STOPPED BY A SENTRY

English Admiral Found Way Barred by One o His Underlings.

Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour the naval commander in chief at Portsmouth, England, who retired from active service at the end of last month, is the subject of many good stories. Perhaps one of the best is of an amusing adventure which befell him soon after he took over the Portsmouth command. Sir Michael is a er men than he a fair start and a beating in a hundred yard sprint. Some three years back he was swingrine artillery barracks at Eastney, when a sentry stopped him. "You can't go any further, the road is closed to-day," said the man, "Do you know who I am?" queried the astonished admiral, who was not accustomed to having marine sentries exercise authority over him, The man replied | that he didn't know and didn't care. "But I am your commanderin-chief," expostulated the admiral. For a minute the man stared at him, over his shoulder, and exclaiming in pebbled road. sarcastic tones, "Chuck it! Chuck it!" And Sir Michael might have had to turn back in discomfiture had come to his aid. The sentry's too cotton fields that stretched out rigid performance of his duty resulted in his being marched off to the guard-room-rather hard upon a man who could not be expected to associ- given to the pillars of roses that fillhim with the awful majesty of the port admiral.

SIBERIA HAS DEPARTMENT STORES.

Blagovestchensk, in Siberia, is a city of about 40,000 inhabitants. It has construction. Besides a large depart- a year before. ment store of a German firm, there is a Russian department store which would hold its own in Broadway or to you later on," so read the telegram, Sixth avenue in point of size and which puzzled the housekeeper more equipment. The building is of white than she cared to admit to the instone and stands on one side of the large market square, where daily the curiously watching her thoughtful country people congregate with their face. fresh supplies of milk, eggs and butter. The prices may be a little heav- | they get here, Hagar," she said, nerier and the variety of stock not so vously, and, as if in confirmation of large as in the haunts of our Ameri- her words, a few rain-drops splashed can shoppers, but one cannot help against the window-pane. feeling surprised at what can bought in this faraway part of the world, including a large selection of

Pronounced Incarable.

OF HALIFAX.

Following Inflammation of the Lungs a Severe Cough Set in and Her Doctor Said Her Case Was Hopeless-Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Her Health.

From the Recorder, Halifax, N. S. Mrs. Agnes Foran, who resides at 21 Agricola street, Halifax, N. S. tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health, after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she attributes her present happy condition, under Providence, to the marvellous quali-When Mrs. Foran was called upon by a representative of the Acadien Recorder, who stated his mission, she cordially welcomed him to her pleasant home, where in the presence of her mother and sister, she freely told the story of her sickness and recovery. She said.. "A few years ago I suffered a severe attack of inflammanot do any work, suffering all the from the one to the other. "Is it bid you. I want you to go quickly

tion of the lungs, and was attended by one of the best physicians in the city. I pulled through but was left a complete wreck, so that I could time from palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration and a ringing sound in my head. I also had a distressing cough and for months 1 never knew what it was to have good night's rest. For two years my life was a perfect misery to me and under the doctor's orders I took emulsion till I was nauseated with the sight of it, but all to no purpose. My life was despaired of by all my friends who were assured by the doctor that my case was beyond the reach of human skill. I was visited by the clergy of my church and Sisters of Charity, who were very kind and sympathetic and looked upon me as one whose earthly race was about run. I exper mented with all sorts of remedies for my cough, but without avail. My druggist at last advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being fairly discouraged, nevertheless I was persuaded to make the trial, when to the surprise and joy of myself, family and friends, I began to get better, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was as well as you see me now," and she laughingly added, "I think you will admit that I don't look very much

like a sick woman." Her mother, who

daughter's long illness, added: "It

just seems like a dream to us all that

we once despaired of her life, when

we now see her the pink of health." Mrs. Foran said that when on visit to England about a year ago she contracted a heavy cold and was threatened with a return of her cough, but she at once got some of the pills and by the time she had reached New York she was as well as ever again. She related a number of instances in which she had advised persons suffering from chronic ed persons suffering from chronic complaints to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always with the best results. She mentioned particularly a niece of hers living in Boston who was run down and in a wretched condition of health, but was now healthy young woman who owed the fact to the use of the pills When the reporter was taking his leave Mrs. Foran, said; "I am very glad to have the opportunity to testify what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done

could live." The coast line of the Chinese empire

tier is 4,400 miles.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER I.

