



Oyez! Oyez!

Know ye, Good People,
there is but one Worcester-
shire—with which ye
best efforts of ye Cook
and ye Chemist cannot
compare.

By Royal Warrant,
served on ye Tables of
Royalty.

Eat it with your Dinners
—and beware ye of
substitutes.

Lea & Perrins'

The only Original and Genuine Worcestershire 128
Sauce J. M. DOUGLAS & CO.,
Montreal, Est. 1857.

FINEST LIVING PICTURE.

Three Views of the Great St. Paul's
Cathedral of London—An Impres-
sion That is Borewidering.

Everything about St. Paul's Cathed-
ral is on a grand scale. It is strik-
ingly so in the great grey cupola, fan-
tastic landmark, seen below in the south-
ern roadway, from the river, or the
north tower of the Crystal Palace.

Yet the grandeur, within and without,
grows dwarf-like when surveying from
the outside galleries the wonderful
panoramic prospect of London. Dome,
chapel, monuments, the gold and sil-
ver of the spires, all are forgotten in
the vast prospect around. It is not only
an imposing scenic spectacle, but the
finest of living pictures, says a writer
in the Lloyd's Weekly News.

It can be seen from three points. The
view from the ball (reached by 616
steps) and capable of holding eight per-
sons) is disappointing. The chamber
gives a sense of confinement; the win-
dows are dim and their outlook chiefly
on streaks of vapour. Hence the room
is rarely visited, and then mainly from
curiosity. The prospect is bewildering.
From which to see London out-
side St. Paul's is the Golden Gallery
above the cupola. There is a climb of
366 steps to the gallery, delightfully re-
freshing in its breezy air after ascent;
while the impression is wonderful.

At first the impression is wonderful.
The eye only seems to rest on church-
sowers, a huge network of streets and
shorouffs, chimneys sending forth
streams of smoke, and on the horizon
"haze clothed and steady hills." Soon
vision concentrates, and the London of
historic moment reveals itself.
The Tower and its bridge; "the forest
of masts below London bridge"; the
glittering river; Fleet street, the high-
way of Journalism; Westminster Ab-
bey; the law Courts; Houses of Par-
liament; St. James's Palace; the cupola
of the Reading-room of the British Mu-
seum; the Embankment, with its trees,
all distinctly meet the eye.

There is a mysterious charm and
varied magic in the sights and sounds
of the huge scene beyond description.
Douglas Jordan has sketched it very
pretty in his last play, "Heart of
Gold." Maude, the heroine, telling of the
wonders of her visit to the top of St.
Paul's, says: "Along the streets little
specks moving sometimes in twos and
threes, and then altogether in one long
black gliding thread. And the beautiful
smoke in millions of silver fountains—
it came from the chimneys up and up
and then somehow joined in one large
shining sheet and went floating over
houses and church steeples with hun-
dreds of golden weather cocks glitter-
ing through. Then there were far-off
hills with a stir below, and they
looked so beautiful and so close as though
they never heard and never cared for
the noise of London; a noise that when
we listened hummed from below for all
the world like a hundred humble bees,
all making honey and upon one bush."

On excursions by clear days, like
several of those in the past August, and
some in September, the far-reaching
view has been most striking. Leth-
bridge Hill, and the uplands about Northern
Middlesex, the lovely bits of landscape
in Surrey and Kent, and the country
stretching to the Essex side of the
Thames, have been seen in all their
tranquil beauty. But "places of nest-
ling green" much nearer St. Paul's al-
ways gladden the eye under an ordinary
atmosphere. Spots like the Temple gar-
dens, the trees in Finsbury square, and
even the foliage in Wood street, Cheap-
side, are among the oases in the vast
metropolitan Sahara of factory blocks
and dwelling houses.

Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's, "If you
would see his monument look around
you," has its echo beyond the precincts
of the cathedral. The sound of the
words lingers looking east, surveying
the Monument and Greenwich Hospital,
both designed by the myriad-minded

architect. Nothing has been achieved
in modern architecture surpassing the
beauty of many of Wren's campaniles,
not only for their variety, but eleg-
ance. These qualities of his art are
especially witnessed in St. Mary-le-Bow,
Chancery Lane, with its dragon vane, and
in the plain, but impressive, spire of
St. Vedast, behind the postoffice.

A LIVING GHOST!

