

WAYS OF KILLING TIGERS.

FEAR EXPEDIENTS IN THE ABSENCE OF FIRE ARMS.

Hand-throwing traps—Spear-throwing traps—Setting the Monarch of the Jungle—The Flypaper Method.

To the average English mind there present themselves but two methods of pursuing and slaying the striped monarch of the fern jungles—namely, the ordinary use by elephants, on the most dogmatic best-trained of which the sportsmen hunt and ensnare themselves in the traditional "howdah," whence, with comparative ease and security, they mark out and shoot down their game; and the infinitely more perilous and exciting plan of seeking the cunning and ferocious animal foot to his lair, and facing him in open combat. The former is the most usually indulged in, even ladies taking part in the chase; the latter is only adopted by men who can thoroughly depend upon their eyes and accuracy of aim, and is often productive of those fatal accidents which, like as with horror on their occurrence, at there are many other and varied practices adopted to take or annihilate this structure quadruped which may be unknown to our readers, and which, there, we shall proceed to describe.

IN DISTRICTS WHERE FIREARMS ARE UNKNOWN

Unprocurable the native inhabitants employ a sort of

SPRING BOW OF STOUT CANE, which they set up in some path which they know to follow when going to a river or pool to quench their thirst. To this they adjust an arrow, the point of which is well smeared with a virulent and powerful poison, in the compound of which are very skilful. The animal, on his regeneration to water, comes in contact with the cord attached to this weapon and is etched across the track, being closely noosed under grass and leaves. The arrow on this releases the string of the bow, the missile springs forward, and in most cases attains its aim, entering the side of the tiger, who breaks away with loud roars into the depths of the jungle. The natives, apprised by his fury of their success, follow up cautiously, and in a few hours come across their prey, which has succumbed to the deadly injection.

Sometimes a somewhat similar device is sought into play, which is also utilized by the natives of Africa to secure hippopotamus. A heavy block of wood, to which is firmly tied a short, stout, sharply barbed spear, suspended over the path, and in this case a thin cord is stretched across the track. As before, on the latter being seized by the tiger, the trap is sprung; the heavy block descends with terrific force on the back of the animal, plunging the keen edge deep into its vitals, whence the broad barb prevents its extraction; and the tiger, not almost instantaneously slain, dashes away into the jungle, every movement engaging the wound and causing the deadly poison to penetrate deeper and deeper, till, worn out with loss of blood he sinks to the ground.

CARRY OFF A VICTIM

In the very midst of his fellows, hooking and catching individual out of his fancied privacy as one would extract a porcupine on its sharp quills. Driven to desperation, the people will hire one or two men who are known to be professional carriers and good shots, not hesitating to send hundreds of miles for them. A storm, commonly called a machau, is set on foot among the trees of a forest, and the tiger is driven to the outskirts of the village, and, seated sometimes alone, sometimes couples, and well shrouded from view by the foliage, these men will wait patiently after hour. Perhaps several days may pass ere they succeed in their object, but sooner or later the tiger pays the forfeit of life, and the villagers are delivered from their ruthless and bloodthirsty foe. This is an often adopted by Europeans who seek a goat or bullock within range of their leafy perch, and, on the tiger making appearance and pouncing on the miserable victim, shoot him down in ease and security.

The Nairs, on the coast of Malabar, adopt a more perilous method. They sit upon partially cleared spots in the vicinity which the tiger is known to frequent, and the centre thereof they pick a goat, convenient distances from this alluring bait, in a circle, several pits are dug just deep enough to admit the body of a man, from 8 to 10 feet in depth. On either side of the interior strong, wooden planks are inserted to serve as steps, and on these barefooted Nairs balance themselves like on the lookout, with their eyes just above the level of the ground. Each is armed with a bow and arrows and a short spear. Ere long the tiger, attracted by the cries of the goat, makes his appearance; there is a bound, a roar, and a shriek.

