CONVICT MARRIAGES.

PAIRING OFF THE JAILBIRDS AT ANDAMAN, INDIA.

Receptions at Which the Brides Are Selected—A Brief Courtship—Suitors That Are Hard to Suit—Wedded Life on a Prison Island.

"I have known of some queer marriages in the 20 years I have knocked about the world," said a sea captain the other day "but I think the pairing off of the jailbirds at Andaman was the strangest thing of them all. For a couple of years I commanded the steamer that runs down monthly from Calcutta to the penal colony for British India on the Andaman and Nicobar islands. I was a youngster then and interested in all sorts of things, and it didn't take me long to strike up an acquaintance with the chief commissioner or president of the colony, who used to let me go all over the place.

"The prison is as inaccessible as any sultan's harem. It is built on a promontory and protected on the side toward the sea by a sheer cliff 200 feet high, while on the land side the grounds are surrounded by a 51 foot wall. There are several guards stationed at the entrance, and in order to get by the first of these a man has to give a certain password. In return this guard gives him another password, which takes him by the second, and so on, past half a dozen maybe. These police, as they are called, are the oldest and most hideous women in the jail. To be eligible a woman must have gray hair and a face that would stop a clock, besides a record for sobriety and obedience.

"All the prisoners have to work, and in the female prison they weave all the cloth for the men's clothes and their own, and make them up, too, I believe. If any of the women refuse to do their stint of work, they are punished. The first punishment is to cut off their hair. This they don't like very much, and the threat of it will generally bring them to terms, for they are just as vain as other women and don't want their long hair cut off. If this doesn't convince them that it's better to work in the shop, they are made to wear men's clothes and work in the grounds, which are beautifully kept, entirely by the women prisoners. The trousers and jackets given to those who are punished in this way are of the coarsest material, and are very unbecoming, and the women have to trundle wheelbarrows and dig in the dirt, just like men. If even this fails, they are further punished by being put to sleep in a cell with the floor covered by branches laid in rows and then in cross rows, grill fashion. The branches are full of sharp thorns, which make it impossible to stand, sit or lie down in comfort.

"Generally one night of this is enough to make the worst case ready for the workroom, but there was one girl who stood the extreme penalty of three nights in this room and still refused to do a lick of work. She wouldn't work, and nothing could make her work. So finally they gave her up as a bad job, and made her sit all day long in the workroom in men's clothes on a sort of elevated dunce block. She'll never get a chance to make one of the marriages I'm going to tell you about, because those are rewards for good behavior, and she is the worst woman on the island.

"When they have maybe a dozen ticket of leave men and women, they have a sort of matrimonial reception. If any matches are made the couples are allowed to go up to the Nicobar group some distance away and settle on the government land. There they get a certain number of acres, a hut and some commissary stores, and are left to themselves. The tickets of leave don't take them anywhere except to the Nicobars, for they nearly all have life sentences. These matrimonial receptions are the funniest thing I ever saw. The men are brought one by one into a sort of reception room, where the women are standing in a long row. There are generally several breaks in the line, to separate those of different castes and religions, for they are very particular about that in India. Some of these men haven't seen a woman for ten years, maybe, and they look very curiously at them.

"When a man is brought into this room, a statement is made of his name, his history, his religion, his age, the crime he is there for and so on. There are maybe half a dozen women of his religion on the eligible list and he is taken to the first one in the row. If after talking with her a few minutes he doesn't think he would like her he goes on to the next one. He is always covertly casting his eye along the line to see if there are any farther down that he likes better than those near the top. Sometimes he sees one near the end of the line that takes his fancy, and he will walk straight by all the others and go to her. If she likes him, too, they go up to the table and her history is read to him. He may possibly object to the crime she was sent up for, and if so the affair is declared off. But usually there is no trouble about that.

"When they have paired off as many as possible the keepers let the different couples go out and walk about in the grounds for the rest of the afternoon, to get acquainted with each other and spark a little, maybe. Sometimes they don't make more than one or two matches in a whole afternoon, for they are very hard to suit, those convicts, though you would think they would be glad to get anybody or anything, just for a change of life from that in the jail.

"These marriage parties always take place on a Saturday, and just a week from that day the man is allowed to visit the woman again for an hour and continue their acquaintance. If at the end of three Saturdays they are still of the same mind, they are married and taken on the boat down to the Nicobars, where they begin their married life. As I said, they give them a hut, a few acres of ground and some provisions, and let them alone. These couples generally get along pretty well together, though sometimes they have a fight and one kills the other from mere force of habit. In that case the survivor is sent back to the jail at Andaman. But this very seldom happens. If they have children, which they generally do not, these are left with their parents till they die off, for the Nicobars are so unhealthful and full of fever that people don't live very long there.

