DOROTHY DREW.

Dorothy Drew, Gladstone's famous grandchild, whose loving companionship added so much to the happiness of his later years, is the subject of a very interesting sketch in The Young Woman. We learn from it that before her fourth year her political views had become decidely radical; to her mind the House of Lords was a most reprehensible institution, and the House of Commons the mainstay of the nation. When the House of Lords was spoken of in her presence as the "Upper House," she would retort: "You mean the House of Commons!" She visited the latter during her third year, and for a time thought herself in church. The frequent rising and sitting of the members soon undeceived her, however, and from these movements and the oratorical gesticulations of the speakers, she fancied herself in a gymnasium—an impression derived from a previous visit to such a place. For some time after this, the Commons was "the place were grandad goes to do his 'nastics," or, on occasions, "the place were grandad goes to do his lessons."

Her visit to Queen Victoria was a momentous episode in her young life, and from the article above mentioned we quote the narrative of her delightful experiences.

Dorothy relates how she went down the very long corridor to put on her new white frock and her silk gloves, and how a grand servant all dressed in red came to say that the queen was waiting.

"The Indian man whom the queen likes very much" was at the door, and the next moment Dorothy stood before the great queen whom her grandpapa had served for sixty years. But Dorothy thought nothing of the vastness of the empire, or of the length of the reign which all the world was celebrating. It was nothing to her that the kindly grey-haired lady before her was mistress of one-quarter of the whole human race.

To Dorothy she was just another woman like grandmamma, with a white cap on her head; and Dorothy courtesied and kissed her, and told her her name was "Dorsie," that she called Mr. Gladstone "grandpapa," that they all had pet names at the castle, and so on and so on; and many interesting pet names were revealed on both sides.

"The queen put on her glasses and asked me to go to the other side of the room, so that she could see me better," Dorothy explains, "and then she took a little jewel-case and said, 'This is for you.'

"I opened it and saw a darling little brooch, with a diamond V and a diamond R and a turquoise I, and a little crown at the top made of red enamel. I courtesied and kissed her hand and said, 'Thank you very much.' She looked very nice and kind, and I liked her very much."

Then the queen kissed the little debutante again, and Dorothy and her mother returned to town.

Kipling, who is numbered among the celebrities who have sought Dorothy's acquaintance, tells an amusing story of their meeting. They had been in the grounds surrounding Hawarden for some time together, when Dorothy's mother appeared, saying:

"Now, Dorothy, I hope you have not been wearying Mr. Kipling."

"Oh, no; not a bit," was the frankly unconventional reply. "Mr. Kipling has been wearying me!"

INDIANS WHO DON'T LIKE WHITES.

Their Attacks on Sir Martin Conway in the Bolivian Andes.

Sir Martin Conway, the Englishman, who has given the world so much interesting information about such widely separated parts of the world as the Himalayas, Spitzbergen and the Cordilleras of South America, has just been telling the Royal Geographical Society of his explorations in the Bolivian Andes last year, when he ascended Illimani and others of the highest peaks of the Andes. His remarks about the Bolivian Indians surprised many in his audience, for it is well known that most of them are nominally Christians, and it was supposed that they were at least half civilized, Sir Martin says, however, that they are never well-disposed toward white men, and the task of keeping them in order is not a slight one. In fact, the Government police have little influence over them, and such order as is maintained is due chiefly to the priests. The Indians are exceedingly bigoted, and retain their ancient superstitions under a mask of Christianity.

These natives seriously interfered with Sir Martin's mountain work because the nature of his undertaking did violence to their superstitions. They look upon the mountains above the habitable zone as a part of the other world, the abode of divine and diabolic beings and the haunt of their departed friends. The Puna Indians believe that on the summit of one of the peaks of Mount Sorata are a bull and a cross, both of gold, that were placed there by supernatural agency. They were sure Conway had no other purpose in view in ascending the mountain than to obtain possession of these priceless treasures. So they raided his camp one night for the avowed purpose of killing the party. It happened, however, that the explorer and his men had left the camp and were sleeping in small tents on the snowfield above, and as the snow areas are never visited by the natives, they did not get their prey. In Sir Martin's opinion, if he and his men had been "at home" that night, it would have gone hard with them, for they would have been outnumbered many times.