THE TERRIFIED VICTIM

Almost simultaneously a dozen arrows quivering in the body of the surrounded prey. If not killed by the first discharge, he glares around furiously to discover whence the missiles had come, and, being sight of a dark, woolly poll projecting out of the ground he rushes to the spot, his irritating antagonist is securely snatched at the bottom of his hole, and the infuriated beast makes frenzied attempts to claw him out, not only does he deal him vicious prods with his spear, but he comrades ply their bows and arrows with redoubled zeal, and ultimately the prey yields up his life, being cast as full grown as a pincushion of pins. Of course accidents will sometimes occur, as when, for instance, the tiger is too quick to the Nair, and is upon him as the latter slips down into safety.

The Chinese still practice a device of a trap and looking glass, which is said to find in ancient sculpture; and any of our readers who may have noticed the deity of a cat, dog, or monkey when it is its image in a mirror cast well on it, that the larger animal, animated by

the same feeling would evince the same inquisitiveness, and, while indulging its curiosity, knowledge, walk heedlessly into the trap.

The Persians are said to proceed after the following manner: A large, spherical, strongly interwoven bamboo cage, with intervals of a few inches between the bars, is erected in some spot adjacent to the haunts of the tiger. This is firmly and securely picketed to the ground. Inside this cage a man provided with several short and powerful stabbing spears, or

A KEEN AND POINTED SWORD

takes post at night with a dog or a goat as his companion, wraps himself in his blanket, and calmly goes to sleep. Presently the tiger makes his appearance—of which the man is made aware by his four-footed companion—and, after vainly snuffing and growling round the cage to find an entrance rears himself up against the structure. The man instantly takes advantage of the tiger's position, and either stabs him resolutely with his spear or rips up his stomach with his hunting sword, either of which attacks results in almost immediate death.

In the early days of the present century, and sometimes, but rarely, in our own days, the hazardous method of netting and spearing the tiger was indulged in. The procedure seems simple enough, but strong nerves and sure hands would be needed for those who participated therein. The animal is first "ringed"—traced down to a portion of the jungle which can be easily surrounded by the number of men present and the extent of nets available; and these latter are erected round the spot, being firmly upheld by stout and long bamboo driven into the ground. When all is prepared, rockets, squibs and crackers are hung into the covert in quantities, and a hideous noise is set up with hallooing, beating of tom-toms and firing of blank cartridges. The tiger, frightened or irritated, as the case may be, rushes out of the jungle to find his way barred by the apparently flimsy nets. He hurls himself in wrath at the impediment, and is met with repeated thrusts of spears from the hunters outside. Again and again he dashes vainly at the barrier, only to meet the point of the weapons of his relentless foes, until at last a thrust more deftly delivered than the others

PURCHASING HIS VITALS

and he reels to earth dead or dying. Sometimes the nets would be hung so as to give way at the impetuous rush of the angry brute, who would then fall to the ground enveloped in the yielding but tenacious folds of the clinging mesh; and, ere he could extricate himself, a dozen spears would transfix him and render him powerless for harm. Naturally, many fatal accidents occurred at this dangerous sport; but at the time when it was in vogue, human life was held in scant regard by the native princes of the country; so long as no harm came to themselves, they were careless how many lives were sacrificed to enable them to indulge in their perisic pastimes.

It would seem almost ludicrous to talk of taking a tiger with birdlime, but it is a fact that it is captured in some districts of India—namely, in Orissa, principally. When the track of a tiger is ascertained, the peasants collect a large quantity of the berries of a certain bush which is common enough in the jungles and with the properties of which they are thoroughly conversant. From these they prepare a sticky substance, the track of which is adopted in the manufacture of birdlime in England, they compound a thick and adhesive mixture. Then, gathering a number of large, broad leaves, they smear these with the sticky substance and strew them plentifully, doctored side up, almost along the track which the tiger frequents, or in some gloomy spot whither he resorts to pass the heat of the day. "Stripes" comes leisurely strolling along, making his way down to a well-known pool to quench his thirst, and sets his paw on one of the limed leaves. Not liking the contact, he shakes his foot violently; but the annoying article will not come off, instead of this, in moving about, he steps upon other limed leaves, and ere long they once touch. Then, as our readers may have noticed in a cat when engaged in washing her face, he rubs his paw over his face and jaws, to get rid of the adhesive leaves, but he only succeeds in transferring the sticky and oily substance and plastering them over

HIS NOSE AND EYES.

