EDITORIAL NOTES.

The report which Mr. Chamberlain has laid before Parliament from the two Commissioners appointed to examine the Newfoundland fishery question may form the basis for settling that question. The fundamental point is the demonstration that the cod fishery on which the rights of the French to the treaty shore were founded has dwindled to small proportions, while the lobster canning industry, which is of later date, is also so limited that the shore privileges ought to be and probably could be purchased from the French for a small sum or for a territorial or other concession elsewhere. The argument for the extinction of these rights is that they retard the development of Newfoundland on the north and west shore, from Cape St. John around to Cape Ray, a distance of about eight hundred miles.

Over a large portion of this distance the Commissioners find that the cod fisheries have been almost abandoned, because they are no longer profitable. The lobster canning industry is more flourishing, but it is pointed out that the right of the French under the treaty of Utrecht, to "take and dry fish" is stretched a good deal in order to include the canning of lobsters, which is not a process of drying, and that the "temporary structures" for the purpose, authorized by the treaty, hardly include factories built of brick with iron roofs. However, since it is conceded by the British Government, which must have the credit of refusing to quibble, that the lobster is included in the generic treaty term "fish," it only remains to examine the extent of the lobster factory business. This business appears to have been estimated by the Commissioners last year at $60,000.

Allied with this question is that of bait. The French fishermen can procure along the treaty shore some of the small herring used for their cod fisheries on the Grand Banks, but are restricted by local laws on the south shore of Newfoundland. The anti-French bait legislation is avowedly intended to be some offset for the high bounties on fish furnished by France, which give her fishermen a great advantage. But the Commissioners suggest that since the term of these bounties runs out year after next, if France would decline to renew them, the fishermen of the neighboring islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, could rely on getting free bait from Newfoundland. It would seem that these various facts, reported upon in great detail, might lead to a friendly bargain. The mining and other possibilities of the French shore are repressed because the French fishermen stoutly insist on their rights the British naval authorities enforcing those rights against their own countrymen in sturdy loyalty to the agreement. If it be true that last year's combined codfish and lobster canning on the French shore did not exceed $100,000, it ought not to require a great sum to buy out their rights. And the buying out would extinguish a trouble that has lasted through centuries.

ONLY THREE CARS ON A TRAIN.

Audacious Curves on the Congo Railroad Make Short Trains Necessary.

Mr. Puttkamer, the Governor of the German colony of the Cameroons, has been making a trip up the Congo on the railroad which was completed in July last. He thinks the road is a great achievement and tells some interesting things about it. The Governor was surprised to find that there was not a tunnel along the 335 miles of the route, that the bridges span the rivers without any supports in midstream and that in the mountainous regions there are many very sharp curves around which a locomotive is not permitted to draw more than three cars on one train. Passenger trains run at the rate of eighteen miles and freight trains at the rate of ten miles an hour. The passenger trains leave each end of the route three times a week. They meet midway at Tumba, where they spend the night. No trains are run in the night time, and freight trains are sent out irregularly and only when there are two or three carloads to be transported. Business requires several freight trains a week.

There is not a single native village along the route. The people do not like the noise of the locomotive or the "bush steamer," as the Kru boys call the formidable machine, and so they have moved back into the tranquility of the country several miles away from the track. Thousands of the natives, however, are in the employ of the Congo State making betterments in the road, but they all live at the State stations. The Bangala cannibals from far up the river form the larger part of the working force.

The great need on the upper Congo is more steamboats. All the trading companies and some of the mission stations have steamers of their own, and the State has a fleet of thirty boats, but freight is constantly piling up waiting for transportation. At Stanley Pool there are a number of shipyards where the steamboats that come from Europe in sections are put together, and all of these yards are now scenes of the greatest activity. Most of the engineers and mechanics are Belgians, but there is a sprinkling of Norwegians and Swedes.

Horned cattle are now raised at various places from Matadi, the starting point of the railroad, to Stanley Pool and the whites in the interior are beginning to have an abundance of fresh beef. Many white women are living with their husbands at Matadi, Tumba and Stanley Pool, and seem to enjoy very good health in this region, where fifteen years ago the mortality among the whites was very large.

THE WAYS OF NATURE.

