HEART TROUBLE

BROUGHT ON BY EXPOSURE AND WORRY.

Capt. Geo. Crandell, of Lindsay, Tells How He Secured Released From This Dangerous Malady.

From the Watchman, Lindsay, Ont.

In the town of Lindsay and surrounding country no man is better known or more highly respected than Capt. Geo. Crandell. Forty-seven years ago he was owner and captain of the first steamer that navigated the Scugog. Since that time success has crowned his life both on land and water. For forty-nine years he was a member of the Lindsay town council. He is now 73 years of age and enjoys the best of health, but it has not always been thus. Some years ago the exposure and worry incident to his calling began to tell upon his health, and his heart showed signs of weakness. His sufferings and complete restoration through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are best told by himself. To a reporter the captain gave the following story:

"Several years ago my heart began to bother me. At first I took little notice of it, but the trouble gradually grew worse until I had to summon medical aid. I suffered much pain and at times was attacked by smothering spells which caused me great distress. Frequently these spells attacked me during the night and it was with difficulty that I managed to breathe at all. I consulted several doctors, but their medicine failed to benefit me. I then tried a much advertised remedy but this also failed to help me. I had always been fond of smoking, but I was in such poor health that a few puffs from a cigar would distress me so much that I had to give it up altogether. I grew worse day by day and began to think my end was near and that I would die from the trouble. Some time ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking one box I noted an improvement in my condition and so I continued their use. I kept on improving till now I am as well and strong as I ever was in my life before and have not been bothered with the least sign of my former malady for months. I am now able to enjoy a smoke as I used to without feeling the least distress. All this I owe to the greatest of all remedies, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Rich, red blood and strong nerves are the keystone to health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the most widely known and praised of medicines because from first dose to last they make new, life-giving blood, and restore weak and shattered nerves, bringing new health and strength to hitherto despondent sufferers. Do not take any substitute—do not take anything that does not bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all dealers or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IN LONELY LABRADOR.

Fur Hunters Who Have Just Heard of the Death of Queen Victoria.

Reports are reaching civilization of the operations of the past winter in the interior and upon the coast of Labrador. The season was, generally speaking, a mild one, and the fatalities among the Indians fewer than usual. A good supply of furs was secured, but none of such peculiar value as some of those taken during the previous winter.

The highest price paid for a skin of last winter's catch was $300, which was for a black silver fox, the king of all the fur bearing animals of Labrador. Exactly double that amount was paid for a skin of the same variety, a very noble specimen, about a year ago. Prices in general are scarcely so good at present as they were at this time last year.

Marten skins, which have brought as much as $25 a skin, sold this spring for from $15 to $18. Traders are especially proud of the otters and minks which they obtain from Labrador, which have fur of a peculiar fineness and lustre.

The hunters from the interior of Labrador had not heard of the death of Queen Victoria until they emerged from the woods a few days ago. No mail matter can reach them during the winter. Even the residents along the coast had only six mails from autumn till spring, and these had to be conveyed over the snow by dogs, on sleighs, for want of proper roads and other means of conveyance.

The oldest living settler upon the coast is Philip G. Touzel, who went there from Jersey nearly fifty years ago, and for more than twenty years was the only settler. He visited civilization the other day, after a long stay in his dreary home. He is a most interesting character, a quaint old-world figure. He is the only Protestant in Sheldrake, where he resides, even his own children being Roman Catholics, but he possesses the confidence of the eighteen families of the place to such an extent that he is their doctor, minister, lawyer and postmaster. When asked what he generally prescribes for those who fall ill in the winter time, far away from medical aid, he replied meditatively:

"I find that they generally crave a little whiskey, that is, of course, whiskey with some other ingredients mixed in with it," he said, "that I have found it most efficacious in a majority of cases. During one hard season," he continued, "an epidemic of grip or something of the kind killed a score or more, and threatened the rest of us, but by a determined effort I managed to gain the victory. It was a tight squeeze though."

WARM WEATHER ARRANGEMENTS.

Do you take your cook away with you in the summer?

No, oh, no; we can't afford to go to the kind of place that would satisfy her.

Daughter (sobbing)—I lost my temper with Jack and threw a t—teacup at his head.

Mother—You poor child! And I'll wager you haven't a bottle of china cement in the house.

What time is it? asked his wife suspiciously, as he came in. About one. Just then the clock struck three. Gracious! When did the clock commence to stutter? he said, with a feeble attempt at justification and a joke.

