

# The Unknown Bridegroom.

"Hush!" commanded the other, with a glance at the sexton, who had entered from rear, with a lantern, to put out the light at the altar. "It is in bad taste to be irreverent here. Who are you, and who is this girl, who has evidently been tricked into coming here to plight her hand and fortune to a villain and a fortune-hunter?"

"Never mind who I am—never mind who the girl is!" muttered the startled "best man" in a sudden tone. "I thought there was something queer about you when you first appeared upon the scene. But where is Leighton? Perhaps," he added, with sudden conviction, "you are responsible for his non-appearance. But, be that as it may, of course you understand that the trick, which you have so cleverly played upon us to-night is no marriage—that you are no gainer by the farce."

"Where is the certificate? I will take it to the parson, and you, please," said the stranger, utterly ignoring the remarks of his companion.

"Not if I know myself! What do you take me for? That, at least, I should be asked, if you are the bridegroom," was the sneering response, as the groomsmen deftly slipped away from the clutch upon his shoulder, and backed away to a safe distance.

"Give it to me, I say!" hoarsely commanded the other, making a second dive at him.

But the fellow dodged him, sprang to the door and the next moment had mounted the carriage box, beside the driver. At a word from him, and the crack of a whip, the horses dashed out into the highway, and the vehicle disappeared in the darkness.

The stranger stood looking after it for a moment, with a thoughtful air; then he turned back into the church, where he took a question or two to the sexton, after which he hurried, with quick, elastic steps, to the shed back of the church, where he had left his horse. Vaulting into his saddle, he rode swiftly away in the opposite direction to that which the carriage had taken.

Meantime Florence had recovered consciousness, indeed, she began to revive almost immediately, and the carriage had started, and the cool, damp air from the open window swept into her lungs.

Sitting up, she looked about her, with trembling perplexity, and, putting out her hand to find only her maid beside her, she gave utterance to a long sigh of relief, then burst into violent weeping.

Anna strove to reassure and quiet her, but with little encouragement, for her sobbing and her wailing until she was too exhausted to weep more.

The carriage stopped at this moment, and as the door was opened, two girls came rushing to get her safely within the shelter of their home once more.

The clouds were rapidly dispersing, and the stars were shining brilliantly in the patches of blue which could be seen between them.

As the young man assisted Florence to the ground, he remarked, in a low tone:

"An awfully sorry we should have had such a firm, and that you should have been so frightened. Are you fully recovered?"

"Yes," the fair girl briefly responded, but shivering with repulsion, as she released her hand from his clasp.

She felt heartily glad that she did not know the man, for she was sure she would always regard him with repulsion, if she was obliged to meet him as acquaintance after the experiences of that night.

Without another word, she sped through the gate, which he opened for her, and hastened toward the house, closely followed by Anna, both girls experiencing a sense of infinite relief as the sound of the wheels died away in the distance.

They struck themselves into the mansion very quietly, and at a quarter of twelve the clock struck the hour of eleven, and stole noiselessly up to Florence's room, where they spent the remainder of the night together, Florence insisting that she was so nervous and exhausted to be left alone.

"Oh, Anna, what a horrible experience this has been!" murmured Florence, brokenly.

"Indeed it has, Miss Florence," the girl returned, shivering at the remembrance of the storm. "I never known such a violent thunderstorm, and I'd have given all my old shoes to have been safe at home when those awful claps came. It was a wild night for a wedding, and I only hope it isn't a sign that you're going to have a stormy life. Was it the fright that made you faint?"

A great shock went quivering through Florence at this question, for it plainly told her that the girl was utterly ignorant of the real cause of her swoon—that she had not a suspicion that she had been wedded to a perfect stranger.

"Could it be possible, she asked herself, that the other members of the party had all been deceived, and believed that she had really been married to the wife of Walter Leighton? Should she undeceive them, or would it be better to keep the secret to herself, telegraph Walter to come to her early in the morning, to explain his absence, and a result with him what to do in her perplexity?"

If the marriage ceremony was not legal, they could both keep their own counsel, be really married at the earliest opportunity, and thus save all gossip about the affair.

