Perils of the Deep.

GREAT HARDSHIP AND EXPOSURE ENDURED.

Capt. Adnah Burns, of Dayspring, N. S., Tells an Interesting Story From His Own Experience.

From the Progress, Lunenburg, N.S.

Capt. Adnah Burns, of Dayspring, Lunenburg, Co., N.S., is a prominent representative of a large class of men, in Nova Scotia, who, during much of the year, follow the dangerous occupation of deep sea fishing. When not at sea Capt. Burns' avocation is that of ship-carpenter. He is 43 years of age, and is to-day a healthy, vigorous representative of his class. Capt. Burns, however, has not always enjoyed this vigorous health, and while chatting recently with a representative of the Lunenburg Press, he said he believed that but for the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he would have been a chronic invalid. "From 1895 to 1898," said Capt. Burns, "I was the victim of a complication of troubles, I suppose they had their origin in the hardship and exposure I so frequently had to undergo. My illness took the form of dyspepsia and kidney trouble. The foods which I ate did not agree with me, and frequently gave me a feeling of nausea and at other times distressful pains in the stomach. Then I was much troubled with pains in the back due to the kidney trouble. Finally I took a severe cold which not only seemed to aggravate these troubles but which seemed to affect my spine as well, and I became partially rigid in the arms and legs. I was forced to quit work, and doctored for a time with little or no benefit. Then I dropped the doctor and began taking other medicines, but with no better result By this time I was run down very much, had no appetite, and was depressed both in mind and body. While in this condition I chanced to read in a newspaper the testimonial of a cure made by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which in some respects presented symptoms like my own. The straightforward manner in which the story was told gave me new hope and I determined to try these pills. I sent for three boxes. Of course I did not expect that this quantity would cure me, but I thought it would probably decide whether they were suited to my case. I must say they seemed to act like magic, and before the pills were gone there was a decided improvement in my condition. I then got a half dozen boxes more and before they were gone I was back again at work in the shipyard, and enjoying once more the blessing of vigorous health. This was in the spring of 1898, and since that time up to the present I have not been laid up with illness. Occasionally when suffering from the effects of exposure or over work I take a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they always put me right. Since my own marvellous rescue from premature uselessness and suffering I have recommended these pills to many persons variously afflicted and have yet to hear of the first instance where they have failed to give good results where they were fairly tried."

It is such endorsations as these that give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills their great popularity throughout the world. Neighbors tell each other of the benefits they have derived from the use of these pills and where a fair trial is given the results are rarely disappointing. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go directly to the root of the trouble, they create new, rich red blood, stimulate the nerves to healthy action, thus bringing health and strength to all who use them. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN HOUR WITH UNCLE SAM

SOME NOTES OF INTEREST FROM OVER THE BORDER.

A Philanthropist's Gift—Graves of Soldiers of the Revolution—Daughter of Col. John S. Mosby—To Speak for the American Bar, &c., &c.

Oscar L. Hascy, a philanthropist of Albany, N.Y., is to erect a guild house for All Saints' Cathedral at a cost of $20,000.

William Dean Howells does his writing at a business-like desk which is a miracle of neatness. He cannot work, he says, among any sort of disorder.

Second Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Adee is said to be better versed in the language of diplomacy than any living American. He writes nearly all the State papers intended for foreign reading.

The Rev. Andrew Longacre, of the Madison avenue Methodist Episcopal church, New York, received $5,000 from his parishioners at the celebration of his completion of fifty years in the ministry.

The Cleveland Day Nursery and Free Kindergarten Association has received from the Hanna family of that city $10,000, to be used as an endowment fund in memory of their mother, Mrs. Samantha Hanna.

In locating the graves of soldiers of the revolution, buried in the town of Saugerties, N. Y., the discovery was made that of these soldiers eighteen were sons and grandsons of Christian Myer, a Palatine who settled at West Camp in 1710. There were also several sons of Myer's daughters.

Robert I. Aitken has been chosen as the sculptor for the American navy monument to be erected in San Francisco. It is to cost $45,000, and the larger part of this amount has been subscribed, Claus Spreckels contributing $10,000 and John W. Mackay and Mayor James D. Phelan, of San Francisco, $5,000 each.

Miss Pauline Vincent Mosby, daughter of Col. John S. Mosby, of the Confederate army, received her diploma recently from the Maryland University Hospital, where she graduated as a professional nurse. She will leave for California, where her father now lives, and at once begin her career as a trained nurse.