The telephone is in the Sandwich Islands; and as "Are you there?" in the native dialect is "Kalakaihoikauhaihoihaukoi?" you can imagine what kind of a time they have when they are speaking in a hurry.

Why, Clara, you look radiant! What has happened? I've just received an invitation to a wedding. Well, there's nothing particular in that to go into raptures over. Yes, but it happens to be my own, and she showed the new engagement ring.

Of 200 known species of scorpions 13 live in Europe. Scorpions live principally on spiders.

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Guy Hartleigh leaves England to find his long lost cousin in San Francisco. Maida Carringford, an actress in that city, is pestered by genteel loafers amongst whom is Caryl Wilton who proposes and is rejected. She learns the story of her mother's betrayal by Sir Richard Hartleigh. Sir Richard's child, Constance, whom Guy is seeking, dies, and Maida impersonates her.

CHAPTER V.

Hartleigh Hall was bright with lights again. Not brilliant and ablaze as it had been three months before, when Guy had been introduced as the heir of the title and estate; but cheerily and comfortably lighted up, as when the absent loved one is expected.

In the little picture-gallery where Guy had learned the sad story of his uncle's life, the old man sat, nervously stroking his silvery mustache with his thin, white hand. By his side on a little table lay two telegrams. Both had the air of having been much handled, but one was of older date than the other, as might have been seen by a hasty glance at it, for it was worn at the creases so that it hardly held together. It read:

"I have found Constance. We leave for Liverpool on the steamer of today."

It was dated twelve days before, and was signed "Guy Hartleigh." The other was dated the same day as that on which we see Sir Richard and was from London. It read:

"Will be home tonight by ten o'clock train," and was also signed by Guy.

These two telegrams were all the anxious old man had received from Guy, and he would have wished full details of the daughter who had been found and was coming back to him after all those years of absence. Did the reticence of Guy mean that he did not wish to anticipate the pang with which the proud old man must greet the girl who had grown up far from all the refining influences his daughter should have had by right?

The old man looked up at the face of the mother with a silent plea for forgiveness for the past, and his lips murmured a promise to cherish the daughter, be what she might, taking on himself all the burden of whatever she might lack in moral or intellectual training.

He was not the reserved, stern man of only three months before. Ever since the departure of Guy he had been softening, and after the receipt of the first telegram there had come into his face an expression of yearning tenderness which completely transformed him. And in that short time the servants of the Hall, who had been wont to look upon him with a certain fear mingled with respect, now began to find themselves warming toward him.

He had at once given out the news of the finding of his daughter by Guy, and not only his own household, but the whole country was looking forward to her coming, with a curiosity second only to his own. The story of his early life was known to a few of the older people, and they told enough of it to whet the curiosity of everybody to know what sort of a person the daughter would be.

For that he cared nothing, although he must have known that she was being talked about. He dreaded to find her ignorant and coarse, but he had steadfastly kept before himself the one idea, that, be she what she might, it was his own doing, and therefore he would not permit himself to look forward with any other thought than one of joy at having his daughter with him.

It was already after half-past nine o'clock, and he began to look nervously at his watch every few minutes. He paced the floor and sat down again. He arose to look at the picture of his wronged wife. He paced the floor again. He read and re-read the telegrams. He listened with sharpened ear for every sound on the gravel-drive under his window.

The time dragged, but at last the listening ear caught the longed-for sound of wheels. He sank upon the lounge, holding his hand over his heart, and, with blanched face, waited there for some one to come and tell him that his daughter was in his house once more.

How would she greet him? What was she like?

These were the questions that coursed through his mind, as he sat there listening to the opening of the great doors, to the depositing of trunks on the porch, and to the sound of voices too indistinct for him to recognize at that distance. He was sure he had heard the voice of Guy, but listen as he would it did not seem to him that he could catch the faintest sound that would indicate that Constance was there, too.

Could it be that she had changed her mind at the last minute, and decided that she could not forgive the man, her father though he were, who had caused her innocent mother suffering? He looked up at the sweet face in the picture, with a look so full of pleading, that if the young wife could have been there she would certainly have told him that all was forgiven.

"Sir Richard!"

He turned quickly, and, half rising, cried, brokenly.

"Guy, my boy, you have brought her with you?"

"Did you not receive my telegram?"

"Yes, but I feared—I feared she might not have been able to forgive me."

"She is here. She has gone up stairs. She was very tired, and asked if she might not go to her room before meeting you."

