RHEUMATIC PAINS.

CAUSED BY AN IMPURE CONDITION OF THE BLOOD.

If Neglected They Will Grow Worse and Serious Trouble Will Follow—Rheumatism Can be Permanently Cured.

From the Telegraph, Quebec.

Rheumatism is one of the most common and at the same time one of the most painful affections from which humanity suffer. It affects the joints and muscles, and is characterized, even in its simplest form, by a dull constant pain. While it remains in the joints and muscles, it is sufficiently painful and distressing, but as it is liable to attack the vital organs, such as the heart, the disease becomes a source of danger, and in many instances it has proved fatal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess qualities for the cure of this disease which are unequalled by any other medicine. Mr. Cyrus Lamond, a well known resident of Stadacona, Que., bears testimony to the wonderful curative powers of these pills. To a reporter of the Telegraph, he gave the following story:—"Until some three years ago I always enjoyed the best of health, but about that time I was attacked with what proved from the outset to be a severe case of rheumatism, from which I suffered great torture. I tried a number of the supposed cures for this disease, but none of them benefited me. I seemed to be constantly growing worse, so I called in a physician, but as his treatment did not give me relief, I sought the assistance of two other doctors, but they also failed to help me. My appetite left me; my strength gradually ebbed away; one of my legs was drawn out of shape, and I was never free from pain. I was in despair of ever being well again, when one day a relative brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to take them. He seemed to have such great confidence in the pills that I determined to follow his advice. To-day I am happy that I did so, for with the use of less than a dozen boxes of these pills the pain from which I suffered so much is all gone, and I feel stronger and healthier than I did before This I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would strongly urge similar sufferers to give them a trial."

Experience has proved Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be without an equal as a blood builder and nerve restorer. It is this power of acting directly on the blood and nerves that enables these pills to cure such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, and all the ordinary diseases of the blood and nerves. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or can be had by mail, postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FIELDS GET TIRED.

Growing the Same Sort of Cereal Year After Year.

You probably walked through a wheatfield on last year's holidays. Go through the same field this year, and you will find it has been growing barley, oats or perhaps clover. Why is this?

It is because fields get tired of growing the same sort of cereal year after year. Plant a field with wheat one year, and it takes to the business with enthusiasm, but put wheat there again the following year, and it takes no interest at all in growing it. But if you substitute barley, oats, clover, or turnips, it knuckles down to the work readily, and turns out a decent crop.

A field can't stand sameness. Thus it is that farmers never plant the same crop in the same fields in consecutive years, preferring to put each field through the whole course of cereal growing, before repeating any particular growth.

If there is one crop which sickens a field sooner than any other it is clover. Fields simply hate clover, and, after a year of it, they get what is called "clover sick," a disease which upsets them for practical work for a long time. Fields which are suffering severely from the complaint are sometimes given a rest for a season. Thus it is that you often walk over an uncultivated field during the summer, which is probably "clover sick," and ordered complete rest.

At most farms, each field is known by some name. A newly-married farmer's wife suffered great qualms on hearing her husband frequently speak of going over to see how "Ella Moor" was getting on. She said nothing about it for some time, till one day she said she would like to go with him to see the mysterious person. The farmer, with an inward wink, said he would be pleased to take her, and her surprise was great when he pointed over a gate, and introduced her to a turnip field, which had been known by that name for generations.

PRIMITIVE FISHING.

How Fish Are Caught By The Natives of The Congo.

Primitive methods of catching fish are in vogue among the natives of the Congo. Sometimes they poison the water and occasionally fish with a hook and line, but their favorite instruments of destruction are funnels, shaped somewhat like ordinary eel pots, from which no fish, having once entered, can escape.

A small funnel of this kind is called a "nsoso" and is made of thin strips of palm. A fish can easily enter, but as soon as he tries to get out he finds the exit barred by the ends of the strips, which come together just inside the broad entrance. When the water is rising and falling fish can easily be caught in this way.

Larger and longer funnels, known as "nswa," are also used. They are made of broad strips of palm or of branches of other trees, and are found very effective in rapidly flowing rivers. First, the river is dammed, and then a number of openings are made in it, behind which the "nswas" are placed. Through the force of the current the fish are driven into the openings, and once there they cannot get out.

Some of the fish caught in these funnels are of enormous size, frequently, indeed, so large that two boys find it no easy task to carry one of them home.

NATURAL LUCK.

Whew! panted the hare, I never expected to get away from those dogs. I tell you, I'm lucky.

Of course you are, replied the fox, and it's all due to those rabbit's feet you carry around with you.

FROM THE SOIL TO SOCIETY.

