

GREENLAND'S EAST COAST.

Lieut. Andrup Will Try to Outline the Unknown Regions of the East Coast of Greenland that has not yet been visited by any explorer. Quite a number of Arctic investigators have been north and others south of it, but the region between 69deg. and 67deg. 22 sec. north latitude, a distance of about 100 miles is as yet entirely unknown. A year ago this unexplored part of the coast was a good deal longer than it now is, but Lieut. Andrup explored a part of it last year and now he will return to complete the work.

Andrup is an officer in the Danish Royal Navy. The work he was detailed to do last year was very successfully carried out. He mapped the east coast from 65 deg. 45 sec. to 67 deg. 22 sec. north latitude. He will leave Copenhagen this month on the steamer Antarctic with three companions and his intention is to go ashore near the 68th parallel, and will then travel south between the island and the coast ice. His destination is Angmagssalik, 65 deg. 45 sec., the only settlement in East Greenland. During this journey he will pass all along the unexplored coast.

While he is on this mission a party of five naturalists on the Antarctic will travel north to the entrance to Scoresby Sound for the purpose of studying natural history and exploring the northern floras if the condition of the ice permits. At the end of August the Antarctic will go to Iceland to take on a supply of coal and will then proceed to Angmagssalik to meet Lieut. Andrup.

It may be that the ice will prevent Andrup from reaching that station this fall. In this case he will have to camp where winter overtakes him and will resume his route toward the south next year. Arctic ice experts are very much afraid that the ice conditions will not be favorable this season and some of them predict that Andrup will not be able to go as far south as Angmagssalik, but that he will be compelled, like Lieut. Ryder in 1891, to winter on the bleak coast.

STEAM PLOUGH.

One of the latest military inventions which has attracted the attention of army officials is a steam plow, which in one hour can dig a four-foot trench three miles in length. The body of the machine comprises a strong horizontal frame formed with an angle iron wheels. At each end a plowshare is mounted, provided at its front end with a steel point. The shares are so arranged that the earth can be thrown to the right or to the left as desired. The steel point breaks clods of earth which may lie in its path. The machine is merely an ordinary Fowler steam plow modified to meet the requirements of military service. It is said that in the Transvaal the plow has been successfully used in digging rifle pits; but whether the report be true cannot be ascertained. From the military standpoint, the contrivance is clearly defective in so far as there are no means for protecting the men who guide it.

AN OPEN LETTER

TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM ANAEMIA AND KINDRED TROUBLES.

Mr. Wm. Wilson, of Saratoga, tells how he regained health after an illness of Over Two Years.

Mr. William Wilson, who is well known to the citizens of Saratoga, Ont., writes: "It affords me much pleasure to be able to add my testimony to the great benefit that I have derived from your famous Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is now a little more than two years since I became afflicted with anaemia. During that time I have received almost continuous treatment from medical men of the highest rank in their profession, yet apparently deriving no benefit. Indeed I continued to grow worse until I became unable to walk. I came to the conclusion that I was deriving no benefit from the treatment and decided to give it up. It then was the question, what shall I try? Having read the testimony of so many who had suffered in a similar manner and who had received great benefit from your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to give them a fair trial.

"It is now about three months since I commenced to take your pills and to-day I feel almost completely restored. Two weeks after I began to take the pills I felt a decided improvement. Three months ago when I began to take your pills my flesh looked like wax, and my face, feet and legs were badly swollen. Of these conditions have all disappeared and to-day my color is natural and my blood vessels full of good rich blood. It will afford me pleasure to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one suffering from anaemia or kindred ailments."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are praised amongst the highest in the land, as a strengthening and tonic medicine, whether for men, women or children. They are not like other medicines, nor can they be imitated, as is sometimes dishonestly pretended by dealers who offer substitutes. See that the package bears the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and in case of doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., who will supply the pills post paid at 50c. per box or \$2.50 for six boxes. These pills cure all disorders which arise from impoverished blood, such as muscular weakness, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, pains in the back, nervous headache, early decay, all forms of female weakness, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism and sciatia.

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

"Permit me to advise you, Miss Neslie, to do nothing of the kind. I have never liked her ladyship, and if I had dared to do so, I should have told Sir Arthur from the first that she was not a fit companion for you. I hope I am not wicked when I say that I really think the boy's death a providential affair."

"I understand Lady Neslie; and with your permission, Miss Neslie, I shall give her a hint that the Abbey is no longer her home. It seems to me that the whole place requires a crowd of visitors, and Holmes tells me they stay for months at a time. I can manage it very nicely. I will ask her if I can be of any assistance to her in her removal."