A warm day in the southern part of West Virginia was fast drawing to a close; the heat during the day had splendid athlete. Tall and spare, he been almost intolerable under the could even now give many far young- rays of the piercing sun, and the night was coming on in sullen sultriness. No breath of cooling air stirred the leafy branches of the trees; the stilling along in front of the Royal Ma- ness was broken only by the chirping of the crickets, and the fire-flies twinkled for a moment, and were then lost to sight in the long grasses. On one of the most prosperous plantations in that section of the country there was a great stir of excitement; the master, Basil Hurlhurst, was momentarily expected home with his bride. The negroes in their best attire were scattered in anxious groups here and there, watching never stopping to gain breath until eagerly for the first approach of then turned away, jerking his thumb their master's carriage on the white derous gate that shut in the garden

The curtains of Whitestone Hall were looped back, and a cheerful not an officer who saw the occurrence flood of light shone out on the waving far as the eye could reach, like a field of snow. The last touches had been ate the tweed-clad gentleman before ed every available nook and corner, making the summer air redolent with their odorous perfumes. Mrs. Cor- fell upon her ear. liss, who had maintained the position of housekeeper for a score of years | tious voice, and in the quick flashes or more, stood at the window twisting the telegram she held in her hand with ill-concealed impatience. many fine buildings, including four or The announcement of this home-comfive Greek churches, one of which is ing had been as unexpected as the lock. There was no fear in the fiery,

"Let there be no guests assembled -my reasons will be made apparent quisitive maid, who stood near her,

Both stood gazing intently out in-

to the darkness. The storm had now commenced in earnest. The great toys, cameras and photograph sup- trees bent to and fro like reeds before the wind; the lightning flashed, and the terrific crash of roaring thunder mingled with the torrent of rain that beat furiously against the casement. It seemed as if the very THE STORY OF MRS. AGNES FORAN | flood-gates of heaven were flung open wide on this memorable night of the master's return.

> "It is a fearful night. Ah! happy is the bride upon whose home-coming the sunlight falls," muttered Mrs. Corliss under her breath.

words, and in a voice that sounded strange and weird like a warning.

whose home-coming rain-drops fall." How little they knew, as they stood there, of the terrible tragedy against which the woman's face was -the cruelest ever enacted-those pressed. She stretched out her hand. grim, silent walls of Whitestone and it rested for a moment in the Hall were soon to witness, in fulfillment of the strange prophecy. Hagar, the maid, had scarcely ceased speaking ere the door was flung violently are?" ly open, and a child of some five summers rushed into the room, her face livid with passion, and her dark. gleaming eyes shining like baneful stars, before which the two women

involuntarily quailed. "What is this I hear?" she cried. with wild energy, glancing fiercely true what they tell me-my father is and quietly, and bring me the longbringing home his bride?"

Mrs. Corliss, feebly, "I---" "Don't Pluma me!" retorted the

shild, clutching the deep crimson passion roses from a vase at her side, and tramping them ruthlessly beneath her feet. "Answer me at once, I sav-has he dared do it ?" "P-l-u-m-a!" Mrs. Corliss advances

toward her, but the child turns her darkly beautiful, willful face toward her with an imperious gesture. "Do not come a step nearer," cried the child, bitterly, "or I shall fling myself from the window down on to the rock below. I shall never welcome my father's wife here; and mark me, both of you, I hate her!" she the day that she was born!"

