Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was a small two-rooms-and-kitchen-behind cottage. The door was open and Janson walked in. The room was empty, and he walked to the door of the other room—a bedroom, he could see through the crack in the door,—and spoke pleasantly, gently:

"Anybody at home?"

An old woman came to the door and opened it. He could see, then, the whole of the room. A girl was lying in the bed, looking very pale and ill. He was a man of shrewd intelligence, so he grasped the situation—took his cue at once.

"How's the patient this morning?" he said cheerfully, and then advanced to the bed, and felt the girl's pulse with one hand as he held his watch with the other. It would have required keener brains than the women possessed to have noticed anything unprofessional in his manner of doing so.

"Much better, sir, now; she's got over the ducking, haven't you, dearie?"

A feeble smile—one of thankfulness and gratitude to the inquirer, so the detective thought—and he was thinking very deeply just then.

"When Lucy brought her in last night, all dripping wet and drowned-like, I never thought she would look so well this morning."

This puzzled the detective. Dripping wet, drowned, and brought in by Lucy; he had no clue to this new combination and he felt that if he was to get one he would have to tread gingerly.

"What time was that!" he asked carelessly.

"It had gone ten o'clock, sir."

"Really? was it quite as late as that?"

"Yes, quite, sir. For my Lucy only had time to put this poor girl in my care, and then had to rush off and catch the train."

"Um! She caught it, did she?"

"Must have done, sir, or she'd have come back."

"I suppose so. Is she coming back?"

"Ought to have been back by now, sir. I don't know what they will say at the Hall. She said she'd come back by the first train."

"Oh, I have just come from the Hall. Don't worry; they, in fact, asked me to come in here."

"Oh, that's it, is it? I wondered how you came to call. We did not send for a doctor, because this morning she seemed so much better."

The detective was silent for a moment. The ill woman had turned her head on the pillow, revealing her neck. What he saw there he had often seen before—finge.-marks, where the throat had been gripped by some powerful hand. Standing close by the bedside, he said to the patient quietly:

"Did he hurt you much when he gripped your throat?"

It was a bow drawn at a venture, but the arrow went home. A startled look came into the girl's eyes, and she inquired:

"How did you know that?"

"He told me so himself."

"He—Dubois told you?"

"Yes. Don't get excited. As a matter of fact, he asked me to come and see you."

"How did he know I was here?"

"I don't know; perhaps he—perhaps Lucy told him."

"He is sorry, then, for what he did?"

"I never saw a man sorrier."

"Then I forgive him; tell him so, will you? It was a cruel thing to do. If it had not been for my stays stopping it, that knife—that knife of his would have gone to my heart."

"He is sorry."

"It is his temper, his hot temper. He ought not to carry a knife."

"He is not carrying it now."

"No?"

"I am carrying it. I took it away from him. I agree with you that his temper is too fiery to allow of his carrying a weapon."

"And you have got it?"

"Yes."

He drew from his pocket a paper in which was wrapped the knife and the curious sheath. He lifted the sheath first.

"Yes, that's it," she said when she saw it.

Then he lifted the knife.

"Yes, that's—— Why, what's that on it?—blood? It is not my blood; there is not a scratch on me; the steel of my corsets saved me that."

"Oh, that is an old stain, I expect. I brought it with me that you might see he is no longer carrying it."

"I am glad."

"Always worn it about him, he tells, me, since he has known you?"

"Yes, and I have always begged him not to. He is so bad-tempered."

"He was telling me all about you—how good you had been to him."

"You are close friends, then?"

"Like brothers."

"You know all about——"

"Everything."

"He told you what we quarrelled about?"

"Down by the water? Yes. A bit silly, wasn't it?"

"Yes. But he defied me, and then I threatened him."

"So he told me."

"But he ought to have known that I would not have carried out my threat—that I cared for him too much."

"Oh, he lost his temper, I suppose. He says that when you told him you were going to—— Well, you know, he lost his head."

"Yes. Still, he ought to have known that after helping him out I shouldn't be likely to do anything to send him back again."

That puzzled the detective. Up to that stage things had gone swimmingly, but "helping him out" and "sending him back again" were too much for him. He said

"Just so."

"Dartmoor, by all accounts, is a hell upon earth; a woman is not likely to send a man back there if she's fond of him."

"No."

Only a monosyllabic reply; he was too filled with satisfaction to say more. He knew now the meaning of it. Dubois was an escaped convict—escaped by the aid of this woman. He looked at his watch. If he meant to catch the train he had not many minutes to spare.

"Well," he said, "I'd tell him you forgive him, but I don't know his address in town."

"In town?"

"Yes. He has gone to London, and, like a fool, I never thought to ask him for his address. I shall have to wait till he writes to me. He is sure to write to-night. You don't know his London address, I suppose?"

"I never knew he ever had one."

That was a crushing blow to his hopes. But he had no further time to spare now. He must question her closer to-morrow. He had to call at the police station, and leave the sheath and knife he had borrowed; it might be required by the magistrates, and he wanted a word or two with the station officials.

So he said good-bye to the women, and, promising to call in the next day, left. They were quite under the impression that he was a medical man sent down from the Hall, and were grateful accordingly.

A detective in his time plays many parts.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

At the station he interviewed the officials. By the 10.25 up last night travelled two persons. The ticket-clerk remembered issuing a ticket to a foreigner who had evidently been running to catch the train, he was so short of breath. Two of the porters remembered one of the Hall girls running in at the last moment, too late to get a ticket, and going by the 10.25. They remembered it because they helped her into the moving train, because they both knew her, and because they chatted about it after, and wonder what on earth she could want in London by the last train.