On another occasion it was necessary to spend some time on a hilltop to carry out the triangulation required for the map the explorer was making of the country. Unfortunately the funeral monument of a departed chief stood on this hill, and the natives seriously object to having these tombs profaned by the visits of strangers. He had no sooner set up his theodolite near the monument than the Indians began collecting from all quarters till he was surrounded by more than 200 enraged natives. He had with him only a half-breed muleteer and it was only by the skin of his teeth that he escaped. He had to abandon his theodolite and make off as fast as he could on his mule, and he found that the Indians who were showering stones at him could run almost as fast as his mule could gallop. He was chased for four miles until he found refuge within the walls of a town. Before he began his race for shelter he had been able to slip the theodolite into its case and next day it was found uninjured. It was necessary to finish his observations and he returned with persons who were supposed to have influence with the natives. He had scarcely begun work, however, before the stone throwing was resumed, and work had to be suspended for the day. With the aid of a company of Bolivian soldiers he was able, at last, to complete the work.

WHAT HE DISLIKED.

I hate to be in debt.
Don't like to pay interest, eh?
No, it's the principal of the thing that bothers me.

CANADA'S SOLDIER POLICE

THEIR DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Number of Officers and Men in the Force—Their Rate of Pay—Lead the Life of a Regular Soldier in Barracks—Some Incidents of Their Life on the Plains, and Showing Their Coolness in Face of Great Danger.

In 1873, 150 men were sent to Manitoba from eastern Canada. That was the beginning of the Northwest Mounted Police. The following year, the force, 300 strong, marched to the Rocky Mountains. That was the beginning of the movement which has culminated in the dominating of the whole of the North-west Territories by these men. Within a few years the force was increased to 500 men, and during the Riel rebellion it numbered 1,000. It was divided into ten divisions, each division being designated by a letter and the depot. In 1894, it was reduced to 750 men. Last year there were in the Northwest Territories 548 men; in the Yukon, 184. The ten divisions are posted in different parts of the Northwest. There are three divisional headquarters near the United States boundary line. In each division there are outposts, with from two to ten men each.

The police officers are: a commissioner and an assistant commissioner; and, in each division, a superintendent and two inspectors. At headquarters there are two extra inspectors, one as quartermaster and the other as paymaster. Five surgeons look after the health of the police at the principal posts. A veterinary surgeon and an assistant veterinary surgeon are attached to the force, while each division has a veterinary sergeant to look after the horses. The pay of these several officers is as follows: Commissioner, $2,600 per year; assistant commissioner, $1,600 per year; superintendents, $1,400 per year; inspectors, $1,000 per year; surgeons and veterinary surgeons, $1,000; staff sergeants, $1.25 to $2.00 per day; duty sergeants, $1.00 per day; corporals, 85 cents per day; constables, 50 to 75 cents per day.

The full-dress uniform is a scarlet tunic with yellow facings, blue cloth breeches with yellow stripes, white helmet, cavalry boots, and cavalry overcoat. In winter fur coats and moccasins are worn when necessary. A serviceable khaki uniform and cowboy hat are used for rough work on the prairie in summer. In barracks the life is regulated on military principles. Every quarter or half hour the bugle calls the men to some duty—stables, parade, meals, lights out—just as in a military camp. The men have their rations, their mess, and their canteen. Each constable looks after his own horse. Each commissioned officer has a "batsman," or body servant, told off from among the constables. He pays this man $5.00 per month additional out of his own pocket. The batsman is relieved of guard and some other duties. Mechanics of all descriptions are employed in the force; they do most of the building, and all of the repairing to harness, wagons, buildings, etc.

That's the personnel of the N. W. M. P. on paper. A force of 750 men to guard a territory stretching from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, and from the forty-ninth parallel, the boundary of the United States, to the Arctic Ocean! How they can accomplish it with such efficiency as they do, guarding half a continent, peopled by warlike Indians, so well that a white man may walk from one end of it to the other, unarmed and alone, with greater security than he could pass from Castle Garden to Harlem in New York City, is just matter of wonder. Here are three illustrations; they, perhaps picture the method:

When Piapot—restless, quarrelsome, drink-loving Piapot—and his swarthy, hawk-faced following of Crees and Sultaux, hundreds of them, spread the circles of their many smoke-tanned tepees near the construction line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, beyond Swift Current, there was inaugurated the preliminary of a massacre, an Indian war, the driving out of the railway hands, or whatever other fanciful form of entertainment the fertile brain of Piapot might devise.

