WELL AND STRONG.

AFTER ELEVEN YEARS OF GREAT SUFFERING.

A Wonderful Tribute to the Power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to Cure Stubborn Diseases.

Proof upon proof has accumulated that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure when doctors, hospital treatment and all other medicines fail. Paralyzed limbs have been restored to strength, rheumatic sufferers made well, weak, anaemic girls and women made bright, active and strong; neuralgic pains banished, and the poor dyspeptic given a new digestion when it seemed almost hopeless to expect a cure. Here is a bit of strong proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills bring health and strength after years of suffering. Mr. Louis Brien is a well known resident of St. Didace, Que., and tells of his years of suffering as follows: "Eleven years ago, while working in the bush, I strained myself and brought on terrible pains in my stomach and back, where the trouble seemed to locate. I had frequent fits of vomiting, which caused much distress. Sometimes I could work, and then again for months at a time I would be wholly unable to do anything; but even at the time I could work I was always suffering. At frequent times I was treated by three doctors, but they were unable to help me. Then I went to Montreal and put myself under the care of a doctor there. His medicine relieved me while I was inactive, but as soon as I attempted work or exertion of any kind, the pains returned worse than before. All this time I was growing weaker and less able to resist the inroads of the trouble. Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my notice, and I began to use them. From that time I began to regain my health and by the time I had used thirteen boxes I was once more a well, strong man. The proof of this is that I can do as hard a day's work as anyone and never have the slightest symptoms of the old trouble. I am only sorry that I did not know of the pills sooner—they would have saved me much suffering and money as well."

With such proof as this, that even apparently hopeless cases can be cured, there can be no reasonable doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will restore health in all cases where given a fair trial. These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50c. per box or six boxes for $2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box.

A QUEER MEMENTO.

Ugly Looking Stone, Thrown at Lord Salisbury.

Englishmen are very tenacious of their opinions and by no means slow to express them. They have the courage of their convictions. Nowhere does this trait come out more fully than in politics. The London Daily News gives the following incident about the late Lord Salisbury, in which it may be seen that respect for titles does not always save distinguished statesmen from occasional rough treatment in politics:

"The first time Mr. J. M. Barrie ever saw Lord Rosebery, the novelist tells us in an early work, he threw a clod of earth at him. He was a peer. Those were my politics.' But some Scotsmen use harder arguments than clods. A souvenir of an unpleasant experience that Lord Salisbury once had is preserved in a cabinet at Hatfield House. It is an ugly looking stone of over a pound in weight, with which a window of a carriage containing his lordship and his two daughters was smashed at Dumfries, on the evening of Oct. 21, 1884. The Marquis had delivered the last of a series of political speeches in Scotland, and there was a riot in the streets at the close of the meeting. The occupants of the carriage were fortunately unharmed, and the Ladies Cecil secured the missile, and took it with them to Hatfield, to show to the Marchioness. A card, tied to the stone, bears its history, in the handwriting of Lady Salisbury."

A LETTER TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Jas. E. Harley, Worthington, Ont., gives permission to publish the following letter for the benefit of other mothers who have young children in their homes. She says:—"I have many reasons to be grateful to Baby's Own Tablets, and to recommend them to other mothers. Our little girl is now about fourteen months old, and she has taken the Tablets at intervals since she was two months old, and I cannot speak too highly of them. Since I came here about a year ago, every mother who has small children has asked me what I gave our baby to keep her in such even health, and I have replied 'absolutely nothing but Baby's Own Tablets.' Now nearly every child here gets the Tablets when a medicine is needed, and the old-fashioned crude medicines, such as castor oil and soothing preparations, which mothers formerly gave their little ones, are discarded. Our family doctor also strongly praises the Tablets, and says they are a wonderful medicine for children. Accept my thanks for all the good your Tablets have done my little one, and I hope other mothers will profit by my experience."

Baby's Own Tablets can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, frailest child, and they are guaranteed to cure all the minor ailments of little ones. Sold by all medicine dealers or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SURE TO AGREE.

New Girl (timidly)—I s'pose you are a fine cook, mum?

Young Mistress—Bless me, no; I don't know a thing about it.

New Girl (relieved)—Then we'll get on famously, mum. I don't, either.