A story is told of an attempt to introduced the mongoose into Japan to kill the rats which ate the cane plantations. After having performed this duty it multiplied very rapidly and proceeded to kill all the snakes and lizards as well. It next attacked the birds, learning to climb trees in the process, until the poultry and wild birds disappeared. Then arose the "ticks' or "chigoes," which the birds used to keep down, and the island groaned under a fresh plague. The ticks, however, finally attacked the mongoose, which began to decline; the birds began to reappear, and attacked the ticks, snakes and lizards were seen once more, and in the end the cane plantations were devastated as much as ever by rats.

Tricycles, run by electricity, are seen daily in the streets of London. A one-legged beggar uses one of these machines, and halts at the curb while he holds out his hand to pedestrians who seem inclined to be charitable.

The largest railroad station in the world is the new South Station, in Boston.

MARVELLOUS KLONDIKE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE COUNTRY AND ITS DISCOVERER.

It Is a Fascinating Story—Untold Wealth in the Far North—Hardships of the Miners—Many and Bitter Disappointments—Stampede From Circle City—Told By a Special Correspondent of Harper's Weekly.

(Continued.)

As the top layer of earth was removed by the miner, a foot or so would thaw out each day. The diggings being shallow, it was not difficult to open up a claim in the smaller gulches. On the bars in the larger water-courses it was not feasible to thus turn the water aside.

THE GOLD WAS FOUND TO EXTEND.

in many places underneath the water. Unable to follow this pay streak, such claims had to be abandoned.

Fire, as a means of thawing spots not touched by the sun's rays had been tried without success at Cassiar bar. The idea was regarded as only a boy's wild notion, though now there are claimants for the credit of the first use of the method that was to revolutionize mining in the Yukon. A certain miner on Forty Mile, Fred Hutchinson by name, was working on a bar where the pay extended under the water, so that he had to abandon it. Being loath to do so, however, and besides being of a practical turn, like all the old timers, he conceived the following plan: After the stream had begun to freeze, Hutchinson began to chop the ice above that part of the bar he wished to work, being careful not to break through. As the ice froze downward he continued to pick. When ever the pick went accidently went ever the pick accidently went through he left it, and used another pick till the first one was frozen in solid. When he reached the gravel he had a perfect coffer-dam of ice around him. Then he built a fire on the ground and thawed the gravel. Hutchinson did not put his discovery to much practical use. The next winter, however, his neighbors took it up, and from that time a few miners began to work in winter. Even these were regarded as fools by the rest, who preferred the dull idleness of the cabins. Some of the miners used to say. "It's getting to be as bad in here as it was outside —work winter and summer both."

But this was the first value of the new method, that it made twelve months work possible instead of two. Then as deeper diggings were discovered it became impracticable to elevate the dirt, for it was necessary for the sluice-boxes to be above the level of the claim. As the art of burning became better known, it became possible to work these deep claims, and from now on claims came to be respectively divided into

"SUMMER" DIGGINGS" AND "WINTER" DIGGINGS.

The first "drifting" was done by O. C. Miller, the discoverer of Miller Creek. Not only was a hole thawed down to bed-rock, but a tunnel was run, and the whole lower gravel of the claim taken out. Burning may be said to have become of practical use only two or three years before the Klondike discovery, so it can be understood how rapid changes have been.

In 1890, an old-timer, Joe Ladue, built a trading-post in the Yukon at the mouth of Sixty Mile River. Having a belief that other streams would be discovered in that neighborhood as rich as Forty Mile, he advised every miner who stopped at his post to try some other streams. He particularly recommended Indian River, a stream of no great size, entering the Yukon from the east about twenty-five miles below his post and thirty-six miles above Fort Reliance.

In the summer of 1894, a miner by the name of Robert Henderson stopped at Sixty Mile Post. He was a newcomer, lately from Aspen, Colorado, but a Canadian by birth, having been a fisherman at Big Island, Pictou County, Nova Scotia. He was a rugged, earnest man, some six feet tall, with clear blue eyes. Henderson had but ten cents in his pocket, and knowing Ladue's belief in Indian River, he said to him: "I'm a determined man. I won't starve. Let me prospect for you. If it's good for me, it's good for you." Ladue gave him a grub stake, and Henderson went upon Indian River and found that it was as Ladue had said. He could make wages. On that account, he did not desert it for the just then more popular fields of Forty Mile and Birch Creeks, but determined to try again. With the experience of the miner, he knew that farther towards the heads of the tributaries of Indian River he should look for, and probably find, coarse gold, though perhaps not on the surface, as it was on the river. Accordingly, the next summer found Henderson again on Indian. He pushed on, and

