RIOT IN PARIS STREETS.

ALARMING PREVALENCE OF CRIME IN FRENCH CAPITAL.

Thousands Out of Work Have Joined the Ranks of the Criminal Army—Result of the Exposition.

The close of the Exposition, throwing thousands who were dependent upon it for a living in the streets, has created abnormal criminal conditions in KParis, and has directed attention to the dangerous state of affairs, says a despatch from the French capital. The outlying quarters are infested by bands of footpads and hoodlums who terrorize the residents. The papers are filled with accounts of their exploits. Two respectable workmen were attacked a few nights ago by four prowlers, who, after picking a quarrel, almost decapitated one of the workmen and stabbed the other in the abdomen. None of the murderers have yet been traced.

A feature of these nocturnal attacks is that they are very often accompanied by robbery, but are perpetrated by bloodthirsty criminals, frequently boys in their teens. Four boys, the oldest of whom is 17 years of age, gagged ane outraged a young girl at La Vilette recently and then fragged her to the canal side with the view of drowning her, when passers-by rescued the girl.

The bands frequenting Belleville and Menilmontant style themselves "Apaches." They have committed a number of atrocious and cowardly attacks.

Another and similar band is called the "Amandiers." The police up to the present seem powerless to cope with the situation.

DANGER ON STREET CARS.

A gang of thieves recently held up a street car in a populous southern district and robbed the passengers, while an important electric car line, serving the suburb of St. Denis and St. Ouen, has refused to run its cars later than 8.30 in the evening on account of the danger, and it was announced on Thursday that the prefect of police had decided to place a couple of policemen on each street car running in the suburbs after 8.30 p.m., and that he had also decided to create a special corps of picked men to be stationed in the dangerous wards, such as the ward where the severed body was recently discovered.

Moreover, in order to secure murder clues, the police, for several nights, have raided the disorderly districts and have made large hauls of criminals wanted on other charges. A raid on Wednesday evening lead to 347 arrests.

In fairness, it must be said that the present condition of crime is largely due to the numbers of workmen, street hawkers, and others who came to Paris attracted by the Exposition, and who are now walking the streets out of work. It is estimated by the statistician of the central labour bureau that in 25 trades 212,000 out of 510,000 are out of work. The officials of the prefecture of police calculate that 2,000 sufferers from the close of the Exposition have joined the criminal army.

YEARS OF PAIN.

The Experience of Mr. William Smith, of Hawkesbury, who Suffered for Many Years from Kidney Trouble.

From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont.

Everybody in Hawkesbury knows Mr. William Smith. He came here when the town was yet in its village days, as one of the lumber company's staff of mechanics. In 1881 Mr. Smith was appointed town constable, and filled that position until very recently. As is well known to many of Mr. Smith's friends, he was suffered much from kidney trouble for quite a number of years past, and at times the pain in his back was so great that he was almost physically incapable of exertion. He doctored a great deal, sometimes getting temporary relief, but the cause of the trouble was not removed, and soon the pains, accompanied alternately by chills and fever, returned. At last he came to look upon his condition as one which no medicine could permanently aid. Indeed his condition might still have been one of much suffering had not Mrs. Smith ultimately prevailed upon her husband to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial "It seemed," said Mr. Smith to a reporter of the Post, "that it was a useless experiment, and yet I was willing to do almost anything that would bring relief. I had not used the pills long before there was undoubted relief, more in fact than I had obtained from any other medicine. I continued their use, and soon all symptoms of the trouble that had made my life one of much misery for many years was gone. I feel that I am cured, and have no hesitation in saying that the cure is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I never lose an opportunity of recommending the pills to neighbors who may be ailing."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PIANO KEYS FOR CHILDREN.

Half-sized pianos are being made in Germany for the use of children who are learning to play. Doctors declare that much permanent injury is done to the muscles of the fingers by endeavoring to stretch an octave or more, so th enew pianos are made with keys half the usual width in order to prevent such injury.