Mrs. Corliss knew but too well the arms clasped lovingly about her? child would keep her word. No power, save God, could stay the turbulent | terly. current of the ungovernable selfwill which would drag her on to her sped on her fatal errand through the on the sprain or wet cloths may be used doom. No human being could hold storm and the darkness. A moment if frequently renewed. The foot or in subjection the fierce, untamed will later she had returned with the key ankle can be conveniently immersed of the beautiful, youthful tyrant.

There had been strange rumors of had been listening to the tale of her former marriage. No one remember- you have done or seen or heard to- with wadding or flannel. The less ed having seen her but once, quite five years before. A beautiful woman with a babe had suddenly appeared at Whitestone Hall, announcing herself as Basil Hurlhurst's wife. There had been a fierce, stormy interview, and on that very night Basil Hurlhurst took his wife and child abroad; those who had once seen the dark, glorious, scornful beauty of the woman's face never forgot it. Two years later the master had returned alone with the little child, heavily

> draped in widower's weeds. The master of Whitestone Hall was young; those who knew his story were not surprised that he should marryhe could not go through life alone; still they felt a nameless pity for the young wife who was to be brought to the home in which dwelt the child of his former wife.

There would be bitter war to the end between them. No one could tell on which side the scales of mercy and justice would be balanced.

At that instant, through the ragfor me and you can say that I shall ing of the fierce elements, the sound never cease to sound their praises, of carriage wheels smote upon their and I bless the good Lord that they ears as the vehicle dashed rapidly up were placed in my way at a time the long avenue of the porch; while, not the hope that I in another instant, the young master, half carrying the slight, delicate figure that clung timidly to his arm, hurriedly entered the spacious par- various remedies before and to no cure them as it has me." lor. There was a short consultation purpose. exceeds 2,000 miles and the land fron- with the housekeeper, and Basil Hurl- "Now, imagine how great and joyous at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & things I can't afford!" hurst, tenderly lifting the slight was my surprise to find that just the Co., Toronto.

burden in his strong, powerful arms, quickly bore his wife to the beautiapartments that had been prepared for her.

In the excitement of the moment Pluma was quite forgotten; for an instant only she glanced bitterly at the sweet, fair face resting against her father's shoulder, framed in mass of golden hair. The child clinched her small hands until she almost cried aloud with the intense pain, never once deigning a glance at her father's face. In that one instant the evil seeds of a life-time were sown strong as life and more bitter than death.

Turning hastily aside she sprung hurriedly down the long corridor, and out into the darkness and the storm, she had quite reached the huge ponfrom the dense thicket that skirted the southern portion of the plantation. She laughed a hard, mocking laugh that sounded unnatural from childish lips, and she saw a white hand hurriedly loop back the silken curtains of her father's window, and saw him bend tenderly over the golden-haired figure in the arm-chair. Suddenly the sound of her own name

"Pluma," whispered a low, cauof lightning she saw a white, haggard woman's face pressed close against the grating, and two white hands were steadily forcing the rusty rebellious heart of the dauntles

"Go away, you miserable beggarwoman," she cried, "or I shall set the hounds on you at once. Do you hear me, I say?" "Who are you?" questioned the wo-

man, in the same low-guarded voice. The child threw her head back proudly, her voice rising shrilly above "Pears to me it will rain afore the wild warring of the elements, as "Know, then, I am Pluma, the heir-

ess of Whitestone Hall." The child formed a strange picture-her dark, wild face, so strangely like the mysterious woman's own. standing vividly out against the

crimson lightning flashes, her dark curls blown about her gypsy-like face, the red lips curling scornfully, her dark eyes gleaming. "Pluma," called the woman, softly, "come here."

"How dare you, a beggar-woman, call me!" cried the child, furiously.