FOUND "LEAF" GOLD

on what is now known as "Australia," one of the main forks seventy-five or eighty miles from the Yukon, one piece being, he says as large as his thumb-nail. Had he gone up the other fork sufficiently far, he would have discovered the rich diggings of Dominion and Sulphur creeks. Returning, he went back to Sixty Mile. When winter came he put his goods on a sled and went up Quartz Creek, which puts into Indian forty miles from the Yukon. He had no dogs to help him, and it was a very hard trip, taking thirty days for him to reach Quartz Creek. He worked all winter on Quartz Creek, and took out about five hundred dollars, another one hundred dollars, and more being taken out later by other parties. In the spring he went back up toward Australia Creek, getting only fair prospects, nothing that warranted the opening up of a claim. During that time Henderson was living mostly on the game that fell to his rifle. He was alone and had no partner. Returning from the head of the river, he went up Quartz Creek again. This time he cast eyes longingly toward the ridge of hill at the head of Quartz Creek separating the waters of Indian from those of the then almost unknown Klondike. Crossing over the short sharp divide (it is so sharp that if a cupful of water were poured upon the crest, one half would run one way, the other half the other way), he dropped down into a deep-cleft valley of a small stream running northward. He prospected, and found eight cents to the pan! That meant wages; such a prospect was then considered good. Enthusiastic over the find, Henderson went back over the divide. There were about twenty men on Indian working, mostly at the mouth of Quartz, some of them doing fairly well. Henderson persuaded three of the men, Ed. Munson, Frank Swanson, and Albert Dalton, to go back with him.

The four men took over whip-saws, sawed lumber, built sluice boxes, and opened up a claim in regular fashion about a quarter of a mile below the forks—the spot plainly visible from the divide—and went to

SHOVELLING IN THE GOLD-BEARING DIRT.

The stream was the present Gold Bottom (since relegated to the position of a fork of Hunker Creek, running parallel with present Bonanza, and entering the Klondike about nine miles up from its mouth. Hunker Creek was not named or known then). The amount that they shovelled in on Gold Bottom was seven hundred and fifty dollars. And that gold was the first gold taken on the Klondike. It was equally divided between the four men. At that time, if any one had stood on the divide and looked to the westward, he would have seen the valley of a large creek. That creek was known as "Rabbit" Creek—so close to Gold Bottom that if one knows just the right spot on that divide a cup of water would not only have run both ways into Indian and Gold Bottom, but also into the source of this "Rabbit Creek. For in this manner are the heads of a number of streams gathered together, as the spokes of a wheel lead to the hub.

Early in August, Henderson ran out of provisions, and leaving the others at work, went down Indian River and back to Sixty Mile. There were about a dozen men at the post and at Harper & Ladue's saw-mill, also a party who were on their way to Stewart River. Henderson told them what he had found. He persuaded the Stewart River party to turn back, telling them they would have to look for it, whereas he had found it. Ladue at once sent two horses overland with supplies, and all the others went with them excepting Ladue. Henderson fixed up his boat, and with some supplies started down river, leaving Ladue to follow him. On account of low water, he was unable to return up Indian River, and besides, being nearer, he dropped down to the mouth of the Klondike.

It was the midst of the fishing season. The salmon in the Yukon are very plentiful during their run in August. And some of them are fine fish, the king salmon in particular, even with the great loss in weight they sustain from a journey of sixteen hundred miles from salt water, often weigh

AS MUCH AS FIFTY POUNDS.

Chief Isaac's village were encamped at the mouth of the Klondike, on the north side, taking the salmon in weirs and drying them on racks in the sun. The Klondike takes its name from its being the river where the fish weirs are set.