AN ENFORCED REST.

"I wasn't going to take any vacation, but the boss insisted."

"You don't say? How long a vacation do you get?"

"As long as it takes me to find another job."

FEMININE CHARITY.

He—I wonder why Miss Overton is so sensitive about her age?

She—I can't imagine. She's certainly old enough to have got over a little thing like that long ago.

Aunt Jane—"What are you petting that dog for? Don't you know that it belongs to the Wigginses? You know you said you hated the whole lot of them." Tom—"Yes, but I forgot the dog when I said that. Somehow, he differs from the rest of the family."

Mr. Bunsby—"If that young man's coming here to see you every day in the week you had better give him a hint to come after supper." Miss Bunsby—"I don't think it necessary, pa. That's what he comes after."

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHATER X.

The belief that a bad man is necessarily all bad, has not a solid foundation. Most villains of the piece have a tender spot; it may want finding, but it is there. This feeling is generally over a woman, and it is generally that same woman who is the cause of Justice laying her hands on the man. Tenderness is not a feeling it pays the scoundrel to indulge in. Perhaps that is the reason that its cultivation has been allowed to decay so much. It crops up occasionally though, to the villain's hurt. Even in villainy, to be successful it is necessary to be thorough.

In the case of Alfred Dubois, there was one of these oases of tenderness—for his brother Adolphe. And in Adolphe's heart the same feeling existed. Their parents' blend of Corsican and French blood perhaps accounted for the strength of it. Each would cheerfully have laid down his life for the other. And these two loving hearts were separated by the broad Atlantic. Alfred was wearing his heart out in Dartmoor Prison, Adolphe was coining money hand over hand as the proprietor of a gambling-hell out in the Wild and Woolly West. And when the hell closed, and the profits were counted and put aside, gladness came to Adolphe—there was ample to purchase the freedom of his twin brother.

You may look at Dartmoor and scoff at the idea of a prisoner escaping from it, but such things have happened. Money has a great moving influence, even in a quarry and on a farm; and when it is used as a lever with a warder whose pay is under thirty shillings a week, it helps the proposed escape along.

Not that escapes are frequent—attempts at it are; the prison infirmary records show that. The warders have guns, and know how to use them. Their instructions are to aim low. So it happens that the prison doctor should be an expert in the treatment of broken legs—he has experience enough.

Dartmoor is not a paradise upon earth. Its rules and restrictions are so corrosive on a man's soul, that the wonder is that more attempts to escape from it are not made. True, death has a hundred to one chance against a successful issue; but to the average convict, between existence at Dartmoor and the grip of the King of Terrors there is little to choose.

Successful escape is a thing dreamt of, uncessessful attempts are actualities. But Adolphe meant success to attend the scheme he had in mind for his brother's liberation.

The fog and mist which so frequently roll over Dartmoor are the helping hands which Nature lends to any plan of escape—and it is a treacherous help too. Fog comes up and the signal is given to fall in, and the convict risks the warders' guns, and falls out instead. Does so, tempted by the mist which he thinks may shield him till he gets away—away to throw himself on the mercy of some inhabitant. Alas! they prove broken reeds. The mist rools away, and the sun shines and he is revealed to outside man. But mercy is unknown. Every man's hand is against the convict, for there is a reward for the recovery of any escaped prisoner, and that reward is ever in the mind of the Dartmoor—the earning of it is more profitable than the mere indulging in a feeling of pity. Pity retires to a back seat in favour of £ s. d.

There is practically a ring round Dartmoor prison. It is easy enough to get outside the prison's precints—only to find a waiting hand, waiting to capture the prisoner. To break through that ring in prison garb is a thing read of in books, but the official records for such an account may be searched in vain. The broad arrow is too prominent. If a convict could change his clothes before leaving the prison grounds: that mighty "If"!

Adolphe had his plan outlined for his brother's liberation. About part of it there was nothing novel. It had its origin in an illusion which the brothers Dubois, years before, used to travel with to the French fairs—for they were not then house-dwellers, but of the true Romany. Things had bettered with them. They had made money—no matter how, they had made it, and they left the tents for bricks and mortar.