"There is only one resident officer at the Nicobar colony, for there has only been one Englishman found who could stand the climate. He lives there all alone with the convicts, and though the government has built him a fine house he leads the loneliest kind of life, for, of course, he can't keep a family there, because they would get the fever and die inside of six months. The chief commissioner of Andaman comes down to see him occasionally."

QUEER AUCTIONS.

Held in South Africa Where Prizes Are Offered to the Bidders.

The South African auction, which is in vogue at the Cape, is a far more exciting affair than its English imitation. Supposing a house is to be sold. The auctioneer rattles 50 sovereigns and cries out, "Fifty golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £5,000." Nobody bids it. After a pause he cries, "Fifty golden sovereigns for the first man who bids £4,000. And so on, until he gets a bid. It by no means follows that the property is sold to the bidder. For the auctioneer is again at it. Suppose £4,400 is the first bid. Then the auctioneer shouts, "There are 25 golden sovereigns for the first man who has the courage to bid £4,600." Possibly there is no bidder. Then £25 is offered for a bid of £4,550. If there is no bid eventually above the £4,400, the man who made that offer is saddled with the property. Otherwise he pockets the bonus and has nothing more to do with the estate.

The Straits Times has collected about £2,500 for the Mansion House Fund. Of this at least £700 has been contributed by Malay princes.

The Bond newspaper at Britstown having begun to preach open treason to the surrounding district, three companies of the Warwickshire regiment have visited the town.

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XII.

"Valerie," said Sir Arthur to his wife, "have you no friends whom you would like to invite over to England for a few weeks—no relatives, acquaintances, old school fellows? I should be so pleased for you to do so."

They were sitting round the fire in the drawing-room at Lancewood, and Vivian looked up quickly at Lady Neslie's face as her father asked the question—quickly enough to detect there an expression of embarrassment. Valerie flushed and felt uncomfortable under her scrutinizing look. Then she turned with a grateful smile to Sir Arthur.

"You are always thinking of something or other kind and pleasant for me," she said; "but I really do not care to ask any of my friends here."

There was a slight reflection in her voice, a slight glance in Vivian's direction, which seemed to imply that no friend of hers would be very welcome. Vivian perceived it, but disdained to reply. Sir Arthur continued—

"Lady Smeaton asked me the other day when we should see any of my charming wife's friends. She may have thought you had some handsome young cousin who would fall in love with Dora Smeaton."

"I should be sorry for him," said Valerie, with a smile; "he would have a dreary time of it."

But Vivien was determined she should not, as she usually did, divert attention from the subject of conversation. She turned to her,

"It seems so strange, Lady Neslie," she said, "that you should have no friends or acquaintances of your own."

"I have plenty, there fille, but none for whom I have any particular affection. Indeed, just as the sun absorbs all lesser lights, so my love for you, Sir Arthur, has absorbed all other liking."

He was touched by the words. Vivien saw in them only another proof of her wily, deceitful manner.

Then Lady Neslie quitted the room. Soon afterwards Vivien turned to her father.

"Papa," she said, "I am quite sure that your wife is an impostor."

He looked up with a horrified face.

"My dear Vivian, what a cruel thing to say!"

"It is true, papa. She has imposed upon you. She is not a D'Este. She does not even belong to a good family. No matter what she may have told you, I am sure it is all false. She has no friends whom she can invite here. Did you ever in your whole life meet with a gentlewoman who had no friends?"

"You are so terribly hard on her, Vivian," said Sir Arthur, with a troubled look. "Why should she have called herself D'Este if she had no claim to the name? Besides, of what use is it to rouse these suspicions now?"

"Then," thought his daughter, quickly, "he has had some suspicion himself!" Aloud she said, "I should not speak so to any one except yourself, papa. The truth I am sure will be known some day; it may be long first, but it will be known. I should not say one word to you but that I hate to see you deceived."

"If I am deceived," he replied, "it is all my own fault—we must remember that. Besides, I do not think you have any grounds for your suspicions."

"Then I will say no more about them, papa," said Vivien. The look of pain on his comely face distressed her; and, as he said very truly, of what avail were suspicions now?"