Now his temper, which is always very loosely hung, begins to desert him. He rolls himself hither and thither, making frantic dashes at his face and eyes with his paws, but only manages to cover them with the sticky and irritating substance, and, eventually to quite blind himself. In this condition he stumbles and falls about, picking up more and more leaves, until he resembles a man who has been taken and fastened to a wall by his race friends with in dreadful roarings and fearful howlings, as he reels and falls helplessly and aimlessly in all directions, and the natives, hearing and understanding the uproar, hasten to the spot and put a speedy end to his misadventure.

IN CONCLUSION, WE WOULD cite one instance of a well-known and absolutely authentic case where a tiger was literally obliterated and slain by a man on foot in a manner which seems at first sight foreshadowing and reckless to the hero of the story.

"I was a sportsman, recognized in India under the title of the 'Old Shekarry,' and the victor in scores of desperate engagements with the cunning and ferocious denizens of the jungle. That was about to relate once more to that generation ago. A certain district in India was haunted by a man-eating tiger, who, from many escapes and much hunting had developed an excessive amount of caution, which, however, did not prevent him from becoming an absolute terror and scourge to the unfortunate people who dwelt in the district. In those days, as now, letters for outlying places beyond reach of the regular mail were carried by post runners, and these, besides their official badge, carried a short stick with a number of rings or bells strung upon it. By jingling these as they ran they gave notice of their advent. By experience the man-eater had learned to associate the sound with a man, and had taken advantage of his experience. Therefore he waged unrelenting war against the unfortunate postmen. To-day one would be taken here; to-morrow another at a place fifty miles distant.

A PERFECT PANIC

seized upon the unfortunate runners, who could not, by threats or promises, be induced to carry letters across the district infested by this bloodthirsty brute. At last the news of this dilemma reached the ears of the Old Shekarry, to whom it promised an adventure such as his soul loved. He promptly repaired to the district. But, as if the cunning animal had become aware of the antagonist against whom it was to be pitted, it disappeared, and search as he might, the disappointed sportsman could find no traces of the man-eater. Suddenly an idea flashed into his mind; the tiger was

said to be partial to post runners, whose coming he recognized by the tinkling of their "jingles." He would himself assume the role, and, carrying the stick which attracted the brute, ring a challenge to the cunning animal. No sooner thought of than adopted. Toward the cool of evening he sallied forth on a line of route where the last victim had disappeared, armed with his trusty double barrel and keen, double-edged hunting knife.

As he approached the fatal spot, a slight rocky incline, sparsely covered with bushes, his heart beating quickly, but his courage unabated and nerves strong to their utmost tension, it was approaching dusk, and objects were not very plainly discernible. But his ears were on the stretch for the faintest sound, and all at once he heard a deep purring close at hand. He halted immediately, and stepped back a couple of paces to obtain a clear view. As he did so the tiger rose into the air from his ambush with an agile bound, and alighted on the very spot where the Old Shekarry had advanced. While he was yet in the air the deadly rite poured forth its contents; as he fell to the earth the second barrel administered a final quietus, and there, in the gathering gloom, the triumphant sportsman stood proudly contemplating his dying enemy, glowing with honest enthusiasm at the result of his gallant challenge.

To depict the joy of the natives at the death of their foe lies not within the limits of this sketch, we have mentioned the incident as an example of what must be prepared to face who would beard the tiger alone and on foot in his native wilds.

MURDER MANIA

An Innocent-Looking Sixteen-Year-Old Servant Attempts to Murder a Child Committed to Her Care.

