

Pale and Bloodless.

THOUSANDS OF ANAEMIC GIRLS
HURRYING TO THE GRAVE.A Young Lady at Colborne, Ont., whose
Case Was Pronounced Hopeless, Tells
How She Regained Health and Strength
—A Lesson to Mothers.

Anaemia is the term used by doctors to indicate poverty of the blood. The prevalence of this trouble is most alarming, especially among young girls, and a large percentage of the altogether too numerous cases of consumption, which annually ravage the country have their origin in this trouble. The first indication of anaemia is a pale, sallow or wax-like complexion. This is followed by loss of appetite, frequent headaches, indigestion to exertion, or swelling of limbs, violent heart palpitation, and frequently fainting fits. These symptoms may not all be present, but the more there are the greater the urgency for prompt and effective treatment, which should be persisted in until all traces of the trouble have vanished. Among the thousands who have been brought near to the brink of the grave from this trouble, and ultimately restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is Miss Bella home in Colborne. Miss Boyd gives her experience as follows:—

"It is nearly ten years since my illness first commenced, and although I was doctoring more or less I received little or no benefit, as the doctors did not seem to understand my trouble. Two years ago my health became so bad that another doctor was called in, and he stated that my case was a most severe type of anaemia, and that while he could help me the trouble had progressed to such a stage that he could not outlive it. At this time I was as pale as chalk, my eyelids were swollen and would hang down over my eyes like sacks of water. My feet and limbs would swell, and were always cold. I was subject to violent headaches, severe palpitation of the heart, and if I stooped over I would be so dizzy that I could scarcely regain an upright position. My appetite failed me almost entirely, and I grew so weak that I was a mere wreck. While in this condition I read in a newspaper of the cure of a young girl whose case was much like mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. Those who knew me did not think any medicine could do me any good or that I would ever get better, but I determined at all events to give the pills a fair trial. I have used them for nearly a year with the result that I feel like a new person. The swelling in my eyelids and limbs has disappeared; my appetite is good and my face is regaining the color which left it years ago. I can sew and do work about the house, and this great change in my condition is due solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is not too little to say that they have saved my life and I strongly urge girls who are similarly afflicted to give them a similar trial."

VOCIFEROUS "BETSY."

How the International Gun Saved the
Day at Pekin.

This interesting account of the new famous international gun at Pekin, known as "Our Betsy," is published in the London Standard:—

"An American gunner, named Mitchell, of the United States Legation Guard of Marines, proposed to make a small cannon out of an old British Legation pump. A number of Chinese converts, refugees in the British Legation, together with a few marines, were sent to shops within the 'lines' to find materials and tools wherewith to bring about the necessary conversion of the pump. While they were foraging in a deserted blacksmith's shop, they discovered, to their intense joy and surprise, an old cannon of Chinese manufacture, and brought it home, amidst the shouts of the besieged."

"The next trouble was suitable ammunition. When the Russians left their legation in more or less of a panic, they threw some shells they had in their possession into a well to prevent their possibly falling into the hands of the Chinese. These were fished out and adapted, after a lot of skill and ingenuity, to meet the contingency. Other ammunition was made out of powder candlesticks and temple vessels of every description, looted from a temple within the 'lines.' The manufacture of this ammunition was under the superintendence of one of the British marines."

"Betsy" was mounted on an Italian gun carriage; Chinese gunpowder formed the charge; Russian shells were fired, and the American gunner, Mitchell, fired the gun. Unfortunately, on the day before the troops arrived, this very capable gunner was seriously wounded in the arm by a bullet from the enemy's fire."

"Although it was not by any means a formidable weapon, the excessively loud report therefrom usually struck consternation into the hearts of the Chinese soldiers, with the inevitable result that they quitted their position as quickly as possible when 'Betsy' was brought to bear upon them."

"Possibly they imagined that by some means or other the Legation defenders had been reinforced by a battery of artillery, seeing that 'Betsy' was constantly being moved from one position to another and during the first days of the siege there was an entire absence of anything of the nature of heavy firing from the Europeans."

"One night, when the French Legation, the eastern limit of the lines of defence, was hard pressed, 'Betsy' was taken over and put into operation there, with the result that the attacking Chinese soon scattered in all directions."