SOMETHING FORGOTTEN, SURE.

Nell—I received a letter from Maude to-day and I'm just sure there was something she wanted to tell me and forgot.

Belle—What makes you think so?

Nell—Why, there wasn't a single postscript.

Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon's recent reception realized nearly £3,000 towards the £3,500 required to re-open the Metropolitan Tabernacle free of debt.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Daisy," he said, bending over her and lifting the slight form in his arms, "they tell me some one has been troubling you. Who has dared annoy you? Trust in me, Daisy. What is the matter?"

Lester Stanwick never forgot the white, pitiful face that was raised to his.

"I want to die," she sobbed. "Oh, why did you not leave me to die in the dark water? it was so cruel of you to save me."

"Do you want to know why I risked my life to save you, Daisy? Does not my every word and glance tell you why?" The bold glance in his eyes spoke volumes. "Have you not guessed that I love you, Daisy?"

"Oh, please do not talk to me in that way, Mr. Stanwick," she cried, starting to her feet in wild alarm, "Indeed you must not," she stammered.

"Why not?" he demanded, a merciless smile stirring beneath his heavy mustache. "I consider that you belong to me. I mean to make you my wife in very truth."

Daisy threw up her hands in a gesture of terror heart-breaking to see, shrinking away from him in quivering horror, her sweet face ashen pale.

"Oh, go away, go away!" she cried out. "I am growing afraid of you. I could never marry you, and I would not if I could. I shall always be grateful to you for what you have done for me, but, oh, go away, and leave me now, for my trouble is greater than I can bear!"

"You would not if you could," he repeated, coolly, smiling so strangely her blood seemed to change to ice in her veins. "I thank you sincerely for your appreciation of me. I did not dream, however, your aversion to me was so deeply rooted. That makes little difference, however. I shall make you my wife this very day all the same; business, urgent business, calls me away from Elmwood to-day. I shall take you with me as my wife."

She heard the cruel words like one in a dream.

"Rex! Rex!" she sobbed, under her breath. Suddenly she remembered Rex had left her—she was never to look upon his face again. He had left her to the cold mercies of a cruel world. Poor little Daisy—the unhappy, heart-broken girl-bride — sat there wondering what else could happen to her. "God has shut me out from His mercy," she cried; "there is nothing for me to do but to die."

"I am a desperate man, Daisy," pursued Stanwick, slowly. "My will is my law. The treatment you receive at my hands depends entirely upon yourself—you will not dare defy me!" His eyes fairly glowed with a strange fire, that appalled her as she met his passionate glance.

Then Daisy lifted up her golden head with the first defiance she had ever shown, the deathly pallor deepening on her fair, sweet, flower-like face, and the look of a hunted deer at bay in the beautiful velvety agonized eyes, as she answered:

"I refuse to marry you, Mr. Stanwick. Please go away and leave me in peace."

He laughed mockingly.

"I shall leave you for the present, my little sweetheart," he said, "but I shall return in exactly fifteen minutes. Hold yourself in readiness to receive me then; I shall not come alone, but bring with me a minister, who will be prepared to marry us. I warn you not to attempt to run away," he said, interpreting aright the startled glance she cast about her. "In yonder lane stands a trusty sentinel to see that you do not leave this house. You have been guarded thus since you entered this house; knowing your proclivity to escape impending difficulties, I have prepared accordingly. You can not escape your fate, my little wild flower!"

"No minister would marry an unwilling bride—he could not. I would fling myself at his feet and tell him all, crying out I was—I was—"

"You will do nothing of the kind," he interrupted, a hard, resolute look settling on his face. "I would have preferred winning you by fair means, if possible; if you make it impossible I shall be forced to a desperate measure. I had not intended adopting such stringent measures, except in an extreme case. Permit me to explain what I shall do to prevent you from making the slightest outcry." As he spoke he drew from his pocket a small revolver heavily inlaid with pearl and silver. "I shall simply hold this toy to your pretty forehead to prevent a scene. The minister will be none the wiser—he is blind. Do you think," he continued, slowly, "that I am the man to give up a thing I have set my heart upon for a childish whim?"