It happened at this time there were also a white man with a squaw, two Indian men, and a boy fishing, but with a stationary net. They were camped across from the Indian village. The white man's name was George Carmack, the squaw was his wife, the Indian men were respectively Skookum Jim and Cultus (worthless), or "Takish" Charlie, while the boy was named K'neth—all Takish Indians. Charlie was a big chief of the Takish. Jim would have been chief, being the son of the former chief, but among the Takish the descent is through the chief's sister. Jim and Charlie therefore, though called brothers, were really cousins, and were brothers-in-law of Carmack. This Carmack was originally a sailor on a man-of-war, but had taken up his abode with the Chilkoots at Dyea, and married a Takish wife. Carmack liked the life with the Indians. It is said that one couldn't please him more than to say, "Why, George, you're getting very Indian day more like a Siwash!" "Siwash George" is the name by which he became generally known. Carmack had been over the pass years before, and both he and the Indians, who were his inseparable companions, knew something of mining, though they could hardly be called miners.

Carmack was outfitted by John J. Healy at Dyea to do trading with the Takish and other interior Indians. Carmack built a post which is called "McCormick's" post. (Be it observed that this is the universal but erroneous pronunciation of the name Carmack.) It is situated on the bank of the Yukon about twenty miles above Five Finger Rapids. If any one, on that wild stampede into Dawson in the fall of 1897, had taken the trouble to stop there, he would have seen fastened against one of the rough log buildings a paper with this writing upon it, "Gone to Forty Mile for grub". Under the floor they could have found a bear-skin robe and some other things. This notice had been put up in the summer of the year 1895. The occupants evidently intended to return.

The white man and the Indians secured their outfit at Fort Selkirk from Mr. Harper. The following year —that of the strike—Carmack dropped down to Forty Mile, but soon returned as far as the mouth of the Klondike for the fishing, where he was joined by his Indians. They had their nets set in the Yukon just below the mouth of the Klondike—and were drying and curing their catch, Indian fashion, when Henderson on his way back to Gold Bottom, came along.

When Henderson's boat touched shore he saw Carmack. "There," he thought, "is a poor devil who hasn't struck it." He went down to where Carmack was, told him of his

PROSPECTS ON GOLD BOTTOM,

and told him he had better come up and stake. At first Carmack did not want to go, but Henderson urged. At length Carmack consented to go, but then he wanted to take the Klondike Indians up also, as well as his own. Henderson demurred at that, and, being frank, may have said something not complimentary about "Siwashes" in general. It has been reported that he said that he "didn't intend to stake the whole Siwash tribe," and he added, "I want to give the preference to my old Sixty Mile Friends." What effect this may have had on subsequent events I do not know; I can only surmise, that it may have had some.

Next morning Henderson went on up by way of the mouth of Gold Bottom. Carmack with his three Indians followed soon, but instead of taking the rather more roundabout way, went up "Rabbit" Creek, the mouth of which is a mile from the Yukon. Henderson reached Gold Bottom first. When Carmack arrived, he showed some colors of gold that he himself had found on "Rabbit Creek. Colors are single grains of gold; they are found everywhere in the Yukon Valley —"colors" and "pay" are by no means to be confounded. I have found them on top of ice cakes in the Yukon. The Indians and Carmack staked each a claim on Gold Bottom. When they were ready to go, Henderson asked Carmack if he intended to prospect on the way back, to which he replied that he did. Then Henderson asked him, if he found anything, would he not send back one of his Indians that he had gold, and would pay him for the trouble, to which, Henderson asserts, Carmack said he would.

(To be Continued.)

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Avarice is the vice of declining years. —George Bancroft.

The last pleasure in life is the sense of discharging our duty.—Hazlitt.

Curiosity is one of the forms of feminine bravery.—Victor Hugo.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his image.—Goethe.

They that will not be counseled cannot be helped.—Benjamin Franklin.

Life is not so short, but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—Emerson.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense.—Alexander Pope.

He that overvalues himself will undervalue others, and he that undervalues others will oppress them.—Johnson.

No man is the wiser for his learning. It may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.—John Selden.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity.—Carlyle.

DEPENDS ON WHOSE IT IS.

Who is the woman who complained that your canary annoyed her by its singing?

Oh, she lives in the next flat and keeps two parrots and a magpie.—Chicago Post.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Does a Man a Good Turn, as in Simple Duty Bound, But Gets No Favor Himself.

