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BATTLE OF THE BLACKWATER.

In the evil days of King Ethelred the Unready, when the teaching of good King Alfred was fast fading away from the minds of his descendants, and self-indulgence was ruining the body and hardy habits of the English, the fleet was allowed to fall into decay, and Danish ships again ventured to appear on the English coasts.

The first Northmen who had ravaged England came eager for blood and plunder, and hating the sight of a Christian church as an insult to their gods, Thor and Odin; but the lapse of a hundred years had in some degree changed the temper of the north; and though almost every young man thought it due to his fame to have sailed forth as a searover, yet the attacks of these marauders might be bought off, and, provided they had treasure to show for their voyage, they were willing to spare the lives and lands of the people of the coasts they visited.

King Ethelred and his cowardly, selfish court were well satisfied with this expedient, and the tax called Danegeld was laid upon the people, in order to raise a fund for buying off the enemy. But there were still in England men of bolder and truer hearts, who held that bribery was false policy, merely inviting the enemy to come again and again, and that the only wise course would be in driving them back by English valor, and keeping the fleets in a condition to repel the "Long Serpent" ships before the foe could set foot upon the coast.

Among those who held this opinion was Brythnot, Earl of Essex. He was a partly Danish descent himself, but had become a thorough Englishman, and had long and faithfully served the king and his father. He was a friend to the clergy, a founder of churches and convents, and his manner house of Hadleigh was a home of hospitality and charity. It would probably be a sort of huge farmyard, full of great barn-like buildings and sheds, all one story high; some of them serving for storehouses, and others for living-rooms and places of entertainment for his numerous servants and retainers, and for the guests of all degrees who gathered round him as the chief dispenser of justice in his East Saxon earldom. When he heard the advice given and accepted that the Danes should be bribed instead of being fought with, he made up his mind that he, at least, would try to raise up a nobler spirit, and at the sacrifice of his own life, would show the effect of making a manful stand against them.

He made his will and placed it in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and then, retiring to Hadleigh, he provided horses and arms, and caused all the young men in his earldom to be trained in warlike exercises, according to the good old English law, that every man should be provided with weapons, and know the use of them. The Danes sailed forth in the year 991 with 35 vessels, the terrible "Long Serpents," carved with snakes' heads at the prow, and the stern finished as the gilded tail of the reptile; and many a lesser ship, meant for carrying plunder. The Sea King, Olaf (or Anlaf), was the leader, and as tiding came that their sails had been seen upon the North Sea, more earnest than ever rang out the bell in the Litaney, "From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us." Sandwich and Ipswich made no defense and were plundered; and the fleet sailed into the mouth of the River Blackwater, as far as Maldon, where the ravagers landed and began to collect spoil. When, however, they came back to their ships, they found that the tide would not yet serve them to re-embark, and upon the farther bank of the river stood the spears of a body of warriors drawn up in battle array, but in numbers far inferior to their own.

Anlaf sent a messenger over the wooden bridge that crossed the river to the earl, who, he understood, commanded this small army. The brave old man, his gray hair hanging down beneath his helmet, stood, sword in hand, at the head of his warriors.

"Lord Earl," said the messenger, "I come to bid thee to yield to us thy treasures, for thy safety. Buy off the fight, and we will ratify a peace with God."

"Hear, O thou sailor!" was Brythnot's answer. "The reply of this people, instead of Danegeld, thou shalt have from them the edge of the sword and the point of the spear. Here stands an English earl, who will defend his earldom and the laws of his king. Point and edge shall judge between us."

Back went the Dane with his message to Anlaf, and the fight began around the bridge, where the Danes long strove to force their way across, but were always driven back by the gallant East Saxons. The tide had risen, and for some time the two armies only shot at one another with bows and arrows; but when it ebbed, leaving the salt marshes dry, the stout old earl's love of fair play overpowered his prudence, and he sent to offer the enemy a free passage and an open field in which to measure their strength.

The numbers were too unequal; but the battle was long and bloody before the English could be overpowered. Brythnot slew one of the chief Danish leaders with his own hand, but not without receiving a wound. He was still able to fight on, though with ebbing strength and failing numbers. His hand

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Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which will hold a little time, and a bottle of Cresolene, complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Cresolene 50 cents and 25 cents. Illustrated booklet containing hygienic testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 210 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

MONKEYS CAPTURED A STEAMER

Held High Carnival on Board the Vessel.

But Diplomacy and Whisky Enabled the Crew to Overpower the Simians.

(From the New York Herald.)

With screaming monkeys in rigging and shrieks, clanging over the rigging and scampering over the deck, the British steamer *Caroline S.* docked at Port Tampa late Friday afternoon. Captain and crew were almost worn out from a battle of wits on their strange journey half way around the world.

Fifty monkeys were part of the cargo of the steamer when she put out of Singapore two months ago. Two were wise chimpanzees—big fellows, whose cages were none too strong. The others ranged all the varieties of the "true people" to be found in the Ceylon jungle. They were placed in cages amidships, where their chattering could not disturb the sailors.