Dr. John W. Hoffman, professor of agriculture in the Florida State Agricultural College is one of the most noted negro scientists in the world. He has just been elected member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and he also belongs to the Royal Agricultural Society of England and many similar organizations.

Hubbard O. McDonald journal clerk of the United States Senate, is credited with being the ablest parliamentarian belonging to that body. He is the third of his family to hold the position, his father and grandfather having preceded him. His business is to sit close to the presiding officer and keep him from falling into parliamentary pitfalls. He reports that of all the vice-presidents he has coached in his 25 years' experience, Mr. Roosevelt is much the hardest to keep in line.

Maida's Secret.....

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

CHAPTER I.

For fifteen long years Hartleigh Hall had held its doors shut to friends and strangers alike; for fifteen long years a shadow had hovered over it, and the gloom of a dead past had filled it. The silence of a buried life had brooded there, and the people had learned to shun it.

And now, of a sudden, the doors had been thrown open, and life and gayety, beauty and fashion thronged its erstwhile gloomy chambers. Every window gleamed joyously with the warm blaze of light, and soft, melting strains of music, mingled with the hum of sweet voices and the rustle of silks and satins; and white shoulders gleamed, and bright eyes flashed with Cupid's artillery, and hearts were lost and won. And the lawns and drives were gay with many colored lamps, and alive with liveried servants; and the pebbled drive-way crunched under spurning hoofs and grinding wheels. And the gloom and silence of Hartleigh Hall were driven away.

Some there were there who had known the Mad Dick Hartleigh of twenty years agone, and these were curious to see the changes time and sorrow had wrought in the man whose wild exploits had set the sober world agog. And others there were to whom he was only a name, and they looked to see what manner of man this was who had started life with almost unlimited wealth and a title hat went back near a thousand years; who had in his youth startled England with his mad caprices, and who had lived a miserly recluse for fifteen years, only to end by opening his magnificent mansion to feasting and mirth.

And when they entered the drawing room, what did they see? They saw a tall, thin man, of perhaps fifty-five years of age, with a clean-cut patrician face, distinguished by the Hartleigh gray-blue eyes and well-formed mouth—a thorough specimen of old English nobility, who greeted his guests and welcomed them with a courtliness which smacked of the manners of the old world that had known him as Mad Dick Hartleigh. He was not a whit embarrassed; he did not explain why the Hall had been closed to them for so many years, but bore himself with the well bred ease of the man who is aware of nothing extraordinary in what he is doing; and with polished ease leaned one white, thin hand upon the arm of his nephew, Guy Hartleigh, as he went about introducing the young man and doing the honors of the evening.

Heir as he was to the title and estates, Guy was even less known than Sir Richard, though his boyhood, too, had been spent near the Hall; but since his boyhood he had visited the Hall only at stated intervals, and for a brief period at these times. His relations to the old man had been of the coldest and most formal kind, never reaching the length of affection, and always constrained. To him the Hall had ever been an awesome place, and no one of the gay throng was more surprised than he to see the old place radiant with light and joyous with mirth and music.

Guy was a Hartleigh. Everybody saw that at a glance. He had in full measure all the qualities for which his race had been famous. Tall, stalwart, erect, and bold of bearing as one of the ancient Vikings, he was yet a patrician from the tawny hair of his head to the well-shaped feet which he used so gracefully in the mazy windings of the waltz. And, for all the strangeness of the gathering, he did not fail to enter into the enjoyment of it with all the zest and ardor of youth.

The ball was a success, so everybody agreed. It was threatened to be stiff, but, as the little Lady Gladys Vyner said, who could resist the infectious gayety of Guy Hartleigh? Nobody, apparently, for after the first feeling of wonderment at finding themselves in a house which most of them had come to look upon as a tomb, they one and all abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of the occasion, and made the old walls ring again with their joyous mirth.

It was three o'clock before the last guest left the Hall; and then the tired servants hurried to extinguish the lights on the lawn and in the house, so that before Guy had returned after putting pretty Lady Gladys into her carriage, he found himself, with something of the old boyish shudder, in the same gloomy Hall of the past. His uncle, too, had disappeared; and Guy, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, told himself that, after the one gladdening glimpse of joyous life, the old cheerless life was to be taken up again. And if that were so, what was to become of him? He would not consent to bury himself there, as his uncle had done. He would return to the Continent rather than that; and with this thought in his mind, he turned from the drawing-room and made his way to the library, where he could have a last smoke before retiring. A lamp was still burning in the library, and he was about to light his cigar when a noise in the adjoining room attracted his attention, and he turned his head to listen.