Looking at him Vivien wondered if any doubts had arisen in his mind—if he was as sure of everything connected with his young wife as he seemed to be—if his happiness was as real as he wished it to be thought. She would never know. He was indolent, indifferent, careless in many respects; but he would keep such a secret well. To the day of his death Vivien never knew whether her father had been satisfied with his marriage, or whether, when it was too late, he had repented of it.

No friends of Lady Neslie's were invited, and Christmas came. The house was filled with guests. It was long since such hospitality had been shown at Lancewood; half the country were invited to the grand Christmas ball. It was on that occasion that Miss Neslie found that other people besides herself had some curious ideas about Lady Neslie.

"Miladi's" toilet at the ball was something wonderful; it was a beautiful creamy silk, with a superb suite of diamonds. She had never looked more lovely; her bright face was flushed with triumph. Things were going well with her—she had almost entirely eclipsed her rival. She had, to all intents and purposes, eclipsed Sir Arthur's daughter—and she knew it—on this the night of the ball. She saw herself, and not Vivien, the queen and center of all—the leader of the most brilliant crowd of guests ever seen at Lancewood. That night she told herself her triumph was complete—it was to Lady Neslie the world paid court, and not to Vivian.

The ball-room was crowded. Lady Neslie had herself superintended the decorations and though some might have considered them slightly theatrical, they were magnificent. Colored lamps shone from the midst of the plants and exotics in the conservatories. Vivien had suggested several little improvements, none of which were carried out. Three years before, when the Christmas ball was given, she had had the sole direction of it, she had been the queen of the fete. She had had no rival then. Now Valerie, in her superb costume, with the brightest of smiles on her fair young face, stood by Sir Arthur's side, bidding his guests welcome, receiving and paying compliments—radiant, graceful, with the full consciousness of victory in every gesture and word.

At a distance was Vivien, who had once stood by her father's side. She was now merely the daughter of the house, not its mistress. She had never felt the difference in her position so acutely. She went to the least crowded part of the room when the first dance was ended, and sat down behind a great cluster of tall camellias. The gentlemen formed a little group near her; they did not perceive her, and Vivien, not wishing to be noticed, remained quite silent behind the plants.

She was thinking with bitter intensity of the change in her position. Another dance began, and the gentleman to whom she had promised it was looking for her; but Vivien did not even remember that there was a dance—she was busy with her own sad thoughts. Presently she was roused by the mention of Lady Neslie's name; and then she found that the waltz was going on, and the gentlemen were criticising the dancers.

"People may talk as they will," said one. "I have watched Lady Neslie dance, and I maintain that it is after the style of Mabille, not of an English ball-room. I have my own ideas about that same lady."

"Where did Sir Arthur meet her?" asked another.

"The old story! He saw her at some hotel in Paris, fell in love with her, and married her. Unless I am very much mistaken, I have seen her lovely ladyship before."

"Where?" asked the second speaker; and Vivian listened breathlessly for an answer.

But she did not hear it—it was whispered softly. She saw, however, the start of surprise with which it was received.

"You do not mean that? You must be mistaken!"

"I may be," was the cautious answer, "but I do not think I am. If I am right, miladi ought to be one of the finest horsewomen in England."

"So she is. I heard Sir Arthur say so. She rides horses that men shrink from mounting."

"Then I am right. I remembered her face when I saw it, though she was very young then; but she had the same bright laughing expression, the same sunshiny look. I may be mistaken—at least, I should not like Sir Arthur to know I had said anything about the matter. Rely upon it, he knows nothing about his wife's antecedents."

"I shall say nothing—in fact, what you have asserted would be a dangerous thing to repeat," replied the other. "I vote that we say no more about the matter. Now that I look at her, there is certainly something of that kind about her style of dancing. How unlike she is in every respect to Miss Neslie! I am a great admirer of miladi, but I must say from my very heart that I am sorry for Miss Neslie. Sir Arthur had no right to marry again after bringing her up as he did. The first time I came to the Abbey she was as Lady Neslie is now—mistress; and let me tell you there was a difference in the tone of the entertainments."

Then another friend joined the little group, and they went away.

So that was how people spoke of Sir Arthur's wife! Others besides herself evidently considered her an impostor. What could they have meant? What was the whispered word she had failed to hear? She could remember stories she had read, in which low-born adventuresses had by intrigue, gained admittance into good society and had married well; but in all the stories the impostor was found out at last, her sins were discovered, and she was punished for them. That was the course of events in fiction—what would it be in real life? If Valerie Neslie were indeed what she suspected, an impostor who had deceived her father, would a day of reckoning ever come for her? And, if it did, what effect would it produce on Sir Arthur?