Marmaduke—How do you feel about this much-discussed man-with-the-hoe?

Courtney—Oh! He's all right. In three generations he will be the man with-the-tallyho.

ILL-TIMED PLEASANTNESS.

Cheerfulness is riches.

Oh, no; if you can't pay a bill, being cheerful about it only makes the other man madder.

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Maida Carringford the illegitimate child of Sir Richard Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Constance on a stage-coach in America. The stage is attacked and Constance is wounded. Maida leaves her for dead and goes to impersonate her in England. Caryl Wilton, who knew Maida as a famous actress, meets her at some amateur theatricals in her new home and visits the portrait gallery at Hartleigh Hall. He is passionately fond of her and to be often in her presence asks leave to paint her portrait. Guy, a nephew of Sir Richard, to avoid seeing Wilton's admiration for the girl he thinks he loves, rides off and calls on his old nurse. He meets Mildred Thorpe. Lady Gladys a rival for Guy's affections takes steps to uncover Maida's past.

CHAPTER XXII.

Time, that flew with fleet wings for the petted heiress of the Hall, dragged with leaden heels for the lonely girl at the little cottage at Loughham. There were no picnics, no dinner parties for her. Day after day wore away, each like its fellow, and whereas but a few days ago the days had all been joyous to her, they now were dull.

Eight days had passed since Guy had sat in the easy, chintz-lined chair—eight long days; and in the afternoon of the eighth, Mildred came in at the gate, and slowly walked along the hall, into which she used to run eight days ago.

She had been to the church to practice, and she had played and sung the music and the hymn which she had played and sung that afternoon when Guy had fallen asleep in the church.

A perfect picture she made as she paused beside the autumn roses. A very flower among flowers she looked, the fairest of them all. The girl turned away from the rose-tree and was entering the cottage, but at that moment there came the sound of horse's hoofs on the gravel of the lane, and, turning, she saw a stalwart figure, riding a great, powerful horse, coming toward the cottage.

Was he going to stop, or would he merely bow and ride on? She knew, in that moment of intense longing, what it was that had filled her monotonous life with a vague sense of gladness—of sweet, melancholy pleasure—of infinite, dream-like longings. She had been looking for the second visit of this young squire with the crisp, golden hair, and the frank, boyish smile.

Would he ride past?

Suddenly, as she asked herself the question, Guy caught sight of her. A pleased light shone in his blue eyes, and he sent Hotspur forward with a spring, scattering the gravel in all directions.

"Good-afternoon, good-afternoon," he cried, dropping from his horse, and standing bare-headed before her. "What a beautiful afternoon!"

She murmured something, and Guy, who was waiting to see her put out her hand, at last put out his. With a little twitch of the scarlet lips, she put her little hand into his great brown one, and felt a thrill run through her, as his strong fingers closed over her soft ones, and he held them prisoners.

"You see," he said, still holding her hand, "I have kept my word, and very soon put yours to the test. Will you give me a cup of tea?. Ah, here's the dame. Well, dame?"

"What, Master Guy!" was the glad exclamation. "Is it you? Oh, bring him in."

"Horse and all?" laughed Mildred, her soft eyes beaming, her cheeks blushing like roses.

"Oh, that great, ugly Hotspur," said the dame. "Tie him to the gate."

"Where he can kick all the passers-by," said Guy. "No, he shall go in the paddock; it will not be the first time," and he led the horse away.

When he came back Mildred had flown.

"Where's Miss Thorpe?" he asked.

"Only gone to her room, poor child!"

"What's the matter? Why is she 'poor child?'" asked Guy, smiling.

"Why, don't you see how pale she be?" said the dame. "Not at all like herself, she haven't been for this—oh, this week past."

"Pale!" said Guy, incredulously, and looked up significantly as the door opened and Mildred entered, a beautiful color on her sweet face, her eyes shining, her lips eloquently curved in a smile of serene happiness.

The dame stared. Half an hour ago the girl had been sitting in the arm-chair, looking "like as if she were going into a decline," the dame had said and now:

"Heart alive!" exclaimed the dame gazing at her admiringly. "What a girl it is! Why and where have you gotten those roses in your cheeks?"

Mildred started, and looked shyly from one to the other, and the roses grew to peonies.

"Come, dame, don't be personal," said Guy, banteringly. "You'll be complimenting me directly on my altered appearance."

"Ah, and so I will," said the dame. "Why, bless the boy! if he isn't red now. Have you been doing anything wrong, you two? You look as if you were waiting for a whipping, that you do."

CHAPTER XXIII.