"Believe me," cried Daisy, earnestly, "it is no childish whim. Oh, Mr. Stanwick, I want to be grateful to you—why will you torture me until I hate you?"

"I will marry you this very day, Daisy Brooks, whether you hate me or love me. I have done my best to gain your love. It will come in time; I can wait for it."

"You will never make me love you," cried Daisy, covering her face with her hands; "do not hope it—and the more you talk to me the less I like you. I wish you would go away."

"I shall not despair," said Stanwick, with a confident smile. "I like things which I find it hard to obtain—that was always one of my characteristics—and I never liked you so well as I like you now, in your defiant anger, and feet more determined than ever to make you my own."

Suddenly a new thought occurred to him as he was about to turn from her.

"Why, how stupid of me!" he cried. "I could not bring the parson here, for they think you my wife already. I must change my plan materially by taking you to the parsonage. We can go from here directly to the station. I shall return in exactly fifteen minutes with a conveyance. Remember, I warn you to make no outcry for protection in the meantime. If you do I shall say you inherited your mother's malady. I am well acquainted with your history, you see." He kissed his finger-tips to her carelessly. "Au revoir, my love, but not farewell," he said, lightly, "until we meet to be parted nevermore," and, with a quick, springy step Lester Stanwick walked rapidly down the clover-bordered path on his fatal errand.

In the distance the little babbling brook sang to her of peace and rest beneath its curling limpid waters.

"Oh, mother, mother," she cried, "what was the dark sorrow that tortured your brain, till it drove you mad—ay, mad—ending in death and despair? Why did you leave your little Daisy here to suffer so? I feel such a throbbing in my own poor brain—but I must fly anywhere, anywhere, to escape this new sorrow. God has forgotten me." She took one step forward in a blind, groping uncertain. way "My last ray of hope had died out," she cried as the memory of his cruel words came slowly back to her, so mockingly uttered—"the minister would be none the wiser—he is blind."

CHAPTER XIV.

When Lester Stanwick returned to the cottage he found that quite an unexpected turn of events had transpired. Miss Burton had gone out to Daisy—she lay so still and lifeless in the long green grass.

"Heaven bless me!" she cried, in alarm, raising her voice to a pitch that brought both of the sisters quickly to her side. "Matilda, go at once and fetch the doctor. See, this child is ill, her cheeks are burning scarlet and her eyes are like stars."

At that opportune moment they espied the doctor's carriage proceeding leisurely along the road.

"Dear me, how lucky," cried Ruth, "Doctor West should happen along just now. Go to the gate, quick, Matilda, and ask him to stop."

The keen eyes of the doctor, however, had observed the figure lying on the grass and the frantic movements of the three old ladies bending over it, and drew rein of his own accord to see what was the matter.

He drew back with a cry of surprise as his eyes rested on the beautiful flushed face of the young girl lying among the blue harebells at his feet.

"I am afraid this is a serious case," he said, thoughtfully, placing his cool hand on her burning forehead; "the child has all the symptoms of brain fever in its worst form, brought on probably through some great excitement." The three ladies looked at one another meaningly. "She must be taken into the house and put to bed at once," he continued, authoritatively, lifting the slight figure in his strong arms, and gazing pityingly down upon the beautiful flushed face framed in its sheen of golden hair resting against his broad shoulders.

The doctor was young and unmarried and impressible; and the strangest sensation he had ever experienced thrilled through his heart as the blue, flaring eyes met his and the trembling red lips incoherently beseeched him to save her, hide her somewhere, anywhere, before the fifteen minutes were up.

A low muttered curse burst from Stanwick's lips upon his return, as he took in the situation at a single glance.