The Evil One must have looked down with satisfaction upon the assembly; there were navvies of wonderful and elastic moral construction; bad Indians with insane alcoholic aspirations; subservient squaws; and the keystone of the whole arch of iniquity—whiskey. The railway management sent a remonstrance to the powers. The Lieutenant-Governor issued an order; and two policemen, two plain, red-coated, blue-trousered policemen, rode forth carrying her Majesty's commands. Not a brigade, nor a regiment, nor a troop; not even a company. Even the officer bearing the written order was but a sergeant. With him was one constable. That was the force that was to move this turbulent tribe from the good hunting-ground they had struck to a secluded place many miles away. It was like turning a king off his throne. Piapot refused to move, and treated the bearer of the Pale-face Mother's message as only a blackguard Indian can treat a man who is forced to listen to his insults without retaliating.

The sergeant calmly gave him fifteen minutes in which to commence striking camp. The result was fifteen minutes of abuse—nothing more. The young bucks rode their ponies at the police horses, and jostled the sergeant and his companion. They screamed defiance at him, and fired their guns under his charger's nose and close to his head, as they circled about in their pony spirit-war-dance. When the fifteen minutes were up, the sergeant threw his picket-line to the constable, dismounted, walked over to Chief Piapot's grotesquely painted tepee, and calmly knocked the key-pole out. The walls of the palace collapsed; the smoke-grimed roof swirled down like a drunken balloon about the ears of Piapot's harem. All the warriors rushed for their guns. But the sergeant continued methodically knocking key-poles out, and Piapot saw that the game was up. He had either got to kill the sergeant—stick his knife into the heart of the whole British nation by the murder of this unruffled soldier—or give in and move away. He chose the latter course, for Piapot had brains.

Again: After the killing of Custer, Sitting Bull became a more or less orderly tenant of her Majesty the Queen. With 900 lodges he camped at Wood Mountain, just over the border from Montana. An arrow's flight from his tepees was the Northwest Mounted Police post. One morning the police discovered six dead Saultaux Indians. They had been killed and scalped in the most approved Sioux fashion. Each tribe has a trade-mark of its own in the way of taking scalps: some are broad, some are long, some round, some elliptical, some more or less square. These six Indians had been scalped according to the Sioux design. Also a seventh Saultaux, a mere lad and still alive, had seen the thing done. The police buried the six dead warriors, and took the live one with them to the police post. Sitting Bull's reputation was not founded on his modesty, and with characteristic audacity he came, accompanied by four minor chiefs and a herd of hoodlum warriors, and made a demand for the seventh Saultaux—the boy.

There were twenty policemen backing Sergeant McDonald; with the chief there were at least 500 warriors; so what followed was really an affair of prestige more than of force. When Sitting Bull arrived at the little picket gate of the post, he threw his squat figure from his pony, and in his usual generous, impetuous manner, rushed forward and thrust the muzzle of his gun into Sergeant McDonald's stomach, as though he would blow the whole British nation into smithereens with one pull of his finger. McDonald was of the sort that take things coolly—he was typical of the force. He quietly pushed the gun to one side, and told the five chiefs to step inside, as he was receiving that afternoon. When they passed through the little gate, he invited them to stack their arms in the yard, and come inside the shack and pow-wow. They demurred, but the sergeant was firm; finally the arms were stacked and the chiefs went inside to discuss matters with the police.

Outside the little stockade it was play-day in Bedlam. The young bucks rode, and whooped, and fired their guns; they disturbed the harmony of the afternoon tea, as the sergeant explained to Sitting Bull. "Send your men away," he told him.

The Sioux chief demurred again.

"Send them away," repeated the sergeant, "if you have any authority over them."

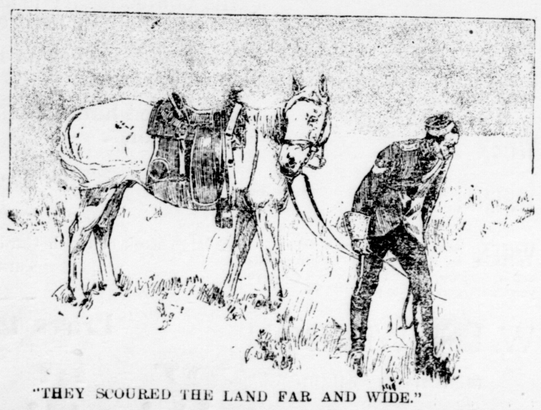
At a sign Sitting Bull and the chiefs made toward the door; but there were interruptions — red-coated objections And the rifles of the chiefs were stacked in the yard outside. Sitting Bull, like Piapot, had brains; likewise was he a good general. He nodded approvingly at this coup d'etat, and told one of the chiefs to go out and send the boys away.