"I am to go, am I? Well, I could not expect anything else. I should do just as Vivien does. I shall not go to that dreary old Dover House though. I shall go to Paris and live there. Thank Heaven, though I lose Lancelwood, I do not lose my money! Mr. Geston, tell Miss Neslie that I will go in a fortnight from now. Oh, if my boy had but lived, this would not have been!"

There was, as a matter of course, a great commotion over the death of the little heir. People who had most decidedly out Lady Neslie in the days of her arrogant prosperity were sorry for her now, and called to express their sympathy. Yet every one said the accident seemed really providential—the whole estate would have been ruined if "Mildred" had remained there much longer.

The brilliant train of visitors had already disappeared. The Comte de Calloux, who had wooed the fair widow purely for the sake of living at Lancelwood, was one of the first to go. He pretended to have received letters of great importance. He regretted to make such hurried adieu, but he must start without delay. "Mildred" looked at his face with a light laugh.

"I understand, Monsieur le Comte," she said. "I have lost Lancelwood, and therefore I lose you. I regret the loss of Lancelwood. I do not regret the loss of you. I shall do better—adieu."

Before three weeks were over the Abbey was cleared of its unwelcome occupants, and Vivien Neslie was once more installed as its mistress. She had received letters of great importance. He regretted to make such hurried adieu, but he must start without delay. "Mildred" looked at his face with a light laugh.

med hat, so disguised my face that I hardly knew myself. I next purchased a dress of a little girl, and then I returned to Lancelwood. For days I wandered about here; watching an opportunity to waylay the boy; that opportunity came at last, when I found him by the banks of the river. He did not know me, and I persuaded him to go into the woods with me."

"Miss Neslie," he said, "believe me, the evil is not without remedy. Just as I would have died to do it, I would die to undo it."

"I will tell you, I said, presently. I had purchased it for the child, and he did not know me. I took him into the woods, and, by telling him some story or other, persuaded him to change his clothes and put on the little girl's dress that I had bought. He enjoyed the fun, and talked all the time; then, I leading him by the hand, we walked down to the river-side, and, unseen by him, I threw his hat and cape into the water—further down I flung in his whip. Many people who afterwards joined in the search met that day an old man and a little girl as they thought, without the least idea who they really were. Then they went straight across the country, took the train at a leading junction and went to London. My brother, who is devoted to me, has undertaken the entire charge and education of the boy; but he does not know who he is, and he treats all he says about Lancelwood as the result of a diseased brain—or, if he suspects, he says nothing. I have promised him five hundred per annum, and will that he is to provide handsomely for the boy. He will be well fed, well dressed, well educated; he will have the training of a Christian gentleman, he will be taught a trade or profession, whichever he prefers. He likes my brother, and remained with him willingly enough."

"But," asked Vivien, in a low voice, "did he not cry for his home or his mother?"

"No; the novelty of traveling and going to see, more than compensated for home. Indeed, Miss Vivien, I do not think the child liked his home. He is so young at his age, and his impression soon fades. Before he will be a year with my brother he will think his life at Lancelwood a dream. I posted my letter from London, that I might not appear to be in any way mixed up in the affair. I spent the greater part of my time in Liverpool, making preparations for the boy's departure. I assure you, when I saw him last, he was living and well; he stood on the deck laughing and waving his hand to me. I assure you also of another thing—he was a far better boy when he went away than he had ever been here. My brother is a good man, who will train him well. If he suspects any mystery at all, it is nothing like the truth. He may imagine that the boy is Lady Neslie's son—he does not know that he is heir to Lancelwood. The advertisements and rewards that attracted so much attention never met his eyes."

She stood quite silent, leaning against the passion flowers; then suddenly she raised her face to the blue sky.

"To Be Continued."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOMETHING-QUITE NEW—SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA Same flavor as Japan, only more delicious.

INDIA'S STARVING PEOPLE.

A Vivid Picture of the Suffering in the Famined Districts.

Every now and then in some newspaper or magazine, little known to the general public, one comes across passages which bring vividly before the mind the almost indescribable horrors of the Indian famine. Here are some of the passages from an article in the Indian Magazine written by A. Rogers and describing what he saw recently in an out-of-the-way part of India.