In their show they had given a hashed-up performance of the Maskelyne & Cooke type, and a false bottom to the van enabled the man escaping from the tied-up box to conceal himself. It was satisfactory to the audience in front of the van, as they could see under it. The trick was never discovered. And that was what gave birth to the idea in Adolphe's mind. If the public were deceived, why not the police?

Adolphe came from America with money; and the possession of money enables a man to surmount difficulties and move mountains. Its actual moving power is as great as faith is said to be. He had a caravan built after the old type, and joined that section of the Lee tribe travelling west. He was able to pay his footing, and consequently was a welcome addition.

He was not well when he joined them, and kept in his bunk a deal. He was willing to pay for help and assistance, and therefore he never stood in need of it. A liberal paymaster rarely lacks kindly attention. As a friend-maker, money stands without a rival. And in his selection of handmaiden his choice fell on Miriam Lee, because he was a reader of character. He saw that she was occupying a low down place in the opinion of the tribe, and that her sulky resentment of it was widening the breach. He stepped into it.

He spoke kindly to her, and the kindness melted her at once. It fell on receptive soil, that same kindness fruit grew from it. Miriam would have answered Adolphe's beck and call night or day; she was his willing slave. This was no novelty to Adolphe; both he and his brother had ever been successful with womenkind. But in this instance it was a mere willing slavery; there was nought of passion in the combination. And when he thought her gratitude bound her tightly to him, he pledged her to secrecy, and told her his real mission; and she swore to help him all in her power. He knew she would, and she did.

Adolphe was a vertible host in the tribe. Money is a wonderful power-purchaser, and a better education enables a man to keep it o'er his fellows; and when he told them of the doctor's advice that he should try the air of Dartmoor for the disease on his lungs, they listened. They had heard before of consumptives being ordered there. And when at a subsequent interview, he told them how sorry he was to leave them, they—they had discussed the situation among themselves meanwhile, and estimated the loss his going away would mean to them—asked why they should separate? Could they not just as well go Dartmoor way as any other? The rushes were in, and could be gathered there easily, and for a few weeks the camp could be engaged making the various basket-work articles they sold.

Adolphe thanked them with his lips, and smiled in his heart; he saw through their friendship—purchased friendship—quite easily. But he had his way. The caravan gradually wended its way Dartmoorwards—Dartmoor, where the prison stood, where his brother was.

CHAPTER XI.

When Nelson in Trafalgar Bay drew the first serious check on the Napoleonic Bank, and the map of Europe looked likely to have a part left, o'er which the French flag was not flying, it probably never dawned on the Admiral's mind that he would place England in a difficulty in regard to the war prisoners—what to do with them. But that difficulty arose. The prison-ships overflowed, and ultimately a war-prison, to accommodate seven or eight thousand men, was built on Dartmoor. This tomb of the living, in altered form exists to this day. Nearly fifty years ago it was turned into a convict prison, and so it remains. Prisoners unfit for the hardest of hard labor, whose sentences are not under five years, are sent there. The chief labor is farming, the moor being reclaimed more and more year by year, the prison grounds consequently widening. The convicts are the farmers. Most prisoners can trace their descent from pilfering. Seventy per cent of our convicts were in their early days shop-assistants. Their dirty hands soiled the till; now, at Dartmoor, they till the soil.

The prison and its surroundings have been so often pictured in books that no description of them need appear in these pages.

The gipsy camp was pitched within half a dozen miles of the prison, and Adolphe began his work. At first his lieutenant did all, and did it well. It was she who, in going from door to door with her basket of fancy goods, found out the warders with the largest families, and those the most poorly off. Adolphe wanted their names and conditions; the poorer a man is the sweeter is the music of jingling money in his ears, the more likely he is to accept a bribe. And soon, by dint of perseverence, the names were sifted, until the warder in charge of the gang in which Alfred worked was found. And then Adolphe stepped upon the scene. How was it arranged? How did the warder come to assist? Well, Adolphe had a well-lined purse, the warder was but human—he had his price. Besides, in this case, there was not much wanted of him; his risk was small.

Just to take letters; in prison lingo, "passing a stiff"—that was all. And the letters, being written in French, the officer never for a moment suspected that a plot to escape was being hatched under his very nose. The letters were brief, but the instructions in them explicit. The convict swallowed the contents, and then swallowed the letters themselves; chewed over the instructions, and then chewed the paper—it was the safest method of destruction.