When the young bucks had withdrawn to their own camp, the sergeant persuaded Sitting Bull and the others to reamin still a little longer, chiefly by force of the red-coated arguments he brought to bear upon them. "Tarry here, brothers," he said, "until I send Constable Collins and two others of my men to arrest the murderers of the dead Indians. The Saultaux are subjects of the Queen, and we cannot allow them to be killed for the fun of the thing. Also has the boy told us who the murderers are."

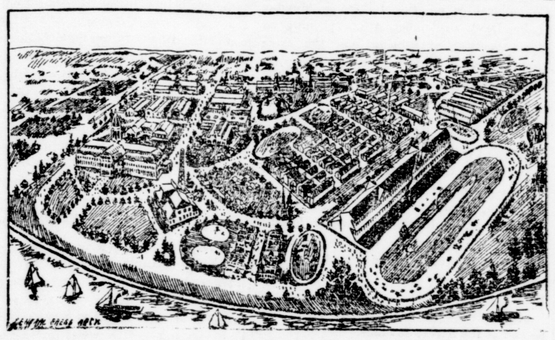
Then Constable Collins—big Jack Collins, wild Irishman and all the rest of it—went over to the Sioux camp, accompanied by two fellow-policemen, and arrested three of the slayers of the dead Indians. It was like going through the Inquisition for the fun of the thing. The Indians jostled and shoved them, and fired their pistols and guns about their ears, whirled their knives and tomahawks dangerously close, and indulged in every other species of torment their vengeful minds could devise. But big Jack and his comrades hung on to their prisoners, and steadily worked their way along to the post.

Not a sign of annoyance had escaped either of the constables up to the time a big Indian stepped up directly in in front of Jack Collins and spat in his face. Whirra, whirroo! A big mutton-leg fist shot through the prairie air, and the Sioux brave, with broken nose, lay like a crushed moccasin at Jack's feet. "Take that, ye black baste!" he hissed between his clenched teeth. "An' ye've made me disobey orders, ye foul fiend!" Then he marched his prisoner into the post, and reported his misconduct for striking an Indian. The three prisoners were sent to Regina, and tried for the murder. I do not know whether Jack was punished for his handiwork or not, though it is quite likely that he was strongly censured at least.

(To be Continued.)



"THEY SCOURED THE LAND FAR AND WIDE."



CANADA'S GREATEST FAIR.

This year will mark the coming of age of Canada's Great Fair and Industrial Exposition, which will be held in Toronto from August 28th to Sept. 9th. It is just twenty-one years since Toronto Exhibition was established as an annual institution under the preseht management. During that time it has increased five fold in every direction, and to-day can fairly lay claim to have assumed a national character. Last year upwards of 300,000 people attended, and this year such arrangements are being made as will warrant the exception of a still larger attendance. Many entirely new features will be presented, while the exhibits, with an increased amount given in prizes totalling $35,000, will undoubtedly crowd the six hundred thousand dollars worth of buildings to their utmost. The usual brilliant military spectacles will be given, illustrating recent famous feats of arms on land and sea by both England and America, and arrangements have been made for an illustration of wireless telegraphy, wireless telephoning and the improved X rays. In short, the Exhibition will be more than ever up-to-date.

Nervous Dyspepsia.

A YOUNG LADY IN TRENTON RELEASED FROM SUFFERING.

She Suffered Untold Agony From Stomach Trouble and Sick Headaches—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her.

From the Courier, Trenton, Ont.

Some years ago we reported the case of Wm. Pickering, Trenton, being cured of locomotor ataxia. He was not able to move and was confined to his bed for weeks. Upon advice he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and immediately obtained relief. He is still free from the terrible excruciating affection, and enjoys active, robust health. We have just learned of another positive cure through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is the case of Miss Cassie Way, who has been an acute sufferer from that common foe of humanity and the foundation for many other ills, dyspepsia. For nearly eight years Miss Way suffered untold agonies with sick headache and pains in the stomach. She tried several doctors without any material benefit. A year ago she came to live with a friend in Trenton, Mrs. W. L. Derbyshire, and was so reduced that she could not sit upan hour. She feared her trouble would drive her crazy. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She replied that she had used a box before and they had done her no good. It was urged that she could not hope for relief from one box and she commenced them again. She continued using the Pills throughout the year with the result that she has completely recovered her health. Her appetite is good she has gained flesh rapidly, and is able to attend to all her household duties. She voluntarily offers this testimony as a tribute of gratitude for the benefit she has derived with the hope that others suffering as she has, may be induced to try this health restoring remedy. Mrs. Derbyshire adds her testimony to the correctness of the statement of Miss Way.