That is What Her Friends Said
About Her

Read how Mrs. James Steele, Water-
ville, Que., was cured by the use of

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

she writes: "For the past fourteen months
I was nervous all the time, and became so
run down I was unable to walk across the
house without getting dizzy. My friends
told me I looked like a living ghost and
advised me to try Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills. I got two boxes and within
two weeks I had improved wonderfully
and after finishing the fourth box I was
completely cured. They are the greatest
pills I ever used and I can recommend
them to all sufferers."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills act
directly on the disordered heart and
nerves, and restore them to healthy action.
They have no equal for reviving and
strengthening the heart-beat, invigorating
the nervous system, and acting as a food
for the blood, improving its quality, mak-
ing it rich and red.

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for
\$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on
receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co.,
Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Described Him Exactly.

"You're looking for new quarters,
aren't you?" inquired Kidder at the
breakfast table.

"Yes," replied the talkative boarder.

"Why?"

"Here's an ad. in the paper that
should interest you particularly: 'To
rent; nice room for rent with gas.'"
Philadelphia Press.

THE AFTERGLOW.

There's a light of wondrous softness

Called by some the afterglow,
And it follows day's receding
As the shadows come and go.

There's a light of Time in fancy
That bedims that afterglow,
As its shadows are extended,
To the years of long ago.

Long ago, when boys were marking
Not the years in rapid flight,
When the sun would reach the zenith,
Then decline to sombre night.

And beyond the worth of story
It that time we called our own,
As the cycles worked their changes,
While the speeding years have
flown.

Not for you and I the vintage
Other boys have crowned with fame,
Nor for you and I the willow,
All forgotten but in name.

Still we plod our steps, if weary;
Manhood's burdens must be borne,
Though each glow lapse into darkness,
May it dawn a fairer morn.

And whatever may be the ending
Of our lives when they must cease,
Let us hope that in earth's turmoil
We have won a higher peace.
—Clifford Kane Stout.

SURPRISE

A PURE HARD SOAP

QUICKNESS.

THREE TIMES A DAY the year round is
too often to do anything any but the easiest
way, so we recommend everybody to use "SUR-
PRISE" Soap for dish-washing.

It loosens up the grease and dirt so that they slide off
the dish easily. Any child can wash the dishes in a few
minutes with "SURPRISE" Soap.

And it doesn't hurt the hands or make them sore
and rough. There is nothing harsh about "SURPRISE"
Soap, and it takes so little of it to do a big lot of work
that it is the most economical soap you can buy.

"SURPRISE" costs no more than common soaps.
See the red and yellow wrappers.

IN DARKEST AFRICA

BRITISH OFFICER'S PERILOUS
JOURNEY OF 3,000 MILES.

Secures 1,500 Zoological Specimens—
Motley Collection of Birds, Beasts
and Fishes—Surveys African Lakes
—Pagan Tribes Once Poisoned Ar-
rows—Resent White Man's Rule—
Two of Party Succumb to Climate.

After an eventful and perilous jour-
ney of 3,000 miles across Africa, Lieut.
Boyd Alexander, has arrived home.
The expedition, of which he was the
organizer, left England in 1894, and
consisted of Lieut. Boyd Alexander,
his brother, Capt. Claude Alexander,
Capt. Gosling, and Mr. R. A. Talbot.
Lieut. Alexander was the only one to
complete the journey. Mr. Talbot hav-
ing returned home after exploring the
Chad region, and the other two hav-
ing been mortally stricken with disease.
The exploits of Lieut. Alexander con-
stitute him to be placed in the first rank
of African explorers. The expedition
has secured extensive collections of the
birds, beasts, and fishes charac-
teristic of the regions traversed in the
course of the long journey across the
continent. In addition to those sent
home from time to time, Lieut. Alex-
ander has brought back with him as
many as 1,500 zoological specimens.
As regards individual species, peculiar
interest attaches to the information
secured respecting the habits and ha-
bits of the okapi, the enormous mam-
mal first revealed to the scientific world
by Sir Henry Johnston. Of equal im-
portance with the zoological work of
the expedition is the geographical in-
formation embodied in the diaries and
survey records.

Particularly valuable is the very
careful survey carried from the Benue
to Lake Chad by Capt. Claude Alex-
ander and Mr. Talbot. The hydro-
graphical investigations pursued by
Mr. Talbot and Lieut. Boyd Alexander
on Lake Chad after the death of Capt.
Claude Alexander show how greatly
the character of the lake has changed
in recent years. Instead of being a
veritable inland sea, in which the
character it formerly appeared, the lake
is now shown to consist of two wide ex-
posed of shallow water differing lit-
tle over a large part of its area from
a huge pond. After leaving the Congo
basin the expedition made its way to
the Nile down a tributary named the
Yeh, which was much obstructed by
rapids, and the full account of the
journey may be expected to throw
some new light on the hydrography of
the Upper Nile basin. In Northern
Nigeria the expedition came into con-
tact with some of the pagan tribes
who were