"Is that you, Guy?" demanded a voice.

"Yes, sir."

It was his uncle who had spoken. The room was dark, and Guy wondered what the old man was doing there at such a time. It was a sort of disconnected picture-gallery, and was used for the portraits of the latter generations of the Hartleighs.

"Come in here, Guy; I would like to say a few words to you if you are not too tired to talk with me."

"Not at all. I was going to sit up and smoke a cigar before going to bed."

"Bring your cigar in here; and if there is a candle there, bring that, too."

Guy lighted his cigar, and, lifting the lamp, carried it into the gallery. His uncle sat in a great arm-chair, with a weary, wistful expression in his usually stern, impassive face. He motioned Guy to a chair, and, after a pause, which Guy occupied in idly puffing the cigar smoke in circles from him, Sir Richard asked, abruptly, but not unkindly:

"Do you know why I gave this ball tonight, Guy?"

"I understood it was to introduce me."

"But you are three years past your majority. Why should I wish to introduce you now, more than three years ago, at the age when such things are commonly done—can you guess?"

"No, sir; though I have tried to do so."

"You are heir to the title and estate, but except at my will you could never enjoy a penny of your inheritance until my death."

"I know that, sir, and I am grateful——"

"It is not for that that I speak now. Listen. The estate is a good one, and, by my will or not, you will at my death be in possession of a fair income; but there is an immense fortune, part of which I inherited and more of which I have accumulated, which can be disposed of according to my own wish. I have had you educated, and I have always provided for you with the one idea of leaving to you this wealth, which has never done me any good."

Guy murmured something in the nature of thanks for this promised munificence; his uncle, however, took no notice of his words, but, as if he had not heard them, went on:

"I have watched you carefully, and I have so much confidence in you that I do not now hesitate to ask of you what, with another, I would make a condition of the bestowal of this wealth."

"I am glad it is a request rather than a condition," said Guy, with quick pride.

"You would have resented the condition, perhaps even refused it?" queried Sir Richard, with an anxiety he made no effort to conceal.

"I am a Hartleigh," was the proud answer.

"But the request?"

"Is acceded to without hesitation. I make no reservation, for I know it is as little likely that you would ask, as that I would grant, anything that could not be done with honor."

"It is true; but you must know the request before you grant it."

Sir Richard let his head fall upon his hand as he said this, and for several minutes did not open his lips. There was so little of the old familiar firmness, and there was so much of the depressed sorrow in his uncle's tone and manner, that Guy felt a new sentiment coming to life in his generous young heart. It seemed to him that in the place of the hard, repellent old man he had accustomed himself to see in his uncle, there was one who needed his affection and support. He put his hand out with a frank, generous gesture, characteristic of him, and would have spoken; but the older man seemed to comprehend, for he looked up with a smile as sad as it was rare on his face, and taking the hand in both of his for a moment, gave it a gentle pressure, which seemed to say, "I know what you would say, and I thank you." Then he dropped it and rising painfully to his feet, said, brokenly.

"Guy, you have known me as a silent, unloving man. A miser, some have called me; a misanthrope others. I have been neither, but a suffering, self-condemned wretch. To cause you shall know."

He drew a tiny key from his pocket, and approaching what looked like a large cabinet resting against the wall, inserted the key and unlocked it. Two doors swung open, and there was revealed to Guy's astonished eyes the portrait of a surpassingly beautiful woman. Many times had Guy stopped wonderingly before this seeming cabinet, but never had he suspected what it really was. He turned to Sir Richard with a look of inquiry.

"My wife," were the only words he spoke, and then turned away with such a look of agony on his face that Guy's kind heart went out to him.

He would have gone to his side and given him that silent sympathy which men like, but felt that it would be wiser not; so he stood looking up at the lovely face, which seemed to be smiling down at him, in a trustful, tender way that bespoke his confidence, in spite of the story he vaguely remembered to have heard of her. By and by his uncle returned to his side, and asked him softly:

"Could you believe her to be false?"

"No," answered Guy, in his fearless way.

