NOTES AND COMMENTS

The protectorate which Lord Salisbury refused in a recent speech to assert over Egypt as a whole, has now been asserted in part. In a speech a few weeks ago, at Omdurman, in the Soudan, Lord Cromer, the British agent in Egypt, told the assembled sheiks that henceforth they were to be governed by the Queen and Khedive, the Sultan's suzerainty, in theory still perfect, being ignored. No attempt, he added, would be made to govern them from London or Cairo, and they must look only to the Sirdar, to whom, it followed, the two sovereigns had committed the supreme control of Soudan. As the British government expressly declared that the Nile expedition was undertaken to restore to Egypt her former Soudanese provinces, the statement that they were not to be governed from Cairo would seem to make the Khedive's share in administration a polite fiction, and to leave sovereignty in the hands of Great Britain. That this is the case is confirmed by the ground on which Lord Salisbury, in his correspondence with the French foreign office, based British rights in the Soudan, that of conquest, and by the convention made a fortnight ago, between the British and Egyptian governments.

The provisions of that convention go to show that in emphasizing the rights acquired by conquest, Lord Salisbury was paving the way for permanent British control, for though Egypt's share in sovereign rights is recognized, power is retained in British hands. It provides that all the territories previously held by Egypt south of the twenty-second parallel, that is, south of the old line between Egypt and Nubia, shall be administered by a Governor General, appointed by the Khedive with the consent of the Queen. That means that Lord Kitchener, since appointed, is to be a British Governor General, and is to administer the Soudan as an Egyptian province, but as a protectorate of the British crown, for Egyptian laws are not to apply there without his consent, and he is to report to the London government, through its agent at Cairo.

The territory thus passing under British control is of enormous area, stretching from the southern border of Egypt proper to Uganda and the Congo State, and from Abyssinia to British Nigeria, or nearly across the great continent. Nevertheless, the convention makes it clear that England enters upon the work of governing it not from motives of self-interest alone, but in the interest of the native populations and of human progress, and that civilization will be distinctly a gainer from her effort. The slave trade is prohibited, the "open-door" policy proclaimed, the foundation of a great educational institution laid in which the future civil servants of the Queen are to be trained, and the natives are to enjoy the largest possible measure of home rule. In short, the awful tyranny of the Khalifa is to give place to a reign of law and order and the development of morality and intelligence under which the native population will grow sleek and prosperous and civilized, as their brethren are doing in Egypt. All this will, of course, be done without the consent of the governed, and will be a triumph of imperialism, but it will also be an incalculable gain for humanity.

FACTS ABOUT SAMOA.

Germany Wants to Rule the Little Groupe, Though Her Trade There is Very Small.

The Germans want the ruling hand in Samoa. They cannot claim this on the strength of their superiority in trade with the islands, for in this respect they fall far below the United States, Great Britain and Australasia. In 1897 the islands imported $53,415 worth of goods from the United States, $13,322 from Great Britain and only $5,562 from Germany. The Germans, however, prepare and export a great deal of copra, and they own most of the land that foreigners hold on the islands. Of the 135,000 acres, about one-sixth of the area of the group owned by foreigners, at least 85,000 acres, including the best land in the islands is owned by the Germans. This landed estate was secured by the original German trading firm, and its successors have never parted with an acre of it.

The great drawback of Samoa is that it is so far from markets. Its best products are tropical fruits, which are abundantly produced, but distance from markets prevents exportation. California is fifteen days by steam, and freight rates are prohibitive. Besides, California iis itself a fruit country. New Zealand is five days distant, but its whole population is not much more than that of Toronto. Sydney is eight days away by steam, but Australia and New Zealand have islands nearer them, notably Fiji, which grow all the tropical fruits they want. So no fruit is shipped from Apia, the only port of the islands.

In 1888 the Ceylon coffee disease first appeared on the plantations of Samoa and in a short time put an end to coffee production in that group. No attempt has since been made to raise coffee

Practically the whole business of Samoa is based to-day upon the cocanut, and the export of copra, the dried meat of the cocanut, represents nearly all the exports of the islands. In 1897, nearly 11,000,000 pounds of copra, the native product, were exported in addition to the large quantity raised on the German plantations. But even in her copra Samoa is not particularly fortunate. Some fifteen years ago there was an enormous demand for copra with the result that the cocoanut tree was planted on the coast of every sea where it would grow. A few years later the markets were glutted with copre, prices fell about one-half, and the days of the prosperity of that trade have not since returned. What with her political troubles and the causes that have conspired to keep her commerce small, Samoa has not had a very prosperous history. The time is coming, however, when she will see better days. The resources of the group have not yet scarcely been touched. In fact nobody lives more than three or four miles from the sea and the inner parts of the islands have not been utilized.