Another little incident occurred that confirmed Vivian's doubts. One morning Lady Neslie brought a small writing desk into the library. Sir Arthur laughingly asked her if she was about to commence letter-writing—she had hitherto been too indolent.

Mr. Dorman suggested that she should use the writing-table. Vivian looked up, wondering how miladi always contrived to make such a sensation wherever she went and whatever she did.

Lady Neslie declined all offers of help.

"I am going to devote the morning to sentiment," she replied. "This desk contains mementos of my youth, souvenirs of all kinds. I am going to look through it, and devote myself to the task of recalling all about them."

With a pretty parade of importance she opened the desk. It did not seem to contain anything more than a few faded flowers, old letters, and dried leaves. Occasionally "miladi" would turn to Sir Arthur with a smile, and, showing him a withered spray, tell some laughable anecdote concerning it; and Vivien noticed that these stories were all of people in high life whose names she mentioned quite familiarly.

A mishap occurred—the desk was upset, and its contents rolled on to the floor. They were soon replaced; and, when her ladyship had finished her sentimental little scene she went away, taking the desk with her. When Vivian rose to quit the room, something lay glittering under the hem of her dress. She took it in her hand—it was a small common locket, clumsily made, and certainly not of pure gold. On it she saw the initials "V. P."

A few minutes afterward Lady Neslie returned. "I have lost a little locket," she said—"one that I value very much. It was one given to me when I was a little child. It has my initials on it."

"It is here," answered Vivian. "The initials are: 'V. P.'—how could they be yours? I thought your name was D'Este!"

"Did I say 'my initials?' I meant those of the person who gave it to me."

"You are clever," thought Vivien. "but the day will come when I shall know who you are and how you contrived to dupe my father."

When Lady Neslie had gone away with the locket, Mr. Dorman looked at Vivien. It was not often that he made any remark, no matter what passed.

"That seems strange, Miss Neslie," he said, "Lady Neslie is quick in resource."

"Yes," replied Vivien, "she makes fatal admissions, and then very skillfully negatives them."

The young secretary had drawn nearer to her, and stood looking at her with passionately loving, wistful eyes.

"I wish that I might dare to ask you one question, Miss Neslie," he said.

"You may ask me what you will," she replied, kindly.

"Have you ever entertained any doubts as to Lady Neslie—doubts of her being what she represents herself to be?"

"I must decline to answer," she replied. "If ever the time comes when an answer to your question may be useful, I will remember it—until then, let it rest."

He longed to say that, if it should please her, he would devote his life to finding out the antecedents of Sir Arthur's wife, but her dignified calmness forbade him.

CHAPTER XIII.

More than two years had passed since Sir Arthur brought his fair, girlish bride home. She had been at first intoxicated with her power, unwilling to part with the least of it. She had been pitiless to Vivien. She had never spared her a mortification or a humiliation. She had never shown her the least consideration. Lady Neslie's only endeavor had been to prove always that she was mistress—sole and perfect mistress—and her triumph had been complete.

The first check of her authority was the refusal of Sir Arthur to agree to one of her whims. She wanted a new drive through the park—why, no one could understand, but she chose to say that she would like it made; and, in order to make it, some of the finest old trees would have to be cut down. Sir Arthur laughed when his young wife talked about her whim.

"It must be a beautiful drive," she said; "and I should like it to be called after myself—Lady Valerie's Drive. Then all the future Neslies would have something to make them think of me."

"My dear Valerie," returned Sir Arthur, "you have asked me almost the only favor I cannot grant you."

"Why can you not grant it?" she asked.

"Because, although I am lord of Lancewood, I have no power to cut down those trees. The timber in the park belongs to my heir just as the house does. I could not pull that down—at least without the consent of my heir and successor."

"What is the use of being master if you cannot do as you like?" she said impatiently.

"That is not the question," he replied. "I am compelled to leave to my successor the estates, the house, the timber, intact as I received them. I should have to ask Vivien's permission to cut down those trees; and, as it would deteriorate Vivien's inheritance, I should not like to propose such a scheme to her."

"But she would say 'Yes' if you asked her, Arthur, I am sure."

"So am I," he replied. "That is the very reason I could not ask her; it would seem as though I took advantage of her sex. I am well aware that if I asked such a thing from a son instead of a daughter, he would scarcely hesitate to say 'No.'"