As Daisy's eyes fell upon Stanwick's face she uttered a piteous little cry:

"Save me from him—save me!" she said, hysterically, growing rapidly so alarmingly worse that Stanwick was forced to leave the room, motioning the doctor to follow him into the hall.

"The young lady is my wife," he said, with unflinching assurance, uttering the cruel falsehood, "and we intend leaving Elmwood to-day. I am in an uncomfortable dilemma. I must go yet I can not leave my—my wife. She must be removed, doctor; can you not help me to arrange it in some way?"

"No, sir," cried the doctor, emphatically; "she can not be removed. As her physician, I certainly would not give my consent to such a proceeding; her very life would pay the forfeit."

For a few moments Lester Stanwick paced up and down the hall lost in deep thought; his lips were firmly set, and there was a determined gleam in his restless black eyes. Suddenly he stopped short directly before the doctor, who stood regarding him with no very agreeable expression in his honest gray eyes.

"How long will it be before the crisis is past—that is, how long will it be before she is able to be removed?"

"Not under three weeks," replied the doctor, determinedly.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, sharply. "Why, I shall have to—" He bit his lip savagely, as if he had been on the point of disclosing some guarded secret. "Fate is against me," he said, "in more ways than one; these things can not be avoided, I suppose. Well, doctor, as I am forced to leave to-day I shall leave her in your charge. I will return in exactly two weeks. She has brain fever, you say?"

The doctor nodded.

"You assure me she can not leave her bed for two weeks to come?" he continued, anxiously.

"I can safely promise that," replied the doctor, wondering at the strange, smile that flitted like a meteor over his companion's face for one brief instant.

"This will defray her expenses in the meantime," he said, putting a few crisp bank-notes into the doctor's hand. "See that she has every luxury."

He was about to re-enter the room where Daisy lay, but the doctor held him back.

"I should advise you to remain away for the present," he said, "your presence produces such an unpleasant effect upon her. Wait until she sleeps."

"I have often thought it so strange people in delirium shrink so from those they love best; I can not understand it," said Stanwick, with an odd, forced laugh. "As you are the doctor, I suppose your orders must be obeyed, however. If the fever should happen to take an unfavorable turn in the meantime, please drop a line to my address, care of Miss Pluma Hurlhurst, of Whitestone Hall, Allendale" he said, extending his card. "It will be forwarded to me promptly, and I can come on at once."

Again the doctor nodded, putting the card safely away in his wallet, and soon after Lester Stanwick took his departure, roundly cursing his luck, yet congratulating himself upon the fact that Daisy could not leave Elmwood—he could rest content on that score.

Meanwhile the three venerable sisters and the young doctor were watching anxiously at Daisy's bedside.

"Oh, my poor little dear—my pretty little dear!" sobbed Ruth, caressing the burning little hands that clung to her so tightly.

"Won't you hide me?" pleaded Daisy, laying her hot cheek against the wrinkled hand that held hers. "Hide me, please, just as if I were your own child; I have no mother, you know."

"God help the pretty, innocent darling!" cried the doctor, turning hastily away to hide the suspicious moisture that gathered in his eyes. "No one is going to harm you, little one," he said, soothingly; "no one shall annoy you."

"Was it so great a sin? He would not let me explain. He has gone out of my life!" she wailed, pathetically, putting back the golden rings of hair from her flushed face. Rex! Rex!" she sobbed, incoherently, "I shall die—or, worse, I shall go mad, if you do not come back to me!"

The three ladies looked at one another questioningly, in alarm.

"You must not mind the strange ravings of a person in delirium," said the doctor, curtly; "they are liable to imagine and say all sorts of nonsense.

Pay no attention to what she says, my dear ladies; don't disturb her with questions. That poor little brain needs absolute rest; every nerve seems to have been strained to its utmost."

To be Continued.

FOUND AFTER MANY YEARS.

