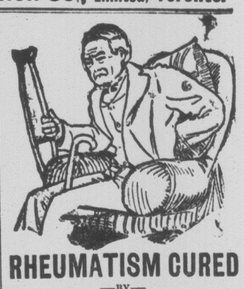

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NO TIME FOR DAY-DREAMS.

The persistent man never stops to consider whether he is succeeding or not. The only question with him is how to push ahead, to get a little further along, a little nearer his goal. Whether it lead over mountains, rivers or morasses, he must reach it. Every other consideration is sacrificed to this one dominant purpose.

GENUINE PATRIOTISM.

Ladies of Canada;

While statesmen and politicians argue the Zollverein and differential trade within the Empire, which they will do while jaw displaces common sense, settle this matter for yourselves.

Your brother colonists of Ceylon and India are growers of pure teas, Black and Green. Canadian and United States importers supply you with 11,000,000 pounds annually of Japan teas, yet they know Japans are artificially colored and adulterated. Let the knowledge of these facts and the sentiment of patriotic sisterhood move you to help the British planter.

British-grown Black Teas hold the Canadian market. Drinkers of Japan tea should try the Greens now coming on the market, and your dainty palates will approve them. Yes, we hear your grocer's excuses; but insist. Ladies can always get what they want. Remember how you ran your husband to—well, do they still think it Paradise? They certainly will if you give them Ceylon and India green tea. Blue Ribbon and Salada packets are now obtainable.

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What are you blowing that tin horn, for, Jones? Your side was snowed under.

That's all right; I'm blowing it so I can't hear those other fellows blow.

E. W. Grove

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He meant to pop the question,
But prudence made him stop;
For even if he accepted
He'd have to question Pop.

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