"Pluma-come-here-instantly!" There was a subtle something in the stranger's voice that throbbed through the child's pulse like leaping fire-a strange, mysterious in-Hagar had caught the low-spoken | fluence that bound her, heart and soul, like the mesmeric influence a serpent exerts over a fascinated dove. Slowly, hesitatingly, this child, whose "Yes, and unhappy is the bride upon | fiery will had never bowed before hupower, came timidly forward. step by step, close to the iron gate

child's dark curls.

"Pluma, the gate is locked," she said. "Do you know where the keys "No," answered the child.

"They used to hang behind the pantry door-a great bunch of them. Don't they hang there now?"

"Ye-es." "I thought so," muttered the woman, triumphantly. "Now, listen. Pluma; I want you to do exactly as I est and thinnest one. You are not to "Pluma, my child," remonstrated | breathe one word of this to any living soul. Do you understand, Pluma -I command you to do it."

"Yes," answered the child, dubi-"Stay!" she called, as the child was

about to turn from her. the house lighted up to-night?" Again the reckless spirit of the child flashed forth.

"My father has brought home his is kept away nature will generally rebride," she said. "Don't you see him store the tissue without other assistbending over her, toward the third window yonder?" The woman's eyes quickly followed

in the direction indicated. Was it a curse the woman muttered as she watched the fair, goldencried, vehemently. "She shall rue haired young girl-wife's head resting may often be best treated by a comagainst Basil Hurlhurst's breast, his

> "Go, Pluma!" she commanded, bitwhich was to unlock a world of misery to so many lives. "Promise me, Pluma, heiress of

night. You must never dare breathe it while you live. Say you will never "No," cried the chid, "I shall never get well quickly.

tell. They might kill me, but I would never tell them."

The next moment she was alone

Stunned and bewildered, she turned her face slowly toward the house. The storm did not abate in its fury; nightbirds flapped their wings through the storm, overhead; owls shrieked in the distance from the swaying tree-tops; yet the child walked slowly home knowing no fear. In the house lights were moving to and fro while servants, with bated breath and light footfalls, hurried through the long corridors toward her father's room. No one seemed to notice Pluma, in along by their side, toward her own

little chamber. It was quite midnight when her father sent for her. Pluma suffered him to kiss her, giving back no ans-

her dripping robe, creeping slowly

"I have brought some one else to you, my darling," he said. "See, Pluma-a new mamma! . And see who else-a wee, dimpled little sister, with golden hair like mamma's, and great blue eves. Little Evalia is your sister, dear. Pluma must love her new mamma and sister for papa's

The dark frown on the child's face never relaxed, and, with an impatient gesture, her father ordered her taken at once from the room. Suddenly the great bells of White-

stone Hall ceased pealing for the

joyous birth of Basil Hurlhurst's daughter, and bitter cries of a strong man in mortal anguish rent the air. No one had noticed how or when the sweet, golden-haired young wife had died. With a smile on her lips, she was dead, with her tiny little darling pressed close to her pulseless heart. But sorrow even as pitiful as death but rarely travels singly, Dear Heaven! how could they tell the broken-hearted man, who wept in such agony beside the wife he had loved so well, of another mighty sorrow that had fallen upon him? Who was there that could break the news to him? The tiny, fair-haired infant had been stolen from their midst. They would have thanked God if it had been lying cold in death upon

its mother's bosom. Slowly throughout the long nightthat terrible night that was never to be forgotten-the solemn bells pealed forth from the turrets of Whitestone Hall, echoing in their sound; "Unhappy is the bride the rain falls on. Most truly had been the fulfillment of the fearful prophecy!

"Merciful God!" cried Mrs. Corliss, "how shall I break the news to my master? The sweet little babe is For answer Hagar bent quickly over

her, and breathed a few words in her ear that caused her to cry out in

Hagar: "it is the wisest course. The truth will lie buried in our own

Six weeks from the night his golden-haired wife had died Basil Hurlhurst awoke to consciousness from the ravages of brain-fever-awoke to a life not worth the living. Quickly Mrs. Corliss, the housekeeper, was sent for, who soon entered the room leaning upon Hagar's arm.