Allow me to add that for four or five years the editor of this paper has suffered from an itching rash that attacked all his joints and all the ointments within reach failed to banish it. He took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last year and is nearly well.

Dyspepsia, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, kidney trouble and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

Jeremy York.

"I am coming to that, sir," said York respectfully. "Everybody was against me whilst I lay in jail awaiting my trial at the assizes; but after I had been sentenced to be hanged, there came a bit of a change in some folk's minds; not that they doubted my guilt, but they thought it hard, perhaps, that a young fellow should die for a crime he swore he had never committed—that he should suffer death on no stronger evidence than some blood-marks and a knife and a coin, when by rights they should have found the murdered man's money upon him, besides making sure that he was dead," glancing as he spoke at Worksop, "by the discovery of his body. Sir, my sweetheart got to hear of this feeling and worked upon it, and got a number of young fellows to hang about the gibbet and shore me up, as is often done, I'm told, after the cart had been drawn away. The rope was too long, my feet touched the ground—that's what they told me. It all went black with me soon after I felt the tightness in my throat; and when I recovered my mind, I found myself in a little cottage someway the Deal side of Sandwich, with my sweetheart, Jenny, kneeling by my side, and a Sandwich barber letting blood from my arm. What was then to be done, sir, being a live man, but to get out of the country as fast as I could? Jenny helped to disguise me, gave me all the money she had, having spent what the owners of my ship had sent her on a lawyer to defend me at the trial; and walking as far as Ramsgate I found a vessel there that wanted a man; and coming to the Thames after a coasting trip, I signed for the West Indiaman out of which I have just been pressed. That's the truth of the story, sir, as Heaven hears me."

Once again he hid his face, and his strong frame shook with a violent fit of sobbing. They waited until he had collected himself, burning as they were with curiosity to hear Worksop's story, for the solution of the amazing mystry must lie in that.

"And now, what's your yarn?" says the captain.

Worksop seemed to emerge with his prodigiously elongated countenance out of a very trance or stupefaction of astonishment. He wiped his brow, threw a bewildered look around, dried his lips, and began.

"Your honor," he said, "this is how it was; and I do hope Heaven'll forgive me for being the involuntary cause of this poor gentleman's most tremendious sufferings. He comes to bed on that precious night all right, just as he says, and found me a bit growling and surly, I dessay, for the fact was, your honor, that same afternoon, unbeknown to anybody belonging to the Lonely Star, I'd called upon a barber that was a stranger to me to let me some blood for an ugly pain I had in my side; and when this poor young fellow came to bed, I was lying very uneasy with the smart of the wound the barber had made. Well, I fell asleep, but was awakened by feeling my side cold and damp. There was light enough coming through the window, as this young man has already told your honor, to throw things out middling visible; and with half an eye I saw that I was bleeding badly, and that if I didn't look sharp, I must lose more blood than I was ever likely to get back again. I dressed myself in a hurry, meaning to run round to the barber's house, that he might strap up the wound he had made in ship-shape fashion, just noticing, whilst I pulled on my clothes, that this young gentleman had left the bed, and was out of the room, though I scarce gave the matter a moment's heed, being too anxious to get the bleeding stopped to think of anything else. I bundled down the staircase, and as I arrived on the pavement, a group of men pounced upon me. They were a press-gang from the first-rate the Thunderer, lying in the Downs. I tried to make 'em understand my condition; but instead of listening, they turned to and gagged me, and carried me, dripping as I was, which they wouldn't take much notice of in the dark, down to a bit of a pier on the beach, tossed me into the boat, and put me aboard, where I was properly doctored after the wound came to be looked at. When I'd served two months aboard the Thunderer, they transferred me to a sloop, and afterwards drafted me into this here vessel, your honor; and that's the blessed truth," cried he, smiting the palm of his hand with his fist, "as I'm alive to tell it."

"Did you miss the knife?" inquired the commander.

"I did, your honor, when I came to feel in my pockets."

"And the Spanish gold coin?"

"I did, sir, to my sorrow. I had thirty-six guineas in cash; the money was all right; but I'd have given it four times over to have got that Spanish bit back again."