"Of course, of course," he answered, nervously. "If she would prefer, she shall not come down at all to-night."

"Oh, she will come down. How are you, uncle?" and he took the trembling hand in his.

"I am well. But Constance, is she—is she—— You have told me nothing about her. Why did you not write?"

"I tried, uncle, but I could not. I thought it better to wait until you could see her and judge for yourself."

The old man would ask no more questions about her, lest Guy should have to say something in dispraise of her. He would have liked to know if she resembled her mother, but he would not ask; he merely looked up at the picture with that peculiar expression of longing which now underlay all other expressions when he looked at his wife.

Guy saw the glance, and, though not ordinarily quick in such cases, understood his uncle at once. He said hastily:

"She is not like her mother, but she has a striking resemblance to you. She carries the proof of her origin in her face and bearing."

A shade of disappointment crossed the old man's face, but he made no comment on the statement, and nervously turned the conversation to other channels, asking Guy about America, and how he had enjoyed the trip, and a hundred questions. Suddenly he asked.

"Do you remember the conversation we had before you went for her?"

"Yes, sir," uneasily.

"Do you like her? Does she like you? Are you friends?"

Guy flushed, and answered, as he drummed awkwardly on the little table:

"We are very good friends, sir, I believe. I ought to tell you, uncle," he said, turning from the subject abruptly, "that you must make allowances for Constance at first."

"Allowances? Yes, of course, of course,"

"I mean that she has undergone a great deal, particularly lately, as I will tell you at some other time, and may not be just what you would wish, but I hope that in a little while—indeed, I do not know——"

He stopped awkwardly, as one who is afraid of saying either too much or too little, and cannot find the right expression to clearly state his real meaning. But the old man, with the idea strong upon him that his daughter was in some way lacking in the qualities he would most like her to possess, said, quickly:

"It shall not matter; she is my daughter, and I shall find no fault with her, be assured of that, Guy."

"It was not what I meant exactly. I would have said——"

"Miss Hartleigh awaits in the drawing-room," announced a footman, and Sir Richard, as if glad to escape any further explanations, took Guy's arm and led him from the room.

"Pray be calm, sir," said Guy, as he felt the old man's hand tremble on his arm, "and whatever happens, do not be cast down. All must come right in a little while."

Sir Richard looked up at his nephew in a piteous way, and passed his hand nervously over his face. He dreaded to see his daughter after Guy's words of warning twice repeated, but he was firm in his resolve to greet her with words of love, and with all fatherly affection. Guy looked down at his uncle in a pitying fashion, but said no more.

As they neared the drawing-room, the old man made a strenuous effort to control himself. He would prove to himself and to Guy that he was not afraid to meet his wronged daughter. He disengaged his hand from Guy's arm, and quickening his pace, entered the room first.

Several weeks had passed since Constance had been carried fainting into a wretched hovel in the wilds of America, and during that time she had recovered all of her freshness and beauty. She was pale, but with the cream-like pallor which was characteristic of her style of beauty, and served to set off the dark eyes and hair. With true art she had chosen a black dress of some soft material, and, for her only ornament one pale-yellow rose in the thick folds of her soft, dark hair.

She had come down to the drawing-room and despatched the footman on his errand, after which she had crossed her hands in front of her and glanced around the richly furnished room, with its costly bric-a-brac and articles of virtu, its statuary and paintings, and a look of scorn passed over her beautiful face. She was not accustomed to such luxury, but she contemplated it coldly. Her eye roved over the paintings, and there was nothing but scorn on her face as she glanced from face to face of her ancestors—heirs, though the world would have disputed her right to them had it known who she was.

"They prided themselves on their blood—its purity and age," she murmured, "and they would scorn me as I scorn them if they could know me for who I am; and yet the most remote ancestor of them all had no more right than I to a place in his father's house."

Her lip curled bitterly as she swept the walls, and she would have turned away had not her eye been caught by the portrait of a handsome young man. She turned swiftly and faced that.

"It is my father," she whispered to herself. "So he must have looked when he won my mother's heart and wrecked her life. Young, handsome, rich and fortunate. He cared no more for my poor mother than if she had been a fly for his hook. He deceived her and laughed at her misery. She was not noble, as he was, and it did not matter."