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

A great lump rose in Daisy's throat.

"Yes, madame," answered Daisy, raising her dark-blue eyes pleadingly to the stern face before her.

"And may I ask by what right you dared violate the rules and regulations of this establishment by sending a sealed letter to a man? Your guardian strictly informed me you had no correspondents whatever, and I find this is a—I blush to confess it—actually a love-letter. What have you to say in reference to your folly, Miss Brooks?"

"I'm sure I don't know," sobbed Daisy.

"You don't know?" repeated madame, scornfully. "Not a very satisfactory explanation. Well, Miss Brooks, I have fully determined what steps I shall take in the matter. I shall read this letter this morning before the whole school; it will afford me an excellent opportunity to point out the horrible depths to which young girls are plunged by allowing their minds to wander from their books to such thoughts as are here expressed. What do you mean by this secret to which you allude so often?" she asked, suddenly.

"Please do not ask me, madame," sobbed Daisy; "I can not tell you—in deed I can not. I dare not!"

An alarming thought occurred to madame.

"Speak, girl!" she cried, hoarsely, grasping her firmly by the shoulder. "I must know the meaning of this secret which is so appalling. You fear to reveal it! Does your guardian know of it?"

"No—!" wailed Daisy; "I could not tell him. I must keep the secret."

Poor little innocent Daisy! her own words had convicted her beyond all pardon in the eyes of shrewd, suspicious Mme. Whitney, who guessed, as is usually the case, wide of the mark, as to the cause of the secret Daisy dare not to reveal to her guardian or herself.

"My duty is plain in this case," said madame. "I shall read this as a terrible warning to the young ladies of this institution; then I will send for Mr. John Brooks, your guardian, and place this letter in his hands."

"Oh, no, madame, in pity's name, no!" sobbed Daisy, wildly, kneeling imploringly at her feet, her heart beating tumultuously, and her hands locked convulsively together. "Do not, madame, I pray you; anything but that; he would cast me out of his heart and home, and I—I could not go to Rex, my dear."

But madame did not see. She laughed a little hard, metallic laugh that grated, oh, so cruelly, on Daisy's sensitive nerves.

When one woman's suspicions are aroused against another, Heaven help the suspected one; there is little mercy shown her.

"Man's inhumanity to man" is nothing compared to woman's inhumanity to woman.

Mme. Whitney had discovered a capital way to score a hit in the direction of morality.

"No," she said, laying the letter down on the table before her, "Arise from your knees, Miss Brooks. Your prayers are useless. I think this will be a life-long lesson to you."

"Oh, madame, for the love of Heaven!" cried Daisy, rocking herself to and fro, "spare me, I beseech you! Can nothing alter your purpose?"

"Well," said madame, reflectively, "I may not be quite so severe with you if you will confess, unreservedly, the whole truth concerning this terrible secret, and what this young man Rex is to you."

"I can not," wailed Daisy, "I can not. Oh, my heart is breaking, yet I dare not."

"Very well," said madame, rising, indicating the conversation was at an end. "I shall not press you further on the subject. I will excuse you now, Miss Brooks. You may retire to your room."

Still Daisy rocked herself to and fro on her knees at her feet. Suddenly a daring thought occurred to her. The letter which had caused her this bitter war lay on the table almost within her very grasp—the letter, every line of which breathed of her pure, sacred love for Rex—her Rex—whom she dared not even claim. She could imagine madame commenting upon every word and sentence, ridiculing those tender expressions which had been such rapturous joy to her hungry little heart as she had penned them. And last of all, and far the most bitter thought, how dear old John Brooks would turn his honest eyes upon her tell-tale face, demanding to know what the secret was—the secret which she had promised her young husband she would not reveal, come what would. If his face should grow white and stern, and those lips, which had blessed, praised, and petted, but never scolded her—if those lips should scold her, she would die then and there at his feet. In an instant she had resolved upon a wild, hazardous plan. Quick as a flash of lightning Daisy sprung to her feet and to the coveted letter from madame's detaining grasp; the door was open, and with the fleetness of a hunted deer she flew down the corridor, never stopping for breath until she had gained the very water's edge.

Mme. Whitney gave a loud shriek and actually fainted, and the attendant, who hurried to the scene, caught a glimpse of a white, terrified, beautiful face, and a cloud of flying golden hair. No one in that establishment ever gazed upon the face of Daisy Brooks again!

