A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE.

FROM A MAN WHO LOOKED UPON HIS CASE AS HOPELESS.

Doctors Diagnosed His Case as Catarrh of the Stomach, but Failed to Help Him—Many Remedies Were Tried Before a Cure Was Found.

From the Bulletin, Bridgewater, N. S.

We suppose there is not a corner in this wide Dominion in which will not be found people who have been restored to health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There are many such cases here in Bridgewater and its vicinity, and we are this week given permission to record one for the benefit of similar sufferers. The case is well known in this vicinity and the tenacity of the disorder was remarkable. For six years Alfred Veinot, a surveyor of lumber for the great lumber firm of Davison & Sons, was a victim of a serious disorder of the stomach. His sufferings were excruciating and he had wasted to a shadow. Doctors prescribed for him, yet the agonizing pains remained. Many remedies were tried but to no avail. The case was diagnosed as catarrh of the stomach, food became distasteful, life a burden. The trouble went on for nearly six years, then a good Samaritan advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The pills were given a fair, patient trial, Mr. Veinot using about a dozen boxes, and before they were all gone a permanent cure was effected. Mr. Veinot is now able to attend to his business when it looked as if he was doomed to die. He is grateful to this great medicine for his cure and has no hesitation in saying so.

Because of their thorough and prompt action on the blood and nerves these pills speedily cure anaemia, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scrofula and eruptions of the skin, erysipelas, kidney and liver troubles, and the functional ailments which make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ACROSS SAHARA DESERT.

Balloon With Pigeons as the Only Passengers.

London Engineering prints a description of the type of balloon ordered by the French War Office. An attempt is to be made to send it across the Desert of Sahara. The balloon will not be manned. The sole living occupants will be six pigeons, who will be in the lower compartment of a small car.

Water ballast will be carried in a tank suspended by wire ropes below the car. Attached to the valve is a brass wire twelve metres long, bearing a steel ball weighing twenty kilos, which will keep the valve closed, except when the weight of the steel ball is removed, as when it touches the ground. The valve will then open, the water will flow, and the balloon will go up again. Even after a loss of a portion of the water, the valve will remain closed so long as the steel ball is suspended.

The upper division of the car is provided with a camera, which is capable of taking a photograph every fifteen minutes. The car will also carry a hydrometer, a barometer and thermometers. All the instruments are capable of working five days. There are also arrangements for the escape of the pigeons when the balloon strikes the ground.

There will be a small internal air balloon of 568 cubic metres. The balloon itself will be of 1,000 cubic metres. Another balloon of 57 cubic metres will accompany the main balloon. It will be composed of varnished cambric and inflated with illuminating gas and will carry a sail. The total weight will not exceed 170 kilos, including the entire equipment.

IN A SUBMARINE BOAT.

An English Seaman Describes His Experience.

A seaman who took part in the recent trial of Submarine Boat 2 in Stokes Bay, off the English coast, gives an interesting description of his experiences. He says the sensation when the boat is diving is very singular. The increased pressure on the hull caused by the submersion can be distinctly felt. He attributes this to the deadening of vibration through submersion. There is plenty of light from the electric lamp. A sort of greenish haze slants in through the glass scuttles of the conning tower. At a depth of two fathoms one can tell by peering through one of these whether the weather is cloudy or the sun is shining on the water. The first sense is one of numbness, but he is inclined to believe that this is more fanciful than real, and is caused by a feeling of helplessness. There is no perceptible vibration to the boat even when the hull is submerged at a speed of seven knots, except for a slight tremor caused by the working of the gasoline engine. The sense of silence is profound. The longest time they were under water was three hours and twenty-seven minutes. Towards the finish he felt slightly nauseated. Two of the men aboard were very sick. The ringing in the ears seemed to be the chief trouble. All seamen on submarine boats, so this sailor man said, speedily grow pale. The seaman said he didn't like the life.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Help Little Babies and Big Children in All Their Minor Illnesses.

When your child — whether it is a big child or little baby — suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any kind, is nervous, fidgety or cross and doesn't sleep well, give Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is the quickest and surest cure—and the safest, because it contains no opiate or harmful drug. No matter how young or how feeble your little one is the Tablets can be given with a certainty that the result will be good. For very young infants crush the Tablets to a powder. Mrs. Geo. W. Porter, Thorold, Ont., says: "My baby had indigestion badly when he was about three months old. He was constantly hungry and his food did him no good as he vomited it as soon as he took it. He was very thin and pale and got but little sleep, as he cried nearly all the time, both day and night. He was constipated; his tongue coated and his breath bad. Nothing did him any good until I got Baby's Own Tablets, and after giving him these a short time he began to get better. His food digested properly; his bowels became regular, he began to grow, and is now a big, healthy boy. I always keep the Tablets on hand and recommend them to other mothers."