At the London, Eng., Central Criminal Court a servant girl of sixteen, a chubby-faced, innocent-looking creature, was charged with attempting to murder a child of five years belonging to her employers. The girl and the child had been in the habit of sleeping in the same bed. One night there was a noise in the bedroom, and on the mother going to ascertain the cause, she was horrified to find the child had disappeared. After a period of terrified search the prisoner confessed that the child was in her trunk. The trunk was locked, but it was forced open, and the child found therein, lying on her back unconscious, with her legs doubled up over her body. Two handkerchiefs were also tightly tied round her neck. It was with difficulty that consciousness was restored, and the child illikely to suffer from the shock of the rest of her life. The prisoner admitted that she intended to kill the little girl, and shouted: "I hope you'll hang me; I have only got to do once." Medical experts found no trace of insanity in the prisoner, who was found guilty of inflicting grievous bodily harm, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labor.

CANADA AND FRANCE

The New Commercial Treaty—England Sets an Important Precedent.

A despatch from London says:—The commercial treaty between Great Britain and France relating to the interchange of trade between Canada and the Republic, which will soon go into effect, is the first agreement entered into by England and another European country dealing exclusively with the trade of one of the colonies. The precedent is an important one, since all the larger colonies of Great Britain are seeking new markets for their surplus produce, and the only method for effecting that result is to make reciprocal arrangements with other countries. It really forms a part of the important question that is looming up on account of the rapid growth and development of the colonies, and which will embrace not only their commercial relations with the Mother Country, but with other countries. The new treaty is expected to lead to considerable development of trade, although the success of the arrangement depends largely upon the establishment of direct steam communication between Canada and France which is already under consideration.

By Steam

In one of Boston's suburbs, a few Sundays ago, the priest of one of the churches announced that a collection would be taken up to defray the cost of coal for heating the church. Everybody chipped in but Tim—well, never mind his other name—who gave a silver plate as the plate was presented to him, but nothing else. The priest noticed Tim's dereliction, but assumed that he might have left his money at home. Not quite enough money having been realized, a similar contribution was levied the following Sunday. As before, everyone gave but Tim, who looked mighty sly, and the priest wondered what was the matter. Meeting Tim after the service, he took him to task for his conduct. "Now, Tim, why didn't you give something, if only a penny?" "Faith, father, I'm on to you." "On to me?" "Yes, father. 'What do you mean?' 'Oh, nothing, father. Just that I'm on to you; that's all.' 'Tim, your words are disrespectful and require an explanation. What do you mean?' 'Oh, father, a thyrin' to pull the wool over my eyes. A thyrin' to make us believe we want the money to buy coal to heat the church, an' yer reverence knows it's heated by steam."

The Loss in Dollars.

By calculating the earnings which the sick are deprived of and the expense incidental to attending them, it has been estimated that the annual loss to the public wealth of the United States because of the existence of tuberculosis will reach close on \$500,000,000. At a recent meeting of the American Medical Association, held at Washington, Dr. Flic, of Philadelphia, said that "the expenditure of one-fifth of that amount by the Federal and State Governments for the extermination of the disease would completely wipe it out in a single generation." Making similar calculations in regard to the Dominion, it is estimated that this country loses \$35,000,000 annually, and the Province of Ontario \$15,000,000. This, of course, is independent of the untold human suffering and misery that accompany the disease wherever it is found, whether in the mansions of the rich or the hovels of the poor.

His Footing Sure.

He was not an adept in dancing, and he knew it, and whenever he made a misstep he would ask his partner anxiously: "Did I step on your foot?" The young woman grew tired of his repeated apologies at last and said: "You must think I have as many feet as a centipede. Can't you tell when you step on a lady's foot?"

Dull of Comprehension.

Biffers—"Do you think bicycle riding conducive to health?" Whiffers—"Most assuredly. My health has improved wonderfully." "But you don't ride a bicycle." "Who said I did?" "But you said bicycle riding improved your health." "Yes; get so much exercise, you know." "Exercise? How?" "Doing the bicycles, of course."

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborhood Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Worth Gathered from His Daily Record.