WANTS TO MAKE IT PERMANENT.

Our new boarder came here just for a temporary home.

Well?

Now he wants to marry my daughter.

A LA HOYT.

You are Mr. Quezeen, the husband of the celebrated lecturer on cookery, are you not?

Yes, sir, said the dejected, hollow-eyed man. I am the man she tries her new dishes on.

IT WILL OUT

OR, A GREAT MYSTERY.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"Give them here," said Holmes. "Now doctor," turning to me, "are those ordinary pills?"

They certainly were not. They were of a pearly gray color, small, round and almost transparent, against the light.

"From their lightness and transparency, I should imagine that they are soluble in water," I remarked.

"Precisely so," answered Holmes. "Now would you mind going down and fetching that poor little devil of a terrier which has been bad so long, and which the landlady wanted you to put out of its pain yesterday.

I went downstairs and carried the dog upstairs in my arms. Its labored breathing and glazing eyes showed that it was not far from its end. Indeed, its snow-white muzzle proclaimed that it had already exceeded the usual term of canine existence. I placed it upon a cushion on the rug.

"I will now cut one of these pills in two," said Holmes, and drawing his penknife, he suited the action to the word. "One half we return into the box for future purposes. The other half I will place in the wine-glass, in which is a teaspoonful of water. You perceive that our friend, the doctor, is right, and that it readily dissolves.

"This may be very interesting," said Lestrade, in the injured tone of one who suspects that he is being laughed at. "I cannot see, however, what it has to do with the death of Mr. Joseph Sangerson."

"Patience, my friend, patience! You will find in time that it has everything to do with it. I shall now add a little milk to make the mixture palatable, and on presenting it to the dog we find that he laps it up readily enough."

As he spoke he turned the contents of the wine-glass into a saucer and placed it in front of the terrier, who speedily licked it dry. Sherlock Holmes's earnest demeanor had so far convinced us that we all sat in silence, watching the animal intently, and expecting some startling effect. None such appeared, however. The dog continued to lie stretched upon the cushion, breathing in a labored way, but apparently neither the better nor the worse for its draught.

Holmes had taken out his watch, and as minute followed minute without result, an expression of the utmost chagrin and disappointment appeared upon his features. He gnawed his lip, drummed his fingers upon the table, and showed every other symptom of acute impatience. So great was his emotion that I felt sincerely sorry for him, while the two detectives smiled derisively, by no means displeased at this check which he had received.

"It can't be a coincidence," he cried, at last springing from his chair and pacing wildly up and down the room; "it is impossible that it should be a mere coincidence. The very pills which I suspected in the case of Drebber are actually found after the death of Stangerson. And yet they are inert. What can it mean? Surely my whole chain of reasoning cannot have been false. It is impossible! And yet this wretched dog is none the worse. Ah, I have it! I have it!" With a perfect shriek of delight he rushed to the box, cut the other pill in two, dissolved it, added milk, and presented it to the terrier. The unfortunate creature's tongue seemed hardly to have been moistened in it before it gave a convulsive shiver in every limb, and lay as rigid and lifeless as if it had been struck by lightning.

Sherlock Holmes drew a long breath, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"I should have more faith," he said; "I ought to know by this time that when a fact appears to be opposed to a long train of deductions it invariably proves to be capable of bearing some other interpretation. Of the two pills in that box one was the most deadly poison and the other was entirely harmless. I ought to have known that before ever I saw the box at all."

This last statement appeared to me to be so startling, that I could hardly believe that he was in his sober senses. There was the dead dog, however, to prove that his conjecture had been correct. It seemed to me that the mists in my own mind were gradually clearing away, and I began to have a dim, vague perception of the truth.

"All this seems strange to you," continued Holmes, "because you fail at the beginning of the inquiry to grasp the importance of the single real clew which was presented to you. I had the good fortune to seize upon that, and everything which has occurred since then has served to confirm my original supposition, and, indeed, was the logical sequence of it. Hence, things which have perplexed you and made the case more obscure have served to enlighten me and to strengthen my conclusions. It is a mistake to confound strangeness with mystery. The most commonplace crime is often the most mysterious because it presents no new or special features from which deductions may be drawn. This murder would have been infinitely more difficult to unravel had the body of the victim been simply found lying in the roadway without any of those outre and sensational accompaniments which have rendered it remarkable. These strange details, far from making the case more difficult, have really had the effect of making it less so."