But—did she really want to be recognized as Walter Leighton's wife? Did she wish to marry him now, under any circumstances?

She shivered slightly, as these queries pressed themselves upon her; then a great loud sobbed suddenly, and roll off her heart. No, she was cu-

scious of a sense of deep gratitude; a great throbbing of joy and thankfulness, that almost made her faint again, went pulsing through her heart, in view of the fact that she was not his wife—bound irrevocably to him for all time.

This revelation of feeling which now took possession of her was as complete as it was sudden, and she wondered how she could ever have consented to take such a rash step; she must have been mad to think of such a thing—to have listened for a moment to Walter's proposals of a secret marriage.

But where could Walter have been all this time? What could have detained him from an event of such vital importance—at least to him?

Who was the stranger who had so mysteriously appeared to take his place? How had he happened to present himself so opportunely, and how had he dared to personate the missing bridegroom? Was she really married to him? Would the ceremony be regarded as binding, from a legal point of view? Could it be possible that she was the wife of a man whom, until that moment at the altar, she had never seen, and whom she should ever meet him again, she doubted that she would recognize?

She did not believe the ceremony could be legal, and yet, somehow, she felt as if she were irrevocably pledged to this mysterious stranger.

Surely, no girl was ever placed in such a strange predicament before; but upon one thing she was resolved—no one should be allowed to deceive her the wife of Walter Leighton, for whom she now knew, she had never entertained one particle of real affection.

"Oh!" she gratefully breathed to herself. "I have barely escaped committing the greatest mistake of my life! I see it now—and Walter was so cowardly and unprincipled to urge me to such a step, against my inclinations."

All these thoughts had flashed through her mind with almost lightning-like rapidity, during a brief interval of hesitation, before answering Anna's question.

"No, Anna," she said at length, "it was not I that made me faint."

"Then it must have been the excitement," said the girl, wondering somewhat at her young mistress' strangely grave tones.

"Possibly that may have had something to do with it, but it was chiefly owing to a terrible shock that I received."

"A shock?" From the lightning? queried simple Anna.

"No, indeed. Is it possible, Anna, that you do not observe anything peculiar about the ceremony to-night?"

"No, I'm sure I didn't; only that it was the most uncanny affair of the kind that I have ever my luck to be mixed up in," said the girl.

"Did you not notice anything strange about Mr.—Mr. Leighton?"

"No; only I thought he might, at least, have turned up the collar of his mackintosh; it concealed his face so that one could scarcely see a bit of it. But I suppose, in the hurry and confusion of being late at his own wedding, he didn't think of it."

"Anna," said Florence, impressively, "the man had a good reason for keeping his face concealed—he wasn't Mr. Leighton at all—"

"God heavens! Miss Florence, surely you are crazy!" excitedly interposed the girl.

"No; I am perfectly sane—more so, I believe, than I have been at any time during the last year," gravely responded Florence. "I must have been crazy, I think, when I consented to such a clandestine escapade as this. But the man who stood beside me to-night, and went through that ceremony, was an utter stranger to me, and it was the discovery of this fact that gave me the shock and caused me to faint."

"Good gracious, I don't wonder. How came he there? How did he ever dare do such a bold thing? And where could Mr. Leighton have been?" cried the girl, in great excitement.

"I am sure I do not know—I cannot answer one of your questions, I, too, wonder how he dared attempt such an audacious act, and what his motive could have been."

"And you haven't the slightest idea who he was?" inquired Anna, curiously.

"Not the faintest. I could not see his face distinctly, for his collar came up so high that it concealed the lower portion. But his eyes were dark, and Mr. Leighton's are blue; his hair was almost black, and curled about his temples, while Mr. Leighton's is brown and perfectly straight."

"You couldn't even tell, then, whether he was nice looking?" queried the maid, eagerly, and beginning to enjoy the romantic mystery of the affair, now that the first shock had passed.

"No; I only know that he was not Walter," responded Florence, with a nervous shiver.

"And you would never know him if you should meet him again?"

"I am sure I should not, oh, it is dreadful. Just think of it—to have been married to a man you do not know, and could not identify if you were to meet him within the next hour!" And Florence broke into nervous weeping again.