From the picture her glance wandered around the room, and a burning sense of contrast fired her heart. Her thoughts travelled back to the little house in San Francisco where her mother had died, and to the days of hardship and suffering which they two had borne together. She looked again at the portrait and lifted her eyes to heaven murmuring:

"Have no fear, oh my mother! I will be steadfast in my purpose of revenge for your wrongs. And you, too, my sister, whose name I have taken, can find no wrong in what I am doing. Did he not treat you and your mother with a cruelty as bitter and selfish as ever man in his brute strength meted out to his weaker fellows? I will be steadfast."

She let her eyes drop moodily to the floor, and was standing thus with thoughts of hatred and revenge in her mind when the anxious old man entered the room and saw her. Her back was toward him, but he could see enough to convince him that whatever her shortcomings might be she had at least the bearing of a lady. That thought flashed through his mind almost unconsciously to himself, but it modified his greeting of her for there was nothing of pity in his voice as he cried, in a low, eager tone:

"My child! Constance!"

She turned with an air far more regal than filial, and saw him standing tremblingly near the door, and with hands pleadingly outstretched, looking at her with a sort of awe on his thin face. He was startled by her wonderful beauty and aristocratic air, and in some indefinite way chilled by her composed glance at him. For she gave no answering sign of warmth, and did not speak for a minute, and then only to say, coldly:

"My father."

Guy, standing back from the doorway could see her expression, and could tell from the old man's hesitating manner that he was struck to the heart by this cold reception. He turned his head away, however, and waited silently for what might follow.

Sir Richard, after a moment of heartrending silence, let his hands fall to his sides, and stepped toward his daughter with a humility the more striking in one who had ever borne himself so proudly.

"My daughter," he said sadly, "you do not forgive me the misery I have caused you and your mother, and you are right. I make no excuse for myself, and yet I have suffered too. Can you not forgive me?"

The cold, proud look faded from the beautiful face, and with a weary protesting glance upwards, as if begging witness that she could not, unmoved, see that stately old man bending his white head so humbly for a kind word, she stepped slowly toward him and said gently:

"Father."

The sudden, eager happiness that flooded the sad face of the old man almost brought the tears to her eyes, but she was accustomed to repressing emotion, and only put her two hands in his when he made a gesture asking her to do so. He held her small, soft hands in his, regarding her with a look in which love and wonder were equally mingled.

He could not have asked his daughter to be more than this peerless creature was, and he bent over and kissed her hand with as much respect as if she had been his sovereign instead of his daughter. She answered by a slight pressure of the hand, and then allowed herself to be led to a chair. He sat beside her, and Guy withdrew, going to his room to change his clothes for supper, which he knew would soon be served.

"Constance," began the old man. "Guy must have told you how I have searched for you and your mother?"

He said this hesitatingly, as if he would discover how much she had really forgiven him. And he watched her closely, so that he saw the sudden hardening of the lines around the mouth, and the quick flash from the dark eyes.

"I do not say this as any palliation of my first injustice," he hastened to add, "but only as a preface to what else I would say to you. Are you too tired to listen now?"

"No," she answered with a resumption of her chilling manner.

"I know it is hard to forgive me," he said with pathetic humility, "and I do not ask it now. You may, in time, learn to do so, and then I shall be glad; but tonight I wanted to say that no atonement that I can make for the wrong done to your mother shall wait for lack of will on my part. I live for your happiness, and no wish of yours that I can gratify shall go unsatisfied. I shall try to make you happy, and Heaven willing, I shall succeed. Have you no word for me, Constance?"

It seemed to the girl that if she could have thrown her arms around the neck of the old man, and wept the tears that struggled in her heart for an outlet, she would have been happiest, but with a glance at the Mad Dick Hartleigh on the wall, she murmured:

"I will try to do as my mother would have had me."

"That is more than I deserve, for I know her gentle heart too well to fear that she would wish unhappiness to her worst enemy."

Maida thought of the real Constance, and it came over her, with a rush of pity for the old man, what a difference it would have made to him if she had found her way to Hartleigh Hall instead of meeting her death in those desolate wilds. And was he not her own father, too, and who more than she needed a little love? She choked back a rising sob, and then, throwing off all restraint, put her arms around his neck and whispered brokenly:

"Do not mind my strange ways, father. I—I am not myself."

He thankfully raised his eyes to heaven, and stroked her dark hair lovingly, saying softly:

"My poor child! Shall we bury the past and try to live in the present? I do not ask it to relieve myself of my righteous burden of self-reproach. But the past is dead, and I would have the future atone for the evils of it."

"Yes, the past is dead," she murmured, as if pleading with the face which had hardened in death demanding of her to remember her oath to revenge the wrongs of a betrayed and slighted woman.