"My wife is-" He could not say

"Buried, sir, beneath yonder wil-

"And the babe?" he cried, eagerly. 'Dead," answered Hagar, softly, 'Both are buried in one grave." Basil Hurlhurst turned his face to the wall, with a bitter groan. Heaven forgive them-the seeds of the bitterest of tragedies were irre-

vocably sown.

(To Be Continued.)

FOR BURNS AND BRUISES.

The most important point in the reatment of burns is to at once exclude the air. Cotton wool saturated with sweet oil is a safe and effective application. Do not remove the dressing until the irritation has subsided. their children's burns with flour. In serious cases a mixture of sweet oi and molasses is favoured. Vaseline will sometimes be sufficient. If the air

Table oil or fresh butter rubbed immediately on a slight bruise will prevent swelling or disfigurement. But if the bruise is severe of course a little raw beefsteak is better. A slight bruise

press wet with witch hazel. The first thing to do with a sprain is to apply water as hot as can be borne, and repeat until the pain is Quickly and cautiously the child gone. The hot water may be showered to keep the injured part thoroughly the unhappiness of Basil Hurlhurst's Whitestone Hall, never to tell what warm. This is done by winding it a sprained limb is used, the quieter it is kept, the more likely it is to

SAVED FROM AN

With Its Dangers, Pain and Expense and Thoroughly Cured of Torturing Itching Piles by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

asperating itching? and pain are no longer necessary. Dr. me. Chase's Ointment positively cures every form of piles, whether itching,

bleeding or protruding. Rev. S. A. Dupran, Methodist minister, Consecon, Prince Edward County. Ont., states :- "I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years and they ultimately attained to a very violent form. Large lumps or abcesses formed so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to stool. this severe crisis I purchased a box boxes, and am almost entirely cured. of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but I had The itching is all gone. I have advised little or no faith in it, as I had tried

Is it any wonder that physicians one box cured me, so that the lumps and druggists are unanimous in re- disappeared and also the external commending Dr. Chase's Ointment as swelling. I feel like a different man part of her life in a city office has the only actual cure for piles? Is it to-day and have not the least doubt any wonder that ministers and prom- that Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me inent business and professional men from a very dangerous and painful willingly testify to the merits of a operation and many years of sufferpreparation which really cures piles ing. It is with the greatest pleasure with the accompanying risk, expense Chase's Ointment has done so much for You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted,"

> Rev. J. A. Baldwin, Baptist minister, Arkons, Ont., writes:-"For over twenty years I was great sufferer from itching and proruding piles. I used many remedies and underwent three very painful surgical operations, all without obtaining any permanent benefit. When about to give up in despair I was told to use Dr. Chase's Ointment and did so, finding relief at once. I used three others to use it, believing

> Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box.

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD value of money. If you had been a

A Lady Who Cures Her Husband of Romance is nothing but a blind, and His Drinking Habits Writes of Her Struggle to Save Her Home.

A PATHETIC LETTER.



trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would dis cover that I was giving him medicine. and the thought unnerved me. I hesita ed for nearly a week, but one day wher he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threv off all fear and determined to make a effort to save our home from the ruin I sav coming, at all hazards. I sent for y Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and p it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the resul At noon I gave him more and also at su per. He never suspected a thing, and then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my my body tingli with hope and happiness, and I could a bright future spread out before mepeaceful, happy home, a share in the goo things of life, an attentive, loving h band, comforts, and everything else dea to a woman's heart; for my husband ha told me that whiskey was vile stuff and i was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the gether, but I kept giving him the n eine till it was gone, and then sent for a other lot, to have on hand if he should I lapse, as he had done from promises h ore. He never has and I am writing ve this letter to tell you how thankful! an I honestly believe it will cure the for

SENT FREE TO ALL. - A sample pack of Tasteless Samaria Prescription glad SENT FREE with full particulars in plai sealed envelope. All letters consider sacrediy confidential. ddress The maria Remedy Co., 33 Jordan st

The Business Girl and The Home-Bird.