Mr. Gregson, who had listened to this address with considerable impatience, could contain himself no longer.

"Look here, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, "we are all ready to acknowledge that you are a smart man, and that you have your own methods of working. We want something more than mere theory and preaching now, though. It is a case of taking the man. I have made my case out, and it seems I was wrong. Young Charpentier could not have been engaged in this second affair. Lestrade went after this man, Stangerson, and it appears that he was wrong, too. You have thrown out hints here and hints there, and seem to know more then we do, but the time has come when we feel that we have a right to ask you straight how much you do know of the business. Can you name the man who did it?"

"I cannot help feeling that Gregson is right, sir," remarked Lestrade. "We have both tried, and we have both failed. You have remarked more than once since I have been in the room that you had all the evidence which you require. Surely you will not withhold it any longer.

"Any delay in arresting the assassin," I observed, might give him time to perpetrate some fresh atrocity."

Thus pressed by us all, Holmes showed signs of irresolution. He continued to walk up and down the room with his head sunk upon his chest and his brows drawn down, as was his habit when lost in thought.

"There will be no more murders," he said, at last, stopping abruptly and facing us. "You can put that consideration out of the question. You have asked me if I know the name of the assassin. I do. The mere knowing of his name is a small thing, however, compared with the power of laying our hands upon him. This I expect very shortly to do. I have good hopes of managing it through my own arrangements; but it is a thing which needs delicate handling, for we have a shrewd and desperate man to deal with, who is supported, as I have had occasion to prove, by another who is as clever as himself. As long as this man has no idea that any one can have a clew, there is some chance of securing him; but if he had the slightest suspicion, he would change his name and vanish in an instant among the four millions inhabitants of this great city. Without meaning to hurt either of your feelings, I am bound to say that I consider these men to be more than a match for the official force, and that is why I have not asked your assistance. If I fail I shall of course incur all the blame due to this omission; but that I am prepared for. At present I am ready to promise that the instant that I can communicate with you without endangering my own combinations, I shall do so."

Gregson and Lestrade seemed to be far from satisfied by this assurance, or by the depreciating allusion to the detective police. The former had flushed up to the roots of his flaxen hair, while the other's beady eyes glistened with curiosity and resentment. Neither of them had time to speak, however, before there was a tap at the door and the spokesman of the street arabs, young Wiggins, introduced his insignificant and unsavory person.

"Please, sir," he said, touching his forelock, "I have the cab downstairs."

"Good boy," said Holmes, blandly. "Why don't you introduce this pattern at Scotland Yard?" he continued, taking a pair of steel handcuffs from a drawer. "See how beautifully the spring works. They fasten in an instant."

"The old pattern is good enough," remarked Lestrade, if we can find the man to put them on."

"Very good, very good," said Holmes smiling. "The cabman may as well help me with my boxes. Just ask him to step up, Wiggins."

I was surprised to find my companion speaking as though he were about to set out on a journey, since he had not said anything to me about it. There was a small portmanteau in the room, and this he pulled out and began to strap. He was busily engaged at it when the cabman entered the room.

"Just give me a help with this buckle, cabman," he said, kneeling over his task and never turning his head.

The fellow came forward with a somewhat suffen, defiant air, and put down his hands to assist. At that instant there was a sharp click, the jangling of metal, and Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he cried, with flashing eyes, "let me introduce you to Mr. Jefferson Hope, the murderer of Enoch Drebber and of Joseph Stangerson."

The whole thing occurred in a moment—so quickly that I had no time to realize it. I have a vivid recollection of that instant of Holmes's triumphant expression, and the ring of his voice, of the cabman's dazed, savage face, as he glared at the glittering handcuffs, which had appeared as if by magic upon his wrists. For a second or two we might have been a group of statues. Then, with an inarticulate roar of fury, the prisoner wrenched himself free from Holmes's grasp and hurled himself through the window. Woodwork and glass gave way before him; but before he got quite through, Gregson Lestrade, and Holmes sprang upon him like so many stag-hounds. He was dragged back into the room, and then commenced a terrific conflict. So powerful and so fierce was he, that the four of us were shaken off again and again. He appeared to have the convulsive strength of a man in an epileptic fit. His face and hands were terribly mangled by the passage through the glass, but loss of blood had no effect in diminishing his resistance. It was not until Lestrade succeeded in getting his hand inside his neckcloth and half strangling him that we made him realize that his struggles were of no avail; and even then we felt no security unti. we had pinioned his feet as well as his hands. That done, we rose to our feet, breathless and panting.

"We have his cab," said Sherlock Holmes. "It will serve to take him to Scotland Yard. And now, gentlemen," he continued, with a pleasant smile, "we have reached the end of our little mystery. You are very welcome to put any questions that you like to me now, and there is no danger that I will refuse to answer them."

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

In the central portion of the great North American Continent there lies an arid and repulsive desert, which for many a long year served as a barrier against the advance of civilization. From the Sierra Nevada to Nebraska, and from the Yellowstone River in the north to the Colorado upon the south, is a region of desolation and silence. Nor is Nature always in one mood throughout this grim district. It comprises snow-capped and lofty mountains, and dark and gloomy valleys. There are swift-flowing rivers which dash through jagged canyons; and there are enormous plains, which in winter are white with snow, and in summer are gray with the saline alkali dust. They all preserve, however, the common characteristics of barrenness, inhospitality, and misery.

There are no inhabitants of this land of despair. A band of Pawnee or of Blackfeet may occasionally traverse it in order to reach other hunting-grounds, but the hardiest of the braves are glad to lose sight of those awesome plains, and to find themselves once more upon their prairies. The coyote skulks among the scrub, the buzzard flaps heavily through the air, and the clumsy grizzly bear lumbers through the dark ravines, and picks up such sustenance as it can among the rocks. These are the sole dwellers in the wilderness.

In the whole world there can be no more dreary view than that from the northern slope of the Sierra Blanco. As far as the eye can reach stretches the great flat plain-land, all dusted over with patches of alkali, and intersected by clumps of the dwarfish chaparral bushes. On the extreme verge of the horizon lie a long chain of mountain-peaks, with their rugged summits flecked with snow. In this great stretch of country there is no sign of life, nor of anything appertaining to life. There is no bird in the steel-blue heaven, no movement upon the dull, gray earth—above all, there is no shadow of a sound in all that mighty wilderness; nothing but silence—complete and heart-subduing silence.

It has been said there is nothing appertaining to life upon the broad plain. That is hardly true. Looking down from the Sierra Blanco, one sees a pathway traced out across the desert, which winds away and is lost in the extreme distance. It is rutted with wheels and trodden down by the feet of many adventurers. Here and there are scattered white objects which glisten in the sun, and stand out against the dull deposit of alkali. Approach, and examine them! They are bones; some large and coarse, others smaller and more delicate. The former have belonged to oxen, and the latter to men. For fifteen hundred miles one may trace this ghastly caravan by these scattered remains of those who had fallen by the wayside.

Looking down on this very scene, there stood upon the 4th of May, 1847, a solitary traveller. His appearance was such that he might have been the very genius or demon of the region. An observer would have found it difficult to say whether he was nearer to forty or to sixty. His face was lean and haggard, and the brown, parchment-like skin was drawn tightly over the projecting bones; his long, brown hair and beard were all flecked and dashed with white; his eyes were sunken in his head, and burned with an unnatural luster, while the hand which grasped his rifle was hardly more fleshy than that of a skeleton. As he stood, he leaned upon his weapon for support, and yet his tall figure and the massive framework of his bones suggested a wiry and vigorous constitution. His gaunt face, however, and his clothes, which hung so baggily over his shriveled limbs, proclaimed what it was that gave him that senile and decrepit appearance. The man was dying—dying from hunger and from thirst.

He had toiled painfully down the ravine, and so on to this little elevation, in the vain hope of seeing some signs of water. Now the great salt plain stretched before his eyes, and the distant belt of savage mountains, without a sign anywhere of plant or tree, which might indicate the presence of moisture. In all that broad landscape there was no gleam of hope. North, and east, and west he looked with wild, questioning eyes, and then he realized that his wanderings had come to an end, and that there, on that barren crag, he was about to die.

"Why not here, as well as in a feather bed, twenty years hence," he muttered, as he seated himself in the shelter of a bowlder.

Before sitting down, he had deposited upon the ground his useless rifle, and also a large bundle tied up in a gray shawl, which he had carried slung over his right shoulder. It appeared to be somewhat too heavy for his strength, for, in lowering it, it came down on the ground with some little violence. Instantly there broke from the gray parcel a little moaning cry, and from it there protruded a small, scared, face, with very bright, brown eyes, and two little speckled dimpled fists.

"You've hurt me!" said a childish voice, reproachfully.

"Have I though?" the man answered, penitently. "I didn't go for to do it."

As he spoke, he unwrapped the gray shawl and extricated a pretty little girl of about five years of age, whose dainty shoes and smart pink frock, with its little linen apron, all bespoke a mother's care. The child was pale and wan, but her healthy arms and legs showed that she had suffered less than her companion.

"How is it, now?" he answered, anxiously, for she was still rubbing the towsy golden curls which covered the back of her head.

"Kiss it and make it well," she said, with perfect gravity, shoving the injured part up to him. "That's what mother used to do. Where's mother?"

"Mother's gone. I guess you'll see her before long."

To Be Continued.

STAGE FREIGHT.

How Nervousness Affects Different Artists on the Platform.

The nervousness known as "trema," or stage fright, is not confined to the tyro; on the contrary, it attacks experienced artists. Even orators, accustomed to "a sea of upturned faces," have been known to stand on the platform with trembling knees. The nervousness often stimulates the speaker. "Why, Canning," said a friend to the wit and orator, as he was about to speak on an important question before the House of Commons, "your hands are cold and clammy. You're nervous." "Am I? Then I shall make a good speech," he answered. He did.

Many great musicians have suffered from trema.

Trema makes one man tremble, another perspire, the third has a headache, the fourth a thrist. Its most fearful manifestation — chiefly among the strings—is detected in the nervous trembling of the bow in long, sustained tones.

There is, perhaps, no violinist who does not suffer from it. Master Joachim does pretty often. A violinist in Berlin—he lives now in Australia—had it not only in his hands, but also in his legs, so that when he stood on the platform he felt pushed forward by some invisible power without being able to check it. But pianists, singers and intrumentalists all suffer similarly. Some have it in the fingers that run away with them; others in the throat, others in the lips.

Rubenstein suffered very much from this nervousness. It went so far that when he once had to play in a concert, at the very moment of his appearance he vanished from the artist's room and could not be found again. The concert had to go on without him.

Alfred Gruning, the brilliant Vienna pianist, on the days of his concerts used to make plans for his future. He will settle down in some village, he will teach the village youth the first principles of piano-playing. The rest of his time he will pass in digging potatoes and fattening ducks, and thus lead a quiet existence that cannot try the nerves. He will never give any more concerts. To-day is the last time.

Then if the concert is unusually successful, and he has no concert for the next three days, he feels himself the most unfortunate man in the world.

Among great singers Johann Beck, of Vienna, the baritone of baritones, was severely attacked. Down to his last years, every evening and before every appearance, he stood, quivering like an aspen leaf, in the wings, and crossed himself ten times before he entered the stage. Aloys Ander, the tenor, died mad. The nervous stage fright had no little to do with this tragic fate.

PAINS IN THE BACK

Are Usually the Result of Imperfect Working of the Kidneys—These can Only be Restored to Their Normal Condition by a Fair Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Albert Mintie, of Woodstock, Ont., now engaged in the insurance business, is well known in that city and surrounding country. Some three years ago Mr. Mintie was living at South River, Parry Sound District, and while there was attacked with severe pains in the back. At first he paid but little attention to them, thinking that the trouble would pass away, but as it did not he consulted a local physician and was told that his kidneys were affected. Medicine was prescribed, but beyond a trifling alleviation of the pain it had no effect. In addition to the pain in the back Mr Mintie was troubled with headaches and a feeling of lassitude. He was forced to quit work, and while in this condition, weak and despondent, he decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He purchased a half dozen boxes and was not disappointed with the result. Before they were all used Mr. Mintie was feeling almost as well as ever he had done. The pain in his back had almost disappeared, the headache were gone, and he felt greatly improved in strength. Two more boxes completed the cure, and he returned to work hale and hearty as ever. Mr. Mintie asserts that his return to health is due entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he still occasionally uses a box if he feels in any way "out of sorts."

The kidneys, like other organs of the body are dependent upon rich, red blood and strong nerves for healthy action, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills supply these conditions that they cure kidney troubles, as well as other ills which have their origin in watery blood, or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. If you value your health do not take a substitute.

CURIOUS BURIAL CUSTOM.

The Servians have a curious custom of giving a parting kiss to their deceased friends before final burial, and the observance of it has caused a serious epidemic of diphtheria. The police prefect of Belgrade has accordingly issued stringent orders against the custom, prohibiting it for the present, however, only in the case of those persons who have died from that malady.

"No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver.

Kidneys—"My kidneys troubled me, and on advice took Hood's Sarsaparilla which gave prompt relief, better appetite. My sleep is refreshing. It cured my wife also." MICHAEL BOYLE, 3473 Denny Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Scrofulous Humor—"I was in terrible condition from the itching and burning of scrofulous humor. Grew worse under treatment of several doctors. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills. These cured me thoroughly." J. J. LITTLE, Fulton, N. Y

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A CONTRAST IN METHODS.

British Officials Are Willing to Teach the Americans.

John T. McCutcheon, the correspondent of the Chicago Record, who has been at Manila with Admiral Dewey ever since the first battle of Manila, sends a letter to the Record dealing with the problem of American government of the Philippines. In the course of his letter he says:

Another scheme, bearing on a different phase of the question, is the plan of calling into the governmental service a number of Englishmen who have had years of experience in colonization. This is rather an un-American plan, but it must be admitted that men who have had a lifetime of experience in building up colonies know more about the work than men who would have to learn the work by bitter experience. England has had a century or two of successful colonizing, while America has had none. All the experience based on all of England's practice could be gained without the necessity of learning each step by years of failure and experiment. There are many men in the English colonies who would be eager to co-operate and whose assistance would be extremely valuable during the first few years of occupation.

A story is told in Hong Kong which shows the willingness of the English colonial officials to help the United States in every way. An American brigadier-general, on his way from the Philippines to Paris, stopped several days in Hong Kong. While there he indicated to an English officer that he would like to get some idea of the cost and plan of running a colony like Hong Kong. The English officer immediately volunteered to do all in his power to help him. A meeting was arranged, and the governer of the colony several officials and the American consul-general and the brigadier-general met. The Englishman had prepared elaborate tables, giving the minutest details of the government, a work which had involved a great deal of time in preparation. They were ready to enlighten the brigadier-general on every phase of colonial government.

The consultation started out well, but at the first opportunity the general began telling war stories. Efforts were made to get the conversation back to the proper channel, but to no purpose. Finally the English governor perceived that it was useless to persist, and he gave up the task in disgust. The meeting ended in war anecdotes by the American general.

A day or two later the governor said to the consul that he realized that the general was not interested in the details and that the material he had prepared was thrown away.

THE ENGLISH COURT.

Has Always Been Discreet in Its Choice of Friends.

There cannot be favorites in a well-organized modern court like that of Great Britain. With the strong light of publicity now beating upon the throne, there must be no preferences in favor of ambitious intriguers, no patronage of millionaires on account of their money, no degrading intimacies with people of sullied reputations.

The English royal family under the queen's direction has always been discreet in its choice of friends. Its influence has steadily increased during her reign because its dignity has been maintained, and because the court has been singularly free from public scandal. The sovereign, the princes and the princesses have had intimate friends, but these associates have been treated with a certain reserve, and not allowed to assume anything like familiarity of manner.

In consequence of this discretion in making friends and acquaintances, the members of the royal family have been enabled to meet the most famous Englishmen of their time, and to do much to elevate and purify society. Their patronage is eagerly sought for every philanthropic enterprise, every humane cause and every progressive movement. Their prestige and example are worth much whenever any practical work is to be done in any field of human effort.

If there were favorites at court trading upon their intimacies with royalty and dragging partisans of their own into conspicuous places, there would be a succession of scandals. Royalty in England has been jealous of its reputation during the Victorian reign. Its political authority has declined, but its social influence has greatly increased.

STORY OF LORD ABERDEEN.

It may not be generally known how Lord Aberdeen met his future wife. It was about twenty-two years ago, and Lord Aberdeen was visiting at a shooting lodge in the Highlands. One day his host could not accompany him on the moors, so he went alone, and by accident crossed the "march" or boundary, of a neighbouring estate. He was tramping along, gun on shoulder, when a gentleman asked him if he was aware that he was trespassing. "Oh, no," said Lord Aberdeen, "I am the guest of so-and-so!" "Very probably," said the gentleman, "but you are now on my property." Lord Aberdeen apologized profusely, and handed him his card. The owner of the soil was Mr. Marjoribanks, now Lord Tweedmouth, who promptly invited the trespasser to luncheon at Guisachan. The unwitting poacher accepted, and in that way met Miss Isobel Marjoribanks, who is now Lady Aberdeen.

Blue Ribbon Tea does not seek popularity by decrying other teas. it is good enough to stand on its own merits. Ask your friends about it.

RETURNED THE MONEY.

A Millionaire Atones for a Crime of Many Years Ago.

A master mason in Bentschen, Germany, named Jacobs, was delighted to receive a remittance recently from a man in New York. The sender was unknown to him, but the remittance amounted to 60,078 marks, equal to $15,000. The sender, Jacobs believes, must have signed an assumed name. He says the only explanation he can give for the strange transaction is that the money came from a former partner, who absconded 30 years ago.

He says that in 1869 his partner in business disappeared suddently, taking with him 12,000 marks which belonged to Jacobs. Every effort was made to find him or get a trace of his whereabouts, but all was unsuccessful, and after awhile he resigned himself to his loss. About a year ago, her says, while on a business trip in North Germany, he was thrown in contact with a party of American tourists travelling in the same direction. He talked with them and they told him of many successful Germans who had settled in the United States.

He remembered his absconding partner and wondered if he had migrated to America. He told his newly made companions the story of his trouble and mentioned his former partner's name. The Americans said they knew a millionaire of that name in Chicago. Mr. Jacobs thinks it possible that the Americans told the Chicago millionaire of the interview when they returned and that the remittance was the result. The money sent represents the amount of the original loss, plus compound interest. The name of the Chicago millionaire was not divulged by Jacobs.

RHEUMATISM CURED

Mr. F. Cole, Well-Known in Windsor, Rejoices

Because He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills and Was Thoroughly and Permanently Cured of Rheumatism—Dodd's Kidney Pills Always Cure Rheumatism.

Windsor, Feb. 27.—Who hasn't felt the torturing twinges of Rheumatism? It is safe to say that there are not one hundred families in Canada in which Rheumatism has not been an unwelcome visitor.

This being the case, the following statement given for publication must have a deep and abiding interest for a great majority of Canadians.

Every person who suffers from Rheumatism will rejoice to find a medicine that will positively cure it; thoroughly and permanently root it out of the system entirely, as it has been shown thousands of times Dodd's Kidney Pills do.

Mr. F. H. Cole, whose permanent residence is in Detroit, Mich., but who is equally well-known in Windsor, Ont., had been a great sufferer from Rheumatism and Kidney Disease.

He gave fair and patient trial to a number of so-called "Rheumatism Cures," etc., but not one of them gave him more than even temporary relief.

Then a friend urged him to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. Half reluctantly he did so, and he has been thankful ever since that he did so.

He used only four boxes, but that quantity was sufficient to clean the taint out of his blood thoroughly. To-day he is sound and well in every bone, muscle, sinew, nerve and organ in the body—thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills

Dodd's Kidney Pills, the only known unfailing cure for Kidney Complaints, are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes $2.50; or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

WOMAN'S AIM.

Mr. Binks, after an absence. And so you shot a burglar while here and unprotected! You are a clever little woman. What became of him?

Mrs. Binks. The other burglar carried him off.

Mr. Binks. Which other burglar?

Mrs. Binks. The one I aimed at.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal.

BOUND TO WIN.

Your Honor, said the Irish barrister as he rose to plead his client's cause, I shall first prove to the jury that my client did not commit the crime with which he stands charged. If that does not convince the jury, I will show that he was insane when he did it. If the jury be even then unconvinced I shall prove an alibi.

Iowa Farms for Sale, $2 per acre cash, Balance ½ crop until paid. J. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia.

A CALL TO ARMS.

Wesley, said his wife, sleepily, as she plaintive wail of the infant broke the stillness of the midnight hour; Wesley, heed the advice of Kipling.

What is that? he grunted from beneath the coverlet.

Take up the white man's burden.

To Paint the Rose

Were absurd; to praise Catarrhozone would be superfluous. But if you have catarrah and feel hopeless about curing it, we assure you that Catarrhozone never fails to effect a cure. It is neither ointment, wash nor snuff, but a pleasant remedy, which is carried by air directly to the diseased parts. If you send your address we will send you a trial bottle and inhaler free, knowing that a trial will give you confidence in it.

N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

The Ashful Lover—Miss Emily, I—er—hem!

She, sweetly—Do you. Mr. Mamma's dear? Now, wouldn't you like to join our sewing class?

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

OH, GO AHEAD.

Mrs. Meddler—Not another word! It is an outrageous sandal and not fit to be repeated; not another word of it will I listen to.

Mr. Meddler—But I haven't finished yet.

Mrs. Meddler—Oh! Go ahead!

Careful attention to the smallest details enable uniform production of quality and flavor. Try

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

Conboy's Improved Carriage Tops .....

RECEIVED THE HIGHEST AWARD AT THE WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

Conboy's Patent Roller Tops have met with such universal favor that other manufacturers are now making inferior imitations and selling them on the reputation the Conboy Tops have made. Do not be hoodwinked by any person who recommends an inferior make to be just as good.

The Conboy Roller Tops are as near perfect as skilled workmen can make them.

When you order your Buggy, stipulate with your carriage builder that it is to have a genuine Conboy Roller Top, as imitations are never as good.

$25,000 $25,000 $25,000 $25,000

$25,000.00 CASH GIVEN AWAY FREE.

THE best advertisement for any medicine is one coming from a person who has taken the remedy and has been BENEFITED.

AS an introduction we wish to distribute throughout Canada 200,000 packages of Dr. Green's Health Specific. To accomplish this we have decided to appropriate 25,000 dollars to be distributed amongst our patrons.

AS to the efficiency of the Specific we could write pages laudatory of its curative qualities. When we were done you would know no more of it than you do now, so we simply say if you are troubled with Constipation, Indigestion, Liver or Kidney trouble, or any ailment arising from a disordered stomach, and will take one package of Dr. Green's Health Specific, and find you are not delighted with the results, state the facts to this Company and we will cheerfully refund your money. Used as a laxative it has no peer, and when once used will never be discarded for any other remedy. Send your order direct to this Company, enclosing 50 cents (no stamps), and we will mail you one package of the Specific. To the writer of the first letter received enclosing fifty cents for one package of the remedy we will remit ten dollars in cash, and to the sender of every 233th letter, thereafter, enclosing fifty cents, until 200,000 order letters are received, we will remit an amount ranging from $5.00 to $5,000.00, the total of our presents in this way aggregating $25,000.00. Write quick and enclose this advertisement. Address

The Sanford Ear Drum Co.,
OF TORONTO, LIMITED,
Room E, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

$25,000 $25,000 $25,000 $25,000

A PREDICAMENT.

Hoot, mon, shouted the Scotch contractor, who is putting up a fine house in the suburbs, "I canna manage wi' ye. Gang home, mon.

What for?

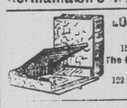
Dinna I tell 't ye tak the hurlbarra an' trun'le thae stanes doon there, an' ye stude an' glower't at me? I canna manage wi' ye when ye dinna understan' English.

ALGEBRA THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER

HARRIS LEAD BUYS COPPER SCRAP BRASS
Wholesale only William St., Toronto
Long Distance Telephone 1739.

Cylinder Engine Machine Dynamo OILS Spindle Lard Neatsfoot Castor

Germania Oil Co., 134 Bay St., Toronto.



LOOSE LEAF LETTER FILES
15c and 25c- with index.
The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Limited,
122 and 124 Bay St., Toronto.
Factory: Newmarket

MAKING HIS FORTUNE.

He, Dora, dear, do you think you could consent to be a poor man's wife?

No; if he had me and still thought himself poor, I wouldn't want to be his wife.

He's going to be rich.

W P C 961

CALVERT'S

Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevents infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER, - ENGLAND.

RETURNS IN ONE WEEK.

We want good Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc. Ship to us, and you will have your cash in a week or less. THE AIKENHEAD PRODUCE CO., 88 Front St., E., Toronto.

Silica Poultry Grit is the best digester in the market. LAURENTIAN SAND & GRAVEL Co., Montreal.

MONTREAL
The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan $1.50 & up.

Agents Most striking article on the market. Sells in every store, factory and house. Exclusive territory. ROWELL & BURY Chicago and Montreal

CUTTING SCHOOL—Tailors and Dressmakers, send for catalogue. C. & D. SCHOOL CO., Montreal.

Rheumatism—Cure assured in 24 hours, a new specific, sent by mail on receipt of $1. DR. ROUBY, P.O. Box 365, Montreal.

Maple Evaporators CATALOGUE FREE G. H. GRIM, Mfg Co., Montreal. Syrup

SAUSAGE CASINGS—New importations finest English Sheep and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at right prices. PARK, BLACKWELL & CO., Toronto.

Champion EVAPORATORS FOR MAPLE SYRUP. Catalogue free. G. H. GRIM MFG. CO., Montreal.

If you have any APPLES, BUTTER, EGGS or POULTRY to ship, ship them to The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL. Write for special terms during January and February. S. CORRIGAN, 113 Yonge St.

Baldness Its cause and cure. Send stamp for Dr. White's Book. Dr White's New Hair Grower Co., Montreal and Chicago. Cured

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LAW Mills, Mills & Hales, Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldgs., Richmond St