"Numbers of women, with children at their breasts vainly striving to draw a little nourishment, surrounded me with such cries as: 'Sahab, I have had no food for two days, and have no milk left for my child; Sahab, I have no food for myself; how can I produce nourishment for my starving child? I called through and through, and I asked on the ground, and I helped each other in searching for and scraping up grass seed from the dry sand. I saw one boy, not 8 years old, who was the sole provider for himself and two younger ones. The ribs of all could be distinctly traced on their bodies, while their legs and arms were like dried-up pieces of stick. One blind man, terribly emaciated, was led to my tent every day by a stick held by a little girl of about 4 years of age. Another, a miserable old woman, with her gray hair floating in the wind, and with no clothing but a loin cloth of rags, with her bones almost protruding through her skin, came and stood before the tent in a dazed state, and could not understand what I said to her in her own language, but saw a small silver coin I pressed into her hand, and looking up into my eyes threw her arms round my neck, and with her head leaning on my chest sobbed aloud."

"I had to shut my tent doors down to prevent them really mobbing me in their despair, and if I put my hand out to drop a coin into some one's who seemed in a more pitiable state than others, fifty more hands were thrust through the opening, and I had to close every hand I put something into for fear the money should be snatched out of it by another starving wretch, as frequently happened."

"And yet the patience of the poor people was wonderful. When I was not actually giving away money they would sit silent for hours looking piteously at the tent to see if I showed no signs of coming out or beckoning to any of the worst cases to come forward."

"The weather was bitterly cold in the mornings, and they sat in the cold wind shivering with their naked bodies till the sun warmed them. May I be preserved from seeing such scenes of misery again!"

INCORRIGIBLE.

WASHING CLOTHES.

Clothes soaked over night are more readily loosened of dirt than if washed without any preparation.

Prepare the clothes for soaking in this manner: Sort them into three piles, the fine white pieces that are little soiled, the medium soiled pieces and the dark, heavy soiled.

Fill tubs with tepid water, mixing dissolved soap shavings and washing soda well into the water. There should be three tubs, one for each pile of clothing. Allow the clothes to soak over night.

In the morning wring the clothes from the water and plunge them into a tub filled with hot water and dissolved soap shavings and soda. Wash and rub them until they are as clean as they can be got, then rinse them in a second tub of hot water and soap and put in a boiler over the fire. The water in the boiler should be cold at first, and a little soda added to it if the water is hard. Let the water come to a boil in order to scald the clothes, then rinse them in two waters, and then in bluing water. The bluing water should never be too dark. A good way to test it is to take a handful from the tub, and if it is a light blue it is the right color. Flannels will require more care. They should be washed in water as warm as the hands can bear and in strong suds. The water should not be hot. Rinse in waters of the same temperature, and quickly. Do not rub the flannels nor wring them with the hands.

IRON THEM BEFORE THEY ARE QUITE DRY.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS MRS. WILKINSON'S ROOFING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children's teething. It soothes the inflamed and swollen gums, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. See a bottle sold by all druggists. Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Write for circular. See ad. and see Dr. Wm. Wilson's Boiling Syrup.

HORSES IN AUSTRALIA.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

ALMOST AS PLEASURABLE.

ALWAYS A WINNER.....LUDELLA

Some Testimonials....

A RESPONSIBLE DAMSEL. Come into this garden Maud; You coax me to plant those seeds; And unless you will pose as a down-right fraud, You'd better help pull these weeds.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS MRS. WILKINSON'S ROOFING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children's teething. It soothes the inflamed and swollen gums, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. See a bottle sold by all druggists. Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Write for circular. See ad. and see Dr. Wm. Wilson's Boiling Syrup.

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Woman's Weakness. A woman's reproductive organs are in the most intense and continuous sympathy with her kidneys. The slightest disorder of the kidneys brings about a corresponding disease in the reproductive organs. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by restoring the kidneys to their perfect condition, prevent and cure those distressing disorders peculiar to women. Pale young girls, worn-out mothers, suffering wives and women entering upon the Change of Life, your best friend is...

Dodd's Kidney Pills. INCORRIGIBLE. Mrs. Lushford—see you are late again. Why do you remember what I told you the last time you stayed out so late? Mr. Lushford—No, my dear, Zass ze reason I stayed out zish time—to see if you'd say it over again.

NO MORE "HELLO CENTRAL" The Telephone Bell Will be Abolished in England and its Place Taken by an Electric Light.

GENEROUS FORTUNE. How Brave Men Are Sometimes Hoarded by Their Adversaries.

HE MEANT WELL. Papa—Aha! You have disobeyed me. Willie—Boo-hoo! I tried not to. It ain't my fault. Papa—Not your fault, eh? Willie—No, sir, your fault. "Don't let me catch you doing that again," an' I done my best not to let you.

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