The basis of the plan was fog or mist. There was nothing new in that, it was the basis of most of the convicts' plans for escape. But fog has its drawbacks: a man is apt to get lost in it on strange land, and go round and round, perhaps back to the place he started from,—when, in the case of an escaping convict, his last condition becomes worse than his first. Besides, in foggy weather, the inhabitants of Dartmoor are alert; they have the reward ever before them. The escaping convict might fall into their hands. When you live near a prison, you never know your luck.

And the guard against this? A compass. The moorland around the prison is reclaimed at the rate of about twenty-five acres per annum. Adolphe knew the identical portion on which his brother was working; and, by means of a letter, the prisoner knew exactly where, buried an inch under the peat land outside the boundary within which they were working, the compass was concealed. He could see the place clearly every day; an arrangement of stones led to it. When the fog came he was to dart to that place, lift the compass, and follow the direction he had been given till he met a gipsy-woman with a basket of fancy goods.

If he reached her, the rest was easy. She would be at the corner of the cross-road, with a change of clothing in the basket under the top layer of her fancy goods. So thoughtful was Adolphe of his brother, that he did not risk placing the goods in the cache for the fear of dampness—the mist might not be thick enough for escape for days.

And the cache?—was within a few feet of the open highway, absolutely bare of any sign beyond the ordinary level of the moor. And the very safety of the scheme arose from this openness. Pursuers might go over it even without noticing it.

For a week or two an artist had been painting a picture on this very spot. The moor had not many travellers, and hours would go by without a soul passing. A close observer would have wondered that an artist should have such dirty finger-nails—they were full of moor earth. But there were no close absorvers.

The artist carried an umbrella tent; it was erected near where he worked. The first day of its erection the artist had brought with him a firm-handled piece of timber, fashioned in the shape of a copper lid, only larger. This he had put flat on the peat surface of the moor and drawn a line round. Then he cut out a thick layer exactly that size, and fixed it to his copper lid, where it remained, and probably remains to this day. Then he worked harder than any convict on the neighboring settlement; but he was working to free his brother.

At intervals a gipsy with a large basket of fancy goods came along, and if no one was in sight, entered the tent. And when she went away she staggered sometimes under the heaviness of her basket, for it was full of the earth the artist was removing. He was making a deep hole, deep enough for a man to stand upright and move about in comfortably; and what he removed for this purpose the girl took away and scattered gradually over the face of the moor.

It was cruelly hard work; but the Corsican blood told, and the labor seemed light. Just under a fortnight it took to complete, and then it was ready. Within a yard of the excavation the land was some feet lower, and for that reason Adolphe had selected the site. Air was necessary in that chamber, for the lid had to fit with exactness, and the dip in the ground allowed of the inlet of air, through yard-long iron gas-piping which was driven through the wall of earth. Only the most minute examination of the outer peat would show these small, black, round holes—an examination it was not at all likely would take place.

And then the place was furnished. Candles, matches, food, drink, cosmetique, wig, and shaving-apparatus made up the furniture.

Every day thereafter, from the time the convicts issued from their tomb in the morning till their retirement within the walls at night, Miriam sat by the cache making reed baskets. She waited day after day for the fog. Fogs came, but not thick enough. And she waited, too, for the signal which would ring over the moor—the warning from the prison that another prisoner was seeking liberty.

And it came at last. Surely, she was thinking, the fog was heavy enough, and as she thought the signal rang out. The compass would guide him straight. He would be nearly fifteen minutes running distance between the boundary and herself. The moment the signal reached her ears, she started singing. She had a deep, powerful voice, and "Way down upon the Swannee River," despite the fog, rang over the moor.

She had thrown the bundle of clothes down the hole, and knelt beside it with her hand on the concealed handle of the lid. And presently the sound of her voice and the melody—a signal— reached the ears of a panting, eyes-starting-from-his-head wretch, who was running in the direction of it. It gave him fresh life, fresh strength; and he needed it, for he was nearly spent. He came in sight. Not a word was spoken. The lid was lifted, he dropped down the hole: the lid was replaced—all within a minute—and the gipsy girl was sitting on it, weaving her rushes and still singing.