The Tablets can be obtaired at any drug store or you can get them by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As evening begins to fall, and twilight deepens, Kitty reaches Laxton, and, passing into the house and up the stairs, stops at the door of the blue-and-silver nest that Gretchen claims as her own special property. Dismissing the man, who would have announced her, with a slight gesture, she opens the door, and, entering, closes it carefully behind her.

"Well, I have come," she says, in a hard voice, addressing Gretchen, who is sitting in a low chair before a little cozy chattering fire. Sighing heavily she sinks upon a lounge near her.

She is looking pale and worn. Her large dark eyes seem more sombre than ever; deep circles lie beneath them; her lips have lost all color; her whole air is melancholy, yet not forlorn, being sustained by a certain amount of pride.

Gretchen, rising, runs to her.

"My darling girl," cries she, "what a delicious surprise! How more than glad I am to see you! But how ill you look!" And she would have embraced her, but Kitty holds her back. Misfortune and fatigue have so far blunted her perception that she has magnified her unhappy position to such an extent as makes her believe herself at this moment an outcast from society.

"Not yet," she says. "Wait until I have explained what has brought me, and then you may kiss me, —if you will."

"I don't care what you have to tell me," says warm-hearted Gretchen; "I only see you are unhappy, and that is enough for me. What has happened, Kitty? Is Jack well?"

"I don't know."

"Not know, dear! Did you not see him to-day?"

"Yes, this morning, — for the last time. The worst has come, Gretchen. The play is played out, and the curtain has fallen. We have agreed to separate."

"Oh, no! not that!" says Gretchen, growing pale. "It can't be true. There is surely some mistake."

"Our whole lives are a mistake; but it is all quite true. I have left him. I shall never return, — never; nor will he seek me. If you don't mind harboring a woman in my position, I should like to stay here with you for a little while."

"I can hardly understand it, it all sounds so horrible, — like a bad dream," says Gretchen, in her distress not heeding the last remark. "Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing!" — starting to her feet, her face dark with impatience. "Would I speak of it, even to you, if it were not past remedy? The world must now judge between him and me; and, as for that, I sha'n't be spared, of course; in all such cases the woman goes to the wall. Not that I care for that, either; I don't care for anything, I think," I recklessly. "I dare say people will look coldly upon me, and say hard things of me, and pity 'that poor Sir John.' Why, even you, — you are slow to answer my question, if I may stay with you for a little while."

"Darling, you are overwrought," says Gretchen, tenderly. "I thought it unnecessary to explain that all times, and under all circumstances, my home is yours. Sit down again," — taking her hand and leading her to a couch, — "and tell me about it; it will do you good. But, first, what have you eaten to-day?"

"Nothing. How could I eat? I feel no desire for food. And my brain seems on fire, and my heart as cold as ice. I suppose this is how poor souls go mad at times. No, do not order anything for me, Gretchen. I could not take it, indeed."

"But that is nonsense, and I insist on your eating something directly," says Gretchen, with authority, ringing the bell. "Fasting all day, letting body and mind wear themselves out together! I shall not hear of it. Why, you are positively weak from hunger."

"I am not. I think I must be the strongest woman alive not to have died long ago from grief, and pain, and shame." She leans back and closes her eyes, being plainly exhausted in spite of her assertion to the contrary. And Gretchen, having given an order to a servant in a low voice, presently makes her eat a little and drink some wine; after which, divesting her of her bonnet and laces, she draws a comfortable chair to the fire and places her in it.

"Now let me hear everything," she says, lovingly; whereupon Kitty relates to her the whole sad story from start to finish,—of the flowers sent by Launceston, and Sir John's refusal to accompany her to Lady Monckton's consequent on her acceptance of them, of her discovery in the gardens at Twickenham, and finally of their last meeting, his base accusation, and their final farewell.

"You are quite sure you could not have been mistaken?" asks Gretchen, musingly, when the recital is at an end, alluding to the scene in the garden.