Prince Rospoli, Mayor of Rome, owns land in Florida, and raises cranberries in New Jersey bogs. He married a lady of Boston.

A crusade against vice and corruption is to be inaugurated in San Francisco. It will be similar to the Lexow investigation in New York.

Mavroyeni Bey, the Turkish Minister, is one of the most inveterate theatre-goers in Washington and is devoted to pretty actresses.

Work has been commenced on the new East River bridge, and the engineer promises that it will be completed in the summer of 1897.

The Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, died in Newburgh, N. Y., at the age of 76. He was born a slave.

The mail of Burrough valley, a remote neighborhood about fifty miles north of Fresno, California, is carried by Minerva Eversoll, a seventeen years old Italian girl.

James A. Bailey, Nat. A. Salisbury and W. F. Coady have formed a partnership to consolidate the Wild West and Forego show next season, with a capital of \$1,000,000.

Jefferson Garrison, of Indianapolis, a grave robber, has willed his body to the Indiana Medical College of that city and has asked that his skeleton be mounted in the dissecting room, with one foot on a spade.

Three men serving their sentences in Riverside penitentiary, Pennsylvania, for murder committed in labor troubles of 1891, are likely to be released as innocents, the real murderer being a man hitherto unsuspected.

Daniel Finley, sentenced for life for killing his wife, has been released from the Clinton, N. Y., prison after serving thirty-four years, his sentence having been commuted by Governor Flower. He is ninety years old.

The States of Kansas can boast of the only silk flature in the United States. It is a state silk station at Peabody, where ten rears are operated. The business of the station is to supply silk-worm eggs free to Kansas.

Katherine Drexel, of Philadelphia, took the first vows of separation from the world in the convent of the Blessed Sacrament, near Torredale. She is using her large fortune for the maintenance of schools for negro and Indian children.

Six inmates of the city jail in Pittsburg, Kan., escaped on New Year's Eve, and spent the night in drinking in Leavenworth. The next day five of them hired a carriage and drove back to the jail and demanded admittance so that they might serve out their sentences.

A minister in Williamsburg, N. Y., found in his mail the other day a cheque for \$10. It was to pay him for a funeral sermon preached two years ago over the wife of the man who sent it. In the letter in which it came the man wrote that it was never too late to do good.

Minnie Chew is a woman highway robber serving a term in the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus. By wild screaming and wilder talking at night she has made the keepers so angry that they now keep her chained up in her cell, with a halter tied in her mouth to ensure silence.

Miss Grace French, a Sunday school teacher and social favorite in Brooklyn, who married a Chinese laundryman two years ago, against the wishes of her parents, has returned to the latter, and her husband, Mr. Lee, advises that he will not be responsible for her debts, etc.

Dover, N. H., one of the prettiest of the smaller cities of New England, is reported to be one of the largest consumers of snuff among all the cities of the country. The population is something like 10,000, and last year more than five tons of this form of tobacco was used there.

Michael Fernan, of Elmira, has finished the sixth consecutive year of his sleep. His wife, who watched over him all this time, died recently, and, although during two days that Mrs. Fernan's body lay in state all possible means to arouse her husband were employed, it was without avail.

Wilford Woodruff, President of the Mormon Church, has for years cultivated a farm of forty acres with no other labor than that of his own hands and those of his own family. His wife and daughters raise chickens, preserve fruit and run a dairy, while his sons raise hogs and do general farm work.

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THE NORTH-WEST FUR TRADE.

Where the Rabbit is a Benefit Rather Than a Detriment.

The centre of the fur trade in the Canadian North-West is Edmonton, and the Bulletin of that flourishing place gives some information about it which is interesting. This season foxes, lynx, coyotes and skunks head the list for number, but there has also been a large trade in muskrat and mink, with more than the usual number of otter and fisher. The conditions have been favorable for hunting, the abundance of rabbits making it possible for the Indian trappers to go greater distances to hunt than they could if they had to procure their principal food supplies from the traders. The Bulletin lays stress upon the important position which the rabbit occupies in this respect. The insignificant, timid, good-for-nothing rabbit is the

FOUNDATION OF THE FUR TRADE.