Never Thoroughly Subdued
even by the Fulani, and who have still
to be brought under British control.
The Munshi people to the south of
the Benue who have been giving a
good deal of trouble to the British
administration are described by Lieut.
Alexander as industrious agricultur-
ists, though strongly opposed to the
extension of the white man's influence
in their midst. The wealth of the Fu-
lani had much diminished with the
reduction of slave-trading. The street
corners are now remarkable for their
beggars. Keffi, another large town of
round and square mud-built houses,
is in great part in ruins—the result
of the reprisals taken by the British
authorities after the murder of Capt.
Maloney. The influence of the Fulani,
according to Lieut. Alexander, is not
so remarkable as it might seem. In-
ter-marriage has caused an almost to-
tal disappearance of the original Fu-
lani stock, though an indication of
what this must have been like is af-
forded by the "Bush Fulani," a small
and dwindling community. Retiring
and shy in disposition, they seldom
approach the town.

Women Are Handsome.
The women are handsome, tall, and
pale-skinned, with oval faces, sur-
rounded by thick twists of silky hair.
It is the general opinion and hope
amongst the Fulani that the rule of
the white man will not be long now,
and this idea is fostered by the Sen-
ussi, who are very active just now,
especially about Vinka. Of the Ka-
goro tribe Lieut. Alexander said they
lived in a village built on the sides
of a rocky hill. Their small mud
houses are reached only by the nar-
rowest and steepest of paths. The
people turned out to be strongly built.
They were seen from a distance squat-
ting like monkeys on the rocks. Their
features were disagreeable. He found
them to be keen hunters, accustomed
to the use of poisoned arrows.

Prison Horrors.
The Anglo-Russian, of London, in
an article on the tortures inflicted on
suspected persons in Russia, says:—
"From independent Russian, German,
French and English sources come
heart-sickening accounts of systemat-
ic tortures practised in Russian pris-
ons upon 'politicals' with the object
of compelling them to betray their
friends and supporters. For a long
time such tortures have been reported
from various prisons all over the em-
pire, but the worst atrocities seem to
be habitually perpetrated in the pris-
ons of Poland and the Baltic provin-
ces. In Riga, for instance, a special
chamber has been fitted up with all
the instruments of torture known to
the Inquisition of old. Rubber sticks,
and long pins, pincers, a rack, and so
forth, are used in the process of mak-
ing the victim 'confess,' and all this
not only by permission of the higher
local authorities, but frequently even
in their presence and under their
personal guidance. Such things as knock-
ing out the teeth, tearing out the
hairs and pieces of flesh are in ordi-
nary usage."

Railway Slaughter.
With a record of nearly 400 persons
killed in railway wrecks during the
last six months and about 450 injured,
the public is asking whether the rail-
way commissioners of the several
states and the Interstate Commerce
Commission can not intervene to stop
the slaughter.

SLEEP BROKEN BY ITCHING ECZEMA

Skin of Whole Body Covered for a
Year—Awake Half the Night—
Tried All Kinds of Remedies but
They Had No Effect.

CUTICURA REMEDIES A PERFECT SUCCESS

"I wish to let you know that I have
used one case of Cuticura Remedies
one case of Cuticura Soap, one box of
Cuticura, but two vials of Cuticura
Resolvent Pills—which cost me a
dollar and twenty-five cents in all. For
a year I have had what they call eczema.
I had an itching all over my body, and
when I would retire for the night it
would keep me awake half the night,
and the more I would scratch, the more
it would itch. I tried all kinds of re-
medies, but could get no relief. A friend
of mine told me to try the Cuticura
Remedies which I did, and am very
glad I tried them, for I was completely
cured. If any of my friends should
be troubled with the same disease, I
will cheerfully recommend the Cuticura
Remedies, and if I know any one who
wishes to know how I cured myself, I
shall be glad to tell them. Walter W.
Pagliucci, 207 N. Robey St., Chicago,
Ill., Oct. 8 and 16, 1906."

CUTICURA

The Great Skin Cure and Purest
and Sweetest of Emollients.

Cuticura Ointment is, beyond ques-
tion, the most successful curative for
tormenting, disfiguring humors of the skin
and scalp, including loss of hair, yet com-
pounded, in proof of which a single
anointing with Cuticura Ointment, pre-
ceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap,
and followed in the evening by a dose of
Cuticura Resolvent (Liquid or Pills), is
often sufficient to afford immediate re-
lief in the most distressing forms of itching,
burning, and really humors, eczema, work-
ing, rashes, and irritations, permit rest
and sleep, and point to a speedy cure when
most, if not all, other remedies and even
physicians fail.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for
Every Humor of the Skin, including Acne, and
Cuticura Soap to Cleanse the Skin, Cuti-
cura Ointment to Heal the Skin, and Cuti-
cura Resolvent to Purify the Blood. Sold thro-
out the world. Put in Drug & Chem. Co., So-
le Importers, Boston, Mass.