"Nonsense, Miss Floy! That was no marriage. The man couldn't hold you to it," said Anna, in a comforting tone.

"Perhaps not; and yet, somehow, I feel as if I had given myself away," said the fair girl, dejectedly.

Nevertheless, in spite of the perplexing predicament in which she found herself, she experienced more and more relief over the fact that she was not the wife of Walter Leighton. Presently she restrained her tears, and turned again to her companion.

"Anna," she said with unusual energy and authority, "you must promise me that you will never reveal what has occurred to-night."

"Of course, I will never tell anything about it, Miss Florence," the girl emphatically asserted; "I will hold my tongue as tight as I can. But how about these men who went with us to the church? Do you suppose they will keep the secret?"

"Anna, I do not believe they suspected the truth, and I think that I was married to Mr. Leighton," answered Florence.

"But they are sure to know it when they see Mr. Leighton," returned the girl, quickly.

"True, I did not think of that; but I feel sure that he will blind them also to secrecy. Oh, why did I ever allow him to persuade me into such a step? I should be mortified, beyond measure, to become the target for a scandal," said Florence, dejectedly.

"Miss Floy, where do you suppose Mr. Leighton was to-night? What kept him?" queried the maid, curiously.

"That is a mystery; the storm, perhaps."

"Do you imagine that anything could have happened to him?" Florence started at the question.

"Oh, I hope not!" she exclaimed, with a quick start.

"What a night this has been," she continued, with a shudder; "but it has taught me a lesson—whatever I shall do after this, shall be open and straightforward."

She did not close her eyes in restful slumber. She tossed, restlessly, upon her pillow, the whole night through, and when morning broke she was in a high fever and raving in delirium.

Of course, this unlooked-for convulsion necessitated the abandonment—at least temporarily—of the European trip, for the physician who was summoned gravely declared that his patient would not be able to travel for a month or six weeks, and perhaps not even then.

Accordingly, Mr. Seaver surrendered his tickets and state-rooms, and indefinitely postponed the voyage.

CHAPTER IV.

Meantime, let us ascertain what had happened to the missing bridegroom.

It will be remembered that he had observed to Florence, on taking leave of her in the arbor, that he had much to attend to before evening.

His first act was to seek out a couple of cronies, and charge them with the mission of procuring a carriage and going for his bride-elect at the hour appointed.

"Here is the license, Ted," he observed to one of them, as he handed to him the important document, "and I have already sent word to a certain clergyman to be ready at five. But, to save time, if you arrive at the church first, as you probably will, hand it to him, that he may see it is all right, and there will be nothing to delay the ceremony when I come. I will join you at the earliest moment—by nine-thirty, sure. Now, I must be off, for every moment is precious."

He had an important commission to execute out of town, and, hastening to his train, he was soon speeding on his way.

If his train had arrived on time, all would have gone well for him; but a local freight, going in the opposite direction, had been derailed, and the debris of a demolished car lay across the track, so that the bound train was thus delayed nearly two hours.

It was nearly eight o'clock when the impatient lover finally reached the city, and he had to take another line, in order to reach the suburb where Mr. Seaver's summer residence was located, and where he also had taken up his abode in order to be near his bride.

It was after nine when he arrived. Irritated beyond measure at being so delayed, and hungry, too, from long fasting—for he had partaken of a very light lunch away to a lively stable, returned—without even going to his rooms to make any change in his clothing, as he had fully intended to do, ordered a conveyance, and started for the wedding chapel to meet his bride-elect.

But the sky had grown black with the coming storm, and he was not far on his way when it burst, with a terrific crash, upon him.

His horse was killed, and every flash of lightning, with its accompanying artillery, caused him to shy out of the road, thus nearly overturning the buggy several times.

Leighton was extremely irritated because he was so far behind time, and lashed the frightened animal to his utmost speed. He was to take a half mile of his destination, when there came a blinding flash, followed by a terrific crash, which caused the horse to spring into the air, with a snort of fear, then plunging madly forward.