"Going along a hall in the second storey of a house one night," said the retired burglar, "I stepped in something wet, But it wasn't blood, indicating some terrible murder or suicide, or something of that sort; it was just plain, simple, common, ordinary water, and when I throwed my lamp on it and followed it up why I saw that it was coming out into the hall over the doorsill of a room that I knew must be the bathroom, and so it was.

"The floor of the bathroom was afloat and the water was just flowing silently in a very thin sheet over the edge of the overflowing tub. Somebody had left the plug in the bottom, and then turned on the water and gone away, this being, I have no doubt, exactly the reverse of what the person that did it had intended to do.

"But I stopped it. I pulled the plug first and then I stopped the water, and in just no time the water in the tub dropped below the level of the rim and stopped running over; so whatever damage the water might have done it wouldn't do any more—I'd stopped that; but I didn't wake anybody up to ask 'em to thank me; what I'd done was just simply what anybody'd have done, an ordinary duty. But I looked around the house and gathered in what I could find, which was pooty slim. I suppose I might have got together there stuff that cost $50, but I

DIDN'T GET FIVE. FOR IT;

and that's about the usual proportion of profit on the run of stuff that you pick up around. You read in the papers that the house of Mr. So-and-so was entered last night by burglars, who carried off goods to the value of $350. Maybe the owner of 'em did value the things at $350, and maybe they cost him that, but don't for one minute let yourself think that the man that took 'em ever got that for 'em; if he got $50 he did well. The fact is, as I think I must have said to you before, that when you come to take into account the personal risk involved; the difficulties of the work; the irregular hours, and the general inconvenience of the work in every way; the often small returns from dangerous work and the necessity of taking what you can get for stuff that you do get; the time lost, now and then, amounting, maybe, to years at a stretch, and so greatly reducing the actual amount of time devoted to labor, why, bless us! burglary is a miserable business; a man can't earn decent wages at it. There's a fascination about the work, of course, same as there is in any strange or unusual pursuit; just as there is to you in newspaper work, for instance; something different and stranger and unexpected all the time. But, my! I'm out of it now, but if I had my life to live over again I never'd go into the burglary business. But I guess I'm kind o' wandering off, ain't I, and repeating what I've told you before? Let's get back to that house with the overflowing bathtub.

"You know I was stopping that water and saving 'em maybe from hundreds of dollars of damage I did only the simplest sort of duty, as I told you, what one man owes to another, but in this case I had given them much greater actual value than I had got myself, and while I never'd a dreamed, of course, of asking those folks to thank me, even, I think I must have sort of felt that they owed me something after all, and that I had a right to collect it when I could, because I always kind o' felt that that was a reserve that I could draw on when I wanted to. And the next time I was in that town I went to the house expecting to walk right in with perfect ease. I'd been there before, and I knew the way, but do you know they had a burglar alarm on every door and window? They did for a fact, and I couldn't get within a rod of 'em anywhere, and that always seemed to me to be kind o' ungrateful."

The Doctors Puzzled.

THE PECULIAR CASE OF A NOVA SCOTIAN LADY.

The Trouble Began in a Swelling of the Big Toe Which Spread to All Parts of the Body—Doctors Could Not Account for the Trouble, and Their Treatment Did Her No Good.

From the New Glasgow Enterprise.

Loch Broom is a picturesque farming hamlet situated about three miles from the town of Pictou, N. S. In this hamlet, in a cosy farmhouse live Mr. and Mrs. Hector McKinnon. A few years ago Mrs. McKinnon was taken with a disease that puzzled several doctors who attended her. It was generally known that Mrs. McKinnon owed her ultimate recovery to good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and a reporter of the Enterprise being in the neighborhood called upon the lady and asked her if she had any objections to relating the particulars of her illness and cure.