Mail Free, Cuticura Book on the Skin.

The Way to Keep Posted.

"You must read a great many books

to keep so well acquainted with cur-
rent publications?"

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "I

don't take time to read books. It would

interfere with the constant study of

the advertisements that is necessary to

keep really informed."—Washington

Star.

Naive.

Mamie—There were three opera

glasses leveled on me (from the left

box in the last act.

Mamie—Was I on then?

Mamie—Yes.

Mamie—Then how could any one see

you?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Quite Likely.

"Some doctors contend that onions

are good for weak nerves. Did you

ever hear that?"

"No, but I can readily imagine that

they'd be good for a weak breath."—

Atlanta Constitution.

Hello! Hello! Hello!

Brown (after a late night at the of-
fice)—Twenty-seven—forty—seven Ge-
rard, please, mish.—Sketch.

The average woman drives a horse

much as she would a tack.

THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR

PRICES: No. 10 Standard C2. 0

Double-Convex for Extra Heavy Razors \$2.00

Pair in Leather Case \$4.50

Carbo-Magnetic Strop \$1.00

No More

Razor Troubles

Possible

365 Clean Shaves

Every Year

Get one

from your

dealer on 30

days trial, with

no obligation to purchase

FOR SALE BY

Geo. Stephens, D. H. Douglas,

Chatham, Ont.

Love versus Law.

By C. B. LEWIS.

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They came face to face as they turned
a bend in the rough, and narrow
trail leading up the Cumberland moun-
tains to Laurel Cove, and both stopped
and stared for half a minute before
the young man raised his hat and ex-
cused his absentmindedness. The
young woman blushed, stammered a
reply and passed on, and in a minute
the trees and bushes hid them from
each other.

The one everybody for five miles
around knew as Abe Goodman's daugh-
ter Tilda. The other had just ap-
peared in the neighborhood, claiming
to be a botanist and a naturalist, and
had secured a temporary home at the
cabin of Saul Markham. For the last
two years Tilda had been down to
Nashville, "bein' educated," as her
father and mother put it, and was now
teaching the dozen children of the
mountaineers in the log schoolhouse
which the young man had passed forty
rods before meeting her.

Tilda had come from mountaineer
stock. Her father was rough, uncouth
and ignorant. Her mother was un-
educated and plain. The girl had
lived in poverty, surrounded by pov-
erty, and yet she was like none of the
rest. Nature had given her a good
figure and a handsome face, and the
time spent in the city had made, what
the natives called, a lady of her. The
astonishment of the young man, who
had given his name as Arthur Griggs,
was but natural.

The stranger who goes among the
people of the southern mountains is
from the outset a suspected man, and
the first suspicion which rests on him
is that he must be a revenue spy.

Revenue men have raided and de-
stroyed scores of stills in the caves
and ravines and sent scores and scores
of moonshiners to the penitentiary, but
other stills are brought in, and other
men take the places of those who have
fallen under the ban of the law. It was
so thirty years ago; it is so today;

it will be so thirty years hence. The
mountaineer argues that he is a law
unto himself. He argues that where
he has no market for his corn as corn
he has a right to turn it into whiskey
to make a market. The government
does not argue with him. It sends
men into the mountains to break up
his business and imprison him. So does
the government. He depends upon the
honor of his neighbors not to give him
away. The revenue men coax,
threaten, bribe and work in every un-
derhand way to get an advantage.
The enmity is more bitter than in the
personal feuds. When the mountaineer
goes down to the towns, he is trailed
about, cross questioned, made drunk,
if possible, and his wife or his children
are offered money to betray him.

When the revenue men send a spy
up the mountains to nose out and re-
port on stills, he takes his life in his
hands. He may go as a buyer of tim-
ber or coal or iron lands, as a traveler,
peddler or artist, as a fur buyer,
preacher or newspaper man, but the
shadow of death walks by his side un-
til he has proved himself all right. In
that case he is heard of again down in
the lowlands. In the other case he is
reported as missing.

A botanist and a naturalist from
Harvard was what Griggs claimed to
be, and he was taken into the cabin
of the mountaineer without question.
There was no undue curiosity about
him. He was free to come and free to
go. As the neighbors were introduced
to him they seemed to accept him as
Saul Markham had done. He walked
about in contentment and slept in
peace. He did not know that he never
moved a hundred feet from the cabin
door without being under surveillance;
that every action was watched; that
men whom he had never seen looked in
on him when he slept; that other men
gathered together in the laurel thick-
ets and reported on him and discussed
him.