There was a profound silence for some moments after the dame's remark, and two beautiful roses settled on the cheeks of Mildred, while Guy stirred his tea as if he meant to scratch a hole in his cup. Then the dame, all unconscious of the confusion she had occasioned, began to chatter and ask questions, and Guy was compelled, as usual, to give an exact account of the health of the folks at the Hall, and of every little event which had happened there since his last visit to the cottage.

"And the old cat's dead, and that's all. Quite enough too, dame. Miss Thorpe is bored to death. Let us talk of something else."

"Very well, my dear," laughed the dame; "I'm going to clear the things away; you and Miss Mildred can then talk about what you like."

"Let me help you, dame," said the girl, rising, but the dame pushed her gently into her chair again.

"Sit still, my dear; he'll be off like a shot if he's left alone. Keep him till I come back."

With a little laugh and a heightened color, Mildred arose, and taking up her work, went and sat beside the open door, but she did not offer to talk. Guy leaned back and watched her, his head resting on his hand, his thoughts roaming here and there aimlessly, a feeling of repose, very novel and grateful, stealing over him.

"Not tired of your seclusion yet, Miss Mildred, he asked.

"Not in the very least. I am quite content."

"Quite content!" He nodded and sighed. "That's a great thing to say. But you look it; you look quite happy."

"I am very happy," she assented in a low voice.

"Yes, you look it," he said, thoughtfully, unconsciously gazing at her sweet face, with its soft, reposeful lips and downcast eyes. "You look as if the world, with all its falsities and disappointments, were a sealed book to you; as if life had been one untroubled day, neither too bright nor too cloudy, but——"

He paused suddenly, for at his words the color left her cheeks, and she raised her eyes with a troubled look.

"Oh, you are wrong, quite wrong," she said, in a startled voice. "Life has been very hard and sad for me till now; perhaps that is why I am so content. Not too bright—ah, no, it has not been too bright—but clouded."

"You will forgive me," he said "but sometimes, when I am thinking of you"—she colored faintly and lowered her head at those words—"I have an idea that you have travelled a great deal."

She looked up with a hesitating glance, and then went on with her work.

"Yes," she said reluctantly, "I have travelled a great deal."

"I thought so," he gently responded.

"Why?"

"I scarcely know. For one thing, because I sometimes fancied I detected a little foreign accent in your voice—something American."

Once again she glanced at him with the half-troubled, half fearful look, as if wondering if he suspected anything she would not have him know.

"I have been in America," she slowly said.

"I thought so," said Guy frankly. "How strange! You know, of course, that I have not long returned from there?"

"Yes, I know," she assented.

"It would be singular if I had met you there," he said, as if communing with himself. "Were you ever in San Francisco?"

A shade of white passed over her face, and she looked at him with a strangely searching glance. Her fingers paused in their task, and she answered him in a low tone:

"Yes, I have been in San Francisco."

"When?" demanded Guy, eagerly.

She hesitated, and then reluctantly answered:

"In July."

"July!" he repeated after her, with a tone of pleased surprise; "why I was there in July. Do you know, the first time I saw you I had an idea that I hah seen you before. I fancied at first you were like my cousin Constance. Is it possible that we could have met in San Francisco?"

"No, no," she answered, hastily. "I don't think we had ever met before the other day, and it must be that I am like some one you have seen; though," she added, with a smile, "I do not think it can be Miss Hartleigh, because they say she is so beautiful."

"No more," answered Guy, hastily and with some vehemence, and then colored and went on, blunderingly, "hers is a different style of beauty from yours."

She stopped him with a merry laugh.

"I am unused to such compliments" she said; "to any indeed, so I do not know what to say. Of course I am very much obliged, Mr. Hartleigh," and she laughed again in a manner which indicated that she did not set much store by what he had said.

"That's right," he said, cheerfully. "I wanted to hear you laugh. And if you are so much obliged you can show it by singing something for me, will you?"

"I don't think you deserve it," she said, still smiling.

She arose, nevertheless, and went to the piano.

Guy leaned his head against the door-post and watched her, as her white, slender fingers glided over the keys, and the exquisite voice rose softly into song.

"She is not only beautiful," he thought; "she is lovely—lovably beautiful. What a hard world it is. But what can I do for her? Nothing. She is happy and content, she says. Ah!" and he sighed, "if she were only suffering from some wrong, and wanted someone to right her—to defend and protect her, there would be some comfort in that—for me. I could do something then. But to be her friend only till some one with a better title comes to take her away—she's very beautiful, and some one is sure to come sooner or later. Son curate, or—or—confound him! whoever he may be."

He broke off, and, too disturbed by the idea of a possible lover for Miss Thorpe, he arose and went to the piano. She was playing softly, a sort of running accompaniment to her thoughts it seemed to him, and did not hear him approach.