"Impossible. Her laugh is unmistakable; and then his domino. The cross upon the shoulder would alone have been sufficient to betray him, but the love-knot worked upon the sleeve was surely 'confirmation strong.' And the night was as clear as day, and lanterns burning brightly. Besides, I am not an imaginative person."

"How difficult it is to know any one!" Gretchen says, sadly. "And Jack, of all men. I believed him such a dear, kind-hearted, affectionate fellow! I should have trusted him almost as I trust you."

"What seems to me worse than all the rest," says Kitty, slowly, "was his pretending that night he would not go to Twickenham. He must have intended to go all along, but wished to go alone. There was something so contemptible in his making my acceptance of Launcestone's flowers an excuse for refusing to accompany me. It was so unworthy. I thought him reckless, careless in many ways, but deceitful never."

The tears fall through her fingers, and splash and sparkle on her silk gown in the flickering fire-light, though no sob escapes her. Noisy grief would be impossible to one of her caliber. Gretchen in her heart is glad to see these healing tears, though bitterly distressed, and, winding her arms round her, cries too, through very sympathy.

After a little while Kitty checks her grief, and, still with one arm round Gretchen's neck, who kneels beside her, gazes moodily into the fire.

The evening, though still belonging to July, is cold, and comfortless, and stormy. Outside the rain is drifting, sometimes dashing itself with petulant violence against the window-panes. The wind is sighing through the huge elms in the avenue and moaning down the corridors. Gretchen, listening to it, shivers, and draws even nearer to her sister.

"There is something else I must tell you," says Kitty, slowly,—"something I have never yet told to human being."

Gretchen, lifting her head expectantly at these strange words, uttered in a tone and manner both solemn and hesitating, sees the pallor has disappeared from Kitty's cheeks, and that a bright warm flush has taken its place.

"It is a secret—a great secret," goes on Kitty; "you will keep it?"

She turns her head for a moment, and lets her eyes rest on Gretchen's. Only for a moment; and yet in that short space of time Gretchen sees in them a light new and undefined,—a wonderful light of deep joy and deep regret, and a love so infinite as to overpower all else.

Gretchen, grown silent beneath the magic of this strange glance, stays silent, waiting for what is yet to come.

"Can you not guess?" says Kitty, with a tremoing smile, turning a swift side-glance upon her. Now, what there could have been in this glance and smile, or in the very vague words that preceded them, to make things clear to Gretchen, I know not, but she seems all at once in full possession of the mighty secret, and, rising impetuously, clasps Kitty round the neck.

And then the two girls fall into each other's arms, and have quite a splendid time for several minutes,—that is, a right good cry.

Though what they are crying about, and why Gretchen should be so pleased, I cannot tell you, as no intelligible explanation ever follows.

* * * * * * *

Summer is over and autumn well begun, and all the world is scattered. Kitty remains perdu at Laxton, where she is popularly supposed to be lavishing devoted care upon the sister who in reality is striving to heal and restore her broken spirit with ineffable tenderness.

Lady Cyclamen and Fancy Charteris are traveling lazily towards Italy; Arthur has gone north for some shooting, and Sir John has disappeared in his yacht no one knows whither. No friend has accompanied him, no word of planation passed his lips before his departure; indeed, he gave himself time for none, as he quitted London in angry haste two days after his final interview with Kitty.

Perhaps, had the faintest hint of the real facts of the case entered into Cyclamen's brain, had she honestly doubted Sir John's presence at Lady Monckton's ball, or known anything about the transfer of the luckless domino, or imagined for an instant that it was her cousin Fancy whom Kitty believed to be in the gardens with her husband, all might yet have been well. But a sense of delicacy had prevented her that night at Twickenham from listening to Lady Blunden when she would have betrayed to her ear the fear that lay heavy at her heart. She shrank from the thought that words uttered in a moment of passionate pain and indignation might be bitterly repented of in the more sober light of morning.

Thinking and hoping that the whole affair would after a little while die a natural death from want of nourishment, and that Sir John and Kitty would gladly agree to forget and forgive old scores, and run to meet each other again with tears and kisses, she had made up her mind to maintain a rigid silence on the subject even towards Fancy. The parting between Arthur Blunden and the latter was highly characteristic of both.

The last moment had arrived; separation was inevitable. They were standing in the center of the drawing-room, he full of melancholy and unconceaded regret, she clad in the most becoming of costumes, and (in spite of her real sorrow at parting from him, of because of it) in one of her most recklessly mischievous moods.

"What shall I do if you forget me?" asks Blunden, in the dolorous tones of one who anticipates the worst and has not made up his mind to entire it patiently.

"You have put it out of my power to do that," returns she, with a pleased glance at a large locket that lies on her neck, and in which reposes an elaborate portrait of Mr. Blunden, taken when at his ugliest. He had sat for it as a parting gift to his beloved, and, filled with the thought that he is to lose her on the presentment of it, had covered himself with his most dismal expression.

"I didn't mean that," says Blundon, anxiously. "But you won't forget the promise you made me, will you?"

"Promise!"—with a charming air of surprise. "Did I make you a promise?"

"Don't you know you did?"—reproachfully.

"Do I? But when did I make it, or where?"

"At Lady Monckton's the other night. Don't look" — impatiently—"as if you never heard of Lady Monckton. It was at Twickenham, in the garden, you remember?"

"What a wretched memory I have to be sure!" says Fancy, putting both her hands to her head in a distracted fashion, as though she would give worlds to remember, but can't.

"You promised to marry me on your return from Italy."

"Did I say that? Are you sure? It does sound so unlike me! I'm sure I hope you have made no mistake. You see, I never took my mask off all that evening, and really people when masked are so alike. My dear Arthur, are you absolutely sure it was me you were talking to?"

"Absolutely certain"—with increasing indignation mingled with amazement. "Is it likely I should mistake you if you wore a hundred masks?"

"Well, it is very curious my having no recollection of—— Oh, Arthur! I do hope you did not propose to somebody else that evening. Think how awkward it would be. You know I am always telling you. You are so very careless."

"Nonsense!"—roughly. "If you mean to break your word say so; but don't pretend ignorance of what you must remember."

"Oh, no, not that. If you are indeed positive it was me, and that I did make you that promise, of course I shall feel bound in honor to fulfill it."

"I could not possibly be more positive."

"Very well, then. It has arranged itself. And I shall marry you on my return from Naples, if all goes well," returns she, in the most cheerful matter-of-fact tone possible. "But I hope there won't be complications, and a second bride for you to settle with on our wedding morning."

Here her lips part, and a smile comes slowly into her eyes, and two little wicked dimples betray themselves at the corners, of her mouth, and finally Beauty breaks into a delicious silvery peal of laughter.

Presently, but rather ungraciously, as though under protest, Blunden laughs too, and lays his hands lightly on her shoulders.

"There are moments," he says threateningly, "when I feel I could sacrifice a great deal to give you a good shake."

"Well,"—provokingly,—"but how much? I don't like vague speeches. If you named anything very pretty; and I thought that it might please you, perhaps I should let you."

"What an honest delight you take in teasing me!"

"And what a delightful person you are to tease! You are always so deliciously in earnest. We ought to be happy, Arthur, if it is true that extremes meet and—sympathize."

"Yet when you leave me,"—rather sadly, almost wistfully, "you will perhaps say to yourself, 'He was a dull fellow, whose only merit lay in the fact that he loved me.' You can say that, Fancy, at least."

"You are not dull," retorts she, quickly. "The thought is an insult to myself. What! should I—should I—love you"—with an adorable smile—"if you were? No, you are my Prince Charming, and I shall never dethrone you. And—are you listening, Arthur?—I shall not look at any one while I am away from you. There! And if anyone looks at me I shall be downright rude to them. There! And I shall eat and sleep and walk and live for you alone. There!"

She has her fingers intertwined behind his neck, and as she finishes this eminently satisfactory speech she presses her lips to his gently but warmly. It is the very first time she has ever kissed him of her own sweet accord, and the soft caress fills him with rapture.

"My angel!" he whispers (very mistakenly), with all the effusiveness of a fond lover.

"Are my wings growing, then?" demands she, brightly, in a pleased tone, there being no term of endearment too extravagant for woman's vanity. And then there is a pause,—a happy one,—during which he grows so content that presently she tells herself it is her distinct duty to turn his thoughts into other and more conflicting channels.

"And now I'm afraid you must go," says Fancy, reluctantly. "I shall be late for my train, and Cyclamen will never forgive me."

"May I not go to the train to see the last of you?"