"How do you account for your possession of it?" inquired the captain, addressing York.

"Why, your honor, I think I can explain that," cried Worksop, before the young fellow could answer. "I've no more belief that I was robbed of it than I have that I'm a murdered man. This will have been it, your honor. The blade of my knife was a bit worn, and there was a wacant length in the hollow of it when clasped. The coin must have got jammed into that wacancy. It would fit well, sir; mor'n once I have drawed out the knife with the coin stuck in it. There was nothen, I suppose, but the wish to keep that coin away from my other money that allowed me to let it lie in the pocket where my knife was."

"A wonderful story indeed," said the catpain.—"What is your name, my man?"

"Jeremy York, sir."

"It will be my duty to put you in the way of righting yourself with the law, that has most grievously sinned against you, at the earliest opportunity.—You can go forward, now, both of you."

The captain of the man-of-war was as good as his word. On the arrival of the vessel at Havana, he sent York and Worksop on board a king's ship that would be sailing for home in a few days. Out of his own purse he presented the young man with a handsome sum of money; whilst all hands, from the first-lieutenent down to the loblolly boy, subscribed dollars enough to handsomely tassel the handkerchief of the victim of circumstantial evidence. Further, the captain gave him a letter addressed to a relative of his holding an important official position at the Admiralty, in which he related York's story at large, and begged him so to interest himself in the affair as to contrive that the unfortunate young man should have his character thoroughly re-established, along with such reparation from government as influence could obtain.

The story is one hundred and thirty years old; time has blackened the canvas; one sees the singular picture but dimly, and such sequel as remains must be left to the imagination of the student of this blurred old-world piece. Yet tradition is not wholly unhelpful, for there is reason at least to believe that public emotion was sufficiently stirred by the representations of the broadsheets and prints of those days to result in a sum of money considerable enough not only to enable Jeremy York to marry his faithful sweetheart Jenny Rax, but to free the young man from the obligation of going to sea for a living, and establish them both in a snug business in the neighborhood of Limehouse.

The End.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.

How the Different Countries Have Increased Since the Beginning of the Century.

Some interesting statistics in regard to the increase of population have just been compiled by Sir Robert Giffon, a distinguished English expert on this subject. He shows that England now has possessions on all five continents, and that a quarter of the population of the entire earth is subject to her suzerainty. The extent of territory owned by England amounts to 13,000,000 square miles, and on this immense tract is a population of 420,000,000. During the last twenty-seven years the English realm has increased by 2,854,000. square miles, and within the same period 125,000,000 have been added to the population.

Since 1871, the population of the United Kingdom—England, Scotland and Ireland—has increased from 32,000,000 to 40,000,000. At the beginning of this century England, Scotland and Ireland had a population of 11,000,000, and France of 26,000,000; yet to-day the proportion of population in both countries is almost alike. Russia has increased her population by 60,000,000, since 1870, the result being that she has now a total population of 130,000,000. Germany had a population of 20,000,000 at the beginning of this century; now she has between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000, of whom almost a quarter is the result of the increase of births over deaths. Germany, too, is making vast strides as a colonial Power, and her population in those distant possessions already amounts to a considerable number.

CLEVELAND FOR THIRD TERM.

Washington, D.C.,—. —The possibility of his party uniting on Mr. Cleveland for third term attracts increased attention here, and his nomination, despite its exceptional character, is not an impossibility. Reciprocal trade relations with Canada and the admission into the United States free of duty of that celebrated Canadian product, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, on account of its painless action and certainty, would be a plank in his platform. Use Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sure! safe! painless!

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MATTER.

I firmly believe, she said, that woman should have the right to propose.

Of course, if woman proposes, he replied, she would give an engagement ring and other presents instead of receiving them.

On second thought, she answered, perhaps it would be better not to change existing conditions.

TOURS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico, the choicest resorts, and to the trans-continental traveller the grandest scenery. Two separate and distinct routes through the Rocky Mountains, all through tickets available via either. The direct line to Cripple Creek, the greatest gold camp on earth. Double daily train service with through Pullman palace and tourist sleeping cars, between Denver, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, and Denver and Portland. The best line to Utah, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington via the "Ogden Gateway." Write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colorado, for illustrated descriptive pamphlets.

SEVEN TIMES A WIDOW.