Trouble began two days out. When hatches were opened in the morning to feed the monkeys, the man whose duty it was to meet their wants was overwhelmed with a rush of hairy things. Lured by the light, they hurled themselves out of the opening and made a dash for freedom.

The sailors, the ropes and spars and the sight and smell of the sea seemed to craze the monkeys. From jibboom to spanker boom, from deckhouses to trucks, up ratlines and stays they scampered, running and leaping, keeping up an insane chattering the while. Their first impulse was to escape. When they found the sea, held them prisoners they took to the rigging and shrouds. The sailors hoped they would return to their cages for food after a time, but they watched the preparations shrewdly and refused to be trapped.

Then the sailors were set to chasing them. For two days night men scampered through the rigging, only to be eluded by their nimble quarry, who jumped from rope to gaff and boom and scampered along the where no sailor could follow. Some were cornered, but freed themselves by scratching and biting. Five of the men were badly wounded.

Angered by the chase and mad with hunger and thirst, the animals finally became dangerous. They tore the shrouds and gnawed the ropes. They stole belaying pins and other weapons from the deck and hurled them at the sailors.

When the sailors had become worn out with watching the Simians do their tricks, the captain ordered a descent in force one night on the cook house and wrought devastation. Utensils were broken, bins destroyed and food was scattered over the floor.

While others were keeping the crew busy with watching the Simians do their tricks, the captain ordered a descent in force one night on the cook house and wrought devastation. Utensils were broken, bins destroyed and food was scattered over the floor.

They finally found the captain's cupboard, and, breaking it open, became possessed of the means of their undoing. It was a flask of strong brandy. They were found in the captain's berth asleep, clasped in a fast embrace.

Their weakness gave an idea to the captain. He had a mixture of molasses and whisky placed on deck, and of this the monkeys partook greedily. Soon in the rigging during the night they were found, and the captain's men were able to capture them. They were found in the captain's berth asleep, clasped in a fast embrace.

About a score of the smaller monkeys refused to be deceived. They remained in the rigging during the whole voyage, taking food and water placed out for them at night. They grew to be friendly with the sailors, but sometimes caused discomfort by hurling missiles.

The chimpanzees are supposed to have led in the escape. One of them evidently broke out of his cage and opened all the other cages.

Do Not Find Fault.

"What is the highest and noblest resolution for the coming year?" To make happy all the people we can reach. By words, by smile, by consistent example, by monetary relief, by religious influence. In the coming year we will all have at least 365 opportunities of making people happy. Perhaps we will have twice that number of opportunities. There are thousands of men and women dying for lack of one word of sympathy. Encourage newspapers. If you knew how many annoyances they have, if you understood that their most elaborate article is sometimes thrown out because there is a great deal of sense in it, and that an accurate report of a speech is expected although the utterance is so indistinct the discourse is one long stenographic guess, and that the midnight which finds you asleep demands that they be awake when a mechanic approaches of men who want complimentary newspaper mention; one day sent to report a burial and the next day to report a pugilistic encounter—if you understood it you would be more sympathetic. Be affable when you have not an axe to be sharpened on their grindstone. Also cheer up merchants, and if they have a superior style of goods tell them so, and encourage those starting how you direct behind the counter on crackers and cheese between the going and coming of customers. Cheer mechanics, and if they do a job well tell them so. You feel you have a right to be paid for a mechanic when he does his job. Do you ever praise a mechanic when he does well? Cheer the doctors. There is a great deal of cheap wit about them, but I notice that those who indulge in that wit are the first to send for a doctor when anything is the matter. Some say that a book entitled, "Every Man His Own Doctor." That author ought to write one more and entitle it, "Every Man His Own Undertaker."

Resolve that this coming year you will every day encourage somebody who is in lawful business. O man! put your teeth tightly together and cover them with the curtain of your lip, com-

Why I am Well



Mrs. Frank Evans, 133 Frontenac Street, Montreal, says:—"I feel that I ought to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the hope that my experience may be of benefit to some other suffering woman. I am now twenty-three years of age, and since my eleventh year I have suffered far more than my share of agony from the ailments that afflict my sex. At the age of sixteen the trouble had grown so bad that I had to undergo an operation in the Montreal General Hospital. This did not cure me and a little later I underwent another operation. From this I received some benefit but was not wholly cured, and I continued to suffer from pains in the abdomen and bilious headache. A few years later, having with my husband removed to Halifax, I was again suffering terribly and was taken to the general hospital where another operation was performed. This gave me relief for two or three months, and again the old trouble came on, and I would suffer for days at a time and nothing seemed to relieve the pain. In February, 1899, I was again obliged to go to the hospital and underwent a fourth operation. Even this did not help me and as the chloroform administered during the operation affected my heart, I would not permit a further operation, and was taken home still a great sufferer. In August, 1899, I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to do so. I have used the pills for several months, and have found more relief from them than from the four operations which I passed through, and I warmly recommend them to all women suffering from from the ailments which afflict so many of my sex."