The stay-at-home girl whose parents are numbered among the wellto-do, has far more opportunities, of meeting possible suitors and marrying well than the girl whose time is almost entirely taken up in the struggle for self-maintenance. The former has little else to do but attend to her dress, help in the domestic ar-"No one will ever know," whispered rangements, and make herself attractive and agreeable; the latter spends all her time in traveling, working hard all day, returning home tired in the evening. Her complexion is not so fresh as her butterfly sister's, her dresses are plainer and quieter; yet, whren it comes to the question o marriage, one has only to look round to see which of the two would make the best wife.

> "The stay-at-home girl is the gir for me," says the unthinking youth 'She is prettier, more girlish, and more domesticated."

This may be. She would be a prett

little housekeeper, no doubt; keep the place neat and spotiess, and cook the daintiest little dinners in the world. But would the average man be content with that? Does he marry because he wants a cook or a kind of superior | gather from the official bulletins. housekeeper? Let us have a better opinion of him than that. He marries because he wants a wife and a companion, and as long as things are fairly comfortable, he is not particular as to the condition of his home-in fact, he objects to flussiness, and grumbles at having to change his boots or clear up his papers. A pret ty wife does not satisfy a man nowadays. He wants to be entertained and amused. To be happy, he must have a smart wife, a lively wife, and a wife with plenty of fun as well as ommonsense. For that he has seek further than the girls who have lived a butterfly existence at home

"When I marry," said a young man the other day, "it will be a girl who has never been further than the villge in which she lives-a sweet, country girl, unhardened by contact with

"Then you would make the biggest mistake you ever made in your life!" said a practical friend. "You would get tired of her in a month. Take my advice, and when you do marry, choose a wife, whose charm lies in her self-helpfulness and her developed mind. Select a wife for everything but her ignorance, and you will not go far wrong."

And there is a great deal of truth in this. A man takes a fancy to a girl he has seen but three or four times-perhaps on the tennis-court or at a friend's bouse. She is pretty and girlish, and well-dressed, and by and by the two become engaged. If he is fortunate, he finds out his mistake before it is too late. Even then he sometimes sacrifices his future happiness by honourably carrying out his contract. The girl he has married is vain, simple, and narrow-minded. She has but few ideas in her head. and those he knows by heart. He cannot imagine how he could possibly have been attracted by such a very uninteresting woman. Yet she is as pretty and as well-dressed as when he

Thus the girl who spends the best far better prospects of married happiness. The strain of daily travelling and close work may have stolen the bloom frrom ber cheek; - she may make hideous failures in her first attempts at cookery; but she has every advantage of keeping a man's affection. She can hold her own with him, for she has had almost as much worldly experience and she knows just how far money will go. Pettiness and spite-woman's greatest pitfalls -no longer sway her. Her life has improved her mind, if not her ap-

"There is no reasoning with my wifel" said a much worried man to his father-in-law, as be overlooked his housekeeping bills. "She knows exactly what my income is, and yet she is for ever pestering me to buy

"You took her from a luxurious

en a wife who needed no instruction. scarcely lasts the wedding-clothes There is no happiness in a home rich or poor, which is governed by an extravagant wife; and there are few women in the world who can be taught to know the worth of money, except

home to a poor one!" said the father

calmly. "You must remember that

and bear with her and teach her the

wise young man, you would have chos-

by suffering from the lack of it. "I used to keep myself entirely on twenty-five hillings a week," said a happy bride, who had given up a Government appointment to become the wife of a struggling young artist. ' Now I shall think myself rich indeed to keep house on the same money, and without earning it."