Senora Rey Castillo, a Mexican lady, surely holds the world's record for multiple widowhood, as she has worn the weeds seven times between the years 1880 and 1895. A curious feature of the case is that each of her consorts found a violent but different exit from life. The first fell out of a carriage; the second took poison by accident; the third perished by a mining accident; the fourth shot himself; the fifth was killed while hunting; the sixth met his death by dropping from a scaffolding, and the last was drowned.

FIRST SAVINGS BANK.

Extraordinary ceremonies attended the laying of the corner stone for the new Post-office Savings Bank in England. The Prince of Wales, attended by a large royal party, himself wielded the elegantly engraved silver trowel and mallet. It is just 100 years since savings banks were first established in Great Britain, and the credit of their inception belongs to the church. In 1799 Rev. Joseph Smith opened the first "bank for savings" in England in his parish church at Wendover. There are now over 12,000 postoffice saving bank offices, with 7,500,000 depositors and $625,000,000 on deposit.

A MIRROR ATTACHMENT.

Ladies will appreciate a new mirror attachment which will enable them to see the back of their hats and gowns, a clamp being attached to one side of a large glass to carry a series of links forming a flexible arm which can be adjusted to bring a small mirror into position to show the figure in the large one.

NEARLY NINE MONTHS IN THE WATER

THE CORPSE OF A KINGSTON BARRISTER DROWNED LAST AUTUMN.

Recently Recovered and Identified.

On the 15th of July last, a body was found in Salmon Lake, Frontenac Co., Ont., by some farmers residing in the vicinity, in a state of decomposition which made it absolutely impossible to establish its identity. The parts exposed in contact with the water, the face and the hands, were completely denuded.

It was supposed to be the body of Mr. Henry Thomas Shibley a well known barrister of Kingston, Ont., who was drowned on the 29th of October, 1898. He had gone on a hunting and fishing expedition to Salmon Lake and a boat partly filled with supplies was washed ashore on the following day. A search was made at once and the lake was dragged for ten days without result further than the finding of a portion of the supplies which indicated where the boat was capsized and the probable drowning of its occupant.

Upon the band of the shirt collar were found the initials H. T. S., but these letters were not absolute proof of the identity of the body, but upon finding attached to his watch chain key-check number 5559 of The Identification and Protective Company of Canada, Limited, whose head office is in the Temple Building, Montreal, Messrs. Macdonnell and Farrell, Barristers of Kingston, at once communicated with The Identification and Protective Company of Canada, and their Manager, Mr. G. I. Goddard, forwarded them the necessary certificate to establish the identity and enable them to complete the chain of proofs for the collection of the Insurance in The People's Life, of Toronto, in favor of the deceased sisters who had been unable to recover the amount until the identity of the corpse was established beyond a doubt.

HE KNEW ONE WAS NEEDED.

Good morning! I am here to tune your piano.

My piano! I did not order a piano tuner.

No, but the gentleman across the way did.

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

SPENT ON BEER.

Bavaria, with a population of 5 815,500, spends $84,800,000 a year in beer.

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

LARGEST CHECK.

China drew the largest check in the Bank of England of which the bank has any record, in settlement of the Japanese indemnity, It was for 11,008,857 pounds, 16 shillings and 9 pence.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

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

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

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill College Avenue Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G T R Depot' Two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.

MUTUAL UNREST.

If there is anything in this world more anxious than the look on the face of a bachelor who has been beguiled into holding a baby it is the look on the face of the baby's mother, eagerly watching him while he does it.

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

A SAD CASE.

Dr. Chargem—Your friend needs vigorous treatment; I never saw a man in such a state of mental depression. Can't you convince him that the future holds some brightness for him?

Sympathetic Friend—That is unfortunately impossible. He has drawn his salary for three weeks ahead and spent the money.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

IN YE OLDEN TIME.

One hundred years ago a gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground.

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."

DOGS THAT NEVER BARK.

There are three varieties of the dog that never barks—the Australian dog, the Egyptian shepherd dog and the "lion-headed" dog of Thibet.

$5 Tires

Double Tubes, give good service—Send in early—won't last long.

—Headquarters for
—Goodrich Single Tubes,
—C. & J. Detachable,
—Morgan & Wright,
—Bicycle Sundries, Saddles, Tubes, &c.

Dealers' prices on application.

American Tire Co., 164-168 King St. West, TORONTO.

"You can mould opinion, you can create political power." says John Bright. But you cannot find a Tea equal to Blue Ribbon Ceylon.