"Indeed I have not," replied Mrs. McKinnon, "I think that those who are cured owe it to the medicine that brings them back to health, always to say a good word for it. My trouble apparently had an insignificant starting point. It came on with a swelling in the big toe, accompanied by intense pain. Gradually the swelling extended to my limbs and then to my whole body, accompanied by pain which made my life a burden. A doctor was called in but he did not help me. Then another and another until I had four different medical men to see me, one of them the most skilled physician in the province. Yet my case seemed to puzzle every one of them, and none of them gave me more than the merest temporary relief. One doctor said the trouble was inflammation of the bone. Another said it was aggravated sciatica and gout. The other two called it by other names, but whatever it was none of them helped me. By this time I had got so low and weak that I could not lift hand or foot if it would save my life, and no one expected to see me get better. In fact the doctor said if I sank any lower I could not live. And yet here I am to-day as well as ever I was in my life. While I was at the lowest a minister called to see me and asked why I did not try Dr Williams' Pink Pills. I had tried so many remedies and had spent so many dollars in medicine that I hardly thought it worth while to experiment any more. However, I was persuaded to try them and after using a few boxes there was some improvement. By the time I had used a dozen boxes I had left my bed and was able to move around, and after a few more boxes I was again perfectly well, and able to do all the work that falls to the lot of a farmer's wife. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I think that after what they have done for me I am justified in recommending them to others."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new life and richness to the blood and rebuild shattered nerves, thus driving out disease due to either of these two causes, and this means that they effect a cure in a large percentage of the troubles which afflict mankind. Some unscrupulous dealers impose on the public imitations of this great medicine. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the hundred or ounce, or in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." No matter what the color of the pill offered in any other shape, it is bogus. These pills cure when other medicines fail.

"Want of Watchfulness Makes a Thief."

Many cases of poor health come from want of watchfulness. But if you keep your blood pure no thief can steal your health.

The one effective natural blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. *It never disappoints.*

Impure Blood—"My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair when she turned to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Six bottles of this medicine completely cured her." JOHN WECKMAR, Galt, Ont.

Scrofula—"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofula. I was weak and debilitated but it made me strong and well. After a severe cold had catarrhal fever. Again resorted to this medicine and it cured me." SARAH E. DEROY, Annapolis, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FIGHT WITH A DEVIL FISH.

A Canadian Diver Has a Terrible Experience With This Dangerous Fish.

Captain Conrad, a Canadian diver, was at work on the wreck of the fruit-ship Oteri, which had gone ashore on a coral reef near Ruatan, Honduras. A new leak had developed and it was necessary to stop it at once although the hour was four in the afternoon. Captain Conrad called his assistants, and they anchored the diver's boat with the apparatus. On his way down, Conrad noticed the rare beauty of the translucent tropical waters, and the lovely color of the coral and the thousands of fish swimming about.

As he was getting near the point where the work was to be done, a long, dark arm shot across the face-glass of his helmet. He had been in tropical waters before and knew the sign. It was the octopus—the real devil-fish, feared by all divers. He gave the danger-signal and was pulled up.

At the surface he considered the situation. The ship was leaking badly, and could not be left safely thus all night. He called for a heavy harpoon, and cut the handle, making a weapon about three feet long. Armed with this, he went down again to fight the octopus and stop the leak.

This time he did not notice the beauty of the translucent tropical water. Slowly he approached the spot where the octopus was hidden under the bilge of the vessel. As he approached, the creature moved from under the bilge of the vessel, gathering itself for the attack.

There were but four or five feet between the coral reef on which the vessel had grounded and her side at this point, and Conrad settled himself here for the battle. It was not slow in coming. The snake-like creature extended one of its long arms. Conrad gave a quick thrust with his harpoon but the devil-fish was quicker than he, and snatched away the arm.

Again the creature struck, this time touching Conrad on the nip; but on the instant it lost its arm, severed by a blow from the harpoon.

Then the fight began in earnest. The devil-fish tried to envelop the man in its many tentacles, and the diver kept slashing with the harpoon. He inflicted wounds enough to disconcert the creature and prevent it from enwrapping him, but for some time none of the wounds were serious.

At last, just as the creature had come to alarmingly close quarters, he managed to drive the harpoon into a vital spot. When badly injured in the body, the cuttlefish discharges a great quantity of dye, which colors the water a jet black. Instantly Conrad found himself in a mass of ink. He gave the signal, and was pulled up.

It took some time for the dye to clear away so that anything could be seen in the water. Then Conrad went down again. He did not have to renew the battle. The octopus was dead.

A TACTFUL OFFICER.

How a Brave Soldier Was Saved From Humiliation.

It is not every host who has the art to prevent an awkward guest from feeling ill at ease. The London papers tell a story of one such host.