"Sit down. Twenty years ago today I married Constance Faulkner. She was young, and, as you see, rarely beautiful. I loved her, and I believed she loved me. And when I say 'love,' I mean all the word can mean. Adoration, worship, devotion. I had been, as you have no doubt heard, wild as few men are. Mad Dick Hartleigh!" he said, with a sigh. "The name tells the story. But after my marriage I was as faithful and true as I had been unstable and wild before. Two years after our marriage a child was born to us—a girl. We were very happy. So happy that for five years we shut ourselves out from the world, content with each other; but then I one day met an old friend, one I had loved as Damon loved Pythias. I invited him to the Hall, to renew the friendship of the old days. One day I returned unexpectedly to find him at the feet of my wife, speaking words of love to her. He slept not again in this house." The old man lowered his voice. "He went with me to France, and there I left him dead. When I returned to my home, my wife was gone—my wife and my child."

The prematurely gray head dropped on the thin white hand, and the silence of anguish and despair fell upon him.

Guy said not a word, but his broad chest rose and fell, and his eyes filled with a sympathetic moisture that did him honor. All the reserve and the coldness of the past melted away, and the young heart and the old throbbed together.

Presently the old man looked up with a pathetic smile and continued:

"I did not seek to bring her back. I doubted even that the child was mine. I asked no questions; I would not even look upon the things that were hers. I shut up the Hall and went abroad. Five years later I came back here, my heart hardened and full of scorn for myself. I went through the rooms, scoffing at myself, to see them just as she had left them. I went even to her chamber, and tossed over the dust-covered articles on her toilet-table, trying to make myself believe I did not care. And my heart was crying out all the time! Guy," and his voice sank to a low whisper, "as I turned over the laces and jewels that lay there I came upon a yellow, time-stained envelope addressed to me. It was in her writing. I tore it open; I know not what I thought to find in it; but, oh, great Heaven! it showed her to me as white and spotless as the angels themselves. She, who had gone away in her innocence, knowing my furious anger and unreasoning passion, had left that letter, hoping I would read it and follow her for her forgiveness. I sought her then, but, alas! it was too late. I hired three detectives to search for her, and for years they searched in vain; but at last they were successful, and came upon her and her child in America. But just as they were about to communicate with her, she unaccountably disappeared. Then again they searched, and again found her, only to be baffled in the same way. Time and again the same thing happened, until it seemed to me she must be trying to elude me. I did not dare go seek her myself, fearing, I know not why, that if I did some dire misfortune would befall her and the child. Now, she is dead."

He arose and paced the floor, not with the assured step Guy had been so accustomed to see, but feebly and almost totteringly. But it calmed him, and in a few minutes he resumed his seat and took up the story again:

"The child is found, a young woman now and it only remains to bring her home. Home, Guy! I dare not go, and every day I look for a telegram saying that she, too has disappeared again."

Guy's handsome face lighted up, and he spoke eagerly.

"You will let me go for her? If she disappears again I will trace her. I will find her and bring her to you. It is what you would ask, is it not? It is what I would do. Tell me what you know of her whereabouts. Where is she now?"

"In San Francisco. But it is much to ask of you."

"It is nothing. I shall be ready tomorrow. We will not delay a moment more than is necessary. I am not only willing, I am eager to go."

"But, Guy, there is more to be said."

"More? What is it?" asked Guy, uneasily, for there was a strange expression in Sir Richard's face.

"Can you picture what my child must be, having led the life she has?"

"But what does it matter? She is your daughter and my cousin. You doubt how I will receive one who is perchance, ignorant and uncouth? Doubt no longer. She is the victim of an injustice, and I, as well as you, will do what lies in me to rectify it."

"Ah, Guy; as noble as a Hartleigh! It applies to you as it never did to me. But have you considered—have you thought—to your——"

"You hesitate. Tell me without reserve, what is in your mind."

"Guy, there is but one way to place my daughter right before the world."

"And that is?"

"By marriage with one who is her social equal."

Guy looked down as if studying the full meaning of the words, and then looked up with a frank smile, and putting both hands out to his uncle said:

"I understand you. This is the request, that I marry your daughter?"

"I noticed your attentions to the Lady Gladys tonight."

"She is pretty, and I was attracted. It might never have gone any farther. At least, it shall not. I will find your daughter, and, if she will have me, I will make her my wife. And, uncle, I do it with a cheerful heart and without one misgiving."

"Heaven bless you, Guy! I do not deserve this from you."

To be continued.

THE PLUMBERS OF CANADA INVITED

JOHN S. MORGAN'S LETTER OPEN FOR THEIR PERUSAL.

Nova Scotia Member of the Guild Wants His Case Published—An Eight Year Sufferer from Backache — Cured Recently by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Bridgewater, N. S., June 8, Special.—The case of John S. Morgan, plumber and tinsmith of this town, should be put prominently before every union and non-union man in Canada. In a matter like this there should be no distinction, the benefit belongs to all.

John S. Morgan for eight years was hampered in his work by backache. Stooping continually at work is the cause of a great deal of backache, though not in the way most people imagine. Mr. Morgan's letter explains the truth of the matter when he says Dodd's Kidney Pills cured his backache. It was really Kidney ache that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured. It was really Kidney ache that troubled Mr. Morgan.

Backache is the commonest symptom of Kidney Disease. Kidney Disease is the commonest of human ailments, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one infallible cure for all Kidney diseases. Read what Mr. Morgan says about them himself.

"I have been subject to lame back for eight years. The different remedies I tried were no good. I got so that I was crippled up entirely and couldn't do a tap of work. Another thing was a frequent desire to urinate altogether unnatural.

"About a year ago I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had run down in weight to about 140 pounds. During the time I was using Dodd's Kidney Pills I gained 23 pounds. My back got better and better as I continued taking the pills until to-day I am as free from backache as even I was in my life. This after eight years of it means an awful lot to me. I realize the danger I was in and know what I owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who has backache or any other Kidney complaint."

THEY WERE SAFE.

A punctilious lady was married to a happy-go-lucky man with a notorious disregard for all matters of dress. He was going off on business for a week, and his wife packed in his bag six shirts, exacting a promise that he would wear a fresh one every day. He returned home in due course, and the good housewife proceeded to unpack the bag. Lo! not one of the shirts was there.

What's the matter, John? she asked in great perturbation. Where are all the shirts I gave you?

John protested that he had followed orders and put on a clean one every day, but what happened to them he did not know. He retired downstairs to think out the problem. Ten minutes later an excited face was thrust into the room, and a happy voice rang out:

I've found 'em my dear; I've found 'em! The whole six shirts are safe! I've got 'em all on!

George F. McCulloch a millionaire of Muncie, Ind., has offered that city 87 acres of land for a public park and $2,500 in cash for improvement on condition the citizens subscribe for a boulevard to extend for eight miles along the White river.

FRAGRANT
SOZODONT
for the TEETH and BREATH
New Size SOZODONT LIQUID . . . 25c
New Patent Box SOZODONT POWDER . . 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER 75c
25c
At the Stores or by Mail, postpaid, for the Price.
A Dentist's Opinion: "As an antiseptic and hygienic mouthwash, and for the care and preservation of the teeth and gums, I cordially recommend Sozodont. I consider it the ideal dentifrice for children's use." [Name of writer upon application.]
HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

A CURIOUS MILLIONAIRE.

WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD TRANSFORMED AT HIS WHIM.

Employed 200 Workmen in Turning a Wilderness Into a Magnificent Place of Residence—Relations With His Favorite Keeper.

Probably no more interesting personality has been brought before the public for many years than that of the late Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, against whose estate of some £3,000,000 claims are being made to the extent of £800,000 says the London Express. As will be remembered, the case is now being tried in Edinburgh, by which the claimants are endeavouring to prove that his chief residence was Glen Tana, near Aberdeen.

When Sir William first rented the property from Lord Huntley the house was merely a small fishing box. So he immediately set to work and practically rebuilt it, pulling down a great deal of small property to make room for the new manor. From that time to the date of his death 200 workmen were constantly employed in turning the one-time wilderness into a magnificent place of residence. According to Sir William's own estimate, he spent regularly £20,000 a year upon the property; and this exclusive of the £150,000 which is stated as having been the initial price of the purchase.

In place of the cottages which he destroyed, others, replete with every modern convenience, had to be erected; the course of the river was deflected to form miniature lakes and cascades were planted, and in one case £10,000 was paid by the eccentric millionaire for the "wood" of a forest, so that by their becoming his property the trustees would be unable to sell them to timber merchants to be cut down.