NEVER CHANGES—The Uniformly High Quality of **LUDELLA** CEYLON TEA is always maintained. Do you use it? If not, do so. Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

A BOON FOR THE LAME! THE IVEY PATENT EXTENSION SHOE CO., Are anxious to secure the address of every lame man and woman in Canada whose lameness consists in one limb being shorter than the other, and are offering good paying employment to every lame person who will take the trouble to write for circulars and care to act as agents. Get one of the Extensions for yourself and you will, after wearing it a week, have no trouble to convince others of its value. This Extension is by far the best of its nature ever placed on the market, and enables the wearer to walk upright, to walk with ease and comfort, to wear any ordinary store shoe, and gives them the same appearance as their more fortunate friends. Descriptive circulars free to all. Ask for terms to agents. Address BEFORE AFTER. 170 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

TO CLEAN WHITE RIBBON.

White satin ribbons are supposed to be perishable things. However, with care they can be cleaned and worn indefinitely. Wash them with warm soap and water and a nail brush, or if not very much soiled rub them with the hands. After rinsing, let them dry thoroughly, before ironing, If ironed when wet they are too stiff and will not tie well.

RUSSIAN FAMINE.

Over a quarter of a million of people have already perished in consequence of the famine in Russia.

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

CABMAN'S FORTUNE.

George Harris, a Boston cab driver has accumulated a fortune of $100,000 during his lifetime by the investment of his fares.

DISCOVERED AT LAST.

A wholesome, nourishing preparation which takes the place of tea and coffee cures indigestion, and all complaints caused by tea and coffee which are poisonous. "Rocko Health Drink" is absolutely pure and is used at your meals instead of coffee. A 10c. package will make 75 cups. Rokco also makes a delicious summer iced drink. For sale by grocers. Ask for it.

DISPROPORTION OF SEXES.

The disproportion of the sexes is still very great in Australia. In West Australia e.g., there were only 54,000 women in a population of 168,000.

HOSPITAL KEPT BY SCRAPS.

At Munich there is a hospital which is entirely supported by the sale of old steel pens and nibs collected from all parts of Germany. They are made into watch springs, knives and razors.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all drugg sts. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

HER PRIVILEGE EXCLUSIVELY.

Dora—I let him kiss me on condition that he wouldn't mention it.

Cora—I suppose you wanted to break the news yourself?

QUEER WAGERS.

Men have made queer wagers in the past and present. One man afflicted with the gambling spirit was Sir Mark Sykes. He offered to pay any one a guinea a day for each day Napoleon lived, provided the taker would pay 100 guineas down. A clergyman accepted the offer and made a fine profit, as Napoleon lived three years.

W P C 983

CALVERT'S Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevent 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 druggis for it. Price 10c

LADIES WANTED—To represent us in this district, steady wages, pleasant position. ITALIAN DRUG CO., Montreal.

PATENTS Procured in all countries Designs, Trade Marks registered, Copyrights, Caveats procured. Write for information. EGERTON, R. CASE, Registered Solicitor of Patents, Notary Public, Temple Building, Toronto, Ont.

WIN LOVE AND AFFECTION. The Great Magnetic Vegetable Discovery of the Chinese has never been known to fail. Absolutely pure and harmless. A trial will convince you of its great influence. Sent by mail in plain wrapper for 50c. Oriental Chemical Co., Montreal.

Catarrh—We can cure any form of Catarrh. Price 50c & $1 per box. Write for circular and testimonials. Room 6, 146 St. James St., Montreal, Que.

BUSINESS SCHOOL. ALBERT COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE, ONT. $36 pays for Board, Tuition, etc., for one term of 10 weeks. Send for specimen of penmanship, etc. W. P. DYER, Principal.

WANTED. AGENTS—Either sex, to handle our superior line of Crayon and Water Color Portraits, Frames, etc. Solar and Electric Prints supplied to artists and the trade. All goods at wholesale prices. POWELL & ORTH, Toronto, Ont.

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Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Religious Pictures, Statuary, and Church Ornaments, Educational Works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal.

FARMS FOR SALE—BRUCE COUNTY—Some Great Bargains. Apply to JAMES McK. STEWART, Drawer 16, Kincardine P.O., Ont.

WHITE'S PHOSPHO 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. Queen City Drug Co., 271 Wellington-st. E., Toronto.

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

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Cor. West-Market & Colborne St., Toronto, Can get you best prices for your Apples, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, and other produce, if you ship it to them.

LAW Mills, Mills & Hales Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldg., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 881 Queen W. Toronto.

Stammerers Especially those who have failed to be cured elsewhere, write to Dr. Ar