Not long ago the officers of the Twenty-first Lancers, a corps which has rendered itself famous by a gallant charge at the Battle of Omdurman, gave a non-commissioned officer who had distinguished himself at the charge a mark of honor by inviting him one evening to a seat at their table. He had been decorated with the Victoria Cross, and this distinction was well won.

The young man came. Colonel Sir Robert White presided at the dinner. The non-commissioned officer was somewhat ill at ease, being unaccustomed to the dinner customs of polite society. He did very well until the finger bowls were brought around; then, imagining that a drink of water was handed to him contained some new kind of drink, he lifted it and drank out of it.

This presented a serious emergency to his host, for if the other guests proceeded to make the proper use of their bowls, the non-commissioned officer would discover his mistake, and be humiliated. The colonel was not willing that the pleasure of his brave guest should be marred by any such humiliation. He therefore rose, and was imitated in this by other officers. Then he took up his finger-bowl; the rest did the same.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I ask you to drink with me the health of our brave guest who now wears the Victoria Cross!"

Then he drank every drop of the tepid water in his finger-bowl as did all the other officers.

The story is a good one, but one wonders what the non-commissioned officer will think when, as is likely to be the case some time if his advancement continues, he learns the proper function of a finger-bowl.

"A Man's a Man for a' That."

Even if he has corns on both feet. But he is a stronger, happier and wiser man if he uses Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and gets rid of the unsightly corns, painlessly and at once.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

QUESTION OF NATIONALITY.

Pat—Oi want to get a pair av shoes foor th' bye.

Clerk—Certainly, sir. French kid?

Pat—No, soor, he's an Irish kid.

Have you tried Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea yet?

HERE AND THERE.

These Few Paragraphs May be Found of Great Interest.

Gray horses live longer than those of any other color.

Strange to say, Turkey and Greece are without telephone.

The scabbards worn by Russian officers are made of papier-mache.

An apple orchard in Glenwood, Ia., occupies 800 acres, and contains 133,000 bearing trees.

The salmon in the Columbia River average five pounds heavier than they did twenty years ago.

A pin was swallowed ten years ago by Roland Dodds, of Butler, Pa. A few days since, in a paroxysm of coughing, he threw it up.

Necklaces of flowers, with diamonds sprinkled here and there, and secured by a thin silver wire, are popular at balls and receptions in Paris.

Mr. Moody, the philanthropist, was pleading for more kindness to criminals, before a San Francisco audience, when a rough crept into the building and stole his overcoat.

Sandwich men in London are not permitted to parade on the sidewalks. They must keep close to the curb, however, and not nearer than thirty feet from the next man bearing a placard.

At stylish entertainments in Paris, such as balls and receptions, the latest craze is for the ladies to have attached to their corsages, by golden chains, little living tortoises studded with jewels.

Severe internal injuries were received by a young lady in Vienna who tripped while dancing, and fell, with her partner, to the floor. She sued him for damages, but the judge dismissed the case.

A GREAT VICTORY

After a Short, but Hot and Decisive Contest.

The Enemy Driven Out—Dodd's Kidney Pills the Victors—Mr. Gillean Tested Them, and They Proved True and Steadfast Friends.

Amherstburg, Ont., May 29.—Jas. R. Gillean, proprietor of the Lakeview Hotel, here, is one of the happiest men in town. For some years past, he has been in very poor health, and was a great sufferer from Kidney Disease.

In spite of all that medical skill, and numerous remedies could do, Mr. Gillean grew gradually worse. His sufferings increased, and there seemed to be no hope of curing the disease.

One day a friend called to see him, and advised him to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, telling him they had cured a number of cases, in which he knew, and which were all worse than Mr. Gillean's. The latter procured a box, and so much good did it do him, that he bought three more. These cured him completely, and he is now obliged to hold quite a reception, every day, of friends call to congratulate him on his happy recovery.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are astonishing the medical fraternity daily, by their marvellous success in cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gravel, Urinary Troubles, Female Complaints, Blood Impurities, and all other Kidney Diseases. Many physicians in this district prescribe them in their practice, always with the best results.

Kidney Diseases cannot resist the action of Dodd's Kidney Pills which are the only cure on earth for such diseases.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes $2.50, or will be sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

John Ralfe, aged twelve years, of English, Ind., considered Eva Jacobs, who is two years his senior, his sweetheart. In a fit of jealous rage, because she walked from school with another boy, he shot her with a charge of birdshot, and her right hand had to be amputated.