Guy stood looking at her, his hand so near her that it almost touched her arm, a strange, wistful, troubled feeling possessing him. He was to marry—if he kept his promise—to marry Constance. And he had been willing to marry Constance—had given her his love; but she had coldly thrust it aside. Her coldness had made him miserable, the air of mystery and reserve had chilled him and saddened him; and now, at the critical moment, he meets this beautiful creature, a faint shadow of Constance, with all the tenderness and meek maidenliness which to him Constance lacked.

Was he fickle? He could scarcely accuse himself of that. For one thing, he was not in love with this sweet young creature yet. He liked her, in a friendly way, and she exerted a soothing, quieting influence over him, but he was quite sure that he did not love her. He thought of Constance as he looked at her, and he sighed.

She had not known he was so near, and, looking around with a little start, was in time to see the troubled, perplexed look in his handsome face. Her voice faltered, and her fingers strayed on the keys.

"I am tiring you," she said, and her hands dropped into her lap.

"Don't talk like that," he said. "I know of no one who can compare with you——"

He stopped in confusion and she looked up at him with a frightened flush. Then she bent her head timidly and looked down. As she did so her brooch—a little silver bird—fell from her throat to the floor. She bent, and put out her hand to recover it, and in doing so touched his face, as he stooped also. The blood flew to both their faces as she drew her hand back; but when he looked up her face was pale.

He looked at the brooch for a moment, and then held it out to her in his open palm; and as she touched it with the tips of the soft white hand, his fingers closed on hers.

With a sudden quiver she raised her eyes to his, a half frightened questioning in them.

Some word trembled on Guy's lip, a world of passionate longing shone in his eyes; then he remembered Constance and his promise to Sir Richard, and, as if with a sudden effort, he let her draw her hand away, and with tightly compressed lips he turned aside.

With a long breath, either of relief or regret, she let her fingers touch the keys, to gain time and composure.

When she looked around afterward Guy was gone, and a minute later she heard the sound of his horse tearing up the lane. Then the music suddenly ceased, and her face went down and was hidden in her hands.

Guy rode like a man fleeing from some terrible temptation, but the look in those soft, melting brown eyes went with him and haunted him. That touch of her warm hand on his cheek—why had it sent the blood surging through him and made his heart beat so wildly? Could it be possible that he loved her? He had only seen her twice or thrice—knew nothing of her except that she was loth to mention the past. And Constance!—what was to be done about her? It was true that she showed no signs of accepting him if he proposed to her; but still, he had promised, and the promise was sacred to Guy.

And that thought took him to the one of love. Did he love Constance, or had the sweet-faced girl at the cottage won his heart? Why, else, had he been on the point of telling her so at that moment when he held her hand imprisoned in his? Well, then, he did love her. But what right had he to even think of her if he was pledged to another. He groaned and dug the spurs into Hotspur's sides till that noble beast reared and plunged forward in a mad gallop.

As for Mildred, she could not leap into the saddle and ride away her perplexity and embarrassment, but she caught up a white shawl and said she would go out for a walk. It matter little to her which way she took, and it was not until she had gone some distance that she realized that she had turned toward Hartleigh village.

To be Continued.

MONKEY STORIES.

India's Sacred Simians, Wise Baboons and an Intelligent Chimpanzee.

The entellus monkey is the most sacred of all in India. It is gray above and nutty brown below, long-legged and active, a thief and an impudent robber. In one of the Indian cities they became such a nuisance that the faithful determined to catch and send away some hundreds. This was done, and the holy monkeys were deported in covered carts and released many miles off. But the monkeys were too clever. Having thoroughly enjoyed their ride, they all refused to part with the carts, and, hopping and grimacing, came leaping all the way back beside them to the city, grateful for their outing. One city obtained leave to kill the monkeys; but the next city then sued them for "killing their deceased ancestors." In these monkey-infested cities, if one man wishes to spite another he throws a few handfuls of rice on the roof of his house about the rainy season. The monkeys come, find the rice, and quietly lift off many of the tiles and throw them away, seeking more rice in the interstices.

The only mammals which thoroughly understand combination for defence as well as attack are the baboons, but Brehm, the German traveller, gives a charming story of genuine courage and self-sacrifice shown by one. His hunting dogs gave chase to a troop which was retreating to some cliffs and gave chase to a very young onel which ran up on to a rock, only just out of reach of the dogs. An old male baboon saw this and came alone to the rescue. Slowly and deliberately he descended, crossed the open space, and, stamping his hands on the ground, showing his teeth, and backed by the furious barks of the rest of the baboons, he disconcerted and cowed these savage dogs, climbed on to the rock, picked up the baby and carried him back safely. If the dogs had attacked the old patriarch his tribe would probably have helped him. Burchell, the naturalist after whom Burchell's zebra is named, let his dogs chase a troop. The baboons turned on them, killed one on the spot by biting through the great blood vessels of the neck and laid bare the ribs of another. The Cape Dutch in the ald Colony would rather let their dogs bait a lion than a troop of baboons. The rescue of the infant chacma, which Brehm saw himself, is a remarkable, and, indeed, the most incontestable instance of the exhibition of courage and self-sacrifice by a male animal.

Any account of chimpanzees would be incomplete without a reference to Sally, who lived in the London Zoo for over six years, learned to count perfectly up to six and less perfectly to ten; she could also distinguish white from any other color, but if other colors were presented her she failed, apparently from color-blindedness. Of this ape the late Dr. G. J. Romanes wrote with something more than the enthusiasm of a clever man pursuing a favorite theme.

"Her intelligence was conspicuously displayed by the remarkable degree in which she was able to understand the meaning of spoken language—a degree fully equal to that presented by an infant a few months before emerging from infancy, and therefore higher than that which is presented by any brute, so far, at least, as I have evidence to show. She was taught to count by means of picking up straws and being rewarded, when the correct number asked for had been given, with a piece of fruit. Sally rarely made mistakes up to five; but above five and up to ten, to which one of the keepers endeavored to advance her education, the result is uncertain. It is evident that she understands the words seven, eight, nine and ten to betoken numbers higher than those below them. When she was asked for any number over six she always gave some number over six and under ten. She sometimes doubled over a straw to make it present two ends, and was supposed thus to hasten the attainment of her task."

HORSES OF THE WORLD.

There are in the whole world about 75,000,000 horses and 11,000,000 mules and asses. They are distributed as follows: Europe, 39,400,000 horses, 3,200 mules, etc.; America, 22,800,000 horses, 4,700,000 mules, etc.; Asia, 9,100,000 horses, 1,300,000 mules, etc.; Africa, 1,000,000 horses, 1,900,000 mules, etc.; Australia, 2,300,000 horses. In the United States there were, January 1, 1900, 13,500,000 horses and 2,000,000 mules and asses.

A UNIT THERE.

Is it true, inquired the friend, that the doctors who were called in consultation over your husband disagreed?

Yes, replied the widow. They appeared to have agreed on one point only.

What was that?

To make their bills as high as possible.

OF TWO EVILS.

All those stories the papers are printing about you are lies, said the political friend. Why don't you make them stop it?

I would, replied the politician, but I'm afraid they'd begin printing the truth, then.

Cumulus, or thunder-cloud, rarely rises above two miles. Probably no cloud rises more than eight miles.

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c Large Liquid and Powder 75c All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for postage 3c.
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TRADES RUINED BY CRIME.

BRUSH BUSINESS VANISHED AFTER A MURDER.

Crime Spoilt a Chemist's Trade—Made a Milliner Bankrupt.

Some years ago England was startled by the story of the discovery of mutilated human remains in Whitechapel. Henry Wainright had murdered Harriet Lane, and, in due course he paid the penalty. Wainright had a brush shop, which had been sufficiently profitable to enable him to maintain a wife and family in good circumstances; but the trade vanished after the discovery of the crime—even pity for the unfortunate family was not strong enough to counteract the evil influence, and the place was turned into a boot-factory.

Dr. Neill spoilt a business that had been built up at a great cost by others. A firm of chemists hit upon the idea of enclosing nasty-tasting, but necessary medicines in gelatine capsules, whereby it was easy for the most fastidious or weakly persons to take such physic and retain it. Medicine is generally nasty, so it was no wonder that the idea caught on. For about ten years the trade flourished, and then Cream took advantage of the capsules to fill some with strychnine and present them to several of his lady friends; when this wholesale poisoning became known, the sale dropped to nothing, as people would not look at the capsules, to say nothing of taking them.

A like instance occurred more recently in New York, where poison was sent to a woman in a particular make of headache powder. There was no connection whatever between the ingredients of which the headache remedy was composed and the poison sent by post in one of the powders; the remedy was absolutely harmless, yet the sale went down to vanishing point and the

BUSINESS WAS RUINED.

In the year 1890, a murderous affray took place in the North-east of London, in which Sergeant Hargan shot two ruffians in defending the land lady of a public house. The criminal element of the neighborhood had its revenge. Twice in one week the place was burgled, money being taken and much damage done to the interior; respectable customers were threatened with violence if they patronized the house, and the poor woman was ultimately compelled to give up the place, ruined.

It was exactly four months after marriage with the Prince Consort that Queen Victoria was fired at by a young fellow, named Edward Oxford, as she was driving up Constitution Hill. That rascally attempt on the Queen had disastrous consequences for a man who was entirely innocent. This was Oxford's employer, a publican; the indignant but unreasoning mob attacked his premises, and afterwards his former patrons testified their abhorrence of the deed by refusing to deal with the poor publican, whose business was ruined. That was a case of very hard luck, but unfortunately not the only one of a similar nature.

Five years previously, in 1835, Fieschi discharged an infernal machine of twenty-five barrels at Louis Philippe of France from a window over a large millinery establishment in Paris. The same result was noted in this instance; the elderly lady who had only just purchased the business at a high price, saw it ruined by an act for which she was in no way responsible and she committed suicide.

THE SALE OF HUMAN BODIES.

to surgeons for dissecting purposes was not a nice kind of business, but it was regarded as a necessary and harmless one till 1829, when a disclosure was made which filled Great Britain with horror, caused a revulsion of feeling that put an end to the sale and introduced the word "burking" into our language. It occurred to one, Burke, that an easy way to make money was to provide bodies for the surgeon, and he proceeded to make corpses with the aid of Hare. His method was to stifle persons by some sort of pressure, so that the bodies showed no mark of violence. That trade ruined a legitimate, if gruesome, trade.

It is now thirty years since the murder of a woman at Eltham created a great sensation all over England. A printer was accused of the crime and acquitted, but the suspicion was very prejudicial to his trade, which, however, survived the blow instead of going under entirely, as so many have.

What happened in a baker's shop in London about three years ago will be fresh to most of us. A journeyman baker, having lost his situation, brooded over what he considered to be his "wrongs" till he became mentally deranged. He obtained shelter for the night in the bakehouse, under some pretence, and then murdered a young German who had been engaged in his situation. He nearly killed the proprietor in the same manner—namely, by the horrible method of baking him! People would on no account buy their bread from that shop, and the premises had to be closed.

Poison in special makes of pickles and chocolate creams are two further instances of trades being ruined by crimes committed by others than the makers; one was at Liverpool and the other at Brighton.

ECCENTRIC VIEWS.

Brilliant Offers Declined For Strange Reasons.

It is not often the case that a man will refuse to accept a remunerative and facile appointment abroad merely because of a violent aversion to mosquitoes, yet such was the reason put forward in all seriousness by a young English engineer for declining a position in Bombay. He averred that his dread of these tiny pests amounted to a positive monomania, and that he would rather abandon the most brilliant prospects than face the insects in question.

Absurd as the foregoing case may appear it is no more ludicrous than the case of a young governess who actually refused a very excellent situation in the family of a nobleman simply because her Radical views would not allow her to accept increment from a hereditary landlord. One would have thought that her political views might have been sustained without injury whilst teaching little children to read and write, but evidently the lady thought otherwise, and the brilliant offer was unhesitatingly declined.

Another young woman of eccentric views refused to accept a remunerative berth as private secretary to a well-known public man because the gentleman in question possessed red hair. She declared that her aversion to persons thus adorned was too great to be overcome, and that nothing but starvation would compel her to undertake work which would bring her in contact with a man of fiery locks. Perhaps some other reason underlay her ridiculous behavior, but, at any rate, the motive named was put forward apparently with every sign of veraciousness.

ONLY THE OTHER DAY

a young librarian refused a very excellent post at a certain public library on account of the fact that the institution in question contained the works of an author to whom he had a very strong objection on principle. Perhaps some persons would admire this Quixotic behavior, but the absurdity of it must be obvious to all who reflect that his acceptance or refusal would not affect the issue of the books concerned.

Rather foolish also was the conduct of a middle-aged Frenchman who some years ago declined a very remunerative position in a German firm in London because of his enmity to the nation to which the partners belonged. He stated that to accept payment from the former enemies of his country would be unpatriotic and improper, and he adhered to this queer line of thought with steadfast persistence. When one comes to consider how rare good situations are in these times the conduct of this gentleman appears all the more absurd.

Perhaps, however, the most extraordinary reason on record for declining a brilliant offer was that put forward by a young lady who had been wooed by a very wealthy and altogether attractive suitor rejoicing in the somewhat inelegant name of Pigge. She stated that she liked the gentleman very well indeed, but that she could not accept his proposal of marriage unless he changed his name. The suitor naturally declined to do anything of the sort, whereupon he was at once dismissed, and the foolish girl lost an excellent and wealthy husband by reason of her foolish prejudice.