The rabbits live on the bark of the young poplar and everything else lives upon the rabbit, and as they increase the animals that live on them increase also. This winter they are in millions, and consequently there has been plenty of work for the trappers in taking the fur bearing animals that the multitude of rabbits attracts, and fur to the value of \$500 to \$1,000 has found a market at Edmonton each week for many weeks past. But they have their lean seasons up there when rabbits are few and fur bearing animals scarce. Every seventh year. The Bulletin holds, is the year of plenty. "When the rabbits become so numerous as to exhaust the supply of food available, the same thing occurs to them as does to the human race in like conditions. Hunger produces disease, and the disease accomplishes in one season what the combined efforts of a man and all the flesh eating wild animals are unable to accomplish in a number of years. The rabbits die to such an extent that in this locality, where they are now numbered by millions, a rabbit becomes almost as rare as a musk ox. This occurs about every seventh year and recalls to some extent the story of the seven and the seven lean years. As the increase of the rabbits brings plenty, so their destruction brings

STARVATION AND HARDSHIP

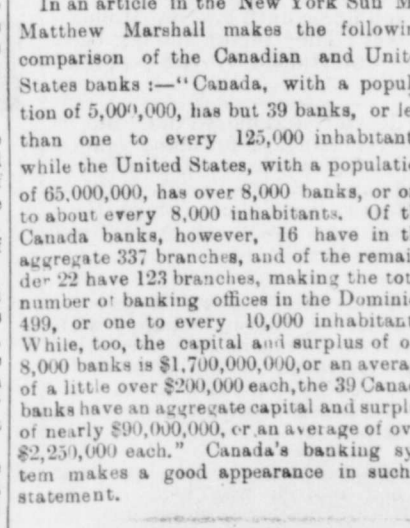
on animals and hunters alike, and where the woods are now full of fur bearing animals, in a year or two scarcely any will be seen. It is likely that this is the last year of abundance of rabbits. Last year disease was reported amongst them in several places, but it did not spread. This year reports of disease are already heard. It is likely that the weather becomes severe before the end of the season, and the Indians and a poor fur trade until the rabbits have again increased."

There is one part of the world, therefore, where rabbits are valued, where his presence is a benefit rather than a detriment. In Australia the cry is for relief from the pest, but in the Canadian North-West even the rabbit has his uses and fills a place in nature, the value of which the Bulletin establishes in an interesting way, but not until now did we know that "bunny" was essential in holding off hardship from the Indians, who, a few years ago, tared sumptuously on buffalo, but now are constrained to come down to small game.

Our Banking System.

In an article in the New York Sun Mr. Matthew Marshall makes the following comparison of the Canadian and United States banks:—"Canada, with a population of 5,000,000, has but 59 banks, or less than one to every 125,000 inhabitants, while the United States, with a population of 65,000,000, has over 8,000 banks, or one to about every 8,000 inhabitants. Of the Canada banks, however, 16 have in the aggregate 337 branches, and of the remainder 22 have 123 branches, making the total number of banking offices in the Dominion 490, or one to every 10,000 inhabitants. While, too, the capital and surplus of our 8,000 banks is \$1,700,000,000, or an average of a little over \$200,000 each, the 39 Canada banks have an aggregate capital and surplus of nearly \$30,000,000, or an average of over \$2,250,000 each." Canada's banking system makes a good appearance in such a statement.

Frank Leake



FRANK LEAKE, Oshawa, Ont.

Pains in the Joints

Cauted by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied with swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs to bed without crawling on hands and knees. I was very anxious about him, and having read 'Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures' so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got a half-dozen bottles, four of which entirely cured him." Mrs. G. A. LAKE, Oshawa, Ontario.

In Case of a Cold.