The Walkerton Telescope tells the following strange story. Two or three years ago Mr. Perry Eli put an advertisement in the local papers stating that he had found a large sum of money. No particulars were given but a day or two ago he received a letter from one Snodgrass, of Chicago which contained some particulars of some money which he had lost here about eighteen years ago. The writer states that he had been paid $420 in Canadian bank bills, but before leaving Kincardine he exchanged it for gold, American gold pieces, twenty in number, had been wrapped in some brown paper and duly labelled. On arriving at Walkerton he had fallen in with the late G. G. Bobier and had shared a jug of whisky with him in the cellar of the house. On sobering up the money was gone. As Eli found the money on the beam in the cellar of the old Bobier house, and there was just $ 400 in American eagles in the package he naturally concludes that he has found the rightful owner.

HIS SYMPATHY.

An old housewife in the country was bemoaning her poverty to an unsympathetic husband.

Things ain't as they used to be, she complained. Why, I ain't got anything like I used ter hev. I ain't got quilts enough ter go round the beds, there's two of the best chairs broken, an' I ain't got no dress thet's really fit ter go ter meetin,' an' if I was ter die ter-night I wouldn't have a cap to be buried in.

The old man had stood the whining as long as he could.

Blast it all, then, he fiercely ejacuated, why didn't yer did when yer did have a cap?

The Ability of Dr Chase

Is Measured by the Cures He Makes—Each Remedy Specific for Certain Diseases—A Remarkable Cure of Bright's Disease.

In this practical age a physician's ability is measured by the actual cures he makes. Judged by this high standard Dr. Chase stands pre-eminent as a giant among physicians. Take kidney and liver derangements, for example. Dr. Chase, by means of his Kidney-Liver Pills, has brought about some of the most surprising cures ever effected. This is due to the direct and specific action of this great home treatment on the liver and kidneys. Here is the experience of a highly respected resident of Consecon, Ont.:—

Mr. James Dellihunt, Consecon, Prince Edwar County, Ont., writes: "For several years I suffered great tortures of mind and body from Bright's disease of the kidneys. The pains were sometimes almost beyond endurance, and extended from my head and between the shoulders down the whole spinal column and seemed to concentrate across my kidneys. My back was never entirely free from pain. When I got up in the morning I could not straighten myself at all, but would go bent nearly double most all day. My water was scanty and at other times profuse, and it gave me great pain to urinate.

"I could do no work, and though I tried many kinds of kidney pills, could get no relief. As a last resort I was induced by a friend to give Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a trial. I felt a change after the first dose. I used in all about five boxes, and they have entirely cured me. I have no pains now, and can do as good a day's work as I ever could. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, as they have done so much for me."

Mr. J. J. Ward, J.P., Consecon, certifies that he has known Mr. Dellihunt for years as a truthful man and respected citizen, and vouches for the truth of the above statement.

You cannot possibly obtain a more beneficial treatment for the kidneys and liver than Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It has stood the test of time and has proven beyond dispute its right to the title of "the world's greatest kidney medicine." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

All Japan teas are colored.

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA is pure and uncolored.

THE FARM.

INSECT DESTROYERS.

Orchardists generally claim that the hog is a great insect destroyer. It eats the fruit that prematurely drops, which is generally considered wormy. Perhaps, on closer examination we find that a considerable portion of the dropped fruit contains no worms. While the fruit was still hanging on the trees the matured worms escaped.

Some careful observations were made by experiment stations by placing several bands around the trunks of trees. They found that the upper bands caught about twice as many worms as the lower ones. This indicates that twice as many worms crawl down the trunk as up. Chickens in an orchard eat a great many worms before they reach their hiding place.

Turkeys are recognized as grasshopper exterminators. Chickens have a reputation for scratching. They do not perform this work in vain. Their object is to be paid for their daily labor. Their inclination is not to destroy the crop, as we often imagine. The trouble is the old hen lacks judgment when, where and how to scratch. Chickens imagine that the soil is everywhere filled with insects, hence they dig away without any respect to the growing crop.