Have You Neuralgia?

If you suffer its agonies, and fail to get a remedy, we want you to try Nerviline. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvellous. Nerviline is the most pleasant and powerful remedy in the market. Try it.

PLURAL.

A woman will always have the last word.

Words, you mean.

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. Sold by all druggists. 50c. a bottle.

A New York policeman was ill, and went to a physician. The doctor examined his tongue, questioned him as to his symptoms, and told him he must get a wheel and take plenty of outdoor exercise. "Why, doctor, said the policeman, "I have plenty of exercise —I'm a bicycle cop."

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Room from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Props.

Smoke tinted spectacles are worn by the cattle which range the snow-covered plains of Russia. It was discovered that the glare caused by sunlight on the snow made them blind, and spectacles were fitted to them to protect their sight as they plucked the grass which sprouted through the earth's white mantle.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Granby, Que' Cigar Manufacturer.

He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.—Henry Ward Beecher.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

There are 420 species of flowers of pleasant perfume which are used in making scents and soaps.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF MALT
Invigorates and Strengthens.
W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.

My boy Johnny has such a cheerful disposition.

Yes?

Oh, yes, When I make him wash his neck, instead of grumbling, he just says he is glad he is not a giraffe.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Mistrials rarely occur in criminal cases in Germany. A vote of six acquits the prisoner; a vote of seven to five leaves the decision to the court; and a vote of eight to four means conviction.

DON'T YOU THINK it is about time you were using

LUDELLA

Lead packages. CEYLON TEA. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

COMMENT OF A FRIEND.

Bobbler's wedding was the culmination of a romance. He met his wife on a train.

He did? Why doesn't he sue the company?

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the 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.
(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
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.

A DEARTH OF KINGS.

When a French King was charged at some country village a louis d'or for an egg, he asked what dearth of eggs there was that could warrant such a price. Eggs, your Majesty, are plentiful enough, was the reply; it is Kings that are scarce with us.

WPC 974

CALVERT'S
Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevents infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER. - - ENGLAND

ONE NIGHT Corn Cure. Ask your druggist for it. 15c. & 10c.

$25 to $50.00 per week is paid by city houses for all practical cutters. We teach you how to cut. Write for terms. C. W. BUNT & CO., Toronto, Tailors

MANITOBA LAND — NEAR POST-OFFICE school, station; $1.50 per acre. CLARKE, 24 Avenue Place, Toronto.

"BEAVER BRAND" Mackintosh Bands, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 561 Queen W. Toronto. "BEAVER BRAND" Mackintosh bands is guaranteed Waterproof. Ask for it, take no other. Beaver Rubber Clothing Co., Montreal.

MONTREAL
The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 up.

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 561 Queen W. Toronto.

Stammerers especially those who have failed to be cured elsewhere, write to Dr. Arnott, Berlin who will convince you he can cure you.

HARRIS Bayer Scrap, LEAD, COPPER, BRASS. Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 1720. WILLIAM ST., TORONTO.

TORONTO Cutting School offers special advantages to all desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of Cutting and Fitting Gentlemen's Garments. Write for particulars. 113 Yonge St., Toronto.

Baking Powder Formula to make it at small cost. Equal to the best. Formula sent for 15c. in stamps. A. LAPIERRE, 19 Lemoyne St., Montreal.

LAW Mills, Mills & Haloy Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldgs., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

WHITE'S BROMO SODA
An Effervescing Phosphate, excellent cleanser for liver, kidney and stomach, takes the place of coal tar preparations in case of headache, its effect is immediate. Sold by all druggists, in 10c, 25c, 50c and $1.00 packages. Canadian Bromo Co., 27½ Wellington-st.E., Toronto.

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BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, etc.
Every town can have a band.
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue, 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.
WHALEY ROYCE & CO., - Toronto, Can.

Hotel and Saloon men cannot afford to be without the Automatic Faucet Attachment, as it pays for itself in one week drawing beer. No drip, no waste. You only need one hand to draw beer with the Automatic but in case of rush you can hold glasses in each hand, as the Automatic is always ready. The Automatic draws the finest glass of beer and is used for any trade, as it puts the kind of head on the beer that you want. Price $1.50 pre-paid—money