EXILES IN SIBERIA TO-DAY

ENGLISHMAN'S ACCOUNT OF SOME RUSSIAN PRISONERS

Privileges of Men Banished for Political Reasons—A Woman's Prison.

A correspondent writing to the London Daily News gives some interesting information about the modern conditions under which Russian exiles, political and criminal, live. He says:

"The exiles may be divided into three groups: first, the political offenders, in a minority and banished for strong insurrectionary or religious opinions; secondly, criminals, mostly forgers and thieves, who are sent to the big prisons in the interior, and thirdly, murderers, who are sent to Saghallen, where, even when the sentence is finished, they must spend the remainder of their lives.

"The political prisoners have the best parts of the country to live in—namely, in the west. Other prisoners are exiled nearer to the icy regions according to the gravity of their offence.

"The political prisoners may practice handicrafts and, by special permission, medicine. A 'political' is not identified with the criminal any more than a debtor is with a felon in England. Such offenders do not travel with others in a gang.

"'Politicals' get £1 16s a month from the Government, but this varies according to the district to which they are sent. Wives who accompany their husbands are allowed thirty-six pounds of bread a month, but must submit to the regulations of the etape.

"If all goes well with a 'political' he gets permission to settle in some Siberian town with his family, but any allowance from the Government then ceases. He is just the same as any other resident, save that he

CAN NEVER LEAVE SIBERIA.

"If he wishes to farm the Government will give him a plot of land and money to work. But this money must be paid back by instalments.

"Of the criminals, there are those, dead to the outer world, who lose everything—wife, children, property, and all—and those who retain wife and property, and can return to their own when the sentence is completed. If these second-grade convicts behave well they are allowed to live near a prison and work for their living on condition that they give so much work daily to the Government.

"The chains worn are five pounds weight for the legs, and two for the wrists. A convict with a life sentence wears chains for eight years. If the punishment is twenty years' imprisonment chains are worn for four years.

"The use of the knout is absolutely abolished. A 'plet' is, however, used, and is worse. It weighs eight pounds, with a lash of solid leather, tapering from the handle to three circular thongs the size of a finger.

"Capital punishment does not exist in Russia, but a flogging with a 'plet' is equivalent to a death sentence. The skilful flogger will kill a man with six blows.

"Women are never now set to work in the mines as the men are; they are never flogged."

The same correspondent gives a description of a visit to

THE FEMALE PRISON

at Irkutsk, which is very different from the general idea people have of Russian jails.

"We walked through a village of shanties," says the writer, "to what looked the best house in the place. The Governor turned the handle of the gate, he went into the yard—a higgledy-piggledy place littered with old bricks and the rubbish of some house that had been demolished—and I saw some rather slatternly women sitting about, and some children playing with a kitten.

"'I'll send for the matron,' said the Governor.

"'Is this the prison?' I asked in some amazement.

"'Yes, this is the only prison we have in Irkutsk for women.'

"It was just a large sized ordinary house abutting on the street, but not a single soldier to see that no one opened the gate and made off. I couldn't help laughing.

"The matron was a large-boned, commanding woman—most suitable for the post—and was a little flustered at this unexpected visit. Without ado we walked into a big lower room.

"There was not a pleasant atmosphere. It was a scorching hot day, and there were no windows open.

"There were three long, slightly sloping shelves running along either wall. These did duty as beds. There were

WOMEN SPRAWLING ABOUT

half of them with children.

"The scene reminded me of a visit I once made to a cheap lodging house for women in the East End of London. The place was far behind the men's prison for cleanliness. The smell was indeed sickening.

"There seemed to be a lot of unnecessary old clothing lying about. The women, who were sitting in groups when we disturbed them, were unkempt, and most of the children would have been benefited by a wash. There were forty women and about twenty children.

"'What are these women here for?' I asked.

"'Everything from petty theft to murder.'

"'Show me some of your murderers.'

"The matron called on five or six women to stand on one side. There was nothing to distinguish them from the ordinary slothful peasant women.

"One, however, was taller and better looking. Her features were clear cut and her hair dark. There was a sinister, angry gleam in her eyes, as though she resented our presence.

"'That,' said the matron 'is our recent coner. She is a Jewess, and she is here because she poisoned her husband.'

"The thing, however, that would not get out of my mind was the absurdity of the place as a prison, so far as we understand prisons.

"'Really,' I demanded, 'do you mean to say these women don't go away?'

"'Well,' I was told, 'one went away in the spring. The usual roll-call was made in the evening and she did not answer. We were surprised at her going, but we were more surprised three days later when she came back.

"'She explained that she wanted to see her lover, and as men are not allowed on Sunday, which is the visitors' day, she just went off, and after seeing him came back again.'"

"John," said Mrs. Noovo Rich to her husband, "I intend to return some calls this afternoon. Won't you step down to the stable and tell them to send up a cart-de-visit with a driver."

Jeweller—"This ring is more than a plain one on account of the chasing." Buyer—"But you won't have to chase me. I'm going to pay for what I get."

Willie's Mamma—"Surely you shouldn't find it hard to be a good boy?" Willie—"Well, you know there's only one way to be good, and so many ways to be bad."

Maida's Secret.....

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

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Maida Carringford sat looking out on the moonlit sea, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her beautiful head drooping with that lassitude which comes of sheer mental and physical exhaustion.

Of pursuit and capture she had no dread. Before her stretched the sea, a safe place of refuge. At the first sound of pursuing footsteps she had a vague desire to throw herself into the arms of the murmuring ocean, and end the drama in which fate had forced her to play the leading part.

Why she had come there, to the dreary, desolate sea-coast, she could not have said. Some thought of Caryl Wilton, and the place where she had last seen him before this fatal night, recurred to her, and almost mechanically she had turned her steps toward the cliff.

Motionless as a statue she sat. Once or twice at intervals, the lips quivered and the eyes glistened. It was when the deep, wistful tenderness and ineffable love that shone in Caryl Wilton's glance arose before her.

"And yet, now, he must despise and hate me—me, the lowest of womankind, who already steeped in mean crime, was ready to secure my position by marrying Guy Hartleigh. Oh, it is well for me that I shall never see him again—never again!" and to her ears the surging of the waves seemed to echo sternly, "Never again!"

With noiseless step Wilton made his way along the beach. Drowned by the wash of the incoming tide, his footsteps did not reach her ears, and it was not until he knelt by her side, and, laying his hand upon her arm, whispered her name, that she knew he was near.

With a start she arose, and pressing her cold, white hands against her bosom, looked down at him. Full on her face the moon poured its white light, as if it gloried in the loveliness it revealed. With wide open eyes she looked at him, faint delight shining through the doubt and fear which possessed her.

"Maida!" he murmured.

Her lips quivered, and she pushed the hair from her forehead.

"Is it—is it you?" she asked, wonderingly. "Why are you here?"

He looked at her in loving reproach.

"Shall I tell you why I am here?" he whispered, pressing her to him, and shuddering with infinite pity, as he felt how wet and cold she was. "I have come to lay my life at your feet, my darling, my queen! To offer you once again the love, which, all unworthy as it is, fills all my being."

"Love! You still love me?" she breathed, with self-scorn.

"I still love you with a greater, deeper love, if that were possible, than I have ever loved you. Maida, I am at your feet, at the feet of the only woman I have ever loved—ay, worshipped. Will you send me away?"

Trembling, panting, her hands pressed to her bosom, she looked down at him. What should she say? Send him from her—from her, the felon, the outcast! The unselfishness of her love bade her do it; but her tortured heart pleaded for them both.

With a sob she stretched out her hands slowly, and, with a cry of almost fierce delight, he caught her to him. Not white and cold now, but flushed and burning, she hid her face upon his shoulder.

"At last—at last!" he whispered, kissing her passionately. "Oh, my darling, are you really mine at last? Can I believe that it is true—that it is not a dream—that you are here in my arms—that I can kiss you like this, and this—and that you love me?"

"I love you," she whispered, with a sad smile. "I have loved you since that night—long, long ago—ever since that night! But—but I waited"—her eyes filled with tears—"I waited until I was not fit for you to look at or touch."

"Hush, hush!" he murmured, hoarsely. "Let the past bury its dead. You are my love now, and always will be, while life is left, my darling and my queen! Hush! not a tear must spoil my perfect happiness. How wet you are, my darling!"

"Wet—I?" she murmured, looking down. "Yes, I had forgotten it; ah, I had forgotten everything," and she shuddered.

"And I, too," he said, with his short laugh. "Come, you are not afraid—you have no doubts now, not while I am here? Come, lean upon me, quite quite close. Stay!"

And taking off his coat he wrapped it around her, against all her entreaties and faint struggles.

"I shall take no harm," she protested. "It is you who should take care—you who have been so ill—so ill! and are still weak."

"I weak?"—he laughed with a glad light on his eyes; "I am as strong as a giant to-night! See, now I one word more, and I will take up and carry you."

"No, no, you must not. I will go. But where shall we go?"

She was as docile as a child.

"Your father and your sister expect you back at the Hall. They love you, and think no less of you, poor child."

"Oh, no, no! I could not go there!"

"I have a message, too, from Guy."

"Ah?"

"He wished me to tell you that, knowing everything, he still was ready to make you his wife."

"It was noble of him. But I never loved him, and I could not meet his glance. No, I cannot go back to the Hall.

"But the father and sister, who will mourn you?"

She turned sorrowfully to him, and lifting up her eyes, said, gently:

"I will do as you ask me to do. I think I should die of shame to return to them, though I love the good old man dearly, and could not help but love my—my sister. But it shall be as you say."

"My darling! Then you will let me decide for you?"

"Your will shall be my law."

"Guy is waiting on the cliff for a word from me. Come with me to yonder hut, and you may sit by the fisher's fire while I go say to Guy that you will not return to the Hall—not yet. That you will go to France with me in one of the fishing schooners, and there become my wife. Shall I tell him this?"

She answered him by a look of ineffable love and trust, and pressed closer to his side.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Guy had returned to the Hall with the message from Caryl, and at first the old man had been disappointed, for he wanted to tell Maida with his own lips that she was and always should be the same to him; but after he had reflected a while, he saw that it was the best course she could have pursued. And when, three days later, there came a letter from Caryl to him, saying that he and Maida had been married, and would remain some time in France, he expressed himself as satisfied.

Besides that letter there came another from Caryl, of which no one at the Hall knew anything. It was to Lady Gladys, and was very brief.

"My silence depends upon yours," was all it said, but she understood what it meant.

At the first she had rejoiced; for, however it had been accomplished, it was certain now that Guy would not marry his beautiful cousin. At least not that one, though already busy tongues were saying that Sir Richard might still have the desire of his heart gratified by marrying his daughter to his heir.

But as if Sir Richard had seen the hopelessness of trying to coerce love, he never even breathed a word of marriage to either Guy or Constance. And they scarcely spoke to each other now, except in the presence of some third person, and then on only the most commonplace matters.

Guy chafed at the position of affairs, and finally decided that he could not remain where he was so unhappy, and where he was quite sure he was not desired. For he was certain in his own mind that Constance could never love him now, even though she must know why he had consented to marry her sister. In his view of the matter she would think that he had left her for the heiress when she was poor, and that he wanted her now for the wealth which was to be hers.

So he declared one day at dinner that he needed to go abroad for recreation.

Sir Richard looked anxiously at him, wondering how much disappointment at the loss of Maida had to do with his determination. Constance said nothing, and looked as unconcerned as possible; but when she found herself alone with her father, she drew a little footstool up to his feet, as was her custom, and said:

"Papa, what do you think of Guy's determination to go abroad?"

He stroked her hair fondly, for he had quickly grown to love her dearly, and answered, sadly:

"I have been expecting some such announcement from him. I was afraid he was not happy. I have noticed that he has been daily growing more uneasy. I suppose he has not recovered from the shock of losing your sister, though he acted very bravely at the time."

"Yes," murmured Constance, very demurely, and then changed the subject. "I wonder if Maida is happy? Wouldn't you like to see her papa?"

The old man's hand trembled as he laid it on hers.

"She went away because she did not wish to see us."

"I think she did not wish to see us here. It seems to me that it would make her happy to see us in her own home. I would like to go to her. If we went away I don't believe that Guy would—would care to leave. Perhaps it makes him more unhappy to see us constantly. But if he wished to go away too, he might."

"Yes, my dear, yes. I—I would like to see Maida—the name doesn't seem right," he said, pathetically.

"It will seem right when you see us together," said Constance, soothingly. "Dear Maida! How good she was to me that night on the plains! Papa, I don't think it was strange for her to do what she did, do you? She was lonely and homeless; and, before God"—very softly—"she had as much right here as I have."

"Yes," said the old man, brokenly; "I have thought of that so many times. You are an angel, my darling!"

"At least, I am glad if you think so," and she smiled in her cheery way—the way which had done so much to bring the old man out of his sorrow, and make him believe that life yet have some joy in it for him.

And so it was arranged between them; and before Guy had had any time to arrange for his own departure, he was informed of their intention. He cast a rapid glance at Constance, but her face was innocently demure, and he gained nothing from it; and he went off wondering if her only object was to get away from him, man-like forgetting that he had first proposed to go away from her.

As she had anticipated, he told Sir Richard that if they were going he would remain and look after the estate. Sir Richard begged him not to give up his trip, but Guy said it did not matter at all, so he made his preparations to remain alone at the Hall for an indefinite time.

He had asked how long Sir Richard intended to be away, and Sir Richard had looked interrogatively at his daughter. She had carelessly answered that it would be better not to fix any time, in order that they might be with Maida as long as they were contented there. Sir Richard had looked so happy at this that Guy, with an inward groan, realized that they might be gone for a year perhaps.

It had, for some reason, been easier for him to think of leaving Constance at the Hall than to think of having her go away from him. He felt safer, somehow, with her at home, and he watched her movements as she went gayly about the old place, making preparations to go away from him, wondering if she really did not care for him at all.

If he only could have seen her when in the privacy of her own room he might have wondered less; for often when she had been gayest downstairs she would suddenly withdraw to her room, and there give way to tears that were always near the surface when she thought of Guy.

She did know why he had left her for Maida, and she was so far from blaming him that she actually thought the better of him for it, though she could not but be grateful that the marriage had not taken place, to cause the everlasting misery of at least four persons. Still, she could not tell him that she honored him for what he had proposed doing. He must somehow discover it for himself. But, ah! how was he to discover it?

In the midst of all the hurry and preparation, Constance had not forgotten the good dame, at whose little cottage she had spent some of the happiest hours of her life. One afternoon, after she had been there for some time, she sent the phaeton home, intending to walk herself. She had not gone very far on her way when she was overtaken by a rapid footstep, and, even before she was accosted, her heart began to flutter expectantly.

"May I walk with you, Constance?"

It was Guy, who apparently had been taking a long walk already, for his shoes were dusty, and his face ruddy with exercise.

"If you wish to, but it is not necessary. I do not mind walking alone."

Guy bit his lip and walked by her side for some time in silence. Then he exclaimed:

"Would you rather walk alone?"

"Oh, no," carelessly. "I shall not mind if you walk with me."

Again Guy relapsed into silence and walked moodily by her side for some minutes. She was fully alive to the mood he was in, and her heart almost stood still every time he turned his anxious eyes upon her. At last he asked:

"Why need you go away? I was willing to go."

"We wish to see Maida. We wish her to know from our own lips that we still love her."

"But you need not desert the Hall for good and all to do that."

"We do not intend to desert the Hall."

"You are preparing as if you intended to stay a long time."

"I think papa will want to stay some time, but I don't think he will care to stay always."

"He is not very well——"

"He is better than he was."

"I did not mean to say anything to make you angry."

"I am not angry; but papa is better."

"I know he is better; but—please do not be angry—you are so kind to everybody else——"

"I do not mean to be unkind to you. I only spoke quickly because I cannot bear to think of papa—leaving us."

"I was only going to say that if anything should happen to him while you are away it might result in your never coming back. The Hall is not home to you."

"No, the Hall is not home to me. Where papa is, is my home."

"Well, what I wanted to say was that—that—if you would only—if you would consider it your home—I mean that I shall never occupy it, and you will be welcome to it as long as you live."

"Oh, no. I couldn't do that."

(To Be Continued).

A MODERN SCOURGE.

MORE TO BE DREADED THAN AN OUTBREAK OF SMALL-POX.

No Epidemic in the Last Quarter of a Century Has Carried Off as Many People as Annually Fall Victims to Consumption.

Throughout Canada much alarm has been felt during the past few months at the outbreak of smallpox that has occurred in various localities and thousands of dollars have been expended—and rightly so—in suppressing it. And yet year in and year out this country suffers from a plague that claims more victims annually than have been carried off by any epidemic during the past quarter of a century. Consumption—the great white plague of the north—is more to be dreaded than any epidemic. Its victims throughout Canada are numbered by the thousands annually, and through its ravages bright young lives in every quarter are brought to an untimely end. Why? There are two reasons, the insidious character of the disease, and the all too prevalent belief that those who inherit weak lungs are foredoomed to an early death and that the most that can be done is to give the loved ones temporary relief in the journey towards the grave. This is a great mistake. Medical science now knows that consumption, when it has not reached an acute stage, is curable. But better still, it is preventible. Sufferers from weak lungs who will clothe themselves properly, who will keep the blood rich and red, not only need not dread consumption, but will ultimately become healthy, robust people. Among those upon whom consumption had fastened its fangs, and who have proved the disease is curable, is Mr. Eldege St. George, of St. Jerome, Que. His story as related to a reporter of L'Avenir du Nord, will be of interest to similar sufferers. Mr. St. George says: "Up to the age of fifteen years I had always enjoyed the best of health, but at that age I became greatly run down. I lost color, suffered constantly from headaches and pains in the sides; my appetite left me and I became very weak. For upwards of three years—though I was having medical treatment—the trouble went on. Then I was attacked by a cough, and was told that I was in consumption. Then the doctor who was attending me ordered me to the Laurentian Mountains in the hope that the change of air would benefit me. I remained there for some time, but did not improve, and returned home feeling that I had not much longer to live. It was then that my parents decided that I should use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began taking them. After using several boxes my appetite began to return, and this seemed to mark the change which brought about my recovery, for with the improved appetite came gradual but surely increasing strength. I continued the use of the pills, and daily felt the weakness that had threatened to end my life disappear, until finally I was again enjoying good health, and now, as those who know me can see, I show no trace of the illness I passed through. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I hope my statement will induce similar sufferers to try them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich, red blood. With every dose the blood is strengthened, the quantity increased, and thus the patient is enabled not only to resist the further inroad of disease but is soon restored to active health and strength. If you are ill, or weak, or suffering from any disease due to poor blood or weak nerves, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once and they will soon make you well. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicines, or will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. William's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont - - - - - 25c.
Sozodont Tooth Powder - - 25c.
Large Liquid and Powder - - 75c.
All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for the postage, 3c.

25c.

HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

THE SCOUT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Experience of Major Burnham, the American Scout.

At Zand River Major F. R. Burnham, the American scout, spent an afternoon inside a Kaffir hut, while on a bench outside were ranged a number of Boer officers watching the movements of the British in the distance. The scout, with his eye at a hole in the thin mud plaster wall, an inch from the head of the nearest Boer, was likewise watching the proceedings. There was only one room in the hut, and when some of the Boers decided to come and sit inside the scout had to jump for a pile of skins in one corner and lie motionless underneath one of them for two hours, while one of the Boers sat so close that he could have touched Burnham without rising from his seat.

The incident illustrates one of Major Burnham's maxims. "Invisibility," he says, "is immobility; but," he adds, "it is not easy to remain motionless unless you keep an eye on the man you wish to avoid. When you lose sight of him your imagination is likely to get the upper hand of your judgment—and your nerves have to be in good condition then."

At another time he lay two days and two nights in an ant-bear hole, just big enough to keep him concealed from a neighboring commando. He was accompanied by one black boy laden with explosives, who also had to use the same kind of shelter.

The diet and the hard travelling were too much for the black boy, who had been chosen for his great strength and endurance. So Burnham took the guncotton with which his companion was laden and went on alone, while the boy struggled back to the British lines.

When the Boers moved on, Burnham blew up the railroad between Pretoria and Johannesburg, enabling the British to capture a number of engines and cars at Johannesburg. He was twelve days on the expedition, living the last four days on raw mealies only.

BABY'S HEALTH.

The Most Precious thing in the World to a Mother.—How to Care For Little Ones.

No price would be too great to pay for the preservation of the perfect, rosy, sturdy health of a baby. No price would be too great; but, as a matter of fact, the price is very small—simply precaution and the exercise of good judgment.

It is not good judgment to give the tender, little infant remedies containing opiates, and the so-called "soothing" medicines, always contain opiates; they do not cure, they only drug and stupify the little ones. Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiates and no harmful drugs. It is the best medicine for the little ones, because it is promptly effective and absolutely harmless. For nervousness, sleeplessness, constipation, colic, stomach troubles, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth and other infantile troubles, Baby's Own Tablets is beyond question the best medicine in the world. The Tablets are sweet and pleasant to take, and dissolved in water can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Mothers who have used this medicine for their little ones, speak of it in the most enthusiastic terms—that is the best proof of its efficacy. Mrs. Alonzo Feltmate, Whitehead, N.S., says:—"In my opinion Baby's Own Tablets are unequalled for children. They take it readily, and it regulates the bowels, cures them of peevishness, and is a great helper in teething. I would not think of being without the Tablets." Sold by druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NOTABLE SPARROW-TAMER.

Many visitors to Paris are familiar with the sparrow-tamer in the Tuileries Gardens. On most days, at some hour or other, may be seen this devotee of the gamins de Paris, as he stands with a muck-petted little creatures are called, dozens of them fluttering around him, some perching on the rim of his hat, others on his shoulder, others again on his finger-tips. But the amateur bird-tamer has done more than merely name his sparrows. He has accorded names to a few of the most intelligent. Thus you may see "Marie" or "Jeanne" hopping when called towards their friend, and the pretty sight acclaimed by onlookers; for no sooner does the well-known figure take his stand than a little crowd gathers round him, old and young.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

TALKING OF FOOD.

Don't eat when not hungry. Hunger is Nature's call for more nourishment. Its silence means that the body needs nothing. Don't eat oftener than once in five hours. At least three hours are needed for the digestion of a meal, and the stomach should have a couple of hours of rest. Don't eat just after severe exercise—especially if it is unusual. The blood is mainly out in the muscles and skin during muscular exercise. Before it can return to the stomach in proper amount to control digestion, fermentative processes may be set up, and consequent gastritis. Don't eat a large meal when tired and hungry. Digestion is a chemical process that requires the expenditure of considerable energy. When the system is exhausted it cannot supply this energy. Eat moderately at first, then some hours later take a hearty meal. Don't eat fast. Time is money. Every minute saved at your meals is money in the pocket of your physician later on in life.

"Thanks, dear Mrs. Grundy, for your advice about 40-cent

MONSOON

CEYLON TEA. I have tried it and must say it is most delicious. My husband now says that breakfast is something to look forward to."

ROYALTY'S ACHING TEETH

THEY ARE KING EDWARD'S CHIEF ANERSION.

The Crown Prince of Norway and Sweden a Martyr to Toothache.

Old world royalty is decidedly weak in the matter of teeth. The moment that the Duke of Cornwall and York landed in Australia he was obliged to place himself in the hands of the dentist, and was afflicted to such an extent with the agonies of the toothache that he was unable to appear at several receptions organized in his honor, and at which the Duchess was obliged to figure alone. On the Ophir arriving in the St. Lawrence almost the first person to be summoned on board was a Quebec dentist, for the purpose of affording relief to the Duchess, whose entire trip across the Atlantic had been spoiled by a torturing tooth.

We all remember how King Edward, when asked to describe his chief aversion, declared that it was the obligation to look pleasant and to make civil speeches to people when suffering from a raging toothache, and the late Dr. Thomas Evans, of Paris, was frequently summoned across the Channel to Sandringham to attend to the teeth of the King and Queen and of their children, who would never pass through Paris without submitting their molars to an inspection by

THE FAMOUS DENTIST.

Both Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie had constant recourse to the medical services of Dr. Evans, and notoriously took advantage of the fact that he was continually being called away to attend this or that foreign sovereign to intrust him with the delicate duty of repeating to his illustrious patient matters which could not well be communicated either in writing or verbally through official channels.

There is no royal personage in all Europe who is a greater martyr to toothache than the Crown Prince of Norway and Sweden, whose teeth are barred, owing to which none of them can be removed without having been previously crushed, so as to admit of their being taken away piecemeal. That the queen of Roumania has frequently stood in need of medical attendance to her teeth is shown by the fact that when, after the failure of her Majesty to carry through her pet project of a marriage between her nephew, the Crown Prince, and her favorite maid of honor, Helene Vacaresca, she withdrew to Venice and established a sort of court of her own there, her American dentist figured along with her French private secretary, Robert Schaeffer, and Mlle. Vacaresca among those of her familiars whom her husband, the King, summarily dismissed from his wife's service at the time when he confided her to the care of her mother and brother in Germany, where she was virtually under

RESTRAINT FOR A TIME.

Among the persons distinguished by Queen Isabella of Spain with her favor was an American dentist, who, in the latter part of the '50s and in the early '60s, played a great role at Madrid, being alleged by many people to have been parentally related to the late King Alfonso, and again it was toothache that brought the late King of Wurtemberg into communication with that other dentist whom he loaded with favors, and who acquired such an influence over him that the monarch was ultimately asked by his government and his people to choose between abdication and the banishment from the kingdom of his trans-Atlantic dentist and friend.

Almost the first appointment made to the household of the children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, and which was gazetted as such, was that of a "dental surgeon to their royal highnesses," while Don Carlos of Spain uses nothing but artificial teeth, having caused all the others to be extracted.

From this it will be seen that royalty, far from being exempt from this particular form of human ills, is perhaps more prone thereto than the average people of less exalted rank.

WHEN HE HAD SENSE.

He: "Ethel, what can it mean? Last night I dreamed that I proposed to you."

She: "I should say it meant that you were more sensible asleep than awake."

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

ENDURANCE OF THE HORSE.

A horse can exist 25 days by drinking as much water as it desires; 17 days without eating or drinking; and only five days when limited to solid food without water.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

Maid—"If ye plaze, ma'am, Mr. Dudleigh is at the telephone an' wants to spake wid you." Mrs. Blobmer—"That awfully swell Mr. Dudleigh! Jane, just hold the wire till I put on my newest tea-gown. That man notices everything."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

First Student—"What makes you look so melancholy?" Second Student—"I have been fooled. I asked my father to send me twenty-five dollars to pay my tailor, and a few days later I received the receipted tailor's bill!"

The steady increase in the sales of

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

proves the fact of its increasing popularity. You'll like its purity and fragrance.
In Lead Packages, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60c

POULTRY

We need large quantities for local and export orders and can pay the top market price for any quantity of well fatted and well dressed Turkeys, Geese, Ducks and Chickens during next 2 months

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.
We also need APPLES, ONIONS, BEANS, HONEY, BUTTER, EGGS, &c.

COULD ANYBODY AFFORD HER.

"If ten men should ask you to marry them, what would that be?"

"What would it be?"

"A tender."

"And if one should ask you, what would that be?"

"I don't know; what?"

"A wonder."

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.

The first civic knight in England, was Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, who was knighted for killing Wat Tyler.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Wheat, rye, turnips and flax are decreasing crops in Great Britain. Barley, oats, potatoes and small fruits are on the increase.

THE CORONATION BIBLE.

The King has already ordered the Coronation Bible from the British and Foreign Bible Society, to be used in Westminster Abbey next June. It will very probably be similar to the one used by Queen Victoria, which was a large quarto volume, bound in red morocco, with gold clasps, and stamped with the royal arms. There are sure to be many claims for this book at the close of the ceremony, but it will probably become the property of the bishop who administers the Coronation oaths.

ASTHMA

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS.

A Well-Known Orangeville Farmer Spent Hundreds of Dollars in Search of a Cure. At last Cured by Clarke's Kola Compound.

It seems foolish to pay several hundred dollars for something which two dollars will buy, don't it? Yet that is just what thousands of asthmatics are doing every year, besides losing their health. They are trying to get free from the tortures of asthma, but unless they take Clarke's Kola Compound they will fail in trying. It is the only permanent cure. Mr. Allan Faulkner, one of the best known farmers in Dufferin Co. writes: "For sixteen long years I have been almost a constant martyr to asthma. Only an asthmatic could realize what I have suffered. Many days and weeks I could not leave the house, and night after night could not lie down. I spent many hundred dollars in search of a cure and tried nearly all our local doctors and some in Toronto, but became worse each year. My druggist, Mr. Stevenson, of Orangeville recommended Clarke's Kola Compound about two years ago. I took, in all, eighteen bottles of this grand medicine during nine months; each week I gradually improved and am now completely cured. It is now over a year since being cured and I have not had a single attack since, and have gained much of my old-time strength and weight. No amount of money so anything can outweigh mentioning its value to me."

(Signed) ALLAN FAULKNER.

I have for years been personally acquainted with Mr. Faulkner and can certify to the absolute truth of the above statements. (Signed) THOS. STEVENSON, Druggist, Orangeville.

Clarke's Kola Compound is sold by Chemists everywhere, $1.00 per bottle, three for $2.00 or from the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada. Enclose 6c in stamps for treatment.

"This is our latest novelty," said the manufacturer, proudly. "Good work, isn't it?" "Not bad, replied the visitor, "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we make." "Oh! are you in this line, too?" "No. We make gunpowder."

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels 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."

The cheques which pass through the London Clearing House in six weeks are more than equal in amount to all the coin in the world.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The register which an undergraduate signs on first entering his college does not provide much scope for humor, conscious or otherwise. He has only to give his name and address, and the name and status of his father. But there is a story told of a more than usually guileless freshman who inserted in the column headed, "Description of father," the terse and vivid sentence, "Old man with white whiskers."

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

AGENTS WANTED.

FOR LEE'S PRICELESS RECIPES, 2000 secrets for the Home, Farm, Laboratory, Workshop; 352 pages. Send 25 cents. If the book is not worth the money send it back and your money will be refunded. This is a good side-line. William Briggs, Methodist Book Room, Toronto, Ontario.

WANTED—$2 PER DAY SURE—GENTLEMEN or ladies—not to canvas, but to employ agents; position permanent; $900 per year and expenses; reliable firm; best references; experience unnecessary. M. A. O'KEEFE, address 480 Truth Office, Toronto.

AGENTS, WE HAVE NO FAKE SALARY offers to make, but we can put any honest, industrious man or woman in the way of earning $100 between now and Christmas. Write us to-night. McDermid & Logan, Dep't D, London, Ont.

EDUCATIONAL.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, TORONTO. Twelve Teachers, fine equipment, eighty typewriting machines, modern courses, thorough work, invites correspondence from all interested parties. Address W. D. Shaw, Principal.

VETERINARY COURSE.

FARMERS' SONS WANTED—To take a short, practical course on veterinary work; three months' study during spare time at home will qualify to pass an examination; successful students will be offered permanent position at $600 a year in our various branches; splendid opportunity for young men to secure a thorough Veterinary Course and good position; write at once for full particulars. Address—Head Office, Veterinary Science Association, London, Ont.

"Can you give me no hope?" he wildly cried. "Yes," sweetly smiled the young girl. "If you go out quietly the bulldog may not hear you."

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

The Alps cover a space of 90,000 square miles. In them rivers have their source, flowing into the North Sea, Black Sea, and Mediterranean.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Since the foundation of the Alpine Club the death rate from mountain accidents has averaged less than 4 per cent. a year out of 500 members.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.
MRS REUBEN BAKER.
Riverdale.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair.
MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.
Stanley, P. E. I.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.
MATTHIAS FOLEY.
Oil City, Ont.

"I'm sorry you don't like the new nurse," she said to her husband. "She's so good about singing to baby and keeping him quiet." "Yes" was the calm reply, "but I would rather hear the baby cry."

W P C 1103

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

GILEADINE

The Sovereign Healer, is a Balm of Gilead Ointment. It heals Ulcers, Cuts, Bruises, Burns and Sores, long standing or acute. It is unequalled for inflamed or weak eyes. Once tried always used. The best testimonial is a trial sample Free on receipt of 5c in stamps.
Address,
GILEADINE CO., Box 504, Toronto, Ont.

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING
J. L. JONES ENG. CO.
6 & 10 ADELAIDE W. TORONTO

Gents' Suits Cleaned
or Dyed; also Ladies' Wear of all kinds, and House Hangings of every description.
GOLD MEDALIST DYERS.
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO'Y,
Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa & Quebec.

Dominion Line Steamships
Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. To Queenstown.
Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the third Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or
Richards, Mills & Co., 77 State St., Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for any thing in Music or Musical Instrument.
WHALEY ROYCE & CO., Limited,
Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man

An Offer to Men.

I HAVE always given proof of anything that I claimed for my Electric Belt, because I know that there are people who claim a great deal more for their remedies than the truth would justify. If you want a remedy which will cure you, it seems wise for you to take the one that has cured others. I have published thousands of testimonials from cured patients, and I will pay $1,000 in gold for evidence showing that I have ever used a testimonial which was not true and honest.

**Dr. McLaughlin's