Had the daughter of a wealthy man left her father's luxurious home for the artist's modest little studio, she would have wept bitter tears over that paltry twenty-five shillings a week. Why, it would be nothing for her to spend that and more on the purchase of a single hat! How, then, could she keep house for a whole week on the price of a hat?

Again, the business-girl has had the corners knocked off her. She doesn't expect to be made much of R and fussed after. In fact, she would think this rather boring than otherwise. She would rather be treated with ordinary deference and as a rational being than be called all the most endearing names in the world. Thus, unlike the spoilt home-bird, instead of fretting for the lover's caresses in the husband she is perfectly content with a steady affection.

SIBERIAN ROAD BLOCKED.

No Freight Except War Material Hanted on the Line.

Recent letters from Moscow, printed in the European papers, are full of details concerning the inability of the Siberian Railroad to meet the strain imposed upon it by the Chinese campaign. Beyond the Urals it is almost entirely occupied by the transportation of troops and military stores. No goods are accepted from private consigners and only occasional trains are run for the convenience of passengers, and it is often difficult to find a place even upon one of these. There is much difficulty in working the road, and men have been drafted from all the lines. in European Russia, at dobule wages and a daily bonus, to work on the Siberian division. One of the great troubles is the lack of proper engines. Break-downs are frequent, and even troop trains are subject to constant and prolonged delays. All along the road the prices of provisions have risen to famine prices, and hay and oats are worth almost their weight in gold. The inhabitants of the different towns on the line are compelled to provide food, chiefly rusks made out of the ordinary black

bread of the country, for the soldiers, her supper. Louise Michel may be, who are on their way to the Chinese frontier. In some places the value of this commodity has risen to ten or twelve times the ordinary rate; and this scarcity of provisions is said to be causing an exodus from central Siberia toward European Russia. Information as to the actual condition of affairs is guarded jealously by this saddest of all anarchists. the authorities, and it is thought that matters are much more serious in Eastern Siberia than any one would

TURF FIBERS

of Paper. According to the business columns of a Reichenberg newspaper. Australian manufacturer, in search for a cheap raw material for paper making, has successfully experimented with turf. It is alleged that from the cleaned and bleached turf fibres he produces a remarkably quickly destroys the germs and cures durable paper substance. thod is said to have been patented in various civilized countries and to be meeting with gratifying success. Paper of various kinds, pasteboard and paper boxes are now made out of turf and are declared to be of good quality and to have great power of

BACK= ACHE

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse-Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time-

Dodd's Kidney Pills

NEXT SEASON, PERHAPS. Jones, reading newspaper-I'd like o murder somebody! Wife, anxiously-What is the mat-

ter, dearest? Jones, savagely-Here, that fresh young reporter, in his account of the Blank affair, has my new shirt waist down as a pink-and-scarler creation, when it should be pink-and-skyblue. And, just to think of it! right! O-h!

Paint your house with good

clean fresh made paint and you!

will have reason to be proud of

its appearance-not only for a

short while, but for a good long

will give you reasonable

pride when you see them on your

house, fresh in color and style

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in 16 colors, size 12 x 9, ready for framing. As every person will want one of these magnificent works of art, we would like you to represent us. We give you your choice of 36 VALUABLE PREMIUMS Some of which are illustrated above for selling 6 or more of the Queen Portraits at 10 cents, Write at once and we will send you a supply. Also our full illustrated sheet of premiums. the portraits, return the money and we will send the prize you select free. THE ROYAL ACADEMY PUBLISHING CO.