He did not see the expression of malice that came over her face.

"I did not know that you considered Vivian so entirely mistress."

"My dear Valerie, she is not so at present; but in time she will be so—that is, unless it should be the will of Heaven to send me a son."

"Would you not like a son to succeed you better than a daughter?" she asked.

"I might have done so once upon a time," he replied; "but now I am not quite so sure of it."

"Not so sure, Arthur! Why?"

"Because Vivien has been, as it were, trained to the management of the estate. She really understands it as well as any steward or agent. She knows who have leases, and for how long they are granted—in fact, she understands all the details. Then she has studied the subject; she knows the best position for church-building, the best situation for the new schools we have planned."

"To be built after your death?" interrupted Valerie. "How can you talk of such things?"

"No; to be built during my lifetime, if I choose. You would laugh if I told you all the abstruse works that Vivien has studied—works on social science, social reform, sanitary reform. I have been quite amused—amused," he continued, "yet touched you know. Valerie, my conscience reproaches me at times. I have never wronged any one, yet I have been by no means a model landed proprietor; my indolence and love of ease have stood in my way. I have been quite conscious of my defects, and I repeat that it has touched me to see my daughter in the early spring-tide of her life work hard to remedy my defects. She will make a noble ruler over a noble domain."

Lady Neslie looked very discontented.

"Then you would not care very much for a son, Arthur?"

Sir Arthur grew thoughtful.

"I have never given the subject any consideration, Valerie," he replied. "I do not know if I should care very much now for the blessing, I once passionately craved. It would be hard, too, on Vivien; she has been brought up as my heiress."

Lady Neslie laid her arm caressingly on her husband's shoulder.

"I do believe," she said, "that you love Vivien better than you love me."

Sir Arthur laughed, but made no reply.

"Do you—tell me—do you love her best?"

"The two loves are so different, Valerie, there can be no degree of comparison between them. She is my dearly loved daughter; you are my dearly-loved wife."

But Lady Neslie was not content. She could not endure that her husband should speak so lovingly of the girl whom she detested, nor could she endure the knowledge that in the time to come all authority would leave her and pass to her rival.

"Then I must give up my pretty plan," she said, "and be content with the old drive. There will be no Lady Valerie's Drive after all."

"Yes, it must be abandoned. If you wish your very pretty name to be commemorated we will plant some parts of the grounds and call it 'Lady Valerie's Pleasaunce.' Would that do as well?"

"It must do. I see no alternative," she replied.

"I take great pride in one thing, Valerie," said Sir Arthur,—"it is the first wish of yours that has been ungratified. You have been very much spoiled, my darling."

And Lady Neslie was forced to be content, although the refusal served only to increase her dislike to her rival.

This little incident brought home to her more forcibly than ever the fact that, after all, her sovereignty, would not be of long duration—that although she seemed to conquer, in reality her authority would end so soon that it was not worth having at all.

To be Continued.

WOMAN AND POLITICS.

A well-known magazine writer has recently stated that in matters pertaining to the advancement of women the Anglo-Saxon race seems to have made greater progress than any other nationalities. In Germany women are not permitted to form political associations, while in Russia neither men nor women can band together in any organization of a political nature without special consent of the imperial government. In Holland such an act is unconstitutional, but in France, long before French women displayed any desire to study medicine or obtain a university education, the doors of scholastic institutions were thrown open to them. And even English and German women availed themselves of the privileges of becoming graduates of the University of Paris.

ST. VITUS' CURED.

THE STORY OF A BRIGHT YOUNG GIRL'S RECOVERY.

She Was First Attacked With La Grippe, the After Effects Resulting in St. Vitus' Dance—Friends Despaired of Her Recovery.