"And we will refer to it no more," he said.

"No more," she repeated, and with a slight shudder withdrew from his affectionate detention.

Sir Richard kissed her hand with the air of thanking her for the forgiveness which he felt sure she had extended to him, and she could not say a word to wrench his heart again. And so he talked to her with a proud and eager happiness of all they would do, rebuking himself smilingly for his childishness, and yet continuing in the same strain until Guy came to announce that supper awaited them.

To be Continued.

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA,

GREEN OR BLACK.

Its Virtues are Many; Its Faults None.

That's saying a good deal, but it is a true statement. You can verify it yourself. A trial will prove the truth of falsity of the above statement.

SALADA Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

GETTING OUT OF ENGLAND.

Emigration Was Greater Than the Immigration Last Year.

The emigration and immigration statistics of the year 1900 show that more persons leave England than enter it. The following figure shows the totals of the general passenger movement.

Outward to countries outside of Europe, 238,506; to Europe, 669,292; from Europe, 748,825. Balance in favor of outward movement, 43,831, an increase over 1899 of 21,456. Net influx of natives in 1900 from the United Kingdom, 72,000; net influx of foreigners, 29,000, of whom 15,000 were foreign seamen who, leaving as members of crews, do not count as emigrants. Thus the increase in the foreign population was 14,000 chiefly in the East End of London. The majority of foreigners leaving had entered during the year.

Of the emigrants from outside of Europe, 189,391 went to the United States, 50,007 to British North America, 15,723 to Australia and 25,518 to South Africa. More foreigners than natives went to Canada. Of 63,505 aliens going west through the United Kingdom, 25,633 were Russians and Poles. Of the emigrants to outside of Europe, 168,823 were British and 129,736 "foreigners."

SYMPATHETIC.

You ought to think more of others.

But I do. When the first of the month comes around I am as blue as can be, wondering what my creditors will do.

Sozodont for the Teeth and Mouth 25c

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND,

NEWS FROM THE HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS.

Many Things Happen to Interest the Minds of Auld Scotia's Sons.

The paddle steamer "Tantallon Castle," of the Forth pleasure sailing fleet, has been sold to Hawthorne & Co., London, for passenger traffic between Brighton and the Isle of Wight.

A sale of Glasgow tramway horses took place within the Corporation stables, Dalhouse street, recently. In all, 200 horses were put up for auction, and these were all sold, the average price realized being about £22.

Mr. Peter Fraser, registrar, Beauly, was engaged in the census work in 1841. He as parish schoolmaster, conducted the local census in 1851, in 1861, in 1871, in 1881, and 1891, and as registrar he has now done so in 1901.

A public meeting of citizens of Dundee was held recently in the Town Hall, for the purpose of considering the further endowment of the Royal Victoria Hospital. Subscriptions to the amount of over £4,000 were intimated.

The former pupils of Dr. Alexander MacBain, rector of the secondary department of the High school presented him recently with the robes of the degree of Doctor of Law, conferred upon the worthy rector by the University of Aberdeen.

The death occurred suddenly of Mr. John J. Cook, advocate, at his residence, 6 Darnaway street, Edinburgh. Mr. Cook was regarded as one of the ablest members of the Scottish junior bar. Deceased was a native of Anstruther, where his father practised as a solicitor, and for many years acted as town clerk.

Mrs. Archibald Forbes, widow of the famous war correspondent, is to erect a polished granite monument in the form of a Greek stele over his grave in Allenvale cemetery. She has also received permission from the University to place a brass tablet to her husband's memory in King's Chapel, Aberdeen.

General John Cockburn Hood, C. B., died early last month at his residence at Stainrigg, Berwickshire, at the age of 77. Deceased saw much service in India, where he was attached to the Bengal Staff Corps. In the Punjaub campaign he was engaged in the first and second sieges of Moultan, was mentioned in the despatches, and received a medal with clasps. In the Indian mutiny he took part in the siege and storming of Lucknow. At the storming of Begum's Palace he was severely wounded.

Mr. Adam Grewar, Blairgowrie, while preparing ground for fruit near Knockie, east of Craig Roman (which is supposed by some authorities to be the site of the bloody and disastrous battle of Mons Grimpius described by Tacitus, son-in-law of Agricola), came upon a built recess covered with a flat stone, about three feet below the surface, in which was a roughly made vase or urn of light brown color 3½ inches high and 2¾ inches wide. Inspector Cruickshank has taken possession of this vase on behalf of the Crown, and is to forward it to Edinburgh.

