

PERILS OF ALPINE CLIMBERS: Two Dangled on a Rope Above a 6,000 Foot Drop.

It was a bright August day and the fine weather for mountaineering in the Alps when two or three men who happened to be looking up at one of the most precipitous rock faces of the Matterhorn saw a thrilling scene that few could witness with unflinching gaze. One of them, a professional guide, instantly turned his eyes from that scene and looked down at the snow 6,000 feet below, to fix in mind the spot where he expected every instant to see the bodies of two men drop.

Far up toward the top of the famous mountain two men were dangling on a rope, swinging over an abyss whose bottom lay more than a mile below.

Both men are alive to-day, and one of them has told the story of that terrible hour in the latest number of *La Montagne*, the periodical of the French Alpine Club. It has its interest and its value as a lesson to mountaineers.

These men played with danger. They climbed the Matterhorn, which 30 years ago was distinguished from all the other Alps as "the unscaled and unscaleable mountain," without a guide.

One of them was not hardened to such work. He had never been put to the test and strain that the Matterhorn imposes. He was not equal to the task, and his companion did not even know of his unfitness. It is not surprising that they were involved in the predicament in which the picture, reproduced here, shows them.

Edouard Monod-Herzen, a young Frenchman, has a passion for mountaineering and is among the best of French Alpinists. Early in the season last year he made three ascents of the Matterhorn and returned there in August to climb the mountain again with a young Russian, Sergius Soianof, whose brother Charles, a fine mountaineer, had been the Frenchman's comrade in a good deal of climbing.

All that Monod-Herzen knew of the qualifications of Sergius was that Charles had assured him that the young man had acquired himself creditably in the ascent of the Weisshorn and several other hard climbs. The Frenchman found to his cost that he was very rash in inviting a man of whose ability he had no personal knowledge to share with him the hardest bit of climbing in Europe.

Starting from Zermatt at 2 a. m. the young men made a successful ascent on the Swiss side of the mountain. They reached the summit at 11 and spent an hour enjoying the magnificent panorama which every side revealed.

They found two other parties on the summit, both in charge of guides, one of whom was a successful ascent on the southern side of the Matterhorn. The rock face that is absolutely perpendicular. It can be circumvented only by a tedious detour which requires so much time that four rope ladders, one below another, have been fastened to this vertical wall so that climbers can ascend and descend it.

With the aid of these stout ladders there is no great danger for the experienced climber if he has strength of arms and a level head. As an additional safeguard a long heavy rope is fastened to the wall at the top, and the climber hangs loose beside them to the bottom of the lowest ladder. It is the emergency line. It saved the lives of these two men.

As soon as they had reached the top, Monod-Herzen proceeded to adjust the rope that tied him to the wall. Then Monod-Herzen sent Soianof down ahead and paid out the rope until most of the slack had been taken up.

He then turned over on his face and began the descent, calling now and then to his comrade who each time cheerily responded that all was well. They had thus descended about sixty feet, half the height of the precipitous wall, to whose face they were clinging, when, without the slightest warning that trouble was brewing and that as the Frenchman was taking a step down, he heard the words, in a tone more like a deep sigh than a cry of terror:

"Oh! I am falling."

Instantly Monod-Herzen braced himself against the pull on the rope. It occurred to him that he had a flash that he could not get his fingers clear around the rung of the ladder because it lay too close against the wall. He instantly grasped the loose line, just as the shock came.

He pulled him off the ladder and he was swinging in mid-air. The rope that joined the men was tied around the waist. The weight of both men was supported by the Frenchman's grip upon that rope. If his wrists gave out, or his fingers could not maintain that grip they would both fall upon the ice and snow a mile below.

The shock that jerked Monod-Herzen off the ladder swung him out into the air and he came back like a pendulum against the rock wall, adding severe bruises to his injuries and nearly loosening his hold on the rope. Grip as hard as he might, he could not keep the rope from slipping a little through his fingers.

All the skin was rubbed off the palms of his hands. Blood covered the cord and bits of flesh clung to it, and it seemed to him as though the rope around his body was cutting him in two, so heavy was the Russian on his back. He cried with all his might for Burgener, who could just be seen far below. Burgener heard the appeal from above. "What's the matter?" he shouted. "My friend has fallen. Come."

"Where?"

"Here; he is hanging on my rope. Come!"

Great as the crisis was, Burgener did not violate the unwritten law of his profession. He disappeared around the rock to obtain permission from the man he was serving to go to the rescue.

He was told to go and up the rocks he sprang like a goat. About fifteen minutes elapsed before he reached the ladders, and all that time the lives of the two men depended upon the grip of the bleeding Frenchman's fingers.

Clutching the ladder Burgener grasped the swinging rope as it came near, drew it to the wall and carefully helped the young Russian back on to the ladder and fastened and helped Monod-Herzen to the ladder and placed his hands and feet on every rung of the ladders till they reached a while, and then slowly went on to the tourist whom Burgener had left. The shock was now upon the rope. The rope was now upon the rope.

Neither on that day nor later was Monod-Herzen able to learn from his companion exactly what happened. So he could say only that he felt his hands opening and he had no power to

close them again upon the rungs of the ladder. He seemed almost half dead as he was led below.

Burgener then said that his first duty was to the man whose safety was his special charge. He would do this, however. He would take his tourist on-stage further on the descent and then return to help them to the same point. Below that place he could not be with them, for he must deliver his man at Breuil before the next forenoon, and meanwhile they would certainly freeze to death if they spent the night on the mountain.

But they made the rest of the descent unaided that night. Burgener had helped them past the most formidable difficulties. After an hour of rest young Soianof recovered something of his spirit and physical strength and then slowly went down together, reaching Breuil at 11 p. m.

Soianof told the friend who had saved his life that while he was swinging on that rope he wanted to shout to his comrade to cut the rope, let him drop and save his own life. He tried to speak the words, but could not articulate anything. Monod-Herzen replied that no man would sacrifice his friend to save his own life, and that such an idea never entered his head.

PLAGUE OF INSECTS IN UGANDA

African Housekeepers' Terror—Native Methods of Purification.

We christened our house the Barn. Its walls and floors were in place surface; they bulged unexpectedly. There was no ceiling, and from the old thatched roof of gamboling snakes and rats shook down unavailing particles upon our food. During the rains this thatched leaked in spouts of muddy water like the nose of a watering pot, so that there was practically no dry spot in the bedrooms, and in time I became accustomed to sleeping there with a blanket and an umbrella. The roof of this nature was not uncommon in the station.

The windows of our dwelling house were mere slits with calico nailed across them instead of glass, but we had four excellent doorways. To one door there was a lock and key, another door possessed a handle; the third had no fastening at all, and the fourth did not exist. Every night we methodically turned our only key in the lock, determined that such a luxury should not want recognition, but there was nothing to prevent all the burglars in Uganda from streaming through the three other entrances, and I have always wondered why on earth they never did so.

From the moment of our arrival at the Barn it became evident that my lot in life was to contend hourly with predatory insects, who like tropical insects everywhere, seemed to pursue their nefarious callings night and day unceasingly. Thus the war waged against them was always a losing one, for while we slept they bit, chewed and devoured; they were everywhere, and they were everywhere in the morning to find fresh ravages as the results of their night's zeal. There were not only the usual mosquitoes that fed upon us, and the usual fish-like insects that chewed our woolen clothing, and the usual cockroaches that bloated themselves on our silken vestments, but there were others.

There were insects that sprang and insects that did not spring, there were ticks of revolting outline, there were jiggers who lamed us without number, there were biting beetles who scientifically mined out the interior of all serviceable wood till our chairs and tables became hollow shams, tottering to destruction before our eyes. There were little ants who swarmed up giddy heights in order to fatten on butter, and there were big bodied, gluttonous ants who swelled themselves on sugar eaten in secret, and—was me—their whole empires of white ants, who flourished their tunnels and tracteries of round in every direction. These were omnivorous and omnipresent.

I could hang no pictures, for they ate them. They ate my only waterproof and threw upon it. In my ignorance of their powers I put up a drape of native bark cloth to hide the marks of their industry in our sitting room, and but for the fact that they ate it, I should have been able to do so.

In spite of incessant watchfulness and daily lappings of the walls they defeated us continually, and to this day I can think of no more detestable sound than the dry rattling made by them if disturbed in their crannies.

When the interesting collections of insect life indoors were held to have exceeded the average the remedy of the country was exceedingly simple. Every stick of our belongings was carried forth and recklessly dumped in the compound. Then we were told to burn them.

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MRS. MARY SCOTT HARTJE TRIUMPHANT
After her long fight the plucky Pittsburgh woman has a final decision in her favor. The picture shows her in court in denying Augustus Hartje a divorce. Mrs. Hartje's suit for divorce can now be tried and brought to speedy termination. The picture is one taken prior to the litigation, when Mrs. Hartje was a happy wife and mother.

Newspaper Ownership.

Clever Satire by the Canadian Courier on the Government Ownership Faddists.

Toronto is fast becoming a place where municipal ownership may be said to be the civic policy. The latest movement is one looking to municipal ownership of all daily newspapers. The advocates of this new measure declare that the newspapers are the guardians of the public interest, the moulders and creators of public opinion and that these organs should be owned by the public. The editors and reporters would then be public servants and have no interest to serve but the public interest. Private ownership of newspapers should be eliminated so that no tempestuous individual will be able, simply because he owns a daily paper, to stampede the public along lines which would be detrimental. The newspapers should serve the public and the public only.

In Toronto there are six daily newspapers, and it is proposed to acquire them simultaneously. A by-law is being prepared and will be submitted at an early date. The six newspapers will be placed under a commission of inquiry, half by the city and half by the Ontario Government. The price paid each of the present owners or companies, will be fixed, not by their earning power or the amount of capital stock, but by estimating what the presses, typesetting machines and the office furniture would bring at a forced sale. In this way it is believed that the present owners will realize about fifty thousand dollars each, although their nominal capitalization runs from one hundred and fifty to five hundred thousand dollars each.

The present business managers and managing editors will be retained, and their salaries will be fixed by the commission according to a schedule of wages to be determined by the commission after consultation with the Typographical Union. Some of these gentlemen are now drawing salaries which run from five thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year. Under the new schedule the city will effect an annual saving of at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum.

Investigation by the "Canadian Courier" shows that the management and the stockholders of all the newspapers, with the exception of those who own the "World" and the "Telegram" think well of the proposal, realizing that it is a form of surrender which the public have a right to demand of any interest which serves a public purpose.

Mr. J. W. Flavelle, the President of the "News Publishing Co., states that he founded his paper as he might have founded a penal institution, and he is quite willing that the public should take over his journal if he is convinced that the public interests demand it. Mr. J. E. Atkinson, Managing Director of the "Star Publishing Co., also agrees that the public wishes must be respected and that he is willing to sacrifice his private property in the public interest. The Honorable Robert Jaffray, President of the "Globe Printing Company," states that the "Globe" has always existed to further public interests, and that he and his fellow directors would not stand in the way of such a magnificent reform. Practically the same attitude is assumed by Mr. W. J. Douglas, Managing Director of the "Mail Printing Company," who adds that he feels that the "Mail's" interests will be safe in the hands of a Commission appointed by a Conservative Provincial Government and a Conservative City Council.

The reporter called upon Mr. J. Ross Robertson, proprietor of the "Telegram," and found him in a rather dangerous mood. The reporter was shown into a handsomely furnished office, with the floor covered with Smyrna and Turkish rugs of great value and the walls panelled in Cypress wood brought especially from the Hills of Lebanon by Mr. Robertson on his last visit to the Holy Land. Mr. Robertson declared that he had a monopoly of small advertisements of the city of Toronto and if this monopoly netted him a profit of seventy-five thousand dollars a year it is no person's business but his own. He declared that it would be an outrage that the valuable franchise which he had spent his life in creating should be taken away from him and his family. Mr. Robertson's indignation at the proposal was so undoubtedly sincere that the

reporter went away feeling that there was something to be said on Mr. Robertson's behalf.

The reporter then took train for Mr. W. F. Maclean's rural estate known as Donlands. He found Mr. Maclean gazing benignly across his beautifully verdant acres, and calmly viewing the wonderful results which have been obtained by the application of capital in the interests of agriculture. Mr. Maclean at once declared that no public Commission should be placed in charge of a newspaper as a private individual. To eliminate private interests from newspapers would be disastrous editorially and financially. He declared that if such confiscations were attempted he would carry the case to the courts of the highest authority in the Empire would see that no such depredation was permitted. He declared that the scheme was the work of such demagogues as Sir Henry Pellatt, Mr. Frederick Nicholls and the Hon. Mr. Hanna.

The scheme, however, is likely to go through. It has already been approved by the Newsboys' Union, the Trades and Labor Council, the Social League, the Retail Merchants' Association, several Ward Associations and other influential bodies. Mr. Samuel Black, K. C., and Mr. Z. A. Lash, K. C., have been associated with the City Solicitor in drafting the necessary by-laws and the required municipal and Provincial legislation.

JUST ONE MORE.
Father—Now, don't ask any more questions. Little boys should not be inquisitive.

Tommy—What's inquisitive, pa?

Diamond Loss in Cutting.
Diamonds lose enormously in the process of cutting. The Excelsior, like the Cullinan, is a Cape diamond of fine purity and free from color. It was the biggest diamond known until the giant Cullinan was found, but in the rough it weighed seven ounces, or less than a third of the Cullinan. As now cut it weighs only one and three-quarter ounces. It is reduced to a quarter of its original size.

In the same way the Pitt diamond, an Indian one, named after Gen. Pitt, of Madras, weighed originally three ounces, and is now (it is in Paris in the Louvre, and is called "The Regent") less than an ounce in weight. The biggest Indian diamond known—the Nizam—is not quite twice this size, while the Kohinoor, which is probably a fragment (a third) of the "Great Mogul"—a diamond which has disappeared, leaving only tradition and surmises as to its history—weighs no less than three-quarters of an ounce. This seems a small affair by the side of the twenty-one ounces of the Cullinan.—London Telegraph.

Teacher—Tell me, my child, what the children of Israel did when they came out of the Red Sea?

Pupil—Dried themselves, sir.—American Illustr.

"That's an awfully old motor car you have got there. You ought to do away with it and get a new one."

"Don't abuse it, old chap. With that old machine I once won a prize of three millions."

"Three millions?"

"Yes, the day I ran off with my wife."

Rita.

TYPES OF NEW CITIZENS.

AWESTRUCK ALWAYS BY THEIR FIRST SIGHT OF NEW YORK.

Pick of the Peasant Class of Europe Among the Immigrants Now Coming—Few Who Fear the Camera—Young Women Not Eager to Find Husbands.

The amazement of immigrants coming up the bay to the North River docks of liners on clear days has almost as much attraction for the foreign canvas voyager, especially for the women, as the astounding architectural heights of the city itself. On these occasions the main deck forward of a great ship resembles a section of a startled audience at some marvellous metropolitan show. Boys and men perch on the hoods of the steam tractors, the highest parts of the funiculars and the rigging, with eyes bulging and mouths wide open as they endeavor to grasp the stupendous spectacle of aerial architecture.

They appear to be stunned at first, and profound as that of a cathedral. As the picture gets more familiar the immigrants give exclamations in pretty nearly the dialects of Europe. The amateur photographer, amateur and professional has often caught the awe struck croupe under the fascinations of the sky-scaper. He snatches them from the vantage of upper decks from the time they come aboard until they are transported by barges to Ellis Island. There they are met and taken in charge by the American picture taker.

Some of the immigrants, particularly those who happened to be detained, get several days to look at the city, whose giant figure overweighs them so long as they are within sight of it. Even the Statue of Liberty interests them only for a passing interval. Nearly always their eyes are turned toward the towering terraces across the bay.

The housekeepers coming to us now, save perhaps the Russian Jews, are mostly a simple and sturdy lot of folk. The very old and the peasant class of Europe. They are examined for physical weaknesses at the courts of departure and are again subjected to rigorous physical overhauling when they land here. Nearly all of them like the photographer, after it is explained to them that they are not to be taken in charge by the housekeepers, especially the women and the girls, are docile when the picture man is around them. They are not generally so very small as the Russian Jews. You can get their earnest expression only by taking them unaware. They refuse readily to pose for personal photographs except as some one thing to be laughed at, the idea of anybody thinking that a girl or a woman of their kind is important enough to have her picture put in the papers seems to strike them as ridiculous.

The Americans and Syrians view the picture man more seriously. They must be told to "look pleasant." They have the Oriental disposition to appear grand and Napoleonic when somebody is going to immortalize them. The boys get out a picture of an American wife whose husband consented to hold the baby while she posed. She was willing to be great by proxy, finding much solace in the idea of her picture in the "subject." He also got into the photograph, not knowing that he was within range.

There was one woman whom the artist caught unaware. She was looking away from him and from the Statue of Liberty toward the wonder buildings of the city. Maybe she was looking at a very small cottage. In her homesick fancy, that the tallest of the domes of a cottage she had abandoned to make a new home for herself in the land of promise.

The most familiar groups on the island are formed of families eating the "dollar dinner." Sometimes the top of a trunk or a table is covered with a cloth, and frequently the meal is tableless. The dinner is put up in a big pasteboard box and is sold by the caterer. The island is a good enough solid food for a bout for four ordinary persons, but the frugal immigrants, unaccustomed to eat on certain holidays, usually make it serve for six. Some of the immigrants going long distances buy a small box of food, and the most frequent of these are near by only one, which they eat on the island pending the arrival of their relatives.

The influx of girls and women has been remarkable for this period of the year. Many of them are young and many come to meet their sweethearts, who have preceded them by many months and have not toiled to get to America. These girls are not to be taken for granted. They are sometimes sold up and the young man is sent for and told that he only way that he can get his girl is by marrying her or by proving that he is going to do so. There never has been a case in recent months of a lover refusing to go through the ceremony.

Hundreds of young women who have no doubt to work as servants at high wages do not come here primarily to get a husband. Some of them even scorn the suggestion of marriage. These stories go all over the West, and the lone farmer immediately gets busy writing to the officials at Ellis Island.

Almost as many letters as girls sometimes get to the island at the same time. The farmers of Ireland, Poland, Italy, and elsewhere, who are so poor and so lonely, and their farms, lament their loneliness and request that their applications be sent to the immigration officials. As the immigration officials have no right to carry on a matrimonial bureau the letter never reaches the girl, although the girls might be willing to consider the proposition of being farmers' wives.

The marriage of Irish girls, and some are considered so when they are only 11 years old, never have any trouble getting to the island. The girls are sent to the men residents there, women in America. A large part of the men are transients, ready to leave the island at any time. They have made enough money to buy and cultivate a little place there. Occasionally two or three men will meet a girl who, with her mother, is permitted to land from the Ellis Island ferryboat at the Barge Office. At midnight, when the lovers meet later in the city.

The Italian girls, like the Armenians, who look as much alike sometimes as if they were sisters of the same race, like to be photographed looking serious. The bandit crew of Italian, who never is a bandit but just a person who wants to appear picture and distinguished, never objects to having a camera pointed at him. He will let you take a picture of him, and he will let you take a picture of his mother, but he will not let you take a picture of his sister. He will let you take a picture of his sister, but he will not let you take a picture of his sister.

It is difficult to get an Irish girl to pose alone. They insist on being taken in twos or threes, and they never fail to "jolly" the photographer, and to say that they will let you take a picture of them, and they will let you take a picture of them, and they will let you take a picture of them.

They do not mind allowing themselves to be photographed when they land, but they resent the term after they have been but a few weeks in the country. This is not peculiar to the Irish, the German girls having the same sensitiveness on the subject, especially when other girls here only a few months later of them use the term toward them.—N. Y. Sun.

Doctor (to patient's son-in-law)—She is extremely ill, but it's not a question of moments.

Son-in-law—How long will it be, do you think?

Doctor—An hour, or an hour and a half, perhaps.

Son-in-law—O, well, then I've got time to have my lunch in peace at any rate.

—Nos Loisirs.

SAVED HER FRIEND.
Ottawa, Ont.—Acquaintances of Mrs. M. E. Dewar, of this city, are showering her with congratulations on being rescued from what promised to be a hopeless invalidism. Mrs. Dewar had not been herself for years. Physicians treated her for various complaints, but none of them did any permanent good. Finally, a friend determined that something must be done and that quickly. So she insisted on Mrs. Dewar trying "Fruit-a-tives"—those wonderful Fruit Liver Tablets that are curing so many people. Here is what Mrs. Dewar says about "Fruit-a-tives": "I have much pleasure in stating that I have found 'Fruit-a-tives' the best medicine I ever used for Constipation and Biliousness. I suffered from headaches of a severe kind for a long time, but after taking 'Fruit-a-tives' I have become entirely well. I can, with every confidence, recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' to anyone suffering from Constipation, Biliousness or Headaches."

Colic, salts, oil and other violent cathartics are simply on the bowels. "Fruit-a-tives" is a liver tonic and stimulant. They act directly on the liver—reducing inflammation and increasing the flow of bile. Besides insuring complete digestion, bile makes the bowels move. That is why "Fruit-a-tives" also cures Constipation. They are made of fruit and tonics; 50c a box; 6 for \$2.50. At the druggist, or sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

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THE WATCH HOUSE

Wedding Gifts and Cut Glass

Go hand in hand. With our complete stock of Cut Glass we can show you almost anything in both ornaments as well as table ware.

Klein & Binkley

35 James Street North

Issuers of Marriage Licenses.

After the Harvest.

The horny handed farmer wears a smile; No more the city boarder stirs his milk. The porches are deserted. Where young men and women flirted, And he knows he can be easy for a while.

The old horse now will get a little rest, No more that plow's endurance will they feed.

There's been no end of driving, What with going and arriving And the picnic of the peppy summer guest.

The young ones will not be so cussed What few there are remaining he can lick.

The dog will have some quiet, And at bedding or at diet It's a blessing there is nobody to kick.

I hear the horny handed farmer say: "By gum! I'm glad that crowd has got away."

"I'm durned if I would feed them When the ordinary farmin' doesn't pay."

He grinneth, doth that farmer lean and languish.

Whom the city boarders thought a crank.

For he's feeling mighty funny, Having counted all his money, And he's going down to soak it in the bank.

Mistress—You may do my hair now, Felicie.

"Yes, ma'am, which color will you wear to-day?"

"Black. I'm going to a funeral."

Nos Loisirs.

Sour Stomach

"I used Cascarets and feel like a new man. I have never suffered from dyspepsia and sour stomach for the last two years. I have been taking medicine for years, and I have never felt so well. For a short time, I will recommend Cascarets to my friends, and I will keep the bottle in good condition. They are very nice to have."

Harry Stuckey, Nauch Chank, Pa.

Best For The Bowels.

CANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, No Food, Never Suffer From Dyspepsia and Sour Stomach, and I have never felt so well. For a short time, I will recommend Cascarets to my friends, and I will keep the bottle in good condition. They are very nice to have.

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