In short, the whole of the neighboring countryside has undergone a complete transformation at his hands.

EVEN A DEER FOREST

has not escaped "improvement." Within quite a short time of his occupation Sir William encircled its vast limits with a wire fence, seven feet in height, which was constructed in such a way as to allow deer to enter but not to leave it.

He was never so happy as when stalking in the deer forests, accompanied by his favorite keeper, Donald Macintosh. And of these two men several amusing anecdotes are told. One of them relates how Macintosh found a big rock in the Tana waters, and said to Sir William that he would very much like to have it placed upon his grave when he died. As the same idea had already occurred to Sir William he announced that "masters should come first and servants afterwards." The keeper, with the customary license of old retainers, promptly disputed the point, and after a lengthy argument induced his master to agree that the first one to die should have the stone. Poor "Mac" died first, and the rock now forms the headstone of his grave.

As further illustrating the relations which existed between these two the story is recorded of an incident which happened while they were travelling in the Far East. Upon the quay where they had landed Sir William suddenly stopped short and asked Donald whether he had any money in his pockets. "Lor-r-d, yes," replied the unsuspecting gillie, pulling out a handful of gold and silver, from his pocket. "Here's as muckle as'll dee for a day or twa." "Whereupon Sir William, without a word of warning, flung out his hand and scattered the coins over the quayside, to the evident consternation of his canny companion. Nor did he lose the opportunity of reading him a long lesson on the foolishness of thus wantonly exposing one's wealth, to the gaze of possibly criminal eyes.

Sundays seem to have been the customary days for Sir William Brooks' tours of inspection around the property. He would give lavish orders for the building of houses and cottages—after his own designs principally—and would refuse to look at them until they were fully completed. He would then go round, and either praise the result or, should he not like it, order it to be at once

RAZED TO THE GROUND.

Another eccentricity lay in his love of inscriptions. If you pleased him you were promptly presented with a card containing some queer quotation written in red and blue chalk. These colours, by the way, soon became regarded as a distinctive of the man. The lintels of the cottages he built, the doors of his rooms, and the ceiling of his dining-room at Glen Tana were all covered with strangely illuminated mottoes.

Although an Englishman by birth his heart and soul seem to have been centred on the banks of Tana water. He dressed his dependants in a tartan of his own invention, and gloried in the "pipes" that called him in the morning and played to him after dinner at night.

For Mr. Ian Cecil, his heir, he had a great affection and is said to have induced him against drink, and to have induced him to sign the pledge. Not that Sir William was an abstainer himself, for this he was not. In fact, so proud was he of his port, of which he had a renowned cellar, that he frequently referred to his bottles as his "babies."

Visitors to the estates were generally surprised to find curious cairns bearing equally curious inscriptions, dotted about in out-of-the-way places. These find explanation in the fact that wherever a deer was shot Sir William ordered a monument, bearing full particulars as to weight and date, to be erected.

In addition to deer-stalking, however, Sir William took a keen interest in salmon fishing; and as the Tana is only a trout stream he rented a portion of the Dee.

Apart from these sports, his ideas of exercise seem to have been somewhat primitive. It is related that, like the man who chartered two cabs and walked between them, our eccentric millionaire used to make the coachman drive his trap while he himself ran behind it.

29,985 friendly societies are registered in the United Kingdom, with a total membership of over 11 millions, and 88 millions of funds.

SOON GOT RID OF THE PATIENT.

One of my patients, said the hard-worked doctor, was a fussy old lady who fancied herself afflicted with every disease under the sun. One day I chanced to meet her in the street when she immediately began to run through a long list of complaints from which she believed herself to be suffering. I was in a hurry, as an important case was waiting for my treatment, and I resolved to teach this old fidget a lesson. First I took her hand and felt her pulse. It was in splendid condition, as I expected. Then I told her to close her eyes and put out her tongue. When she had done this I stole off on tiptoe and turned the first corner. How long she remained in this attitude I can't say, but since then she has never troubled me with her imaginary ailment.

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

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

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

James M. Beck, Assistant-Attorney General of the United States, has been invited to speak for the American bar and to propose the toast of the "Bench and Bar of England" at the dinner which Hardwicke Society of London, the oldest law society of the Inns of Court, will give on June 5 in London, to Maitre Labori, the eminent French advocate, who defended Dreyfus. Mr. Beck, who responded at the dinner given last summer in London by the bar of England to the bar of America, has also been invited to respond to a toast at the dinner of the American society of London on the next fourth of July.