And just in time, for two breathless, uniformed men, with guns in their hands, came up.

"Seen a man running this way?"

"Yes; just a minute ago. Was in a hurry, I think, he was panting so. Went up that road. What's the mat——?"

But the men had disappeared in the direction she had indicated before she could say more. They were pursuing the escaped convict!

(To be Continued.)

PERSIAN STORIES.

Some of Them Clever and Instinct With Character.

With the Persians the writing of poetry and beautiful and witty sayings is described as the "threading of pearls." The student of the Persian language finds stories, many of them as old as the world, but clever and instinct with character. In the St. James Gazette a student gives the following from the literature of the land of "The Lion and the Sun":

One day a certain tyrannical king came alone without the city walls, and saw a man sitting under a tree.

The king asked, "The ruler of this kingdom: is he a tyrant or a just man?"

The stranger replied, "A very great tyrant."

The king said to the stranger, "Do you know me?"

He said, "No."

"I am the sultan of this kingdom," replied the king.

The man was overcome with fear, and asked, "Do you know me?"

The king said, "No."

He replied, "I am the son of a merchant, and every month I suffer three days' madness. This unfortunately happens to be the first of the three days."

The king laughed, and had nothing at all further to say.

There is a story of a certain poet who came before a great man and praised him very ornately. The rich man was pleased, and said, "Ready money I have not; nevertheless there is in my granaries very much corn. If you come to-morrow I will give you some."

The port went to his own house, and on the morrow presented himself to his patron.

The rich man asked him, "Why have you come?"

He said, "Yesterday you promised to give me corn. For this reason am I come."

The rich man said, "A most wonderful fool thou art. What you said to me gave me pleasure. What I have said to you equally pleased you. Why, then, should I give you corn?"

The poet was covered with shame, and departed.

Bleeding Piles and Erysipelas

Two Severe Cases Which Illustrate the Extraordinary Soothing, Healing Virtues of

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Scores of people do not think of trying Dr. Chase's Ointment for bleeding piles because they have used so many other treatments in vain and do not believe their ailment curable. It is by curing when others fail that Dr. Chase's Ointment has won such a record for itself. It will not fail to promptly relieve and completely cure any form of piles, no matter how severe or of how long standing.

Mr. James Uriah Pye, Marie Joseph, Guysborough Co., N.S., writes: "I was bad with bleeding piles for about four years and could get no help. Dr. Chase's Ointment cured me in a very short time, and I cannot praise it too highly for this cure. Mrs. Thomas Smith was troubled with erysipelas in the feet and legs and was all swollen up. I gave her some of the ointment, which took out the swelling and healed all the sores. She had tried many treatments before, but none seemed to do her any good. I am telling my friends about the wonderful cures which Dr. Chase's Ointment made for Mrs. Smith and myself, and would say that it is only a pleasure for me to recommend so excellent a preparation."

Wherever there is irritation, inflammation, ulceration or itching of the skin Dr. Chase's Ointment will bring quick relief and will ultimately heal and cure. On this account it is useful in scores of ways in every home for the cure of eczema, salt rheum, tetter, scald head, chafing, itching peculiar to women, pin worms, piles and all sorts of skin diseases and eruptions.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

t-f

POSTMASTER IS MADE HAPPY

AFTER YEARS OF SICKNESS DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Plain Statement of a New Brunswick Postmaster Whose Kidney Pains Have Gone Never to Return.

Lower Windsor, Carleton Co., N. B., Sept. 28.—(Special)—T. H. Belyea, postmaster here, well known and widely respected, is happy in the discovery of a permanent cure for the Kidney pains that have troubled him for years.

"I have been bothered with Kidney Trouble for years," Postmaster Belyea says: "I have tried many medicines and plasters without getting any lasting benefit till hearing Dodd's Kidney Pills so highly spoken of I determined to try them. They seem to have made a complete cure in my case as I feel as well as ever I was.

"I believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble and will do all they are claimed to do."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys and with healthy Kidneys no one can have Bright's Disease, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Dropsy or Pain in the Back. Thousands will tell you this out of their own experience.

SPREADING DISEASE GERMS.

Flies Are One of the Most Effective Agencies.