We should induce the chickens in the fall and spring to scratch among the trees, bushes and vines. In early spring how anxiously they turn over all leaves and rubbish. In many instances they do a perfect job of hoeing. Not only do they eat many insects that do damage above and below the ground, but by their continual scratching they may interfere with the development of the spores of fungous diseases.

The old hen is worth more than a hog as an insect destroyer. The hen is considered a bigger nuisance than she really is. If we would only remember that she takes the place of paris green and sulphate of copper, and when her work is done confine her safely as we store away the Paris green, then she would be no longer considered a nuisance.

HEADING PEACH TREES.

The peach fruit is borne only on shoots of the previous season's growth, and unless the production of young shoots is secured by the healthy growth of the tree good fruit cannot be expected. In order to secure a more plentiful growth of young wood it may be advisable to cut off occasionally a portion of the tops of peach trees of bearing age, especially when their growth seemed to be checked and after bearing a full crop of fruit. This is called "heading them off," and consists in cutting off all the limbs or branches at from one third to one half of the length, thus removing one half or more of the tops. This will cause them to throw out new shoots and form new heads, with better foliage and finer fruit—especially if in the spring a dressing of ashes or manure is applied to the land, and fair culture bestowed.

Pruning of peach trees is usually deferred until spring, so as to give opportunity to observe the effect of the winter upon the fruit buds, as severer pruning is given when there is little or no prospect of fruit.

HORSE TALK.

Never go near your horse without speaking to him.

A horse can travel better and with less wear and tear if he is free.

Use a check rein with the bitting rig and when training, but when the colt has completed his education and can be used for regular driving take it off.

Breed horses with style and spirit enough to hold their heads up naturally.

Encourage your horses to lie down by making their stalls comfortable. The more they rest the better.

If heated do not let him fill up, but but give a little at every trough.

Take a barrel of water to the field and give the work horses a few mouthfuls every hour or so. It will help them as much as it will yourself.

Low mangers are best. Keep them scrupulously clean. Any accumulation in the corners will soon sour in hot weather.

Do not allow the dried perspiration to remain in the hair every night. It will cause the coat to fade.

A good brushing will rest the horse and is almost as essential as the feed.

Take the horse out on the floor or out in open air and it can be cleaned quickly and thoroughly.

GEESE FOR PROFIT.

Geese three or four years old are the best breeders.

Geese usually sell best in the fall and early in the winter.

Geese begin laying late in January or early in February.

Acess to water and a grass run are absolutely necessary in breeding geese.

When hatching, the geese should be interfered with as little as possible.

For practical purposes there is really very little choice between the Toulouse and Embden varieties.

The goose wants to make her own nest, and will not like the turkey, allow herself to be set anywhere.

The goose will lay from 10 to 15 eggs and then sit diligently on them, and seldom fails to bring off a good brood.

Geese will come nearer living on pasture, and taking care of themselves than any other class of poultry Goslings come in for the table as "green geese" in the summer, and should be fine birds for the Michaelmas board.

The Chinese geese, both the white and gray varieties, are very ornamental, and make an attractive appearance on a body of water.

A gander and a couple of geese are sufficient to start with, for their eggs, as a rule, are very fertile, and they are excellent sitters.

Geese should have a house to themselves and be plentifully supplied with straw, with which to make their nests on the floor.

At 10 weeks of age, or when the tips of the wings reach the tail, young geese are ready for market, and should weigh between eight and nine pounds.

It is best to remove the egg shells for the unhatched eggs sometimes get inside them and the goslings are unable to break the double shell.

APPRENTICE AND MASTER.

Their Relations in France During the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries.

Apprenticeship was an important institution in France in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and was regulated with the utmost care, as will be seen by the following account of "An Idler in Old France;"

By the rules of the book the master was held greatly responsible for his apprentice; and under a wise and kindly roof, the lad who was learning to be a master workman and a ruler in his little world might lead a happy and profitable life.