DOMINION BANK.

Proceedings of the Thirtieth Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders.

The Thirtieth Annual General Meeting of the Dominion bank was held at the banking house of the Institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, May 29th, 1901.

Among those present were noticed: Col. Masoni Messrs. William Ince, Wm. Spry, M. Boulton E. B. Osler, William Hendrie, John Stewart, Walter S. Lee, W. D. Matthews, Chas. Cockshutt, Wm. Ross, M. P., A. W. Austin, Thos. Walmsley, Timothy Eaton, Dr. J. F. Ross, W. C. Crowther, W. G. Cassels, H. M. Pellatt, David Smith, T. D. Brown, G. W. Lewis, J. Stewart, J. Long, A. R. Boswell, P. Leadlay, Peter MacDonald, Richard Brown, G. N. Reynolds, A. Foulds, V. H. E. Hutchison, T. G. Brough and others.

It was moved by Mr. Wm. Ince, seconded by Mr. W. D. Matthews, that Mr. E. B. Osler do take the chair, and that Mr. T. G. Brough do act as secretary.

Messrs. A. R. Boswell and W. G. Cassels were appointed scrutineers.

The secretary read the report of the directors to the shareholders, and submitted the annual statement of the affairs of the bank, which is as follows:

To the shareholders:

The directors beg to submit the following statement of the result of the business of the bank for the year ending 30th April, 1901:—

Balance of profit and loss account, 30th April, 1900	$ 62,056 38	
Premium received on new capital stock	940,291 88	
Profit for the year ending 30 April, 1901, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making provision for bad and doubtful debts	275,192 50	
	$1,277,540 76	
Dividend 3 per cent. paid 1st August, 1900	$ 46,351 17	
Dividend 2½ per cent. paid 1st November, 1900	47,306 55	
Dividend 2½ per cent. paid 1st February, 1901	54,126 03	
Dividend 2½ per cent. payable 1st May, 1901	58,998 98	
	$206,783 73	
Written off bank premises	30,000 00	
Transferred to reserve fund	940,291 88	
		$1,177,058 66
Balance of profit and loss carried forward		$ 100,482 10

RESERVE FUND.

Balance at credit of account, 30th April, 1900	$1,500,000 00
Transferred from profit and loss account	940,291 88
	$2,440,291 88

It is with deep regret your Directors to record the death, which occurred in January last, of the Hon. Sir Frank Smith, who so ably filled the position of Vice-President of the bank from its organization in 1871 until the death of Mr. James Austin in February, 1897, and President from that time until his death. Mr. E. B. Osler, M. P., was elected President, and Mr. W. D. Matthews Vice-President. Mr. J. J. Foy, K. C., was elected a Director to fill the vacancy on the board.

Arrangements are being made to open offices at Gravenhurst, Ont., and in Toronto on the corners of Queen and Teraulay streets and Bloor and Bathurst streets. At the latter point a suitable building is being erected by the bank.

All branches of the bank have been inspected during the past twelve months.

E. B. OSLER,
President.

Toronto, 29th May, 1901.

Mr. E. B. Osler moved, seconded by Mr. W. D. Matthews, and

Resolved, That the report be adopted.

It was moved by Mr. Wm. Hendrie, seconded by Mr. Wm. Ross, M. P., and

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be given to the General Manager, Managers, Inspectors and other officers of the bank, for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

It was moved by Mr. Anson Jones, seconded by Mr. John Long, and

Resolved, That the poll be now opened for the election of seven Directors, and that the same be closed at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, or as soon before that hour as five minutes shall elapse without any vote being polled, and that the scrutineers, on the close of the poll, do hand to the chairman a certificate of the result of the poll.

The scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, M. P., T. Eaton, J. J. Foy, K. C., Wm. Ince, Wilmot D. Matthews and E. B. Osler, M. P.,

At a subsequent meeting of the directors Mr. E. B. Osler, M. P., was elected President and Mr. W. D. Matthews Vice-President for the ensuing term.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Liabilities.

GENERAL STATEMENT,

Liabilities.