CHAPTER IX.

"Where is Miss Brooks?" cried Mme. Whitney, excitedly, upon opening her eyes. "Jenkins," she cried, motioning to the attendant who stood nearest her, "see that Miss Brooks is detained in her own room under lock and key until I am at liberty to attend to her case."

The servants looked at one another in blank amazement. No one dared tell her Daisy had fled. The torn envelope, which Daisy had neglected to gain possession of, lay at her feet.

With a curious smile Mme. Whitney

smoothed it out carefully, and placed it, carefully away in her private desk.

"Rex Lyon," she mused, knitting her brow. "Ah, yes, that was the name, I believe. He must certainly be the one. Daisy Brooks shall suffer keenly for this outrage," cried the madame, grinding her teeth with impotent rage. "I shall drag her pride down to the very dust beneath my feet. How dare the little rebel defy my orders? I shall have her removed to the huffy-room; a night of humiliation there will humble her pride. I dare say," fumed the madame, pacing up and down the room. "I have brought worse tempers than hers into subjection; still I never dreamed the little mix would dare openly defy me in that manner. I shall keep her in the huffy-room, under lock and key, until she asks my pardon on her bended knees; and what is more, I shall write the secret from her—the secret she has defied me to discover."

On sped Daisy, as swift as the wind, crushing the fatal letter in her bosom, until she stood at the very edge of the broad, glittering Chesapeake. The rosy-gold rays of the rising sun lighted up the waves with a thousand arrowy sparkles like a vast sea of glittering, waving gold. Daisy looked over her shoulder, noting the dark forms hurrying to and fro.

"They are searching for me," she said, "but I will never go back to them—never!"

She saw a man's form hurrying to and fro. At that moment she beheld, in the shadow of a clump of alders at her very feet, a small boat rocking to and fro with the tide. Daisy had a little boat of her own at home; she knew how to use the oars.

"They will never think of looking for me out on the water," she cried, triumphantly, and quickly untying it she sprang into the little skiff, and, seizing the oars, with a vigorous stroke the little skiff shot rapidly out into the shimmering water. Daisy never once pausing in her mad, impetuous flight until the dim line of the shore was almost indistinguishable from the blue arching dome of the horizon. "There," she cried, flushed and excited, leaning on the oars; "no one could possibly think of searching for me out here."

Her cheeks were flushed and her blue eyes danced like stars, while the freshening breeze blew her bright shining hair to and fro.

Many a passing fisherman cast admiring glances at the charming little, fairy, so sweet and so daring, out all alone on the smiling, treacherous, dancing waves so far away from the shore. But if Daisy saw them, she never heeded them.

"I shall stay here until it is quite dark," she said to herself; "they will have ceased to look for me by that time. I can reach the shore unobserved, and watch for Sara to get my hat and sash; and then—a rosy flush stole up to the rings of her golden hair as she thought what she would do then—"I shall go straight back to Rex—my husband!"

She knew that John Brooks would not return home for some time to come, and she would not go back to Septima. She made up her mind she would certainly go to Rex. She would wait at the depot, and if Rex did not come in on the early train, she would go back at once to Allen-dale. Her purse, with twenty dollars in it—which seemed quite a fortune to Daisy—was luckily in her pocket, together with half of an apple and a biscuit. The healthy exercise of rowing, together with the fresh, cool breeze, gave Daisy a hearty appetite, and the apple and biscuit afforded her quite a pleasant lunch.

"Poor Daisy! The pretty little girl-bridge had no more thought of danger than a child. She had no premonition that every moment the little boat, drifting rapidly along with the tide, was bearing her rapidly onward toward death and destruction."

Daisy paid little heed to the dark rolling clouds that were slowly obscuring the brilliant sunshine, or the swirl and dash of the waves that were rocking her little boat so restlessly to and fro. The hours seemed to slip heedlessly by her. The soft gloaming seemed to fall about her swiftly and without warning.

"I must turn my boat about at once!" cried Daisy, in alarm. "I am quite a long way from the shore!"

At that moment the distant rumbling roar of thunder sounded diametrically over the leaden-gray, white-capped water, and the wind, rising instantly into a fierce gale, hurled the dark storm-clouds across the sky, blinding the hurli glow of sunset and marking the heavens above her in its dusky folds.

Daisy was brave of heart, but in

All Japan teas are colored.

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA
is pure and uncolored.

the face of such sudden and unlooked-for danger her courage failed her. The pretty rose-bloom died away from her face, and her beautiful blue eyes expanded wide with terror. She caught her breath with a sob, and, seizing the oar with a soft, childish hand, made a desperate attempt to turn the boat. The current resisted her weak effort, snapping the oar in twain like a slender twig and whirling it from her grasp.

"Rex! Rex!" she cried out, piteously, stretching out her arms, "save me! Oh, I am lost—lost! Heaven pity me!"

The night had fallen swiftly around her. Out, alone, on the wild, pitiless, treacherous waves—alone with the storm and the darkness!

The storm had now commenced in earnest, beating furiously against the little boat, and lashing the mad waves into seething foam as they dashed high above the terrified girl. No sound could be heard above the wild warring of the elements—the thunder's roar, the furious lashing of the waves, and the white, radiant light of the water, making the vast expanse of water, making the scene sublime in its terrible grandeur.

"Rex! my love, my life!" she cried, in the intense agony of despair, "you will never know how well I loved you! I have faced death rather than betray the sweet, sad secret—I am your wife!"

Was it the wild flashing of the lightning, or was it a red light she saw swinging to and fro, each moment drawing rapidly nearer and nearer? Heaven be praised! it was a barge of some kind; help was within her reach. "Help!" cried Daisy, faintly. "Help! I am alone out on the water!" she held out her arms toward the huge vessel, which loomed up darkly before her, but the terrified voice was drowned by the fierce beating of the storm.

Suddenly her little boat spun round and round, the swift water was drawing her directly in the path of the barge, another moment and it would be upon her, she beat the air with white hands, gazing with frozen horror at the fatal lights drawing nearer and nearer.

"Rex, my love, good-bye!" she wailed, sinking down in the bottom of the boat as one end of the barge struck it with tremendous force.

Leaning over the railing, evidently unmindful of the fierce fury of the storm that raged around him, stood a young man, gazing abstractedly over the wild dashing waves. A dark smile played about the corners of his mouth, and his restless eyes wore a pleased expression, as though his thoughts were in keeping with the wild, warring elements.

Suddenly, through the terrible roar of the storm, he heard a piteous appeal for help, and the voice seemed to die away over the angry, muttering waves. He leaned over the railing breathlessly with excitement. The thunder crashed almost incessantly, and there came a stunning bolt, followed by a blinding blaze of lightning. In that one instant he had seen a white, childish face, framed in a mass of floating golden hair, turned toward him.

One instant more and she would be swept beneath the ponderous wheel, beyond all mortal power of help; then the dark, hungry waters closed cruelly over her, but in that one instant she had seen the man's face had turned deadly pale.

"Great God!" he shrieked, hoarsely, "it is Daisy Brooks!"

To Be Continued.

HE TOLD HER.

A marriage took place at a little country church, the couple being elderly people. The man was very deaf, so deaf that he could not hear unless someone shouted in his ear. So when the clergyman read the words: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" etc, the old man did not understand a word the clergyman said, but turned to his intended and asked: "What do he say? referring to the person. Whereupon the woman shouted into his ear:

He wants to know if you'll have me for your wedded wife."

The old man looked lovingly at his intended and exclaimed:

"Why, tell me, Mary dear; now, didn't I tell ye so the other night?"

Lester, dear, said Mrs. Giddings, anxiously to her husband, I don't like that cough of yours.

"I'm sorry," replied Giddings, but it is the best I have.

AN HONORABLE MEDICINE

That Appeals to the Best Judgment of the Best People
and Cuts Right Down at Cause of Disease is DR. CHASE'S
KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Why is it that in nearly every home in the land you find some of Dr. Chase's family remedies? Why is it that Dr. Chase is honored and esteemed as a true physician of undoubted skill? Why is it that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are in the family medicine chest as indispensable for everyday ills which arise from constipation and sluggish action of the liver and kidneys? It is because Dr. Chase's remedies are all honorable medicines. Medicines that have been tried in the severest cases and proven to be of most unusual value. They are immensely successful, because everybody has learned to have confidence in them and confidence in their discoverer, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have for nearly a quarter of a century taken the lead as the greatest secret remedy which medicine dealers handle, and this enormous sale is only due to the downright merit which they possess. They cure when others fail. It is when there is a bitter taste in the mouth, heaviness about the stomach, headaches, backaches, pains in the shoulders and limbs, and depressed, languid feelings, that people turn to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Torpid liver, inactive kidneys and irregular bowels are the cause of at least seven-tenths of human ills. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills invigorate these organs as no other preparation was ever known to do; and what is best of all strikes deep-

ly and make thorough and lasting cures.

Mr. Walter Booth, Concession, Prince Edward County, Ont., states: "I have been troubled for some years with kidney and liver disease and pains in my back, and my stomach was so bad I could not eat. I have tried every remedy in keeping any food in my stomach. I was so nervous that I could scarcely take a drink of water, and I gained no weight of it. My hand trembled so, and I had lost flesh until my weight fell from 155 to 138 pounds."

"Hearing of a similar case that was cured by Dr. Chase's Remedies, I commenced by taking Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, six boxes of which cured my kidney and liver troubles. I then began Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for my nervousness. It strengthened my stomach and whole system, and I gained in flesh. I cannot speak in terms of too great praise for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food, for besides curing me they did my father, who is an old man, a great deal of good. I have every confidence in recommending these remedies."

Mr. J. J. Ward, J. P., certifies that he knows Mr. Walter Booth, and that this statement of his cure is perfectly correct.

The chances are that your neighbors have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Ask them. One box, 25 cents; a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

CANADIANS FOR THE POLE.

CAPT BERNIER WILL START NORTH
ON JUNE FIRST NEXT.He Will Follow Nansen's Course, But Will
Sail on a Steel Ship, and Will Adopt
Expeditions Which He Claims Will
Bring Success.

The first distinctively Canadian expedition in search of the North Pole will probably set out for the Arctic next year. It will be commanded by Capt. Bernier, of Quebec, an old-time navigator, than whom no Arctic explorer was ever more confident of achieving his self-imposed task. The captain's plan includes several novel propositions for facilitating his reach of the desired goal. A seafaring man from his youth and a captain of many years' experience and of wonderful success in his vocation, the study of the great problem of Arctic exploration has been the hobby of his life. He is of French-Canadian extraction, and confident of his ability to plant the flag of the Empire and the arms of his native country upon the exact end of the world's imaginary axis. The captain has promise of generous Canadian aid for his expedition, and has gone to England to interview Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, on the project, and also to make arrangements for the construction of a new ship. It will be decided in England whether this vessel is to be of wood or malleable steel; that is, the Siemens-Martin mild steel.

A STEEL SHIP.

The experience of Nansen's Fram makes the captain rather unfavorable to a wooden ship, because of the fears that that vessel engendered among her crew when in the ice floes. His preference is for a steel ship, the sides of which can be so heated from within that she will avoid the evil effects of ice pressure and being shaped like the Fram will readily rise from the pressure of opposing ice floes. Capt. Bernier estimates the total cost of the expedition at from \$80,000 to \$90,000, of which \$45,000 to \$50,000 will be required for the vessel and its outfit. He gives his own services free.

Sir Clements Markham has already declared that another expedition ought to continue Nansen's work, taking the drifting ice further to the east than he did, in which case he believes it would float over or nearly over the pole. Bernier does not share the belief of some that there is any extent of land in the neighborhood of the pole, that would interfere with the regular drift of the Arctic ice. He declares it unreasonable to believe that there is other than deep water in the vicinity of the pole, when 300 miles south of it in the direction of Greenland, the depth of water is from 1,800 to 2,000 fathoms.

TO START JUNE 1.

Capt. Bernier proposes to set out on his voyage about June 1, leaving Vancouver for Behring Straits, accompanied by a crew of twelve, all possessed of special scientific attainments. The coast of Siberia will be followed as far as the new Siberian islands, the expedition passing to the west of them to survey Sannikoff Land and to finish the survey of North Bennett Island commenced by the Jeannette's crew. There the opportunity will be watched for in the late period of navigation, to proceed to the north of the Jeannette's Arctic position through one of the north-easterly openings in the ice that are always found to exist about October. The winter quarters of the ship will be about 500 miles from the pole. Here the explorers will slaughter the live stock brought with them for food and store the flesh in a depot on the ice alongside of the ship, against the time when there will be nothing to kill around them. In the latitude where the first winter will be passed, the explorers expect to kill large quantities of bear, seal and walrus, not only for current use, but also to add to their reserve stores.

A DRIFTING MATCH.

All this time the captain expects to be gradually nearing the pole, carried toward it by the drift of the ice in which the vessel and attendant camps will be imbedded, or upon the surface of which they will be borne. So gradual is the drift and so slow will be the progress of the party that they only expect to reach the pole during the third summer of their absence from home. It may not be possible for the expedition to take the drift ice far enough to the east to be sure of passing directly over the pole, because of the westerly drift. In order to counteract this, however, a series of observation stations will be established on the ice, ten miles apart, and stretching away due east of the main camp. These observation camps will constitute one of the main features of the expedition. Not only will they be sighted from one another, but they will be connected by telephonic communication, supplemented by a system of wireless telegraphy. The flagstaffs of these stations will be composed of hollow aluminum pipes, two to three inches in diameter, containing emergency supplies of food. Each station will be supplied with self-registering thermometer and barometer. Five of them at least are to be established, and if this eastward extension of communication for fifty miles is found, by observation, to be sufficient for overcoming the westward drift, the number and extension of these observation stations can readily be increased, so that the passage of at least a portion of the party immediately over the pole may be definitely accomplished.

BALLOONS TO BE RELEASED.

Small balloons with records of the expedition's progress will be released at monthly or fortnightly intervals, and each succeeding balloon will contain the record entrusted to former ones, to provide against the loss of any. Each will be furnished with twenty days' supply of hydrogen. To avoid evaporation they will be so freighted that to be imprisoned in the cold air near the surface of the sea, and Capt. Bernier is convinced that the prevailing currents of air will carry them first to the south and then east. Boats for use in cases of emergency will be taken out in sections.

The expedition expects to return by way of Spitzbergen. Judging by the facts that the polar basin has a higher level than either the Pacific or the Atlantic ocean, that the latter is lower than the Pacific, and that the cold winds of the polar basin help the ice and water thence on the way to the North Atlantic to feed the evaporation always going on there, Capt. Bernier believes it now to be nothing more than a matter of time and patience until he shall have passed directly over the pole and returned safely home to tell the story of the expedition. At first his only anxiety was as to the possibility of reaching the mouth of the river Lena from Behring Straits. Dr. Nansen writes him that he has no doubts that he can easily do so. Prof. Nordenfalk, who reached the polar sea via Behring Straits from Stockholm, also writes encouragingly.

The Royal Society of Canada and the Quebec Geographical Society have endorsed Capt. Bernier's plans. So has J. W. Tyrrell, the explorer of the barren lands and the chairman of the Committee on Polar Researches of the Ontario Land Surveyors' Association, who says: "I believe you are on the right track to success." Dr. G. M. Dawson, director of the Geological Survey of Canada, writes: "The recent voyage of the Fram seems to indicate that an expedition carried out along the line of Capt. Bernier's project, if properly equipped and manned, would have every probability of a successful issue." And Dr. Bell, the assistant Director-General of Dominion Surveys, supplements the above with the following: "I think you have chosen the best course and the best method, and that if you follow out these plans you will succeed."

SUPERSTITIOUS WOMEN.

They Place a Great Deal of Confidence in Dreams.

It doesn't seem possible that in this enlightened age superstition could be rampant among the educated, but there are nevertheless a number of young women who converse fluently if not eloquently in three languages, and who read Spencer and Browning and Emerson, but who place a dream-book by their Bible on the table beside the bed and consult it in the morning the first thing.

With a credulity worthy a dorky mammy if their sleep has been visited with unusual visions, they seize this volume as soon as their eyes are fairly opened and look for an explanation. If misfortune is foretold by it, the seeker after knowledge assumes a bravado she is far from feeling.

"I don't care," she says, to herself, by way of bolstering up her courage, "I'm not superstitious anyway, and I don't believe in such wayward nonsense." But she's nervous just the same, for a couple of days, until other troubles have driven this mythical one out of her mind.