Physicians have made a distinction between a contagious and an infectious disease. The former is transmitted by germs in the air, and therefore at a distance from the source, and may be received in breathing, whereas the latter requires actual contact with a contaminated object. Thus the germ may get into a wound or, adhering to the fingers, may be transferred to food and be swallowed. But germs can get upon food by indirect means, perhaps settling from the air upon food or on dishes. Some germs are washed into water-supplies, and are either imbibed directly or the utensils used for milk and other food become contaminated when rinsed. In these ways typhoid, scarlet fever and other diseases have been spread through the milk.

It no longer admits of doubt that flies are one of the most effective agencies for the distribution of germs. This has been shown by direct experiment and by the thorough investigation of the typhoid epidemics in our soldiers' camps in the Spanish-American war. Flies breed in decaying vegetables, and particularly in horse dung, and somewhat, also, in human excrement. Proper care should therefore be given to the disposal of these substances so that they are at least screened from flies.

If these substances are covered with "chloride of lime" (chlorinated lime), says Prof. Howard, "the treatment will be the cheapest and most efficacious. A closet for the reception of manure should be made tight, to prevent the entrance or exit of flies." Doubtless, also, if sufficiently dark, it will keep the flies away. By a little care on an isolated farmstead or by co-operation in a community the number of flies could be greatly reduced.

TEXAS CATTLE FOR AFRICA.

Not Ordinary Steers, but Fine Stock for Breeding Purposes.

It was announced in January last that a large number of Texas cattle were to be sent to South Africa, and in the course of time it was believed the shipments would amount to at least 100,000 head. On account of rinderpest and the neglect of South African cattle during the recent war that region was compelled to import many beef cattle.

The news that came from Texas was doubtless interpreted by many to mean that South Africa was importing American beef on the hoof. It appears, however, that this was not the case.

Several shipments have arrived at Delagoa Bay and then been forwarded to the great plateau of the Transvaal. The Gold Fields News of a recent date contains an interesting description of these shipmants, which makes it evident that the so-called Texas cattle are not the big-toned, long-horned kind usually associated with the name.

Up to June 30 last 4,050 head of cattle from Texas had arrived in the Transvaal and seven more consignments were on the way, which would bring the number up to 12,350. Most of these cattle are fine, picked heifers and well bred bulls. They arrived in excellent condition, and the first shipment, by the Atlantian, which carried the record cargo of cattle to South Africa, consisting of 2,550 head, had only twenty-two casualties on the way.

The significant fact is that Texas cattle are to be used largely as breeding stock to replenish the big Boer stock farms. For this purpose excellent stock of good breed is being selected. The steamship Cranley, for example, discharged a cargo of 1,500 heifers and a few bulls, all of which were raised on the best stock farms of southern Texas, the cargo consisting entirely of Shorthorns, Shorthorn-Herefords, Jerseys, Holsteins and pure bred Devons.

The vast majority of the cattle which have arrived are in far better condition than most veld-fed Afrikander cattle after a moderate winter season. Depots have been established at Victoria and other places, where the stock must go before reaching the ultimate purchaser.

The present importations from Texas are taken to Africa by a large private company under Government direction. The enterprise is hailed in South Africa as a beneficent work, for it is believed that the importation of such useful strains of breeding stock will eventually tend to an all-round improvement in the South African herds.

You can judge a woman pretty well by the pictures she hangs on her parlor walls.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

NOT A CENTAUR.

King Edward Often Fell Off His Horse.

The intense love for all kinds of sport by the king of England has by no means rendered him anything approaching a capable performer in any branch of it himself. He never could learn to play cricket, which, strangely enough, was a peculiarity also of both of his brothers, the duke of Connaught and the late duke of Edinburgh.

His majesty has done more than any man in Europe to promote and encourage horse racing, yet he is notoriously a poor horseman, and during his military career he had many a nasty tumble. In his subaltern days in the crack regiment, the Tenth hussars, he was continually falling out of the saddle, and if it had not been for his rank and position the riding master of his company would have pronounced him a hopeless failure.

No one ever doubted his courage, however, and by the advice of the late Queen Victoria, who was made acquainted with his incapacity in the saddle, he was forbidden to mount anything but the quietest horse that could be procured. The queen also insisted that he must take no part in hunting or in any form of sport in which there was an element of danger.