Notes in circulation	$ 1,790,639 00	
Deposits not bearing interest	$ 2,042,234 13	
Deposits bearing interest	16,536,383 15	
		18,577,617 28
Total liabilities to the public	20,368,256 28	
Capital stock paid up	2,440,291 87	
Reserve fund	$ 2,440,291 88	
Balance of profits carried forward	100,482 10	
Dividend No. 74, payable 1st May	58,998 98	
Former dividends unclaimed	83 75	
Reserved for interest and exchange	156,516 38	
Rebate on bills discounted	58,326,97	
		2,814,697 36
		$26,623,245 51

ASSETS.

Specie	$ 819,636 19	
Dominion Government demand notes	1,418,519 00	
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	100,000 00	
Notes of and checks on other banks	783,619 29	
Balances due from other banks in Canada	156,886 40	
Balances due from other banks in the United Kingdom	348,370 66	
Balances due from other banks elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	1,225,989 81	
Provincial Government securities	98,117 06	
Canadian municipal securities and British or foreign or colonial public securities other than Canadian	718,483 61	
Railway and other bonds, debentures and stocks	2,908,179 85	
Loans on call secured by stocks and debentures	3,097,826 19	
		$11,858,617 28
Bills discounted and advances current	13,245,490 14	
Overdue debts (estimated loss provided for)	29,583 31	
Real estate, other than bank premises	43,979 15	
Mortgages on real estate sold by the bank	15,571 19	
Bank premises	422,740 74	
Other assets not included under foregoing heads	7,303 70	
		13,764,568 23
		$26,623,245 51

Toronto, 30th April, 1901.

T. G. BROUGH, Gen. Manager.

The imports of oranges into the United Kingdom amount to two millions sterling a year; about one-third of the total fruit imports.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.
All the people use it.
HARLIN FULTON.
Pleasant Bay, C. B.

EXCUSABLE.

First Sheep—But the young folks are so giddy and thoughtless! They don't consider the future!

Second Sheep—Oh! well, my dear, you can't expect a young lamb to spend all its time thinking of roast mutton!

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

GROWTH OF THE Y. M. C. A.

When Sir George Williams first started the Y. M. C. A. he paid forty-five cents a week for the room in which the first meetings were held. Today the membership is 537,000; there are 7,229 centres, and they own in various parts of the world property valued at over $25,000,000.

Minard's Liniment sold everywhere.

A grey fox-skin can be bought for 11d; a perfect fox-skin has been known to fetch £170. An ordinary price for a silver fox is £12.

The object of this advertisement is to induce you to try Monsoon Ceylon Tea
Get a packet. It really merits a trial.
Lead packets — All Grocers —

CONSIDER THE HIGH QUALITY OF
LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA
and you will be convinced that it cannot be surpassed by anything at the same prices.
LEAD PACKAGES 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60 cents.

Putting On Paint.

In painting, the selection of the paints is governed by the article to be painted. For house painting, buy the very best paint you can get. Now, the paint best known in Canada, stood the longest test and is the highest standard is
RAMSAY'S PAINT
made to exact proportions. It covers the best of any, wears longest, looks brightest and saves you more money than any other. Send to us for our BOOKLET "K" FREE of beautiful homes telling all about it.
A. RAMSAY & SON,
PAINT MAKERS,
MONTREAL.
Est'd 1842.

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

A PLAUSIBLE THEORY.

Smith—Do you believe that dogs are sometimes used in making sausages?

Brown—No, but I suspect they are an important ingredient in hash.

Smith—Why do you think that?

Brown—Because when people are fed on it a few days they begin to growl.

SPECIAL TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

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

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.
AVENUE HOUSE—Mount-College Avenue. Family Hotel. Rates $1.50 per day.

A LUCKY FELLOW.

Harry—How do you think I am getting on with my cornet?

Fred—First-rate. I expected to hear that someone had killed you before this.

EQUIVOCAL ENTHUSIASM.

Husband—To-day I met a gentleman who told me he was engaged to you at one time.

Wife—What did you say?

I congratulated him, of course.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

HEARTILY APPROVED.

Suddenrich—What do you think of a college education for a young man?

Friend—What do you think of making of your son?

Oh, nothing in particular.

Just the thing.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

4 per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom speak Gaelic, including 660,000 in Ireland, 350,000 in Wales, 230,000 in Scotland.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

6,946 people are murdered yearly in Europe, Italy holding the record with 2,902. Belgium has the fewest, 36 only, and Switzerland 38.

Minard's Li