Often he did so, and when the day came that he might claim his freedom, he chose to remain the paid servant, friend and fellow worker of the master who had sheltered him from boyhood and taught him all his craft, rather than to seek a fortune less assured elsewhere.

During the years of his apprenticeship the patron, or master, was to feed, clothe and shelter him, in the homely wording of the clockmaker's rule, to cherish him "beneath his roof, at his board, and by his hearth." Nay, it was strictly enjoined upon the master to treat his apprentice "as his own son," and in some trades he was bidden to remember that his responsibility did not end on the threshold of the workshop, that the "soul and morals" of the little stranger had claims on his solicitude.

In a day when the streets of Paris were not very nice for anybody, and were more or less dangerous after dark for anybody, the master was instructed to be careful on what errand he despatched the youngster; and the pastry-cooks, whose apprentices were often sent to cry cakes and creams upon the public ways, were continually warned to prevent the lads from falling among evil company.

It seems certain that, so far as the Middle Ages are concerned, the rules, precepts and admonitions were not only framed with great good sense and care, but were very rigidly enforced upon all masters who had youths and lads in their employ.

High and low, in the society of that day, the rod and birch were flourished, with small discrimination and less nicety; and if the tutors of little princes had leave to whip them freely, apprentices could not expect to come off too lightly at a master's hand.

OLD STAGE-COACH DAYS.

Thrilling Incident of Those Times in England.

Adventures of varied nature belonged to the old English mail-coach days. One of the most thrilling episodes of the road occurred one night on the way from Salisbury to London, in 1816.

As the coach went bowling along, the horses suddenly became extremely nervous, and what was thought to be a large calf was seen trotting along beside the left leader in the darkness. As they neared the inn the horses became uncontrollable; and then the supposed calf seized one of the animals. By this time the horses were frantic, plunging and kicking, and it was remarkable that the coach was not overturned.

The guard laid hold of his gun and was about to shoot the assailant, when several men, accompanied by a large mastiff, appeared. The foremost, seeing that the guard was about to fire, pointed a pistol at his head, declaring that he would shoot if the beast was killed.

The "calf" was a lioness, escaped from a travelling show. The dog was set upon the brute, who left the horse, seized the mastiff and tore him to pieces, and retreated under a granary. The spot was barricaded to prevent her escape, and she was noosed and returned to captivity.

The horse which had been seized was seriously injured by the lioness, but finally recovered.

VIGOROUS MEASURES.

For a long time the favorite form of make believe of little Faith was that of getting married. For weeks she was a bride, marching down an imaginary aisle, to the strains of an imaginary wedding march, to meet an imaginary bridegroom. At last her mother becoming tired of it, she said;

Faith, don't you know that when you get married you will have to leave me?

This was a rude awakening, and the game stopped.

Not long afterward she came to ask the difference between Miss and Mrs. To make herself clear her mother said;

Well, when you grow up and become a young lady you will be Miss Butler; but if some man should ask you to marry him—

I'd call a policeman! exclaimed Faith, and her interest was at an end.

BICYCLE HAS COME TO STAY.

Although it is the general belief, founded upon observation, that cyclists are yearly decreasing in number, the old riders claim that while the faddists have disappeared, there is an actual increase in regular cyclists. Wheelmen are no longer conspicuous, because they do not spend their time running up and down the street to "show off," but a great many more wheels than formerly are used for purely business purposes. The bicycle is no longer a mere vehicle for pleasure.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has been comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

If You Want a Really Good TEA, then Use

LUDELLA

Ceylon Tea. It has a reputation for purity and strength, a combination that has won for it many friends. Lead Packets, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60c.

APPLES.

Poultry, Butter, Eggs and other Produce.

If you have any correspond with us. We want 100 CARLOADS to supply our trade.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

FLINGS AT THE FAIR SEX.

When a woman can't find any other excuse for being sick she says she is "nervous."

Lucy—Clara's honeymoon was completely spoiled. Alice—How? Lucy—The papers containing the account of the wedding did not reach her.