There's one young woman known to the writer who never dreams of a young child without shivering and sharking for days after, in fear of some dreadful thing happening to her. She has not consulted a dream-book on the subject, and so she doesn't know how infants and bad luck become connected in her mind, but, nevertheless, after she's had a visitant of this sort while sleeping, she says prayers of unusual length and then makes up her mind to be patient under afflictions sore.

She's an intelligent woman, mind you, but she doesn't attempt to explain the terror that besets her at this particular dream.

She doesn't call herself superstitious, of course no woman does, not even the one who won't walk under a ladder, but her friends do, and make light of her until she exposes some feign of theirs, when the subject is carefully avoided afterward.

He—How often a woman's face is her fortune.

She—Yes, and how often a man's cheek is his.

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THE COAL OF CHINA.

Pick and Winchless the Only Machinery Used.

Professor Drake, of Tientsin, has lately published a report on the coal fields of the Chinese province of Shan-si, in which he estimates that within 150 square miles around Tse-chau there are about 300 million metric tons of coal and yet this area is only a little of the ragged edge of the great coal fields of Shan-si. Richthofen, in 1870, estimated that the anthracite, coal alone of this province amounts to 630,000 million tons, and that the coal area is greater than that of Pennsylvania.

The workable coal of Tse-chau, lies in one bed, the average thickness of which is probably not less than 22 feet. All of this coal is anthracite, with a specific gravity of 1.5, and is hard enough to support any weight put upon it in the blast furnace. The proportion of sulphur is uniformly low, and that of ash also.

The soil in the neighborhood of Tse-chau is highly fertile, and supports a dense population. The industries are centered round the mines. Nearly all the coal is mined through shafts, varying in depth from 50 ft. to over 300 ft. Very little is mined through inclines. No steam is used for raising the coal to the surface, and explosives are not employed. The work is done with the windlass and pick. Tunnels are run through the bed from the bottom of the shaft, and at intervals along the tunnels large quantities of coal are removed, leaving circular chambers from 40 to 50 feet in diameter, and thus about 50,000 tons a year are brought to the surface. For local use the coal is carried away in little carts drawn by oxen, but the most of it is taken down the mountains by pack animals, the paths are very steep and rough. It is 30 miles to the plains. The paths are about 18 feet wide and are paved with stone.

PROVISIONS DEARER IN ENGLAND.

Big Advance Over Last Year's Prices—Jam Alone is Cheaper.

It costs a good deal more to live to-day than it did twelve months ago, Mr. William Alstrom, of Kimberley road, Nunhead, the general secretary of the newly formed London Coffee and Eating House Keepers' association, estimates that £1 will purchase no more food now than 15s would a year ago.

"For instance," he said to a London Daily Mail representative, "meat has gone up 18 per cent. in price, flour 15 per cent., sugar 7-1/2 per cent., tea 12-1/2 per cent., eggs 15 per cent., bacon 30 per cent., currants as much as 220 per cent., raisins 80 per cent., sultanas 60 per cent., butter 7-1/2 per cent., lard 15 per cent., and even such accessories as mustard and vinegar have increased in price."

"The coffee house keepers have been obliged to raise their prices, for they saw insolvency looming ahead. A large number have banded themselves together and resolved to sell no more halfpenny cups of tea, no more halfpenny boiled or fried eggs, no plate of hot meat under 5d, no plate of cold meat for less than 3d and no puddings at less than 4d each."

"Why, even our crockery has gone up 20 per cent.," added the general secretary, "and as for coal and gas, everybody knows what a huge increase has taken place in the prices of these necessities. What has gone down? The only thing that is cheaper is jam."

A certain Liverpool man who represented one of the oldest families in the north of England had many peculiarities. Among these was a remarkably fastidious care for forms of speech and pronunciation.

One day when he was standing on the Prince's landing-stage he slipped in some manner and went into the water with a resounding splash. There were a number of people about, and amongst them the gentleman who shrieked: "He'll be drowned-d, he wailed; he'll be drowned-d."

Just then the waters parted and the victim of the accident appeared above the surface. Coughing and spluttering, he looked towards the agitated old lady.

"Drowned, you old idiot, he roared, drowned!"

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