Camphor, when very much diluted, may be held in the palm of the hand and snuffed up the nostrils, affording great relief. Colds, however, become a serious question to women, who must be ever ready and smiling and at least ostensibly at their ease for whatever amusement the evening may bring forth. In the event of hoarseness or sharp, constant coughing, nothing helps so much as a thorough turpentine steaming. To do this fill a basin half full of very hot water, into it pour a scant teaspoonful of turpentine, and throw in a handful of both over neck and head, bend over the basin and breathe through the mouth and nose as much as possible of the rising steam. It is the turpentine fumes that find their way into all the choked, strained passageways and soften and liberate the glands.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

- Castoria destroys Worms.
- Castoria allays Feverishness.
- Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
- Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
- Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
- Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.
- Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
- Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
- Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
- Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
- Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
- See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of

Chas. H. Pitcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

PRESENT ENGLISH WRITERS.

The Works of English Novelists Are Read by Every American Who Reads at All. The literary activity of British writers of fiction during the last two or three years has been extraordinary both in its extent and in the value of what it has produced. These two or three years have given us some of the most widely popular books in the English language and some that seem to possess permanent worth. These years have seen the rise of a new school of novelists, remarkable in numbers as well as in power, and almost phenomenal in the measure of the success they have achieved. "Tribly," "A Gentleman of Franco," "The Heavenly Twins," "Dodo," "Ships That Pass in the Night," "The Manxman," "The Prisoner of Zenda"—these are reminders only of what has been produced by a school that includes Du Maurier, Sarah Grand, Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, Stanley Weidman, Christie Murray, George Meredith, Anthony Hope, Mrs. Humphry Ward and half a dozen other writers of more than ordinary capacity and power.

Literary history shows that, other things being equal, every people reads by preference those novels that reflect its own life and character, a fact which Irving discovered when the "Sixty Books" and "Brace-bridge Hall" sold two copies in England—where their scenes were laid—to one in America, where the author was held in universal affection. Yet during these recent years the works of the English novelists referred to have been read by every American—no reads novels at all, and have been sold in the United States by scores and some of them by hundreds of thousands, while not one American novel produced within the same time has created anything that can fairly be called popular enthusiasm.

One reason, perhaps, is that the new school of English novelists have had the courage to reject the "fads" and theories of the time. They have gone back to the old fountain of romanticism for their inspiration. They have taken with them modern views of life, end-of-the-century opinions and the fresh methods of our own time, but they have clung to the old truth that the emotions of the human heart and the fate of beings are after all the themes that most engage the attention and win the sympathy of men and women.

Taxes in Europe.

Taxes in France are the heaviest in Europe in proportion to the population, amounting to \$17.50 a head. Though the general taxes of the German Empire are only \$6.25 a head, they must be added to the taxes of the individual states; the average Prussian German, for instance, pays \$15.50. Next comes Austria with \$12.37 and Hungary with \$12.12. England's rate is \$11.50, so is Holland; that of Belgium is \$11, of Italy \$10.50, of Greece \$9, of Spain, Denmark and Roumania \$9, of Sweden \$5.50, and of Servia \$5.25. In Switzerland the General Government receives \$9 a head, but the individual cantons tax as well. In Russia the rate is the lowest, \$4.25, as a large proportion of the revenue comes from the state's domain.

In Case of a Cold.

Camphor, when very much diluted, may be held in the palm of the hand and snuffed up the nostrils, affording great relief. Colds, however, become a serious question to women, who must be ever ready and smiling and at least ostensibly at their ease for whatever amusement the evening may bring forth. In the event of hoarseness or sharp, constant coughing, nothing helps so much as a thorough turpentine steaming. To do this fill a basin half full of very hot water, into it pour a scant teaspoonful of turpentine, and throw in a handful of both over neck and head, bend over the basin and breathe through the mouth and nose as much as possible of the rising steam. It is the turpentine fumes that find their way into all the choked, strained passageways and soften and liberate the glands.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from general debility of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anæmia, chlorosis, green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of typhoid, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain quite life giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink.) They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Scranton, N. Y., at fifty cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Henri Rochefort,