She—For my part, I would never forgive a young man who would kiss a girl against her will. He—Nor I; but do you suppose a young man really ever did?

Lucille—Why do you treat that poor Mr. Wintergreen with so little consideration? I declare I'm surprised that he puts up with you. Genevieve—Oh, but we're engaged. Lucille—Oh!

There are three things yet to be discovered—perpetual motion, a flying machine that will fly and a woman who does not face to the rear end when getting off a street car.

If Miss Gay devoted as much time to mental culture as she does to dress she would be a very learned woman. Yes, but she wouldn't have the satisfaction of making every other woman green with envy.

BACK-ACHE ?

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

Dodd's Kidney Pills

SELF-LEVELING SHIP CHAIR.

With the idea of eliminating, to some extent, at least, disagreeable affliction of seasickness, two Englishmen have devised a self-leveling chair. The chair is suspended from two rings working in a framework at right angles to each other, and it is claimed the chair will remain level in the roughest sea. The idea is also applied to berths.

PEOPLE THAT DON'T EAT MEAT.

In India, China, Japan and adjacent countries are about 400,000,000 people, strong, active and long-lived, who eat no meat. The Turkish porter on a daily ration of rice and dates will jog along with bent back under a load that would crush a western man. Darwin tells us that the Andean natives do a day's work of 400 foot tons, nearly twice the work of an ordinary laborer, on a diet of bananas.

FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

Ladies of Canada:

"Should old acquaintance be forgot?" The answer comes mechanically from every Britisher. Nor should new acquaintance be forgot. Remember that on the bloody fields of South Africa your brave soldier boys were on the firing line, flanked by loyal British subjects from Ceylon and India. In the midst of danger, lasting friendships were formed, and you, ladies of Canada, have it in your power to cement those bonds. The Green teas of Ceylon and India appeal to you from sentiment. By using them you not only aid your brother colonists, but you get absolutely the best tea. Those of you who drink Green Japan teas have a revelation in store if you make the change. Blue Ribbon, Salada and Monsoon packets may be had from your grocer.—Colonist.

A SIMPLER PROCESS.

As I understand it, said a gentleman, oleomargarine is made of beef fat.

You are undoubtedly right, said his companion.

I should think that the manufacturers would make it of goat fat.

Why?

Because the goat is a natural butter.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers 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."

EXPENSIVE.

I fear, said the Chinese statesman, we shall have to pay a heavy price for peace.

Looks like it, said his colleague, They're not going to put peace on the bargain counter.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan $1.50 & up

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from else the voice may be permanently lost or difficulties of the throat be produced.

COMPLEXION AND CONDUCT.

You could hardly call her the pink of propriety!

Of course not! Pink is obviously not her color!

E W Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

EXPANSIVE AND EXCLUSIVE.

What is this social struggle we hear so much about?

It is partly getting in yourself and partly keeping other people out.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Cy., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

DECIDEDLY HANDICAPPED.

Aunt Nancy—Think of studyin' to be a doctor, eh? Don't you do it.

Young Man—Why not, aunty?

Aunt Nancy—You can't git no practice till ye git married, an' ye can't git married till ye git practice, that's why.

ON THE FIRING LINE.

Ladies of Canada:

Side by side stood Canada's noble sons with the best brawn of Ceylon and India in the recent unpleasantness. The slogan was "help one another," and no one forgot the watchword. You, ladies of Canada, have the power to wage a relentless warfare on the impure teas that come into your homes from China and Japan, and at the same time sasist your brother colonists who produce the pure Ceylon and India teas. If you drink Japan tea, try Salada, Monsoon or Blue Ribbon packets of Ceylon and India Green teas.—Colonist.

HIS IMPRESSION.

The word trend conveys the idea of tendency, doesn't it?

Well, to me it conveys the idea that the man who uses it is trying to put on lugs.

W P C 1056

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For all skin ailments.

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