The handsome castellated tower which was erected on the island of Mull, Argyleshire, in memory of the late William Black, and as a beacon light for the guidance of mariners, has just been completed. The Northern Lights Commissioners have now placed thereon a group-flashing light showing at night three flashes in quick succession every fifteen seconds. The light is 45 feet above high water, and visible about 12 nautical miles in clear weather. The tower, which cost over £800, is erected amid scenes in which the late novelist took especial delight, and is in the track of steamers conveying thousands of tourists annually between Oban, the sacred Isle of Iona, and the natural sea-girt caves of Staffa.

Electricity Converts Tough Meats Into Toothsome Morsels.

Of interest to all classes, reformers and epicures alike, is an idea that has recently been advanced by Mr. William T. Bryan, an electrician of Cincinnati. He has for years been manufacturing batteries and appliances for physicians, and in his studies has also inquired into electrical therapeutics—the system of disease treatment by electricity. In this he is regarded as an authority, and some of his articles on "Electrolysis" have awakened considerable interest among physicians and surgeons in the middle west. He is not a vegetarian or a devotee of any radical food theory, but shares with mankind in general an aversion for tough, unpalatable meats. Such a thing, he says, is unnecessary, and in support of his idea he brings forward a method whereby he insists the evil may be eradicated.

Usually his method in outline has been as follows: Selecting a very ordinary piece of meat he cuts it in two, and submits one-half of it to a treatment by "electrolysis"—that is, he inducts into it a current of electricity that permeates every atom and disintegrates the "connective tissues"—the scientific name for that quality of a tough steak which produces so much indigestion and profanity. When the process has continued a sufficient time the two pieces are cooked in precisely the same manner and their merits compared.

Whether the "untreated" piece turns out to be good, bad or indifferent, the other is always a toothsome morsel, fit for an epicure or an invalid. The electricity, it is claimed, leaves no taint and does not lessen the nutritive quality of the meat. In fact, it tends to destroy impurity. It is said that this process may be applied to any meats or vegetables.

In 1800 the United States exported 120,000 bales of cotton. In 1900 she sold 9,436,000 bales.

1,399,735 British people keep or work in shops, and of these only 35,358 are women.

ESCAPING CONSCRIPTION.

METHODS ADOPTED TO ELUDE MILITARY DUTY.

Recent Trial in Germany Elicited The Many Ways in Which It Is Done.

Probably the most sensational trial which has taken place in Germany for very many years past was that recently concluded at Elberfeld, when nearly forty persons, including several doctors, were charged with being concerned in obtaining the release of recruits from military service by illegal medical practices. During the course of the trial, which occupied twenty-one days, some astounding facts came to light regarding methods which have been employed to cause conscripts temporary illness or deformity, in order that they might escape their term of military duty.

Several recruits confessed to having received and taken picric acid pills in order to produce feigned jaundice, and even pills to produce temporary affection of the heart, which had been supplied for the purpose by the persons implicated in the trial. In several cases, too, recruits had been advised to use certain glasses, for the purpose of producing short-sightedness, while a temporary affection was also caused by pouring some secret mixture into the ears.

Conscripts were also shown how to cleverly feign rupture, while consumption was also simulated by throwing up blood, which had previously been swallowed. And so cleverly were these practices carried out that the army doctors were deceived over and over again, and reported young fellows unfit for service who had

BEEN OPERATED UPON.

In fact several army doctors were also charged, in the earlier stages of the trial, with being concerned in helping unwilling recruits to escape, but were afterwards honorably acquitted, the other prisoners receiving sentences ranging from three months to seven years.

Recruit faking is also practised to a large extent in Russia, probably more so than in any other country in which the laws of conscription are enforced. So skilfully, however, is the business managed that the police experience the greatest difficulty in tracing the parties concerned. But a few months ago the authorities at Moscow succeeded in arresting a woman who for several years past has made quite a comfortable income by artificially mutilating young fellows who wished to escape their term of military service.

Her favorite method was to inject under the skin of the finger and toe joints some preparation of petroleum, which produced a very natural-looking contraction of the joint operated upon. Her clients were chiefly the sons of poor people, who could not afford to pay much for being "faked," although many of the well-to-do often placed themselves in her hands.

It appears that the woman's husband, who died about two years ago had buried on this extraordinary trade, and after his death the widow continued in the same business. The police had long had suspicions regarding the illegal operations which she carried on, but she had always managed to evade them, until someone betrayed her by giving information to the authorities.