"Oh, indeed, no. I can't bear partings at trains. They are so cold, so formal, and one is so afraid to look what one really feels; and I know there would be some one in the opposite seat trying not to stare, and making a foolish effort to appear quite deaf, whilst wondering all the time whether I was your 'sister, or your cousin, or your aunt.' No, let us say good-bye here, and let us think of the time when—when——"

"What, my darling?"

"We shall never have to part again," whispers she, with quivering lips, large tears glistening in her uplifted eyes.

(To Be Continued).

HOW JOHN BULL HAS GROWN.

Now Twenty-Six Per Cent of the World's Population.

King Edward now rules more than a quarter of the human race. In 1838, when Victoria came to the throne, the population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland was, in round figures, 26,000,000 souls, and of the colonies approximately 120,000,000, or say 146,000,000 altogether. To-day the population of the United Kingdom is as near as possible 41,500,000, while the colonies have increased and expanded until the number of their inhabitants exceeds 347,000,000, making a total population of 388,500,000 souls.

In other words, the British Empire's share of the world's population is nearly 26 per cent., as compared with Russia's 8.9 per cent., France's 6.3, America's (U.S.) 5.7, Germany's 4.6., Austria-s 3.1., and Italy's 2.2. It will thus be seen that Edward VII. was crowned King over more people than are being ruled over at this present moment by the Emperors of Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, and the President of the French Republic combined, and this, of course, taking into consideration the populations of all the colonies and dependencies of these five great powers.

Never has there been before so mighty an empire; Rome, Greece, Egypt—all the civilizations of the ancient world were utterly insignificant in comparison with it. And the end is not yet. Our children over the sea, the Canadians, the Australians, are still, as it were "in their teens." What it will be when they have grown to robust and lusty manhood—the enhanced glory and splendour and majesty of it no man can foresee, save only "as through a glass darkly."—Pearson's Weekly.

PERIOD OF DEEPEST SLEEP.

The period of deepest sleep varies from three o'clock to five. An hour or two after going to bed you sleep very soundly; then your slumber grows gradually lighter, and it is easy enough to waken you at one or two o'clock. But when four o'clock comes you are in such a state of somnolence that it would take a great deal to waken you.

INTELLIGENCE IN PLANTS.

Something almost as good as intelligence is exhibited by plants. If, during a dry season, a bucket of water be placed near a growing pumpkin, in the course of a few days the vegetable will turn from its course and get at least one of its leaves in the water.

MUST HAVE SNUFF.

The East Greenlanders journey around to West Greenland to get snuff, and will consume four years in a single excursion there and back, often, according to Nansen, remaining no longer than an hour at the trading station before taking up their homeward march.

BIGGEST SALT EATERS.

The annual consumption of salt in England is 40 pounds per head, while France consumes 30 pounds, Russia 18 pounds, Austria 16 pounds, Prussia 14 pounds, Spain 12 pounds, and Switzerland eight pounds.

HOW CAUSTIC BURNS.

Take a piece of woollen cloth, or a piece of a blanket, and boil it thoroughly in a strong solution of caustic soda, and you will find the wool will gradually be eaten away, leaving nothing but the skeleton. Women do not realize how "soap substitutes," which are generally surcharged with soda, or how common alkaline soaps destroy their clothing; consequently they, week by week, subject costly fabric to such treatment. The hands also are immersed for hours in such solutions, resulting in eczema, coarse skin, and brittle nails. The caustic soda may loosen the dirt, but it eats away the fabric and ruins the hands. There is no economy in such work. It is so easy for a woman to test the difference between an alkali charged soap and a neutral washing soap, that it is strange that there is room for any but a pure soap on the Canadian market. Sunlight Soap has been tested by chemists and analysts the world over, and its freedom from free alkali or caustic has been demonstrated by the highest medical authorities. Consequently the true saying, "Sunlight Soap reduces expenses." 602.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

(Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.)

AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION

MEN WHO DESERT THE WORLD OF PLEASURE.

Sufferers From Disappointments Who Lived Amongst Savages.

Colonel Horti, an Italian officer, and a man of aristocratic birth, was a comparatively young man, of great promise, who stood high in the estimation of his superiors. He was possessed of a comfortable fortune, and, all things considered, might have risen to the top of his profession. But he was disappointed in a love affair, and the disappointment made him resentful. He turned his back upon, not only the woman he loved, but upon every member of the nation to which she belonged, and tried to efface his own nationality by becoming a savage. He bound himself to a war-like tribe which, at that time, was giving the Italian troops in Africa an immensity of trouble. He lived as one of them, dressing as they dressed, and learnt their language rapidly. His knowledge of war gave him great influence. He organized them into a powerful fighting force, and led them again and again against the Italian troops, often with great success.

This kind of thing went on for some years, in fact, it continued from about 1888 until the Italian Government, thoroughly weary of their African trouble, determined to make one desperate effort to gain peace. The desperate effort ended in such a hopeless failure, that Italy practically abandoned the position to Great Britain. Rarely have Italian troops suffered as they did in that effort to pacify their African region of influence, and Horti and his savage followers greatly contributed to Italy's defeat. Horti was, however, wounded about that time, and died some weeks later in consequence, deeply lamented by the people who had adopted him as one of themselves.

THAT GREAT SAVAGE,

the Mahdi, and later, the Khalifa, had a number of world deserters for officers. The former, at one time, towards the close of his career, had three ex-officers of the French army, and a Russian colonel of dragoons, named Poloski. The latter was at one time an official in the late Tsar's court. He got into trouble, however, and to avoid the contingency of Siberia, hurriedly left Russia and enlisted under the Mahdi's banner. Perhaps he had Tartar blood in his veins; in any case, it is said that he became the most savage of the semi-savage band he joined, and liked nothing better than leading small raids upon heipless villages and caravans which happened to pass within his reach. A spy of the Egyptian Government, who succeeded in getting into Poloski's good graces, reported the ex-Russian to be a man who seemed to have set himself against everything decent and humane, capable of the utmost brutality, and quite devoid of a spark of pity. He wore dress similar to that worn by his fellows, and refused to admit that he had ever belonged to a civilized nation, or could speak any European language. He had a strong following of men, who were loud in their praises of his daring and mercilessness. What eventually became of him is not known; he may have died fighting, or in his desert-home, or he may have been "put away," for he had powerful enemies, who were jealous of his influence

OVER THE DERVISHES.

A few years before the end came to the terrible rule of the black-hearted Lobenguia, that savage king was served by two men who had for mysterious reasons deserted the world to join the Matabele tribe. One, whose name was White, was the son of a Canadian doctor, the other, Bresseni, was an Italian, who had escaped from a French prison while under sentence for attempt to murder another Italian in Rouen. White also had been in prison. For some time these two men, between whom there was no connection, though they both joined the tribe about the same time, were held in great esteem by Lobengula, and were able to be of considerable service to him. There is little doubt that they greatly facilitated the arming of the tribe with rifles, which had a serious effect when the war began. When the king, however, heard that a British force was drawing near to him, he promptly suspected his two white tribesmen of being spies, and incontinently murdered them.

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT

in French Government circles that there is a good sprinkling of Europeans among the blood-thirsty pirates haunting the coast of Cochin-China. French troops are constantly making war upon the pirates, and finding in their bands the bodies of their own countrymen, Germans, Russians, and men of other nationalities, who have deserted the world, and joined the vilest cut-throats in Asia, the home of cut-throats.

A short time back, after a stiff fight between two pirate boats and a small French vessel, the latter found that instead of having a Chinee for their chief, one of the defeated boats was captained by a Frenchman, dressed like a native. This man was mortally wounded when taken, and confessed when dying, that six years previously he had been mate of a French ship in Chinese waters, and had deserted to join the pirates. On the strength of his experience of the sea he was appointed chief of a boat, which he had commanded for six years, during which time he had lived virtually the life of a very heathen Chinee, and amassed a considerable fortune. He spoke, also, of other Europeans he had known among the pirates, most of whom had become rich by their terrible trade. — Pearson's Weekly.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—In June '98 I had my hand and wrist bitten and badly mangled by a vicious horse. I suffered greatly for several days and the tooth cuts refused to heal, until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using, and the effect was magical. In five hours the pain had ceased, and in two weeks the wounds had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever.

Yours truly,

A. E. ROY.

Carriage maker, St. Antoine, P. Q.

He was practical and had been making love or that basis. She was a little that way herself. "Can you cook?" he inquired. "Can you supply everything to be cooked?" she replied. It was a match.

MONEY LOST ON THE TURF.

According to tables made by sporting men, over $250,000,000 is lost on the turf every year. Of this $50,000,000 is lost on English racecourses, and about $101,000,000 on Australian courses. The remainder is chiefly distributed between France, the United States, and British Colonies.

LABORERS IN SWEDEN.

There is a special class of farm laborers in Sweden who are given so many acres of land for their own use, in consideration of so many days' labor during the year for the owner of the farm. They are a sort of fixture to an estate, and their like exists in no other country.

TOWN TREASURER.

QUEBEC MUNICIPAL OFFICER GIVES IMPORTANT EVIDENCE.

Without Fear, Favor, or Affection, He Speaks Plainly His Honest Sentiments, Adding Some Words of Advice.

Wolfestown, Que., Sept. 8.—(Special).—Mr. R. Boulanger, Secretary and Treasurer of this town, is numbered among the most prominent and highly respected citizens of the country.

Time and again he has been honored by appointments to offices of public trust and there is no man in our community who commands the universal respect and esteem of all classes of citizens more than Mr. Boulanger.

Those who know him well are aware that for some time he was very ill and they also know that he was restored to good health, but many of them may not be aware of the means used by Mr. Boulanger in accomplishing the wonderful recovery which he has been fortunate enough to bring about.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him and he has made this fact public in a grateful letter which reads as follows:

"I desire to say that I was completely cured of Kidney Disease and Urinary Trouble by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was so bad that I was obliged to urinate often, with much pain. They have relieved me of the pain and the results in every way are satisfactory.

"I think it is prudent for every family to keep them and use them."

When a man of Mr. Boulanger's standing puts himself on record so frankly and positively, there can be no doubt but that he has experienced all and more than he states in his letter.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have now permanently established themselves as an infallible remedy for all urinary trouble and the closing words of Mr. Boulanger's letter are an advice which every household should observe.

THE BEST FED SOLDIER.

The British soldier is the best fed individual of his class in Europe. He receives for his daily rations 16 ounces of bread, 12 ounces of meat, two ounces of rice, eight ounces of dried vegetables, 16 ounces of potatoes, and once a week he receives two ounces of salt, four ounces of coffee, and nine ounces of sugar.

Nurses' Experience.

Medical men say that a good nurse in a difficult case is better than medicine, but when we can get a good nurse and good medicine, the patient stands a much better chance of recovery. The few words of advice given below by nurse Eliza King, are well worthy the attention of all readers:

"I have constantly used St. Jacobs Oil in the various situations I have occupied as nurse, and have invariably found it excellent in all cases requiring outward application, such as sprains, bruises, rheumatic affections, neuralgia, etc. In cases of pleurisy it is an excellent remedy—well rubbed in. I can strongly recommend it after several years' use and experience. It should be in every household."

Sister Carolina, St. Andrew's Hospital, writes: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a most efficacious remedy in gout; also in sprains and bruises. Indeed, we cannot say too much in its praise, and our doctor is ordering it constantly."

HOW THEY COMPARE.

The Scotsman earns on the average £45 a year, the Englishman £38, and the Irishman £20. Scotland spends £3 per head per year for upkeep of police, roads, bridges, harbors, education, etc., while the Englishman and Irishman contribute £2 18s. and £1 4s. respectively. Scottish fishermen bring to port a quantity of fish worth for every man, woman, or child in their country, 7s. 6q; English fishermen, 3s. 4d. worth; and Irish fishermen, 1s. 2d. worth. Scotsmen, too, appear to be more thrifty. In the savings banks, each Scotsman has £5 4s.; each Englishman, £5; and each Irishman, £2.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

SEAL

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Canada supplies 60 pounds of cheese out of every 100 pounds bought abroad. Yearly purchases amount to 265 million pounds.

At Plinitz, near Dresden, is the largest capella in Europe. It is 160 years old, about 50 feet high, and has 40,000 blossoms each season.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

Neighbor—"The baby suffers from sleeplessness, does it?" Mrs. Jeroloman (haggard and hollow-eyed)—"I didn't say it suffered. It seems to enjoy it. I'm the one that suffers."

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

On an average there are 120,000 strangers staying in London.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Cast-iron articles were first made in England in the year 1700.

All teas look alike in a newspaper advertisement, but put them in your teapot and the superiority of Blue Ribbon is at once apparent.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

W.D. INDUSTRIAL W.D. BRAND ENDURANCE-BY-RIGHT STRENGTH QUALITY TRADE MARK

WHOLESALE **Staple Clothing** Also PANTS, KNICKERS, OVERALLS, SMOCKS, &c. Ask your dealer for these goods. BEST EVER. **WYLD-DARLING** COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, TORONTO.

Can handle your APPLES, PEACHES, PEARS, PLUMS, ONIONS, POULTRY (dead or alive) BUTTER, EGGS, HONEY, to good advantage. Let us have your consignments, it will pay you. Stamps and pads on application.

OUR BRANDS. King Edward 10c. "Headlight" 5c. "Eagle" 10c & 5c. "Victoria" "Little Comet"

E.D.E.B.D. PARLOR MATCHES E.C.O.Y. HULL, CANADA

Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands, USE **EDDY'S**

FIRST SCREW STEAMER.

It is fifty years since John Bowes, the first iron screw steamer ever built, was launched at Jarrow-on-Tyne, by Messrs. Palmer Brothers. The vessel was 465 tons register, and was calculated to carry 30 keels of coal and to make 30 trips per annum between Newcastle and London. The John Bowes is still running.

THE OLDEST LOVE LETTER.

The oldest love letter in the world is in the British Museum. It is a proposal of marriage for the hand of an Egyptian Princess, and it was made 3,500 years ago. It is in the form of an inscribed brick.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Under the Gothenburg system in Sweden, liquor is sold to customers by Government at cost price, plus five per cent.

THE MANY ADVANTAGES

offered passengers bound for Buffalo and New York by the Grand Trunk's fast "New York Express," leaving Toronto 6.15 p.m. daily, are seen at a glance when the splendid equipment is considered. A full dining car service until Niagara Falls reached, a cafe parlor car running through to Buffalo, and one of Pullman's finest sleeping cars from Toronto to New York guarantees patrons comfort and luxury as well as speed. The cafe and dining cars are acknowledged to be the handsomest in America, being electric lighted and equipped with electric fans. City office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

The first chimney-pot hat was worn in London by a hatter named Hetherington in 1797. A riot was caused, and the wearer was fined.

New South Wales is just 2½ times the size of the British Isles. Queensland is equal to three times the German Empire and Belgium put together.

$33.00 TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

from Chicago via the Chicago & North-Western R'y every day during September and October. One-way second-class tickets at very low rates from Chicago to points in Colorado, Utah, Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California and various other points. Also special round-trip Homeseekers' tickets on first and third Tuesdays, August, September and October to Pacific Coast and the West. Full particulars from nearest ticket agent or address B. H. Bennett, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont.

Eagles fly at a height of 9,000 feet, crows up to 4,500 feet. The lark rises 3,000 feet.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish — but won't wash clothes.

The first shock of earthquake recorded in America was in New York in 1663.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House,

Big guns cost about $900 per ton to construct.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL SPIRIT.

The spirit of accommodating the public seems to be the keynote for the great success enjoyed by the New York Central Railroad. A trip anywhere over this popular line will convince the most blase traveler on that point. Every employe seems to have caught the spirit of accommodation, of being obliging and making friends for the big company he is working for, and from the highest official to the lowest employe, "New York Central" employes impress patrons as being high grade gentlemen and very desirous of making the traveler's journey such a pleasure that he will come again and again. Ticket and baggage agents, trainmen and porters can smooth or ruffle one's temper so easily! When you are given the impression there is nothing too good for you, whether you are traveling five or five hundred miles, that road certainly possesses the first big right to be popular. Four smooth tracks all the way from Buffalo to New York, over which a score of fast modern equipped trains, including the Empire State Express and the 20th Century Limited, run every day, surely shows a popular road. So do red-capped porters in stations, excellent dining car service and all the modern equipments for enjoyable traveling.

But best of all is the spirit of being obliging and civil, answering questions politely and assisting; in short, helping the traveler, who may be making his first trip, to have such a good time that he will come often and feel at home. And the New York Central can justly be credited with having inculcated this spirit of accommodation in its employes to such a degree that it is so pleasantly noticeable as to be termed "The New York Central Spirit." —From the Commercial West, Minneapolis.

"I think it was a shame for the Red Indians to bury their hatchets." "Why?" "Just think how lovely they would be tied with ribbon, to hang on the parlor walls!"

For Over Sixty Years.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.—Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

"Here is a periodical devoted to aerial navigation." "Ah, it must be a fly-paper."

"I'm to wait for the money."

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

A new dialect dictionary of English words is being prepared by Prof. Wright. He is being assisted by 600 contributors. The work will be ready in 1905, and will contain 100,000 words, Yorkshire alone contributing 20,000.

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums.

Books, &c.

MAR