A Matter of Pride

LONDON ANARCHISTS. The headquarters of anarchy in London are in the byways around Goodge street, Tottenham Courd Rd .. streets where you can obtain a fivecourse dinner for a shilling, wine in- the disappearance of a trusted emcluded and as much bread as you ploye frequently amounts to thousplease, and where you hear six langu- ands. ages when walking 20 yards. Many years ago Karl Marx, the philosopher of economic socialism, starved near here in a top garret, while he wrote his monumental book on capital; and ever since fanatical reformers have had a constant kindness for the place. As you walk down Goodge street or go on through the maze of backways to Old Compton street you may see some of the most famous revolutionists. An Italian whose name turns faces pale in many cities is a common figure. So far as the Italian anarchists in London have a leader, Enrico Malatesta is the man. A dark-complexioned and miservstricken figure, he bears from head to foot the stamp of poverty. beard, you often see, is of many days' growth, his clothes are greasy and worn, his forehead is furrowed, and there is a scowl above his deep-set

Sometimes you will see Louise Michel, perhaps on her way to the meat market in Titchfield street for demagogues in speech, but I doubt if to-day she could find it in her heart to hurt a fly. This poor, half-crazed, wholly pitiful woman is tragedy in-To hear her speak, to carch the poignant misery of her every tone, is to realize the unhappi-

Hay Fever Serious This Year.

ness of her life. Her bloodless face,

her stooping, miserable figure, tell of

Hay Fever this season appears to be of a very virulent type, developing inflammation of the lungs. Evidentin many instances into congestion and ly Hay Fever should not be trifled with. A most fortunate discovery to this class of sufferers is that marvellous microbe killer, which during the past two years has been found so absolutely certain in all cases of Hay Fever, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh. It is very strange how people will persist in using snuffs ointments and washes which are not Catarrhozone is very pleasant-it is carried by dry air through the most remote air cells to the lungs. It to excite disease. It is to be had f druggists, or the originators. N. C. Polson & Co., Mfg , Chemists, Kingston, Ont., will send it to any address in Canada or United States, post and

duty paid, for \$1.00.

HOW A JAPANESE HERO DIED. A lieutenant of engineers at Tien Tsin, with three sappers, crept up in the dark an dplaced a charge of guncotton at the huge gate. There was the dark and placed a charge of guncotton, but it failed somehow; and, as daylight was dawning already, the four Japanese felt that their manoeuver was in danger of failing, so one of them fired the charge with a match, blowing himself to death and glory, and giving entry to the allied army. His comrades rushed in and climbed the internal gate and burst the inner gate open. The Chinese always cowards at close quarters. made no resistance, but fled into the town, where promptly ensued brisk street fighting for awhile, but by the time the sun was fairly up the city was taken.

Green Ceylon and India Tea which is now being introduced into Canada. in the well known packages of the "Salada" Tea Company, has got one great advantage over Japan Tea; and that is, while it is of the same flavor and the same light coloring liquor. is very much stronger and absolutely free from adulteration, which practically no Japan tea is. Ceylon Green Tea is sold in the sealed Lead Packets of the "Salada" Tea Company and always fresh and fragrant as well

NOT A HARD CREDITOR. De world owes me a livin', so Meandering Mike.

Dat's what you're always sayin' answered Plodding Pete. But I dor see you gettin' much of it. Aw, well, I always was one o' de: easy-goin', good-natured people. I gave him a quarter cigar to get it rather let de world keep its old livin' dan be forever dunnin' it.

"What the fool does in the end, "
the wire man does at the beginning. Try a package of Blue Hebboh

OFF WITH THE CASH. After all, appearances don't amount

That's right. It's the disappearances that count most; for instance,

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THE ARTIST AND THE POET. Artist-What a fine world it would be if there wasn't any money. Poet-Is there?

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to fearn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hail's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to he medical raternity. Catarrh being a cons titutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken inter roying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the nstitution and as isting nature in doing its work. The proprieto's have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of test mon Address. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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was left out of his rich uncle's. MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY. The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan AVENUE HOUSE __McGill - College Avenue Family Hotel rates \$1.50

ALL THAT STOPPED HIM. Mrs. Farmer-Do you know how to handle an ax?

Weary Wraggs-If I did, lady, wouldn't do a t'ing to dat biscuit!

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