AN ESTIMATE OF SUCCESS.

And how is my old school friend Bimson getting on? said the man who had returned to his native city after a long absence.

Oh, he's doing first-rate.

But he was such a bright boy we always expected he would display especial ability.

Well, I don't know that he hasn't displayed especial ability.

I never hear him mentioned in connection with any of your elections.

No; that's just the point. He has shown ability to go ahead quietly and build up a business. He doesn't have to run for office.

The Great Eastern holds the record among British lines of having carried 109,411,643 passengers in a year. Next comes the London and North-Western, with just over 82 millions; while the Great Western carries two millions less.

A PLAIN STRAIGHT-FORWARD LETTER

MRS. LOUIS BROVOSTS PUBLISHES WHAT SHE THINKS ABOUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

A Convincing Piece of Evidence as to the Wonderful Power of this Remedy—Bright's Disease, Heart Disease and Rheumatism Each Afflicted Mrs. Brovosts—Dodd's Kidney Pills Positively Cured Her.

St. Magloire, Que., Sept. 30.—(Special)—The following letter was written by a well-known and highly respected lady of this place, being a copy of the original sent to the Dodd's Medicine Company, of Toronto.

"When I wrote you for some Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so discouraged that I had no hope of being able to find any remedy to save my life. I suffered with Bright's Disease, Heart Disease and Rheumatism, and I was much bloated also with Dropsy. I was so feeble that I was unable to do anything. I suffered for sixteen years with Rheumatism. There were two years and a half that I suffered with Bright's Disease. I have tried all the remedies in the world and always grew worse and worse.

"There was one time when for three months I abandoned all my remedies and resolved to let myself die without taking any medicine. I received by chance one of your almanacs and a paper. I read them and I decided to write you and try again with your remedy.

"Great was my surprise at the good that Dodd's Kidney Pills gave me with the first box you sent. I took them and my health was greatly improved. Since then I have taken twenty boxes. I am cured of my Bright's Disease, my Heart Disease and my Rheumatism. I have still two boxes to take and by the time I have finished them I shall be in perfect health. I will permit you to publish this letter with pleasure, and I hope later to give you facts of my recovery more completely than at present. I am still weak, but with time I shall be as strong as ever. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who suffer with any of the diseases that I did."

HOW IT IS DONE.

Why Lightning Turns Milk Sour.

It sometimes happens, not always, that milk will turn sour during a thunderstorm. It is not always the lightning that causes it, for the heat before the storm is often great enough to make the milk ferment.

But lightning can, and sometimes does, make milk turn sour by its action on the air. Air, as everybody knows, is composed of two gases—oxygen and nitrogen; but these gases are mixed together, not combined. Lightning, however, makes the gases combine in the air through which it passes, and this combination produces nitric acid, some of which mixes with the milk and turns it sour.

Perhaps it might be well to explain the chemical difference between mixing and combining. When different ingredients are put together without their undergoing any chemical change they are mixed; as, for example, grains of sand of various colors may be mixed in a bottle. But when the property of each ingredient is altered by the union, there is a combination; as, for example, water poured on quicklime, which combines with it, so that the property of each is altered.

Thus it is that lightning makes the oxygen and nitrogen of the air combine, and the result is no longer air but nitric acid and four other nitrous poisons.

FALL IN! It is necessary to use
LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA BUT ONCE to fall in with the popular idea that it is tea on the market. Put up in Lead Packages, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60c.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, Colborne St., Toronto.

COST OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

In Year 1800, £15,000,000; In Year 1900, £100,000,000.

The century that has just expired has been a notable one in many respects. Two great factors, however, stand out in bold relief—the advance of science and the growth of the British Empire. Taking as the basis of our comparison the population of the United Kingdom at the two dates, one finds an increase of about two hundred and fifty per cent.

In the case of a nation whose character and policy were already clearly outlined by the end of the thirteenth century—for we may take Edward I. to be our first typical English King—this is a sufficiently remarkable development for a single century. The causes of this increase are, no doubt, largely due to the territorial growth of the British Empire, and to the position assumed by England during the nineteenth century as the workshop of the world. The fact that the nineteenth century was, as it has been picturesquely designated, the age of Tubal Cain, naturally tended to make the world's workshop a centre of business and wealth, and, consequently, of population. With such a remarkable increase in population as the century has shown, one might not unnaturally expect a considerable increase in military power.

This, however, one does not find; the total armed forces of the Empire exceeding the number available in 1800 by the small margin of 182,000 men. As Great Britain was engaged in a serious war during the whole of the two years under consideration, the comparison is not an unfair one. It should be noted, however, that a very large proportion of the total force available in 1800 consisted of volunteers.