NATIVE INDIAN FOLLY.

As an instance of the almost incredible folly of the average native of India, the following anecdote would be hard to beat. Two Englishmen one day came upon a young man, who was one of their best workmen, writhing in agony from cholera, the result of eating an overripe melon. With great difficulty they saved him, and kept him by them for three days, sent him away cured. The next day they heard that he was dead. His first act on leaving them had been to go straight home and finish the melon. It is stories of this description that make one realize the enormous difficulties that have to be overcome by the rulers of India.

"Why is it," he asked, "that beautiful women are always the most stupid?" "Sir," she replied, "am I to understand that you desire to cast reflections upon my mental capacity?" "Oh, no," he hurriedly returned; "I have always said that you were one of the cleverest girls I ever——" But he didn't finish. Before he could do so he realized that he had said the wrong thing, and could never make it right.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

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

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

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"My boy tells me you discharged him," said the late office-boy's mother. "You advertised for a strong boy, and I certainly thought he was strong enough." "Madam," replied the merchant, "he was too strong. He broke all the rules of the office and some of the furniture in the two days he was with us."

ANOTHER BIG INDUSTRY.

Wire Company Erecting a Plant to Turn Out 100 Tons of Wire Daily—Looking for the Northwest Trade.

Whilst wire is an article that is used by everybody, it is amazing how few people know anything about its manufacture. This observation is prompted by the reading of a neat pamphlet entitled "Wire, Its Manufacture and Uses," circulated free by the North-American Securities Company, Temple Building, Toronto. It contains a complete history of the wire industry, and a description and half-tone engravings of the various processes and machines used in the manufacture of wire and its immediate products, such as wire fencing, wire nails, etc. The book, which is mailed free on application, also contains a description of the plant of the Imperial Steel & Wire Company, Limited, now in course of erection at Collingwood. This company is erecting at that point one of the finest wire plants on the continent. The ultimate output will be 100 tons of wire daily; 500 skilled workmen will be employed, and the ground area covered by the buildings will occupy five acres. This company is offering $40,000 of the first block of $100,000 of the company's stock for sale. The stock is $10 shares cumulative preferred 7 per cent., with a bonus of one share common for every share of preferred. Some $60,000 has already been subscribed. Those interested in the vast industrial progress of this country should send for the pamphlet, and those who have surplus capital available to invest in the growing industries of the country cannot do better than put some of it in such a staple industry as wire.

"Leave me now, my dear," he said, passing his hand nervously over his head. "I want to be alone for an hour or two." "Why, what is the matter?" his wife inquired, with anxiety. "I have to consult a railway guide," groaned the unhappy man.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Cholly (examining first print from the negative)—"Isn't there some way to make my moustache show a little plainer?" Photographer — "Why, yes; you might wait a few years and then come again."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

MONOTONOUS WORK.

A man entered a watchmaker's, and stood hesitatingly about for some time. At last he hedged up towards the counter with the following request:

"I say, could one of you fellows go out in the country about five miles and repair a watch?"

"Why cannot the watch be brought here?" was the reasonable reply.

"Well, you see, it's this way," said the farmer. "The watch belongs to a sick man, and he has to have it beside his bed so as to tell when to take his doses."

"Then the watch must be going all right," said the jeweller.

"Yes the watch runs, 'cause the feller makes it run. He says he's getting tired of poking the wheel with a pin, and wants one of you fellows to come and put it straight."

"Think of it, my dear," said Mr. Closefist, laying down his newspaper, "there are more than five hundred million dollars in circulation in this country?" "Is that so?" replied his wife, cheerfully. "Well, judging from the difficulty I always experience in getting you to give me a dollar I thought there wasn't more than five or ten dollars in the world."

Old Folk and **Blue Ribbon Tea**

Elderly people appreciate good tea. They're usually connoisseurs and know the most delicious—that's why

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

is particularly old folk's tea. It suits their exacting tastes and solaces them with its fragrance and soothing power. 404

Ask for the Red Label | Forty Cents Should be Fifty | Black, Mixed Ceylon Green

t-f

The drudgery of sweeping day is done away with by the sensible woman who uses

Boeckh's Bamboo-Handled Broom

Any housewife once possessing one will never again be satisfied with an old-fashioned broom. Boeckh's Brooms are sold by all dealers at popular prices.

Look for the name "Bockeh" on Handle.

A DEFERRED WHIPPING.

Pete—When yer dad was lickin' yer I heard him say it pained him more than it did you. Ain't dat a chestnut?

Jimmy—Naw; 'twas de truth dis time. De switch broke an' flew in his eye.

"I wish, Susan," said a fond mother to her new nursemaid, "that you would use a thermometer to ascertain if the water is the right temperature when you give baby his bath." "Oh," replied Susan, cheerfully, "don't you worry about that. I don't need no thermometer for baby. If the little 'un turns red the water is too hot; if he turns blue, it's too cold, and there you are."

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 23-44

A MATRIMONIAL NET.

Ida—After all, a hammock is nothing but a net.

Ernie—You are right. Many a girl makes a good catch in one.

Stanstead Junction, P. Q., 12th Aug., 1895.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—I fell from the bridge leading from a platform of 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 hard 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.

MAUD'S PREVARICATION.

"Maudie, dear, those shoes look tight. How do they feel on your feet?"

"Perfectly comfortable, mamma." (To herself): "If she had asked me how my feet felt in the shoes, she would have had me."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Some men brag about their wives as if they wanted to sell them.

Use Lver's Dry Soap (a powder) to wash woolens and flannels,—you'll like it.

"Does your wife do much fancy work?" "Fancy work? She won't even let a porous plaster come into the house without crocheting a red border round it and running a yellow ribbon through the holes.'j

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

More than 8,000,000 of the 13,500,000 people of Mexico do not work.

Americans imported $25,412,776 worth of precious stones last year.

In the coal mines of Bohemia the average wages, inside, for nine hours is 86 cents.

Brazil's crop of coffee this year equals fifteen-sixteenths of the world's consumption.

ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Lumbago
Backache
Sciatica
Sprains
Bruises
Soreness
Stiffness

CONQUERS PAIN.

What doth it profit a fool man to sell a 10-cent article for a dollar, and then get buncoed out of the dollar?

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

If men were compelled to eat their words there would be an epidemic of indigestion in this country.

BOOK NOTICE.

—By W. H. Shaw.

THE STORY OF A BUSINESS SCHOOL.

A terse description of Canada's leading business college, a school which registers 1000 students a year, employs 12 regular teachers, and uses 100 typewriters. The school also has a thorough system of instruction by mail. Complete courses are given in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy and Illustration.

The book is descriptive of all, and to enquirers is given FREE.

Central Business College OF TORONTO. LIMITED

W. H. SHAW, President

Rupture

We are getting them, lots of them. When no other truss will hold them they come to us. "What we say we hold." The best is the cheapest. That's our patent pneumatic pad Truss. It holds the edges of the wound together so that with fair play it must heal. You may get well; you can't get worse while you wear it. Procurable only from THE BELT AND TRUSS MFG. CO., Hernia Specialists, 653 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

BASTEDO'S 77 KING STREET EAST TORONTO, Fur Manufacturers.

We give best value in the city. Send for catalog.

RAW FURS AND GEN SING

Highest prices. Send for price lists.

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Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec. 1—44

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Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or to passenger agent. 2-44

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7 State St., Boston. 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal

Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Honey, Apples, ALL KINDS OF FRUITS

And Farm Produce generally, consign it to us and we will get you good prices.

THE **Dawson Commission Co.,** TORONTO. LIMITED 9-45

FOR SALE.

WINTOM AUTOMOBILE TOURING Car, new springs all round, machinery not worn in the slightest, tires new this spring, spring cushions, duplicate parts. For sale at great sacrifice. Cost $2,500. Box 7, Truth Office, Toronto.

FOR SALE, CHEAP FOR CASH.

1 Buffalo pressure blower, No. 4—9 in. outlet.
2 Globe valves—4 in. flanged.
1 Globe valve—6 in. flanged.
1 Earl steam blower—10 in. inlet.
4 Ten branch cast iron headers for 1 in. pipe.
2 Iron pulleys—30x12.
2 Iron pulleys—32x12.
1 iron pulley—22x6.
2 Iron pulleys—18x6.

Also an