Pink colored pills in glass jars, or in any loose form, or in boxes that do not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are NOT Dr. Williams'.

The genuine are put up in packages, with wrapper printed in red.

Sold by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

press your lips and then put your hand over your mouth and keep still. The first duty of all fault-finders and pessimists is to shut up.—T. De Witt Talmage.

SOME GOOD YARNS

Clerks in the Stores Had Some Interesting Experiences With Customers.

Now that a bull has followed the hurry and bustle of the Christmas trade, the big stores, and, indeed, in all places of business, have a chance to hold "experience meetings." Stories are being told of the various "tough customers" each encountered at a time of year when the patience of all was taxed to the utmost, even without the annoyance of dealing with intractable shoppers.

"One old woman came in the day before Christmas," said a well-known haberdasher, "and wanted to exchange some shirts. The clerk referred her to me. I asked her to come in a day or two after Christmas, but she was obstinate—wanted the exchange and right away. I refused, and was made the target for a lot of harsh language. 'There ain't any button-holes in the shirts, anyway,' she finally said. I answered that if the goods were defective we would exchange them immediately, and opened the package. Then I pushed it back to her, telling her that the shirts must have been bought somewhere else, for we never had anything like them. 'That's what

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

is only a failure of strength. It takes strength to get strength. Get strength of stomach first. Your stomach will then look out for your body. Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil enables your stomach to get it from usual food; and this is the way to restore the whole body.

We'll send you a little to try if you like. SCOTT & B.

they told me at two other places," said, "but I'm going to keep on until I get them shirts traded for what I want."

"Saturday before Christmas a young colored woman came into our store early in the morning," said a clerk in a furnishing goods department. "Ah, wants ter buy some shirts for mah honey," she explained, and a number of the brilliantly colored garments now in vogue were shown to her. She selected a half dozen and inquired the price. 'One dollar each,' she was told. 'Man, dat ain't gwine ter do 'tall,' she exclaimed. 'Mah honey, she's mighty particular, he is, an' he done say dat weah no dollah shirt. You all bettah give me somefin bettah.' She finally selected a half dozen \$1.50 shirts of lurid hue and went away satisfied."

"I had an awful time with an old lady from Painesville last after I opened the store one day last week," said a young man in one of the clothing establishments. "The porter was late in arriving, and there wasn't any fire. I was hurriedly getting ready for the day's trade, and didn't have much time to bother with her. She wanted to look at some socks, she said, and I pulled down pretty much everything in sight. She pawed them all over, and held them up to the light, wanted to know if they would wash and everything else she could think of. After half an hour or so the other clerks came in, one of the proprietors with them. None of the duties I was supposed to perform had been completed, and everyone was mad because they had to turn in and do the work, the proprietor included. After twenty minutes more the old lady said she had only come in to look around, anyway, and guessed she would go over to the company's and buy a necktie. She walked right by our neckties and out of the place."

Sabbath Thoughts.

The character of heaven will be the perfect unalloyed Love of sinless angels and glorified beings. Dwelling in Love, we shall, in the full sense of the word, dwell in God, and God in us. The noblest aspirations of the regenerate man will then have their full satisfaction. . . . Love being the character, nay, the very nature of heaven, it is clear that the service and occupation of heaven will be the out-going of Love.—Thorold.

You can keep impure thoughts out of your mind by thinking of that which is pure. You can keep yourself out of mind by thinking of other people. . . . The mind is beneath your own control if you choose to assert that control early. . . . Not at once, indeed, but yet by slow training that control is possible.—Edward Everett Hale.

To some most true and faithful lives the divine word never comes with any rapture of ecstasy at all, but only like "daily bread," a simple quiet faith, arming the soul for duty and keeping it unshaken before.

the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian. There are many people who think Sunday a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.—Beecher.

"With a quickened eyesight, so on discerning men good and the worse side, remembering that the same process should proportionately magnify and demonstrate to you the much more good than the bad side of everything." Definite work is not always that which is cut and squared for us, but that which comes as a claim upon the conscience, whether it is nursing in a hospital, or hearing a handkerchief.—Elizabeth M. Sewall.

The true calling of the Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way.—Arthur Penland Stanley.

Mary, indeed, think of being happy with God in heaven; but the being happy with God on earth never enters their thoughts.—John Wesley.

HE WOULD BE RESPONSIBLE. A minister of a prominent New York church, who was about to leave home for a few days, was bidding good-bye to his family.

When he came to Bobby he took the little fellow in his arms and said: "Well, young man, I want you to be a good boy, and be sure to take good care of mamma."

Bobby promised, and the father departed, leaving him with a very large and full appreciation of his new and weighty responsibility. When night came, and he was called to say his prayers, the young guardian expressed himself as follows:

"O Lord, please protect papa, and brother Dick and sister Alice, and Aunt Mary and all the little Jones boys and Bobby. But you needn't trouble about mamma, for I'm going to look after her myself."—Boston Budget.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

For Infants and Children.

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