At that instant, one of the traces snapped in twain, the buggy swayed out of its course, and ran over a soulder on the road, and, overturning the unfortunate driver out into the mire, where, stunned by the fall, he lay, unconscious, while his reckless steed galloped onward, unchecked, to the mill race, where he pitched his heels, and finally dashed into the spacious grounds of an elegant residence, where he was found, standing under a tree, after the storm, by the coachman of the place.

When Leighton finally came to himself, the tempest was over, the clouds were rapidly dispersing, and the stars were shining brightly. With a groan of pain, for he was badly bruised from his fall, he raised himself to a sitting posture, drew forth his watch, struck a match, and looked at the dial.

It was exactly a quarter to eleven. He had lain in the mud nearly two hours, and he was drenched to the skin.

He swore angrily.

"Too late!" he muttered; "for, of course, they would never wait for me until this hour."

If he had but known it, the return of the party had passed him about twenty minutes previous, and it was very fortunate that he had fallen far enough to one side to escape being run over by their equipage.

He attempted to rise, but found himself so stiff and sore in every joint, he was obliged to settle back again; yet he was greatly comforted to know that he was able to move at all.

"Thank goodness, no bones are broken," he breathed, with a sigh of relief. "It's a wonder, though, that my neck was not dislocated by that nasty fall. God! but I must get up, and find my way to some place of refuge. I cannot stay here in this squalid all night."

With difficulty, he struggled to his feet, and limped forward, hoping that

he would soon come to some dwelling, where he could seek shelter for the night.

But, presently, the welcome sound of wheels fell upon his eager ears, and a market wagon appeared in sight, and going in the direction from which he had come.

He called to the driver, told him of his accident, and begged a ride back to town.

The man was kind-hearted, helped him up to the seat beside him, making him as comfortable, as possible, and, an hour later, left him in his own room, where, lame, sore—a sorry looking object indeed, and in an unenviable frame of mind—he crept into his bed, from which he did not rise for a week or more.

He was in a high fever the next morning, and almost wild from anxiety and suspense, when his friendly "best man" made his appearance, to interview him regarding the delinquency of the previous night, and report the strange occurrence at the Rosedale.

Leighton's state of mind may be imagined as he listened to the account of that mysterious marriage.

"Who was he—who was the contemptible dastard?" he cried, almost beside himself with rage and jealousy.

(To be Continued.)

### FRUIT CROP.

#### The Report for July for the Dominion.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

Dividing the apple crop into fall and winter varieties, the reports show a medium to full crop of the former. The reports from Great Britain and Europe generally show that a very large crop of fruit, that will come into direct competition with our fall varieties, and may slightly affect the market for winter fruit, but not to any extent.

Small Fruits.—Strawberries have been very uneven. Where they were not winter killed the crop has been good, but the winter killing was so general that the crop has been a small one. Raspberries were also a light crop. Cherries.—Cherries in British Columbia have been a full crop, but a light crop throughout Ontario. Black Currants are a full crop. Red Currants not quite so good but still a large crop.

Plums and Figs.—In Ontario and two districts report serious deprivations of insects.

Other Countries.—The reports from the United States, particularly those portions that compete with Canada, indicate a large but not an extraordinary crop of fruit. The indications in England, France, Germany, Holland and Belgium point to a crop somewhat above the average.

General Comment.—The export trade for Canadian and American fall apples will be somewhat restricted, but owing to the better quality of our apples, the market still have the preference in the European markets. Fall fruit of first class quality will in all probability bring a fair price. The supply of good winter stock of apples suitable for the British market during the months of January, February and March is not excessive.

Selection of Strawberry Plants.—A striking illustration of the value of plant and seed selection, as advocated by Prof. Robertson, is reported in the Maritime Farmer of July by a New Brunswick correspondent. He says: "A few days ago while visiting a neighbor the conversation turned to berries, and then he showed me his patch. It was small, but there were plants to be proud of. His plan is as follows: He tells his children when they are picking to pick along some little sticks, pieces of laths, and when they find an extra strong plant with a good fruit stem and plenty of berries, to put a stick down alongside of it. After the berries are picked, the sticks are picked up and set them out in a bed, letting them 'throw out runners in all directions. In the spring he has some fine plants to set, and his berries are improving every year." Yours truly, W. A. Clemens, Publication Clerk.

### A DANGER TO BABY.

Doctors have preached against the so-called soothing medicines for years, but they are still used altogether too much. The fact that they put children to sleep is no sign that they are helpful. Ask your doctor and he will tell you that you have merely drugged your little one into insensibility—that soothing medicines are dangerous. If your little one needs a medicine give it Baby's Own Tablets and you give it a medicine guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. You can give these Tablets just as safely as a new born infant as to the well-grown child, and they will cure all the minor ills of childhood. Mrs. J. M. Gilpin, Bellhaven, Ont., says: "I have given my little one Baby's Own Tablets there has been a marvelous change in her appearance, and she is growing splendidly. You may count me always a friend to the Tablets." Ask your druggist for the medicine or send 25c to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get a box by mail post paid.

Johnny's Age. (S. E. Kiser.) I'm just exacting enough. To always have a run. When ma wants something at the store, or she thinks of something more. Around here to be done. I'm lots and lots too old, at least. That's what they always say. To fly a kite, or have a sling. Or ever do most everything. They seem to think is play. But pa and ma, when I'm around. Most always whisper, though. Or else they make me bustle out. 'Cause they're so much to talk about. That I'm to young to know.

## GOVERNMENT AID

### To Horse Breeding—An Outline of the Irish System.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

In the year 1900 the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland devised a scheme for encouraging improvement in the breed of live stock, particularly of horses and cattle, in that country. An outline of the Irish system may be of interest to Canadian horsemen, who have for some time been discussing the problem of obtaining service throughout the country a sufficient number of the most profitable types.

Horse Breeding Scheme.—The horse breeding scheme as outlined by the Advisory Committee and approved by the Agricultural Board, provided for the registration of suitable and sound thoroughbred and agricultural sires, and the selection of a number of the best brood mares in each country to be served by these sires. The owner of a registered stallion is entitled, under the scheme, to a fee of £3 for each selected mare put to his stallion. The mares selected were the property of persons deriving their means of living from farming, whose valuation did not exceed in the counties £150, and in the more wealthy counties £200.

The first year 410 stallions were offered for registration, of which 298 were thoroughbred and 112 of the agricultural type. From the first it was deemed advisable to spare no pains in making a searching examination of the stallions offered for registration, and, accordingly, before any of the stallions offered under the scheme were accepted, the Department's inspectors had to certify 1. As to suitability, and 2. as to the soundness of the animal. A register was published in March, 1901, which contained the names and pedigrees of 97 thoroughbred and 31 agricultural stallions that had been accepted. Upwards of 1,800 free nomination tickets of £3 each were offered at 150 shows of mares held during March and April, and nearly 1,700 of these tickets were issued.

In addition to subsidizing stallions by means of £3 nominations to mares, the Department offered in a few countries where there was an insufficient number of stallions for the purpose of the scheme, premiums varying from £50 to £100.

Loans for the Purchase of Stallions.—In order to encourage farmers of small means to provide themselves with a registered stallion a sum of money was allotted by the Department for the purpose of granting loans for the purpose of approved sires. The money was lent at 2½ per cent. interest, payable in five annual instalments. It was a condition precedent to these loans that the animal should be insured for its full market value.

Premiums for Female Stock.—As a further means of encouraging improvement in stock breeding the Department adopted the principle of awarding premiums and prizes for female stock. The Advisory Committee on horse breeding pointed out that that industry in Ireland is, to a great extent, injured by young mares being sold out of the country, thus leaving only second-class animals for breeding purposes, and the Department adopted their recommendation that the prizes and premiums should be mainly confined to young mares from two to six years old, served by a registered sire, in the hope that the farmers would thereby be induced to retain these mares. Yours very truly, W. A. Clemens.

## ANAEMIA—POOR BLOOD.

### Headaches, Dizziness, Heart Palpitation and Consumption Follow.

Anaemia—watery blood—is a treacherous trouble. It steals insidiously from slight symptoms to dangerous disease. The thin, watery blood shows itself at first in pale lips, wan face, breathlessness, heart palpitation, loss appetite. If the trouble is not checked and cured, consumption follows; coughing, spitting, clammy night sweats, total breakdown and death. What the anaemic sufferer needs is more blood—more strength. And there is nothing in the whole wide world will give new blood and new strength so surely and so speedily as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to send new, rich, red blood coursing through the system, bringing strength to weak lungs and all parts of the body. Thousands testify to the truth of these statements, among them Miss Estaline Yolande, St. Germain, Que., who says: "While attending school my health began to give way. The trouble came on gradually and the doctor who attended me said it was due to overstudy and that a rest would put me right. But instead of getting better I grew weaker. I suffered from headaches and dizziness, and at night I did not sleep well. I was troubled with pains in the back, my appetite left me, and I grew pale as a corpse. Finally I became so weak I was obliged to resign my position. The doctor did not help me any, I asked my father to get me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had used two boxes there was an improvement, and when I had taken a half dozen boxes I was again in perfect health. I believe that weak girls will find new health if they will take the pills."

Anaemia, indigestion, heart trouble, rheumatism, kidney trouble, and the special ailments of women are all due to poor blood, and all are cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## GUARDED BY THE JUNGLES.

### Malay State of Johore Has Never Been Explored by Whites.

Although known to the civilized world for two centuries and currently believed to possess mineral deposits of great richness, the state of Johore, situated just at the end of the Malay peninsula and separated from the prosperous Island of Singapore only by the narrow Strait of Selat Tebrau, in places less than half a mile in width, has never yet been explored by civilized man.

Though its neighbors on all sides are vassals of the British crown, as regards its internal policy, Johore is as free and independent to-day as ever it was in bygone days, when the sovereignty of its rulers extended far out into the Indian Ocean, embracing Lingga, the Rho group and many other islands, when piracy flourished unrestricted and Johore was indeed the home of the orange laut—the fierce men of the sea. And it is on account of the curious position in which Johore stands that it affords an interesting study to the student of empire, for while, to all intents and purposes, it is an independent state, ruled over by its hereditary Malay sultan, and the manners and customs, religion, laws and internal government are the same as those which prevailed in the land before dream of conquest first led Britons to this little known portion of the globe, Great Britain has the right to determine the foreign policy of Johore.

Subject to Great Britain.

It is safe to say that England would permit no other power, European or Asiatic, to set foot within its borders. For the time being it meets English views to preserve the independence of the state, to acknowledge its ruler, but every year, where the waters are rough from a sudden squall or a passing steamer, never rise in the boat, but settle down as close to the bottom as possible, until the water is smooth again—and don't scream or talk to the oarsman.

Fourth—If overturned, a non-swimmer by drawing the arms up to the sides and pushing down with widely extended hands, while stair-climbing or treading water with the feet, may keep up several minutes, often when a single minute means life; or throwing out the arms, dog fashion, forward, overhead, and pulling in, as if reaching for something, may keep one at least afloat until help comes. A woman's skirts, held out by her extended arms, while the average towns are almost unknown. There are a few unworthy the name, and the capital, Johore Bahru, would not bear favorable comparison with a third-rate country town in England. Roads, good, hard ones, practically do not exist, nor harbors round the coast, nor docks, wharves nor other trading facilities, and the "iron horse" has not yet entered this Malayan domain. Nearly the whole of the country is covered with thick virgin jungle, dense, almost impenetrable, where the light of

day rarely pierces the profusion of branches, and the only sounds that break the silence, the weird, oppressive howl of the forest, are the harsh, incessant chatter of the monkeys, and the melodious song of gaudy-plumed birds.

Where Riches Lie.

It is this jungle, matted thick and close over valuable mineral deposits, which jealously guards the treasure from human depredators, but for the pioneer who can successfully withstand the difficulties which beset his path at almost every turn—a most essential qualification—who possesses the necessary amount of capital to enable him to bear the heavy initial cost of the undertaking, a sure reward lies in store. In this country is wonderfully rich, and gold is to be found in many parts, especially in the vicinity of Mount Ophir, on the Malaccan border. Mount Ophir is held by many to be that wonderful mountain often referred to in holy writ as the place whence Solomon drew untold golden treasure, and for generations Malays living in the neighborhood have found gold deposits in the beds of little streams which course down the mountain slope and percolate the surrounding forest. But apart from that which lies beneath, there is wealth above the surface; immense tracts of valuable timber and thousands of acres of soil the most fertile, capable, after clearing and with slight cultivation, of producing most remunerative crops of pineapples, pepper, gambier, sago, tapioca, coffee, etc. To be brief, resources are there in abundance and their development is sadly needed. Not that there is any opposition on the part of the powers that be to pioneering, but the Malay mind is exceedingly slow in its working and is not always sure, and where at certain times a little encouragement might have gone a very long way toward introducing European capital into the country, unfortunately the initiative was lacking, and opportunity after opportunity was missed in the manner.

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### Headaches, Dizziness, Heart Palpitation and Consumption Follow.

Anaemia—watery blood—is a treacherous trouble. It steals insidiously from slight symptoms to dangerous disease. The thin, watery blood shows itself at first in pale lips, wan face, breathlessness, heart palpitation, loss appetite. If the trouble is not checked and cured, consumption follows; coughing, spitting, clammy night sweats, total breakdown and death. What the anaemic sufferer needs is more blood—more strength. And there is nothing in the whole wide world will give new blood and new strength so surely and so speedily as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to send new, rich, red blood coursing through the system, bringing strength to weak lungs and all parts of the body. Thousands testify to the truth of these statements, among them Miss Estaline Yolande, St. Germain, Que., who says: "While attending school my health began to give way. The trouble came on gradually and the doctor who attended me said it was due to overstudy and that a rest would put me right. But instead of getting better I grew weaker. I suffered from headaches and dizziness, and at night I did not sleep well. I was troubled with pains in the back, my appetite left me, and I grew pale as a corpse. Finally I became so weak I was obliged to resign my position. The doctor did not help me any, I asked my father to get me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had used two boxes there was an improvement, and when I had taken a half dozen boxes I was again in perfect health. I believe that weak girls will find new health if they will take the pills."

Anaemia, indigestion, heart trouble, rheumatism, kidney trouble, and the special ailments of women are all due to poor blood, and all are cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## TO AVOID ACCIDENTS ON WATER.

Appropos of the Slocum disaster, a little advice from such a well-known authority as Caspar Whitney, editor of *Outing*, will be welcome. He writes in August *Outing*:

So many lives are lost each season on the water by criminal carelessness and ignorance, that, at the risk of being trite, I am repeating a few timely don'ts for those who number rowing or sailing among their summer recreations.

First—Do not go out in a canoe, rowboat or sailboat, small or large, unless it carries enough life-saving buoys or cushions to float you on board in case of an upset or collision.

Second—Do not go out in a sailboat except with a skipper of experience. Many a boatload is upset through the mistaken idea, prevalent at summer resorts, that any one can handle a small sailboat in case of fatal accident, the guilty, incompetent skipper should get ten years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Third—In case of a party in a rowboat, be sure you are finally seated before leaving shore, particularly if there are girls. Permit no one to attempt to change seats after leaving shore, or to put a foot on the edge or gunwale of the boat, to exchange seats, or to rock the boat, Rocking boats for fun by rolling young people loses many lives every year. Where the waters are rough from a sudden squall or a passing steamer, never rise in the boat, but settle down as close to the bottom as possible, until the water is smooth again—and don't scream or talk to the oarsman.

Fourth—If overturned, a non-swimmer by drawing the arms up to the sides and pushing down with widely extended hands, while stair-climbing or treading water with the feet, may keep up several minutes, often when a single minute means life; or throwing out the arms, dog fashion, forward, overhead, and pulling in, as if reaching for something, may keep one at least afloat until help comes. A woman's skirts, held out by her extended arms, while the average towns are almost unknown. There are a few unworthy the name, and the capital, Johore Bahru, would not bear favorable comparison with a third-rate country town in England. Roads, good, hard ones, practically do not exist, nor harbors round the coast, nor docks, wharves nor other trading facilities, and the "iron horse" has not yet entered this Malayan domain. Nearly the whole of the country is covered with thick virgin jungle, dense, almost impenetrable, where the light of

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