Young Griggs shot squirrels and
hares and gathered flowers and plants
and sought to make friends with all.
Among those plain and hospitable peo-
ple it was an easy matter for him to
bring about an acquaintance with
Tilda. Two days after meeting her on
the trail they knew each other. The
girl was pleased when she saw ad-
miration in the young man's eyes. She
was pleased when he dared to flatter
and to compliment. She knew little of
the world and its hollows. If the moun-
taineer said this or that, he meant it.
She had to judge others by this
standard.

It was only after the newcomer and
Tilda were being talked about as lovers
that the watch on Griggs was relaxed.
He had set no time for departing, but
after a month it was seen that his
work was finished and that he was
staying on account of the girl. Abe
Goodman asked no questions of the
young man, and the mother asked none
of her daughter. Suspicious and dis-
trustful as the mountaineers were,
they had been fooled. The newcomer
was a revenue spy, working with the
promise of a great reward. He had re-
hearsed his part for months before
playing it. He had counted on every-
thing but meeting Tilda. There had
been admiration from the first, and
more had soon followed. Within two
weeks there had sprung up in his
breast a conflict 'twixt love and duty,
and it was for this reason he lingered.

He was not what he claimed to be, and
yet he was the girl's superior in all
ways. It was her ingenuousness and
innocence that appealed to him. He
had come to betray, and yet he could
not do it. He loved, and yet he hesi-
tated to go further. More education
and refinement, more contact with the
world, and she would be a woman to
be proud of, and yet there was her an-
cestry—the impossible in the environ-
ments that had surrounded her for so
many years and must have their due
effects.

When a man trusts a woman, he has
limits. When a woman trusts a man,
she has none. She is ready to give
her whole life to him. Arthur Griggs
knew that he had won the maiden's
love, and it was for him to make a
choice. Should he return and betray
the stills hidden away in Laurel Cove
and then disappear and be seen no
more, or should he report that none ex-
isted and take away a mountain bride
and the good will of the lowly people?

Love carried the day. It was to the
credit of human sentiment that it was
so. But before this determination was
reached the young man walked alone
on the mountains. No one followed
him this day. It was Sunday, and the
mountaineers were smoking their pipes
as they rested. Their suspicions had
been lulled. They had kept their eyes
open and whispered among themselves
—whispered and smiled. On this day,
as he walked under the giant chest-
nuts and made his way through the
laurels, young Griggs came upon a
man. The revenue force had grown
impatient with his dilatory tactics and
had sent an emissary to see and ques-
tion him. The two talked for half an
hour as they leaned against the trunk
of a great tree at the edge of a thicket.
When they separated, the revenue man
knew that nothing further could be ex-
pected from the spy. He had shut his
eyes to all but the song of love. It had
been useless to talk to him of duty.
He had come as a spy, but had sold
the government out.

After the talk Griggs walked away a
few rods and sat down on a rock from
which he could see far down the side
of the grim old mountain. He could
count the cabins of the mountaineers
scattered about, and he could look
down into Beaver Cove and Halfway
Cove and Halpin's Hamlet. It was a
day of peace, with the smoke ascend-
ing as straight as an arrow and the
birds singing and the squirrels chatter-
ing about him. He felt good. There
was a burden off his mind and joy in
his heart now that he had made his de-
cision. In the evening he would see
Tilda and tell her that he loved her.
In the evening he would see her father
and ask her hand in marriage. He
was smiling as his eyes roved over the
landscape beneath him when a step
caused him to turn his head.

"Tilda, you here!" he cried as he
sprang to his feet with the light of
love in his eyes and his arms out-
stretched.

She drew herself up and waved him
away.

"But, Tilda, what is it?"

She was pale, and hard lines had
come into her face. The girl look was
searched for in vain. There was suffer-
ing in her eyes, but determination in
the compressed lips.

"I was in the thicket when you talked
with that man—dad and I," she said
at last. "Dad has gone for his rifle to
shoot you like a dog. I am here to tell
you so."

"But if you heard us talking you
know that I would not agree to what
the man wanted."

"You came here as a spy. If you
hadn't fallen in love with me you
would have betrayed my own father.
In love with me! I in love with a
revenue spy! Go!"

"But listen, Tilda. If I came here
under false pretenses!"

"We are poor and humble," she in-
terrupted as she drew her skirts away
from him. "We are plain and unedu-
cated. We have nothing before us—
nothing but this to look forward to.
You are learned, and you may be rich.
You