THE POLICE OF PARIS

recently unearthed a whole band of persons who made large sums of money by helping young Frenchmen to escape conscription. Like the woman in Moscow, they made deformities to order, only the band worked on a much larger scale.

Members of the band would copy from the official lists the names of young fellows who would be required for military service when the next call was issued. They would then find out those who wished to escape the service, and for a thousand francs offer to cause them a bodily infirmity which they said would, of course, heal up again after a time, but which would prevent the army doctor from passing them as fit for military duty.

If a young fellow accepted their offer a member of the band would be detailed off to cause the infirmity, which he generally produced by twisting and squeezing the toes and fingers, and thus after a few days treatment deforming the hand and foot. It is said that many hundreds of young Frenchmen have undergone this operation in order to escape conscription, and it was only through one of them refusing to pay that the police got an inkling of the work which was being carried on.

A SWIFT-FLYING STAR.

A faint star in the Great Bear, known as "1830 Groombridge," is famous among astronomers on account of its rapid motion. Recently a new computation of its velocity has been made by Professor Campbell of the Lick Observatory. He estimates its speed across the line of sight from the earth at 150 miles per second. At the same time it is drawing nearer the earth at the rate of 58 or 60 miles per second. But its distance is so great that light, moving 186,300 miles per second, requires more than 23 years to pass from the star to the earth. The spectrum of "1830 Groombridge" bears much resemblance to that of the sun.

Of the 1,900,328 domestic servants in the United Kingdom only 140,733 are men.

It costs £13,146,000 a year to run London.

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

never varies from its high standard and still maintains its place as leader. Always the people's choice. Lead Packages, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to **The Dawson Commission Co.** Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

AN EYE-OPENER FOR THE ACTRESS.

An actress of some celebrity was getting very thin, indeed, almost scraggy. She went to a doctor who had the reputation of having discovered a mineral water which was efficacious.

Doctor, she said, what shall I do to get fat?

Take my waters.

And shall I get fat?

Immediately.

The thin actress plunged into the doctor's baths and drank the water early and late. Three months passed away, but she grew no fatter. At last she called the doctor and said:

Doctor, I don't grow fat.

Wait a little while, said the doctor.

Will it be long?

Fifteen days at the furthest. You see that big fat woman walking in the garden? When she first came here she was, perhaps, thinner than you.

What! I may hope?

Fifteen days at most, said the doctor.

Two months more passed; the actress grew thinner and thinner. One day as she was taking her usual warm mineral bath, she heard a dispute going on in the bathing room next to her own.

Decidedly, doctor, said the big fat woman, above introduced; decidedly doctor, I don't get a bit thinner!

Have patience madame, said the doctor. You see that very thin lady who sometimes walks in the garden?

Yes.

Well, she is an actress whose excessive fat forced her to absent herself from the stage; she came to me—you see the result. Before fifteen days I promise you shall be thinner than she is.

At these words the thin actress rose from her warm bath, dressed herself, and with a heart divided by grief and indignation silently left the house, hoping however to keep her misfortunes a secret. But she confided the tale to her dearest friend, and somehow or other the story got out.

FROM THE PLAINS OF THE WEST.

NEWS OF ANOTHER SUCCESS ON THE PART OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

An Alberta Man Reports His Entire Satisfaction with the World Famous Remedy—Blood Disorder the Cause of His Trouble—Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Removed it and he is Thankful.

Blairmore, Alberta, July 1st—(Special).—Dodd's Kidney Pills are just as well thought of in the great Northwest as they are any place else in the world. The people have confidence in them. They do as they are claimed to do.

Nor is the claim a small one. Dodd's Kidney Pills are claimed to cure some of the most dangerous and deadly maladies that flesh is heir to, and what is more, they do it. The proof is positive. Thousands and thousands of reputable people attest it.

For instance everyone knows Bright's Disease at one time meant the sentence of death. Does it now? Ask Arthur Colely, of Somerset, Man. He was cured of Bright's Disease, the last stages of it, by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure the lesser disorders of the human system arising from Kidney Disease with just as much certainty and an even greater promptness. Of these, Skin Eruptions, such as Boils and Pimples, arising from such a state of the blood are not the most uncommon or the least distressing. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by improving the action of the Kidneys purify the blood, and Boils and Pimples immediately disappear.