The mails from Wolfville to Gaspereau are carried every day by an official who is noted for his willingness to accommodate and the punctuality with which he discharges his duties. His name is Mr. Merriner Cleveland and his home is in Gaspereau, where he resides with his wife and grand-daughter, Miss Lizzie May Cleveland, a bright girl of fifteen years. A few months ago the health of their grand-daughter was a source of very great anxiety to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and the neighbors who learned of the physical condition of the little girl gravely shook their heads and said to themselves that the fears of the fond grand-parents were by no means groundless. When the news reached the ears of an Acadien man, a short time ago, that the health of Miss Cleveland had been restored, he hastened to interview Mr. Cleveland as to the facts of the case. When he explained his errand both Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland appeared only too eager to give him the information sought and it is in accordance with their wishes that we give to the public the facts of this remarkable cure. Early in December, 1898, Miss Cleveland was taken ill with a severe attack of la grippe and fears of her recovery were entertained. Careful nursing, however, brought her through this malady, but it left her system in a completely run-down condition. This showed itself principally in a weakness of the nerves. In January symptoms of St. Vitus' dance began to show themselves. At first these were not very prominent, but it was not long before she was rendered altogether helpless by this terribly malady. In a short time she lost all control over the movements of her hands and feet. For weeks she had to be carried from room to room and was unable to feed herself. Her grand-parents naturally became very much alarmed and having tried other remedies without effect, determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Developments showed that their confidence was not displaced. When three boxes had been used the condition of the patient had improved considerably. Then Mr. Cleveland bought six boxes more and continued their use as before. The sufferer rapidly began to recover. When she had consumed the fifth box Mrs. Cleveland reduced the dose to one pill a day and by the time the sixth box was gone a complete cure was effected. Miss Cleveland is now as vigorous and healthy as could be desired. Her grand-parents are persuaded that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are alone responsible for her cure and are devoutly thankful for the results which, under Providence, they have produced.

Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

A Coldstream Guard writes from Modder River:—"England should be proud of us. They ought to think the world of every soul who faces death for Queen and country."

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

will displace all Japan Tea the same as Salada black is displacing all other black teas.

A Mean Subterfuge.

Sharp Dame—I must frankly tell you, Mr. Ginx, that my consent to your marrying my daughter has been wrung from me under protest.

Mr. Ginx—Eh? Protest?

Sharp Dame—Yes, sir. I knew that if I did not consent she would disgrace the family by an elopement. When she wants anything, we all have to give in to her or take the consequences, and long experience has taught me that I might as well try to fan off a cyclone as reason with her when she gets angry, especially if there is a flatiron or a rolling pin handy, and so I just give up at once. Has the wedding day been fixed on yet, Mr. Ginx?

Mr. Ginx—Um—er—not yet, and, in fact, madam, I'm—I'm a little afraid I can't afford to marry Goo-good day—Exchange.

Dangerous Fluids.

Benzine and gasoline should never be allowed to stand in a bottle or in any thing else where the hot sun shines on it. Not long ago a house was set on fire in that manner. Never use either of these inflammable fluids in a room where there is ever so little fire. A match will ignite the volatile fumes exactly as quick as a base burner in full blast. We make no apology for this caution, for hardly a week passes that some one, somewhere, is not seriously burned by careless use of one or the other.

Judges and juries in English courts of law laugh at actions for breach of promise of marriage brought against women. Verdicts have been had against such promise breakers, but the damages, as a rule, were a farthing, and so did not carry costs, each side paying its own.

A MAN KILLER

Fierce and Favenous, is Diabetes, Which Defies all Medicines

Except Dodd's Kidney Pills, the Only Remedy on Earth That Removes the Cause of the Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills Never Fail.

Quebec, P.O. March 26.—There are certain diseases that sap the brain and dry up the springs of life, besides, undermining the strength.

Diabetes is such a disease.

Its symptoms are great thirst, failing sight, dry mouth, coated tongue, paleness, numbness in the thighs, pains or aches in the loins, or small of the back, increase of urine, sugar in the urine.

Any one, or two, seldom more, of these appear in the same case.

Diabetes is caused by poison in the blood.

Poison gets into the blood through defective action of the kidneys, which should filter it out.

Heal and strengthen the kidney and they will cleanse the blood. Then Diabetes will vanish.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine on earth that can cure Diabetes. They are the only medicine that can cure the kidneys.

Here is proof: Mr. Sam Desrochers, of 167 St. John St., Quebec, says:

"I have suffered with Diabetes for five years.

"My feet were always cold. I had pains in my lions, and a terrible thirst.

"I tried a dozen remedies before I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They all failed to relieve me.

"Five boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely. To-day I am well and strong."

Reader! Have you any of the symptoms above?

If you have, you have Diabetes, and nothing on earth but Dodd's Kidney Pills can cure you.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Her Summary Method of Snapping Obstructive Official Red Tape.

When Florence Nightingale came, instantly a new intelligence, instinct with pity, aflame with energy, fertile with womanly invention, swept through the Scutari hospital. Clumsy male devices were dismissed, almost with a gesture, into space. Dirt became a crime, fresh air and clean linen, sweet food and soft hands a piety. A great kitchen was organized which provided well cooked food for a thousand men. Washing was a lost art in the hospital, but this band of women created, as with a breath, a great laundry, and a strange cleanliness crept along the walls and the beds of the hospital. In their warfare with disease and pain these women showed a resolution as high as the men of their race showed against the gray coated battalions of Inkerman, or in the frozen trenches before Sevastopol. Muddle headed male routine was swept ruthlessly aside.

If the commissariat failed to supply requisites, Florence Nightingale, who had great funds at her disposal, instantly provided them herself, and the heavy footed officials found the swift feet of these women outrunning them in every path of help and pity. Only one flash of anger is reported to have broken the serene calm which served as a mask for the steellike and resolute will of Florence Nightingale. Some stores had arrived from England; sick men were languishing for them. But routine required that they should be "inspected" by a board before being issued, and the board, moving with heavy footed slowness, had not completed its work when night fell. The stores were, therefore, with official phlegm, locked up and their use denied to the sick. Between the needs of hundreds of sick men and the comforts they required was the locked door, the symbol of red tape. Florence Nightingale called a couple of orderlies, walked to the door and quietly ordered them to burst it open and the stores to be distributed!—Cornhill Magazine.

Why He Waited.

A hungry traveler, a stranger in Red Bank, N. J., entered a restaurant in that town and ordered ham and eggs, as that seemed to be the only available dish. After he had waited half an hour, staring impatiently at the bottles in the caster, he summoned the proprietor, whom he questioned regarding the delay. "The ham is all cooked," was the reply, "but my little girl is still out in the yard waiting for the hen to lay another egg."

An Employer's Fault.

"Our typewriter is going to leave."

"What's the matter?"

"She says she wants a position with an employer who has sense enough to see when she's fixed up to go to the matinee."

In the year 1700 there was only one newspaper in the United States.

BEST ARMY ON EARTH.

Britain's Soldiers in South Africa the Most Magnificent Ever Seen.

We have learnt one lesson in this war, it is that no nation on earth can drive us out of any position we have entrenched, remarks a war correspondent of the London Daily News. The Russians even delude themselves with the flattering thought that they can attempt an invasion of India. With the modern rifle and artillery — the artillery we shall have after this war—I have every confidence that the passes into India could be held by comparatively small numbers. No one ever saw such magnificent soldiers as ours are here. No conscript army could hope to equal them. Ten thousand of these men, under the conditions of the latest warfare, would be more than enough to hold any Russian army that internal difficulties would allow for the invasion of Afghanistan. Modern weapons have made India safe. We never need again be scared either by the bogey of invasion or the possibility of its success.

PET DOG GUARDED HIM.

At the battle of Graspan Major J. H. Plumbe, of the British Royal Marine Light Infantry, was among the many killed while storming the main kopje. He had a pet dog, a terrier, which ran up the hill with him under the fiercest fire imaginable. When he fell the dog sat down and guarded his body until the ambulance removed it, six hours later.

Excellent for Public Speakers.

Rev. M. McKay, of Goderich, Ont., writes: "Some time ago you sent me a bottle of your Catarrhozone. We have given it a fair trial and are glad to say that the medicine is all it is claimed to be. It appears to work well in case of Catarrh, and is an excellent remedy for a throat irritation arising from public speaking." For Public Speakers, Ministers, Singers, persons troubled with irritable throat, Catarrh or Asthma, Catarrh-o-zone is of inestimable value. It is a guaranteed cure. Sold by all druggists. The trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

SOUTH AFRICA VOLCANIC.

South Africa is of volcanic origin, and the land in the vicinity of Kimberley is so sulphurous that even ants cannot exist upon it.

TRAVEL BETWEEN CANADIAN POINTS AND NEW YORK.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad affords the most convenient train service, and is a particularly desirable route for residents of the Province of Ontario to use in going to New York. This Co. runs through train service in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway from points in Canada, and provides for the public a service which meets all the requirements of the most exacting. Its solid vestibule through trains between Philadelphia, New York and Chicago, made up of luxurious new Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, commodious and comfortable coaches, à la carte dining car service, and the use of steam heat and Pintsch Gas, are features which are highly appreciated by the traveler, and are guarantees of physical comfort. The route, through the most picturesque portion of the eastern part of America, affords an ever-changing panorama of scenic splendor, delightful to the eye.

The road-bed of the Lehigh Valley is ballasted with rock, a decided improvement over the old style cinder or other ballasting, and one which Summer passengers, when windows are open, appreciate, as the rock ballast does away altogether with the too common nuisance of dust.

LONDON WAITERS STARVING.

Waiters in London are bitterly complaining of the effects the war is having on their particular vocation. The men who, during the London season, gained a livelihood by waiting at banquets, balls and parties, given by the elite in the West End, have earned practically nothing lately owing to the absence of such festivities. It was resolved at a recent meeting to ask the Lord Mayor to open a fund at the Mansion House for distressed waiters.

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

What upsets our men, and especially the wounded, are the unearthly screams the Boers give vent to when wounded.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

President Steyn has given orders that none of the Army Medical Staff or of the Red Cross bearers are to be taken prisoners.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mother for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays 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."

A subscription list has been opened at the British Consulate, Copenhagen, for the Princess of Wales' Hospital Fund.

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., Prop's.

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.

A gratifying feature of the war is the invariable courtesy which the British officers en route for the front display at every station along the line towards the Dutchmen they meet.

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

In the attack on Stormberg, says a correspondent, British troops walked in daylight in a column four deep right under the enemy's nose. No scouts or skirmishers were out.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Majestic left Cape Town for England with 170 wounded, including General Featherstonhaugh, Major Dalrymple Hamilton, and Mr. Knight, of the London Morning Post.

"The test of selfishness is not to forget ourselves - it is to remember others." Would it not be kind to tell your friends about Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea?

EVERY DAY adds to the large list of drinkers of

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA.

Words may not convince you, but a trial certainly will. LEAD PACKAGES. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

Rheumatism NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MUSCULAR, INFLAMMATORY, GOUT, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATIC PARALYSIS, ASTHMA

Our Method is sure and has cured thousands—some pronounced incurable. Write at once. Booklet and Proof on request. Address The SWISS-AMERICAN CO., Windsor, Ont., Canada **Cured**

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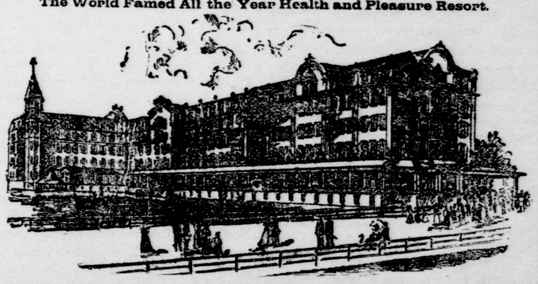
ON THE BEACH. Atlantic City, New Jersey.

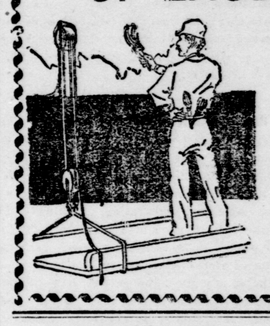
The World Famed All the Year Health and Pleasure Resort.



During the past four months has been extensively enlarged and improved. Over 50 Private Baths. New Dining Room enclosed in glass, directly facing the ocean, and unsurpassed on the Atlantic Coast for decoration and elegance. Exchange and Sun Parlors doubled in size. Capacity 500.

D. S. WHITE, JR., Owner and Prop'r.

THE HIGHEST OF EXCELLENCE is reached by



Ramsay's Paints,

and they are mixed ready for use.

Used by many—approved by all. They do not fade, do not peel off from burning sun or freezing cold.

One gallon covers 360 square feet, two coats.

All first-class dealers have them.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL. Paint Makers. Est'd 1842.

BEES ARE STRONG.

Observations made to test this question showed that bees can carry with ease twice their weight in honey. Several bees were caught as they returned to their hives laden with honey, and, after enclosing them in a little box, they were carefully weighed. When the bees unloaded their honey they were again caught, placed in the same box and weighed a second time. This experiment showed that the bees when laden weighed three times as much as when empty. It was therefore proved that a bee can carry twice its own weight in honey, and can fly very long distances with that weight.

W P C 1017

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.

HACKNEY STALLIONS FOR SALE—4 bay two-year-olds; coaching type; high action; size, fashionable breeding; Prices reasonable. M. H. Cochrane, Hillhurst Station, Que.

Carters COLD CURE 10c. Cures in a jiffy. P. McCormack & Co., Agents, Montreal.

THE DES MOINES INCUBATOR—Best and cheapest. O. Rolland, sole agent for the Dominion. Send 3ct. stamp for catalogue. 372 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 381 Queen W. Toronto.

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