When one comes to compare the difference in cost of the armies of 1800 and 1900 one is at once struck by the largeness of the increase, when one considers how small, comparatively, has been the increase in personnel. An increase of 600 per cent. is sufficiently startling; and although the considerable total attained by the volunteer force in 1800, as against the increased total of the more costly regular force in 1900, to some extent, no doubt, accounts for this; yet the increased weight, complexity and scientific nature of military stores of all kinds, and most especially of artillery "material," is an exceedingly important factor in the case.

An amusing story is told of Queen Wilhelmina when she was quite a little child. Her Majesty was not allowed to share dinner with the elder members of the Royal household, but was permitted to make her appearance at dessert and place herself beside some particular favorite. One day she sat by a courtly old general, and after eating some fruit the little girl turned and gazed up at him. Presently she exclaimed:—"I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me." Everybody in the room turned at the sound of her childish treble. "On the contrary, I am but too pleased and honored to sit next to my future Queen," replied the old general. "But why should I be afraid?" Assuming a woe begone expression the little Queen replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles—they're all of them down with it!"

Stanstead Junction, P.Q., 12th Aug., 1893.
Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.
Gentlemen,—I fell from a bringe leading from a platform to a loaded car while assisting my men in unloading a load of grain. The bridge went down as well as the load on my back, and I struck on the ends of the sleepers, causing a serious injury to my leg. Only for its being very fleshy, would have broken it. In an hour could not walk a step. Commenced using MINARD'S LINIMENT and the third day went to Montreal on business and got about well by the use of a cane. In ten days was nearly well. I can sincerely recommend it as the best Liniment that I know of in use.
Yours truly,
C. H. GORDON.

OBEYED ORDERS.

An old Yorkshire farmer was walking out one day, looking very glum and miserable. He was a typical Yorkshireman, and he dearly loved a joke; but jokes seemed a long way off just then, and the old man was thinking deeply, when he was accosted by a tramp, who made the usual request for a night's lodgings and something to eat, as he explained he had had nothing for two whole days. The effect upon the farmer when he said this was magical.

Why, man, he said, I've been looking for you all day.

And then, without more ado, he knocked him down and walked on him from one end to the other. The tramp got up looking very staggered, and asked him why he had done that.

Well, said he, my doctor has ordered me to walk on an empty stomach and now that I have fulfilled his injunction I can go and have a good feed, and you can come with me.

And he led the tramp off.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A candle once extinguished may never be relighted in an Austrian royal palace.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Lady (to servant whom she is about to engage)—These are my conditions; do they suit you? Servant—H'm, I'll see. I always take ladies on trial.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Every man in the German army must learn to swim.

You can do a great deal of good in the world by telling your friends about Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS—IF YOU WANT A LINE OF fast-selling goods that give you over half profit, and sell in every house, write us. The F. E. Karn Co., 132 Victoria street Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW Books, "Life of William McKinley, The Martyred President," also our new "Juveniles," Family Bibles, Albums, etc. Our prices are low and our terms extra liberal. A free prospectus if you mean business, or write for circulars and terms. William Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, Ont.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WANTED—PARTIES TO DO KNITTING for us at home. We furnish yarn and machine. Easy work. Good pay. Send stamp for particulars. Standard Hose Co., Dept. 3, Toronto, Ont.

SUNDAY CLOSING IN FRANCE.

A very remarkable demonstration took place recently at Nimes. About 1,100 shopkeepers' assistants and employes marched the streets of the ancient city, bearing banners with the inscription, "Buy nothing on Sundays." Many of the shops were closed, and those that were opened were respectfully summoned to follow the good example. Nearly all of them gave a favorable response by putting up their shutters at once. It is notable that not a single disorderly incident occurred. The Sunday closing movement in France has of late made enormous strides, and its effect may be seen even in Paris itself.

ASTHMA FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS

A C. T. R. Employee Gives Unmistakable Evidence That Clarke's Kola Compound Will Cure Asthma.

It seems rather funny that people in this enlightened age should allow themselves to go on suffering year after year from Asthma, when a permanent cure is within the reach of every sufferer.

Mr. Robert Crow, G.T.R. employe, Elmdale, Ont., writes:—"For seventeen years I have been more or less troubled with Asthma, and during the last five years have not had a full night's sleep. I tried every known remedy, and three doctors in Barrie, with no benefit. Finally Mr. W. J. McGuire, druggist, of Elmdale, Ont., recommended Clarke's Kola Compound. I took in all seven bottles, and am now completely cured. During the last year, since taking the