Walter H. A. Noble of Blairmore, Alberta, writes in this connection: "I had been troubled with Pimples all over my face, and Backache. I tried everything to cure it, all kinds of medicine, but failed.

"I was told to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and did so at once. I got three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and took one after every meal. They cured me. They are the only things that ever did me any good. I will always use Dodd's Kidney Pills in case of sickness and advise all other sufferer's to do so."

A SUGGESTION.

Don't you think that the wires all ought to be put under ground? asked Cawker.

Yes, and the wire-pullers, too, replied Cumso.

St. Martin, Que., May 25, 1895.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—Last November my child stuck a nail in his knee, causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

A neighbor advised us to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I feel so grateful that I send you this testimonial, that my experience may be of benefit to others.

LOUIS GAGNIER.

FISH 150 YEARS OLD.

There are some gold-fish in Washington which have belonged to the same family for the last fifty years, and they seem no bigger and no less vivacious to-day than they did when they first came into the owner's possession. A few of the fish in the Royal Aquarium at St. Petersburg are known to be 150 years old, and the age of the sacred fish in some of the ponds attached to the Buddhist temples in China is to be counted by centuries, if we are to believe the priests.

"O Woman; in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, & hard to please—
There is certainly one thing that will
please you if you get it, & that is
Monsoon Ceylon tea
Lead packets — All grocers.

DEAR LITTLE KIDDIES!

Wordsworth's lines of the child at play, "as if his whole vocation were endless imitation," were recently recalled by a conversation overheard in the children's ward in a hospital.

A little girl, whose role was that of nurse, rang an imaginary telephone on the wall to talk to her companion at the farther end of the room, who played the part of doctor.

Hallo! said the nurse. Is that the doctor?

Yes, answered her companion, in a deep voice; this is the doctor.

This lady is very ill, he was informed.

Well, what seems to be the matter?

She has swallowed a whole bottle of ink, said the nurse.

The doctor, not flurried, inquired what had been done for the patient; but the nurse, too, was ready in emergencies.

She answered: I gave her two pads of blotting paper.

HAY FEVER CAN BE PREVENTED

Don't seek other climes at "Hay Fever Season," don't destroy your stomach and nerves by drugs—prevent the disease. Hay Fever is caused by germs that float about in the air and finally find lodgement in your throat and lungs. Medicine won't reach them there, but Catarrhozone will. Catarrhozone is sure death to germs. Start now to use Catarrhozone. Inhale it into the throat, nasal passages and bronchial tubes; it goes wherever the air you breathe goes, and it will prevent and cure Hay Fever. Endorsed by not less than one thousand doctors in Canada and U. S. Sent to any address for $1.00 forwarded to Polson Chemical Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S., or Kingston, Ont.

A TEDIOUS PERFORMANCE.

Uncle Jerry, asked his downtown relative, how do you like your vermicelli soup?

The soup's good enough, replied Uncle Jerry from behind the suburbs, but it's a lot of bother to have to take out all these strings.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

A DAILY THOUGHT.

The strength and glory of a town does not depend on its wealth, its walls, its great mansions, its forceful armaments; but on the number of its learned, serious, kind and well-educated citizens.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

DID THE BEST SHE COULD.

Louise (in surprise) You don't mean to say Grace Pretty married a millionaire old enough to be her father? Good gracious! Why did she do such a thing?

Muriel—Why she couldn't catch one old enough to be her grandfather.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F.J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

HARD TO PLEASE.

I can't get on with that young woman at all.

What's the trouble?

Oh, she gets mad when I say she's mature; and she gets mad when I say she's immature.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

British railways receive 39 millions sterling a year from passengers, and 46 millions from goods traffic.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

AVENUE HOUSE—South—College Avenue. Family House, rates $1.50 per day.

The British working-class family spends on an average $1.70 a week on liquor.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

5,269 fathoms, found by the United States vessel "Nero," near Guam Island, is the greatest recorded ocean depth.

Between 1828-1837 Hudson's Bay was closed each winter for an average of 184 days. This average has now fallen to 179.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Only 11,000 acres of Norway is under wheat, while barely one-twentieth of the land surface has ever been cultivated.

W. P. C. 1083

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. For all skin ailments. A. S. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

Brass Band Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc. EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fire catalogue 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for any thing in Music or Musical Instruments. Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

SHEET METAL CORNICES. DOUGLAS BROS., 134 Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONT.

FEATHER DYEING. Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, 1c per oz. the best place is BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. MONTREAL.

Dominion Line Steamships. Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queenstown. Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers.