BABY FELL ON TO THE STOVE

Mrs. T. S. Dougall, of 523 Flora Avenue, Winnipeg, says:—"My baby girl was arranging some of her doll's washing on a clothes-rack beside the stove, when she fell, and her hand, being thrown out to try and save herself, came in contact with the side of the hot stove. She sustained a serious burn, and her cries and screams were terrible.

"I sent out to the druggist for the best remedy he had to use on a burn. He said there was nothing to equal Zam-Buk, and sent back a supply. I applied this, and it soothed the pain so quickly that the child laughed through her tears. I bound up the hand in Zam-Buk, and each day applied Zam-Buk frequently and liberally, until the burn was quite cured. The little one was soon able to go on with her play, and we had no trouble with her during the time the burn was being healed. I feel very grateful for this cure, and would recommend all mothers to keep Zam-Buk handy for emergencies like this."

This is good advice. Zam-Buk, being purely herbal in its composition, is particularly suited to the delicate skin of children. While a powerful healer, it is also highly antiseptic. Applied to a burn, a cut, a scald or a scratch—to any injury of the skin, in fact—it will kill all disease germs, and removes all danger of festering, blood-poisoning, or inflammation. At the same time it stimulates the cells to great activity, and fresh, healthy skin is soon produced to repair the damage. Fifty cents spent on a box of Zam-Buk has saved scores of people as many dollars, to say nothing of saving hours of pain!

Judge—Up again, Casey, for evading the law.

Casey—Don't rub it in, Judge. Oi only wish Oi had evaded it instead of running into two cops on the corner.

Internally and Externally it is good.—The crowning property of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is that it can be used internally for many complaints as well as externally. For sore throat, croup, whooping cough, pains in the chest, colic and many kindred ailments it has curative qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs little and there is no loss in always having it at hand.

"Your husband seems to have a never-ending source of fun."

"Yes," replied the joker's wife sarcastically, "it appears to be my cooking."

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Pat (waking up)—An' phwat happened to me? Ambulance Surgeon—You were asphyxiated. Pat—Faith I had one wance before—in me lift arrum—but it didn't take thot time

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Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Rabbinical Wit.

Rabbinical wit is a vital element in the Talmud and Midrash, entering into the discussions of the sages and appealing to the people with magic power, when dry disquisitions and homilies without such spice would have driven the people away.

A preacher in those olden days noticed that his audience seemed to be asleep despite his eloquence. "Once," he cried, "there was a Jewess who had 600,000 children." The people were all wide awake now and demanded to know the woman's name. "Jochabed," was the response. "Was not her son Moses equal to 600,000 who came from Egypt?" There was no lack of attention for the rest of the sermon.

An English rabbi was asked by his congregation if there was any weighty reason against having a clock in the synagogue. "By no means," was the reply. "Have your clock, but put it outside the building, and then you can tell how late you come to the service."

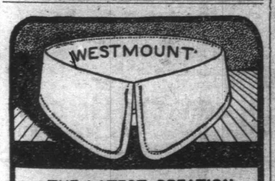
Two rabbis were passing the beautiful synagogue in which one of them officiated. "How I envy you!" said the first. "You must be in a paradise." "Hold, friend!" the second exclaimed. "In the original paradise there was only one serpent, but in this congregation are many of them."—Abram S. Isaacs in Boston Post.

Grasping the Chance.

The pantomime in a provincial town has fallen very flat, and the manager is extremely anxious not to lose an opportunity of infusing energy into his cast."

Comedian—I can't go on for a minute, sir. I feel funny.

Manager—Funny! Great Scott, man! Go on at once and make the most of it while it lasts.—London Mail.



THE LATEST CREATION FOR SUMMER WEAR. ALL THE COMFORTS OF A TURN DOWN EFFECT.

"Anchor" Brand "Westmount" 2 for 25c.

"Iron Frame" Brand "Almonte" 2 for 50c.

SOLD BY LEADING FURNISHERS.

MADE BY TOOKE BROS LIMITED, MONTREAL.

MANUFACTURERS OF SHIRTS, COLLARS, NECKWEAR AND IMPORTERS OF MEN'S FURNISHINGS. 16

TooKe

OUR NATIONAL ASSETS

RESOURCES OF THE GREAT WEST THE ASSETS OF THE NATION

Loss of Population Shown in Nearly Half the Counties of the Maritime Provinces—How this is to be Prevented a Question of Deep Importance to the Country—Provide Employment by Working up Raw Materials—A Concrete Example.

The great west is filling up with population, but the older provinces need more people. In some parts of Quebec there is a falling off, as the latest returns show that in eighteen districts out of 65, there was a loss of population.

Nearly half the counties in the maritime provinces have by the last census actually lost not only the natural increase of 2¾ per cent. but a further percentage, drawn away by the attractions offered by the great west, or the industrial centres of New England.

Loss of population is always a symptom of decadence, and how that is to be arrested is a question of deep importance to the country and of interest to every public spirited citizen. All artificial inducements, such as subsidies, bonuses, etc., offer only a temporary stimulant, and ought to be put aside as valueless.

From Lake Superior to the sea coast the country possesses natural resources as great as the vast wheat prairies and stock lands from Lake Superior to the Rocky mountains, and a hundred times more diversified. This belt of country, more than a thousand miles in breadth, possesses immense forests, fisheries stretching around hundreds of miles of coast line, minerals of all kinds, coal and iron, great fruit, dairying and stock raising lands, and above all, a superb climate for developing the human animal to its greatest perfection.

No country is more richly endowed. What more is necessary for the creation and development of a nation? The country needs more people, and we do not have them, because under the ordinary laws of supply and demand there is not profitable employment for them. How is employment to be provided for workers? The only way is to work up the natural sources of wealth—our forests, fisheries, farms and minerals. These are the only true bases of the future activities, and wealth of our people.

Provide employment by working up raw materials, of which our country is rich, into finished products, ready for consumption. For example, take our forests. Shipping abroad logs and wood, to be worked up by foreign labor and returned to us in a finished product, is a reckless form of national extravagance, as it transfers to another country both the population and capital required in manufacturing, as well as the higher profits created.

We wish the United States well but we have to look out for ourselves. We have no need to ask them to manufacture for us goods made from our own natural products. We want the workers this side of the line—not south of it. We want people to fill up our towns and villages, make new homes, earn money, spend it, develop new lines of trades, industry and manufacturing.

With more population the country will be less dependent, more powerful, more wealthy and more important in the world's affairs. We will give a concrete example of the labor value of even a rudimentary industry—that of barking or "rossing" pulpwood. It is taken from the report of the United States committee on pulp wood, etc., lately published. A witness who is a pulp wood operator in the Adirondacks and ships "rossed" wood to Watertown and also to Niagara, gave evidence that he paid for stumpage $3.00 per cord. The labor of cutting and carrying to the mill is $4.80 per cord.

The labor cost of rossing is $1.82 per cord. The mill burned the refuse. The freight to the pulp mill is $1.75. The overhead charges 50c. The price at the mill the present year is $15.50, so that the profit was $1.05 per cord, therefor the labor employed received $8.70 of the $15.50. The witness did not give evidence as to the two succeeding steps, namely, converting the wood into pulp, and from that into paper, but his evidence was sufficient to show the labor value of even so rudimentary a process as peeling the wood. His output of barked wood is 25,000 cords a year. The labor cost of this outside of stumpage would be over $200,000. The sum at $500 per year per man, would afford employment to 400 hands; suppose half of them were married, that would represent a village of 1,200 people all demanding their requirements of civilized life and augmenting the general welfare and prosperity. These figures are not altogether applicable to Canada, but if one "rossing" mill producing 25,000 cords, can give so much profitable employment, what would be the result if all the half a million cords of pulpwood annually exported to the United States, were rossed on this side? The labor earnings would reach into millions and extra workers employed and their families would add tens of thousands of people to our population.

But take a step further and suppose the wood instead of being exported, was converted into pulp on this side of the line, one could hardly compute the value of such a huge industry and the impetus it would give to trade.

The last report of the board of trade of Portland, Me., states that thirty-one steamers from New Brunswick carried there 56,949 cords of pulpwood and by other steamers there was received about 14,000 cords, amounting in all to 69,525 cords of wood. Suppose that quantity was "rossed" in New Brunswick, it would represent wages to the amount of about $600,000 and employment to a population of about 3,000 people. If converted into pulp before being shipped, these figures would be vastly increased.

While Canada is beyond question the greatest spruce-producing pulpwood country in the world, wood pulp itself is only one in the catalogue of Canadian assets that ought to be utilized to bring workers, prosperity and wealth to our country.

The question now is will each province undertake to conserve its resources of natural wealth to the use of its own people in order to attract to Canada all industrial people that will increase our population of consumers and taxpayers, develop the internal trade and enrich the whole country with the result of new productive energy.

Captain (of baseball nine) — You think Stumpy is getting sort o' weak in his mind? Why?

Manager—He renewed his contract for this season without making a kick for a higher salary.— Chicago Tribune.

Announcement

I beg to announce to the **Officers of Western Municipalities and School Districts** that in future all negotiations for the purchase of **debentures** shall be carried on in my own name, and not in the name of my former representatives in Regina, with whom I have severed connection.

William C. Brent
Canada Life Building... TORONTO

PRINCE RUPERT—BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In response to many enquiries from all parts of the world with regard to the new Pacific Coast terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Prince Rupert, a comprehensive and interesting pamphlet, has been issued giving information respecting this great seaport of the Pacific. The land acquired by the Railway Company for this new city is 24,000 acres for the purpose of the townsite and the development of the port. The first subdivision of the townsite will cover an area of about 2,000 acres, and will be opened to the public and sold on or about May 1st, 1909.

The publication contains a general plan of the new townsite, and a large interesting map of the North Pacific showing Prince Rupert Harbor and vicinity.

Copies of this publication may be had for the asking by applying to A. E. Duff, 260 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Life would be free from bitter thrills
If all we had to learn
Was to put through our favorite bills
And placidly adjourn.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.

"Do you really love me George?"
"Didn't you give me this tie, dear?"
"Yes, love. Why?"
"Well, ain't I wearing it?"

USES BABY'S OWN TABLETS ONLY.

Mrs. Wm. Bell, Falkland, B.C., says:—"I have five little ones ranging from one to eleven years of age, and when any of them are ailing I always give them Baby's Own Tablets which always brings prompt relief. I do not think there is anything you can keep in the home as good as Baby's Own Tablets." Thousands of other mothers speak just as warmly of this medicine which never fails to cure all stomach, bowel and teething troubles. Guaranteed by a government analyst to be perfectly safe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Worth Seeing.

In a Florida town a visitor from the north hailed a native.

"What's the matter with the people here?" he asked. "What are you all running so hard for"

"Can't stop to talk, stranger," the man answered over his shoulder as he rushed on.

Men dashed out of their stores, slammed the doors and sprinted up the street, some in aprons, some in shirt sleeves. An epidemic of madness seemed to have struck the place.

The town policeman sauntered along at last. Policemen never hurry.

"What's wrong?" the stranger asked.

"Ain't nothin' wrong," said the policeman. "The railroad agent just got a telegram that the down express is comin' through in a few minutes with snow on the roof, and the boys have gone to fetch their families down to the depot to see the sight."—Newark News

Armored Nests.

In the countries where the cactus flourishes it is selected by various birds and other members of the animal kingdom as a place of refuge. There is a special kind of woodpecker in Mexico, a clever bird, which furnishes an illustration of what birds will do.

If the traveler is near a mass of cactus known as the candle cactus he will perceive at some height from the ground a hole in the mass of spiny leaves that appears to be evidence of decay. It was really made by the woodpecker, which pecked away till it made an opening just large enough to get inside the armored tree. It then burrows its way down the middle among the pith till it is right in the center, and there it builds its nest and keeps the eggs from the great heat of the sun and from its enemies.

Rabbits make their homes in the cactus. They burrow under the roots and so keep clear of hunters, who do not appreciate the defensive properties of the plant. If any one attacks a cactus vigorously with a hatchet and manages to clear away some of the protecting spines, he will surprise a whole colony of birds and small animals, the latter on the ground floor and the former in the upper stories.

Saved Their Taxes.

A curious fact has come to light in connection with the late famine in India. Even in the districts which were most affected it is now possible to collect the suspended land revenue and takavi, and district officers have noticed that many of the rupees paid in on these accounts have obviously been buried. It seems quite evident that the famine, severe as it was, did not exhaust the resources of the people and that at least a portion of the takavi advances were promptly buried against the day when the Sircar should demand their payment.

TOMMY ATKINS' TROUSERS.

Facts About the British Army Tailor's Bill.

It will astonish most people to be told that the British Government, in addition to being a maker of laws, is the greatest tailor in the world. The Army Clothing Factory at Pimlico is the biggest tailor's shop in England. Last year Tommy Atkins' tailor's bill amounted to £355,375. During the Boer war the clothing of the army cost nearly £5,000,000.

Trousers are the most costly item in the soldier's wardrobe, and for their nether garments last year the nation had to pay no less a sum than £73,278. And this recalls the fact that it is less than ninety years since the British army first put on its trousers—that the British infantry soldier, that is to say, first substituted trousers for the old-fashioned knee breeches.

From April 1st the British soldier will be clothed on an entirely different system to what has prevailed for so many years, and the innovation will probably be a great deal more satisfactory to the rank and file. Every man will receive his free outfit on enlistment as heretofore, but will be required to provide his personal clothing and necessaries out of an allowance credited to him quarterly in advance. Instead of his present kit allowance of twopence a day after six months' service, he will receive at the end of his first year a lump sum equivalent to the accumulated twopences, in addition to the separate clothing allowance.

The maintenance of kit and clothing will be a matter between the soldier and his commanding officer. It is intended that the present arbitrary periods of wear allotted to each garment shall be abolished; under the old system a pair of trousers might be serviceable to-day and "time-expired" to-morrow.

Even in the piping times of peace Tommy Atkins' tailor's bill would make a millionaire poor in a year. Roughly speaking, it costs £1,000,000 every year to clothe the British army. The headgear of the troops, embracing everything from a simple cap to a bearskin helmet, exhausts nearly £50,000, and boots, shoes, and leggings, which are purchased ready-made, cost nearly £250,000. The cost of a soldier's uniform varies from just over £10 10s. to less than £3, according to the regiment in which he may be serving. For instance, the annual tailor's bill for the rank and file in the Life Guards is just over £7, while in the Infantry of the Line it is under £3.

At the Army Clothing Department at Pimlico many hundreds of workers, chiefly women and girls, are employed in turning out soldiers' suits. Apart from the mere making of the clothes the most important part of the work is the inspection of the raw material brought in to be worked up, and of the finished articles which are delivered at the factory to be distributed. Not a yard of cloth is accepted on trust. Every piece is subjected to several tests to prove its quality. There are machines on which small pieces are broken to ascertain the strength of the material; and other apparatus for testing the permanence of the color.

Dancer's Revenge.

One afternoon recently Jeannie Smith, a ballet dancer, entered a garage in Milton street, Glasgow, and approaching her sweetheart, Edward McEwan, a chauffeur, dashed a quantity of vitrol into his face. McEwan rushed to a hose-pipe and turned water on to his eyes to alleviate the agony. Meanwhile the girl threw the vitrol bottle against a wall and made off. Before she had gone many yards she produced a second bottle, containing carbolic acid, and, drinking the contents, she fell in the street in great agony. Other chauffeurs had gone to the assistance of McEwan, who was placed in a taxicab to be taken to the infirmary. Outside the garage the cab was stopped, and the young woman was also put into the vehicle. Both were detained in the infirmary and were reported in a critical condiiton, the man being terribly burned.

Miss Smith, who is 27 years of age and strikingly handsome, has been engaged as a ballet dancer in a local pantomime. She declares that McEwan, who is 25, had jilted her.

Marries a Porter.

Following the example of other notabilities, Miss Dorothy Hopton, a ward in Chancery, who recently contracted a sensationally romantic marriage with Tom Jones, a Shropshire railway porter, has decided to go on the stage. According to the Liverpool Post, Mrs. Jones has accepted an engagement at an Oswestry music hall. The lady, it is stated, has a pleasing voice, and at her nightly turn at the Public Hall she will sing two songs. Mrs. Jones came from a well-known Shropshire family, and was heiress to a large fortune. She married to prevent her mother sending her to a Brussels convent. Mrs. Hopton has cut off all communication with her daughter and left the district, and pending the settlement of her affairs, Mrs. Jones has taken the opportunity of aiding her husband to get their living.

Bottle Tells of Tragedy.

A bottle was recently picked up on the Berwickshire coast near St. Abbs, containing the following message: "Captain or any one who receives this message shall receive the remains of the Dundee whaler Snowdrop; collided with iceberg; no hope. Nov. 14, 1908; sinking fast." For some time fears have been entertained regarding the safety of this vessel, of which nothing had been seen since she was sighted in the Arctic region last June.

Crockett's Profits.

Forty pounds a year was all Mr. S. R. Crockett received in his early days for editing a paper, most of which he wrote himself; while for his first great success, "The Stickit Minister," he only received 7s. 6d. per 1,000 words, when the stories appeared in a Glasgow weekly paper.

Tyburn Tree.

The London county council has decided to commemorate, by means of a triangular stone placed in the roadway, the site of Tyburn gallows, at the junction of Edgware road and Oxford street. It is also the intention of his majesty's office of works to fix within Hyde park railings a bronze tablet bearing the inscription: "Tyburn tree. The triangular stone in the roadway, seventy-five feet north of this point, indicates the site of the ancient gallows known as Tyburn tree, which was demolished in 1760." — London Mail.

Is Your Back the Weakest Point?

Does it play out first when you have steady work to do?

Look for other indications that the kidneys are to blame and obtain cure by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Many a man finds that his back is his weakest point and does not know why.

He cannot do heavy work and even light work, if continuous, leads to an aching back.

Under these circumstances you can be pretty sure that the kidneys are weak and disordered and that the back pains are really kidney pains.

Other symptoms are deposits in the urine after standing, pain and smarting when passing water, frequent desire to urinate, also headache, dryness and harshness of the skin and pains in the limbs and body.

If an insurance company finds these symptoms present they will not insure your life. Isn't this sufficient indication that there is danger ahead?

Backache soon disappears when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are used and kidney disease is thoroughly cured by this treatment.

You can find positive proof of this statement in almost every community in this country and here is a letter very much to the point.

Mr. Geo. Tryon, Westport, Leeds Co., Ont., writes:—"For two years I was completely laid up with lame back and could neither walk or ride. I tried many medicines and the doctor's treatment did not help me.

"A friend told me about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and this medicine completely cured me. I have never had a lame back or kidney trouble since and my cure has been the means of selling many boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dublin's Slums.

The strong remarks of the Recorder of Dublin in regard to the terrible slums which darken the Irish capital have again drawn attention to what is undoubtedly a shocking state of affairs. Sir Charles Cameron, medical officer of health for the city, said he considered that the main cause of the extreme poverty was the lack of employment owing to the absence of large industries. "Thirty-seven out of every hundred families live in one room," he said, 'and I think their case is worse than that of the very poor in any centre in England. The proportion of the people of Dublin who are very badly off in regard to good clothes and fire is very large indeed. Here is a typical case which has been brought to my notice. It is that of a poor young woman five or six and twenty in an advanced state of consumption. She has four children, including a baby in arms who is also consumptive, and her husband only earns eleven shilling a week as a messenger. All they live on is bread and tea. There are considerably over 1,000 regular beggars in Dublin. Most of the very poor live in tenement houses. Much of the property is old and decayed. It often gets so dilapidated as to be unfit for habitation. We have closed about 3,000 such houses in the last twenty-five years. Some of the rooms are let as low as 1s. a week, but the rents vary from 1s. to 2s. It is strange how few bachelors you find among the very poor. They marry no matter how poor they are and thus the ranks of the poverty-stricken are swelled."

A Youthful Robber.

Brought before the Preston (Eng.) magistrates recently as not being under proper guardianship, a diminutive boy named Francis Glaze, eleven years of age, was remanded for a week, after a remarkable account had been given of his alleged proficiency in thiefs of a particular order. The chief constable informed the court that Glaze was the leader of a gang of boy thieves who went about robbing letter and pillar-boxes in different parts of the town. On the previous Sunday alone the prisoner obtained in this manner cheques, postal orders, etc., to the value of £460, and he had given the postal authorities a great amount of trouble. On another occasion he obtained over £60. Detective Woodacre stated that the boy had a remarkably small hand and a thin arm, which he could thrust through apertures in the boxes and so abstract the contents. The prisoner hid the plunder in a cellar underneath his school and in crevices in different parts of the town. Although so young, he was absolutely beyond control, and frequented the company of thieves.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain tells an excellent story against himself. When he left his Alma Mater he traveled on the Continent for some months, and then returned to Birmingham with the intention of devoting himself seriously to politics. He had been at home only a few days when he met his old nurse, who inquired what vocation he thought of pursuing. "Oh," he said, in reply, "I'm going in for politics!" "For politics!" was the exclamation of the old lady. "Oh, Mr. Austen, I should have thought two in the family, your father and Mr. Richard, enough to have had in politics! Why don't you go in for something useful?"

His Chances to Get Even.

A lawyer came into court drunk when the judge said to him, "Sir, I am sorry to see you in a situation which is a disgrace to yourself and family and the profession to which you belong."

This reproof elicited the following colloquy:

"Did your honor speak to me?"

"I did, sir. I said, sir, that in my opinion you disgraced yourself and family, the court, and the profession by your course of conduct."

"May i-i-it please your honor, I have been an attorney in-in-in this c-c-court for fifteen years, and permit me to say, your honor, that this is the first correct opinion I ever knew you to give."

How It Read.

Charles Buxton Going, poet, editor, scientific expert and business man possible successor of the beloved Edmund Clarence Stedman, en route for Europe, sent a wireless message from Nantucket to his friends in New York. He dictated it thus:

"Everything comfortable. Going."

The New York office delivered it thus:

"Everything comfortable going. (Not signed.)"—New York Press.

HINDU REBEL METHODS

HOW SEDITION SPREADS AMONG THE NATIVES.

Story In Pall Mall Magazine Tells How Soldier Was Accused of Poisoning the Wells of the Village and Innocent Tommy Atkins Was Brutally Ill-treated—Arrival of Patrol Saved Him From Death.

The methods which, it is claimed in some quarters, are adopted by those intent on poisoning the minds of the millions of India against British rule are strikingly illustrated in a short story which appears in the current issue of The Pall Mall Magazine.

The situation which gives the writer the story is as follows: Private Jas. Smith has fallen out of the ranks in the course of some cavalry manoeuvres, and is trudging along with his lame horse in the hope of finding the camp. As a matter of fact, he is lost, and some time after dark has fallen he reaches a native village.

On the same day a fakir, "filthy to an unspeakable degree," had arrived in the village, and at the moment that Private Jas. Smith reached it was haranguing the natives on the wrongs of India.

His hearers, standing and sitting around him in picturesque groups, dwelt upon his words, and swallowed his statements eagerly. They saw themselves robbed of their little stock of hard-earned money; they saw themselves preyed upon by a Government of foreigners, and despoiled to make fat an unknown Lord-Sahib and a King who dwelt across the seas.

Truth and lies rolled together, and in turn from his glib and polished tongue.

He demonstrated beyond refutation how famine had been introduced into the country with the sole view of stamping out the population. He showed how, not content with the progress of the scourge with which it was seeking to kill off the people, the Government had invented a certain thing called inoculation with the sole view of slaying the people by more direct means.

But, he went on, that was not all, worse things were being done. When the Government saw that people were not deceived by their wicked trick of inoculaion they began to do something yet more devilish. They sent out emissaries to—here, with an orator's instinct for effect, he paused—to poison the village wells!

It was at this moment that Private Jas. Smith stumbled into the village, and the fakir took instant advantage of the dramatic possibilities of the situation.

"Hush! Watch him, and see if he goes not to the well?" he whispered. Naturally that is exactly what Smith did. The bucket was lowered three times before his thirst and that of his horse had been satisfied.

"There!" said the fakir impressively to those nearest him. "There! Did I not tell you that Government sent forth men to tamper with the wells?"

The result was that Private Jas. Smith was attacked and tied up, and then the fakir led his audience to the well to prove that it had been poisoned.

Truly, this pseudo-fakir was a useful man to those who employed him. He was not one of the posturing devotees who acquire merit and earn sanctity by measuring their length along the road all the way from Calcutta to Benares, or by some similarly foolish and impressive act. He was of another breed—a new breed that has sprung into existence, or perhaps has only renewed its existence, of recent years; a breed the members of which are sent out from various centres to poison the minds of the country folk, to tell them the "real truth" about the Feringhi and the aims of his rule.

The bucket was again lowered. It was easy for the fakir to drop several little bread pills into it, and then it was raised.

Floating on the surface were half a dozen little objects that bobbed innocently in the ripples, and showed white in the light of the lantern. A roar broke from the crowd; the water was poisoned!—had been poisoned before their eyes by a soldier! There was the poison in the bucket, evidence irrefragable of the truth of statements they had been ready to believe proofless.

Private Jas. Smith was dragged out and brutally ill-treated by the villagers and the fakir. The villagers wanted to make him drink of the "poisoner" water, but the fakir was against this. Throw him down the well, was his advice. "The well is useless to you henceforth, for it is already foul with poison. Therefore drop him in it."

Now the fakir was only too eager that the village should be embroiled with the authorities; he knew that the villagers would be much too simple and too avaricious to sacrifice Private Smith's horse, for it would be of use to them. Consequently, when search was made for Private Smith, his horse would be found in or near the village. That, in its turn, would almost certainly lead eventually to the dragging of the well and the fishing-up of a soldier's body. Then there would be the devil to pay, with the ultimate result that the village would really become angry and disaffected with Government. That would be so many men gained.

But Private Smith was not thrown down the well. He was rescued by a night patrol which happened on the village just in the nick of time.

The upshot was, firstly, that Private Smith was stiff and sore for several days; secondly, that the village had quartered upon it a force of punitive police, to show them that soldiers must not be bound or drowned in that off-hand way; thirdly, that the fakir, who turned out to be a defaulting babu from a commercial office in Calcutta, was sent to the Andamans for ten years.

Nova Scotia Apples.

Of late years the export of apples from Nova Scotia has averaged 500,000 to 600,000 barrels annually, the bulk of which goes to Great Britain.

Shunted.

Editor—Is this your first effort?

Budding Poet—Yes, sir. Is it worth anything to you?

Editor (with emotion)—It's worth a guinea if you will promise not to write anything more for publication until after this has been printed. I want your entire output, you understand.

Budding Poet—I promise that, all right. When will it be printed?

Editor—Never while I'm alive.—London Telegraph.

A kindness done to the good is never lost.—Plautus.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

The finest fabric is not too delicate to be safely washed with Sunlight Soap. When other soaps have injured your linens and faded the coloured things, remember the word Sunlight.

A Quick Lunch.

Enter,
Set
Napkin?
Wet.
Order:
Mush;
Gobble,
Rush.
Water,
Pie;
Exit—
Fly!

A Pleasant Purgative.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so compounded as to operate on both the stomach and the bowels so that they act along the whole alimentary and excretory passage. They are not drastic in their work, but mildly purgative, and the pleasure of taking them is only equalled by the gratifying effect they produce. Compounded only of vegetable substances the curative qualities of which were fully tested, they afford relief without chance of injury.

"Yes" said Mrs. Lapsling, "Johnny's all right now. When he was bitten by that strange dog I took him to a doctor's and had the wound ostracized right away."

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

She—Do you suppose a man ever spoke the truth when he told a woman she was the only one he ever kissed?

He— Well, I don't believe Adam lied about it to Eve.—Boston Transcript.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

I was very sick with Quinsy and thought I would strangle. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and it cured me at once.

I am never without it now.

Yours gratefully,
MRS. C. D. PRINCE.

Nauwigewauk, Oct. 21st.

"Hanky-Panky Tricks."

Among the stories told by Ellen Terry in her book are several about the late William Terriss. One is to this effect: Irving never could be angry with Terriss, not even when he came to rehearsal full of absurd excuses. One day, however, he was so late that it was past a joke, and Henry spoke to him sharply. "I think you'll be sorry you've spoken to me like this, guv'nor," said Terriss, casting down his eyes "Now, no hanky-panky tricks, Terriss." "Tricks, guv'nor! I think you'll regret having said that when you hear that my poor mother passed away this morning." And Terriss wept. Henry promptly gave him the day off. A few weeks later, when Terriss and I were looking through the curtain at the audience, just before the play began, he said to me, gaily, 'See that dear old woman sitting in the fourth row of the stalls? That's my dear old mother." The wretch had quite forgotten that he had killed her!

The Treatment of Erysipelas.

Aspinwall Judd of New York recommends the use of strong carbolic acid painted on the surface in cases of erysipelas until the surface is whitened and then followed by swabbing with alcohol. The treatment must go a half inch beyond the border of the eruption to destroy all the germs. The unbearable itching, burning and throbbing are relieved at once, fever soon falls, and general symptoms are relieved. The author has treated successfully sixty-seven cases and five cases in which it failed. No scarring results. The superficial layers of the skin come off as in mild sunburn, and the complexion is improved.—Medical Record.

Beautiful Beetles.

The exquisitely beautiful gold beetles of Central America belong to the genus plusiotis, and one might easily imagine a specimen to be the work of some clever artificer in metal. The head and wing cases are brilliantly polished, with a luster as of gold itself. To sight and touch they have all the seeming of metal, and it is hard to realize that the creature is a mere insect.

Tommy Atkin's Cigarettes.

"The consumption of 40,000 packets of cigarettes a month is no uncommon thing in a regiment, and if the regiment is a thousand strong the consumption often reaches 80,000 packets a month," declared Lieut. Allan, of the Second Northumberland Fusiliers in addressing a gathering of Dover Boy Scouts recently.

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze; Roar, have Thick Wind, or Choke-down, can be removed with

ABSORBINE

or any Bunch or Swelling. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 3 D free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1.00, delivered. Reduces Goitre, Tumors, Wens, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Hydrocele, Varicocele. Book free. Made only by W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 258 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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