Janson travelled to Waterloo. Arrived there, he discovered those officials who had been on duty the previous night. The ticket-collector remembered the girl paying him her fare from Graynewood (book produced showing entry), having travelled up without a ticket.

"Can you describe the girl?"

"Looked just an ordinary decent sort—kind of better-class servant, I should think."

"You would know her again?"

"Well, I don't know, when the hospital's done with her."

"Hospital?"

"Yes. You are inquiring about the girl run over outside last night, aren't you?"

"Er—of course."

When there was a conclusion to be jumped at, Janson never failed.

"Well, that's what I said."

"Did you see the accident?"

"No; so it's no use calling me as a witness. When I'd seen the twelve o'clock out, I came off duty, and seeing a crowd round a cab in the yard, I looked to see what it was. That was how I knew it was the same girl who had just paid me her fare."

"I see."

"I helped put her in the same cab as knocked her down, and saw her driven off to Guy's; that's all I know. How is the poor thing this morning?"

"Oh, about the same. I don't think she's worse. Well, I must get along. Thanks. Good-day."

"Good-day."

He was rapidly driven to Guy's. His card sent into the house-surgeon secured an almost immediate interview.

"Yes," said the doctor, "she's going along all right. Bad case for the face, though; the horse trampled on it, and the hoof has taken off a piece of the cheek. She is not pretty to look at. Oh yes, quite sensible now; a bit weak, of course. Oh yes, you can see her, as long as you have nothing to say to worry her."

"Oh no."

"Very well, then. James, show this gentleman to the accident ward. Tell the sister he is to have an interview with Lucy Malden—case came in last night."

The detective thanked the doctor and followed the hospital porter. Presently he was beside the patients bed.

"I am glad to hear you are so much better," he said cheerfully. "I am going back to your mother, and can take any message you like to send her."

What messages she sent do not concern this narrative. When that portion of the interview was closed, Janson said:

"You came up by the last train; did you see anything of the Frenchman who had been stopping at the Hall?"

"The murdering villain! yes. It was through him I was run over."

"Is that so?"

"He got out of the station before I did, and when I came in sight of him he was giving the cabman instructions where to drive him."

"Did you hear?"

"Yes; to 66A, Dean Street, Soho."

The detective made a mental note of the address. He was working along this trail easier than any he had travelled lately.

"How did you come to get run over?"

"I was hurrying across because I saw another cab on the other side of the station, and I wanted to secure it."

"What did you come to town for?"

"I wanted to see Mr. Reginald. There was some sort of foul play going along at the Hall, and I knew that if I could see Master Reggie and explain it to him, he would be the best one to save the old gentleman."

"Save——"

"Yes, Sir George. That cat we have there, Miss Westcar, is luring him into a marriage, and I wanted to tell Master Reggie who she is."

"Who is she?"

"An escaped convict."

The detective drew in his breath. It was positively alarming—two escaped convicts in one morning!

"How did you know this?"

"I have suspected her all along of being no better than she should be, so I listened when she and the Frenchman were talking together."

"Yes."

"She called him to his face an escaped convict, and he did not deny it—said he had changed his name. He said she had been in prison, too, and asked her what Sir George would say if he knew."

"A pretty couple."

"They are that. You see, why I came up. I love my young mistress and her nose has been fairly put out of joint by this upstart. And Mr. Reggie was turned out of the Hall, too, I believe, through her."

"So I understand."

"You haven't told me who and what you are, though."

"I. Oh, I am a plain, common, or garden sort of detective, you know."

"Are you on the track of that Franchman?"

"Yes; I think I may say that. I am getting fairly on it."

"You are going to arrest him?"

"That's the chief item of my business for to-day."

"I am thankful! I saw the cowardly brute strike and throw a woman into the water. If I hadn't been by to pull her out she would have been drowned."

"Yes—the gipsy girl."

"You knew that?"

"I have seen her."

"I screamed out when I saw him strike her. He scuttled away, and the next time I saw him was at Waterloo as he was leaving the 10.25 train from Graynewood."

"At Waterloo."

"Yes."

"Did any one else see him—to know him?"

"I don't know. Very few people came up in the train. Mr. Ashley was on the platform with his bicycle and might have seen him; but I don't think he did, or would have been certain to have spoken to him, they are such close friends."

"Well, you have told me all you know?"

"Yes."

"No other messages for mother?"

"No, thank you."

"I'll wire her that you are all right here in London; I won't tell her you are in hospital—might frighten her, eh? Yes, that's it, staying with a friend for a few days. I'll find time to run in and see you with the news to-morrow."

"There's one thing I should think the best of news."

"What's that?"

"That you have arrested that beastly foreigner."

"I am going straight away from here, my girl, to do so. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and good luck!"

(To be Continued.)

WEIGHT OF THE BRAIN.

Development Follows Differing Lines of Work.

M. Mathiega, an anthropologist of Prague, has just made some interesting experiments with regard to the weight of brain in different branches of the community. Having first ascertained that the male brain weighs on an average 1,400 grammes, and the female brain 1,200 grammes between the ages of 20 and 60, he has gathered the following satistics, based on the study of the brains of 235 persons, differing widely in their occupation and intellectual culture:

	Grammes.
Day laborers	1,400
Workmen and unskilled laborers	1,433
Porters, guardians and watchers	1,436
Mechanics	1,450
Business men	1,468
Physicians and professors	1,500

The manufacturing or sale of alcoholic drinks is not favorable to cerebral development, judging by the light weight of the brains of brewers, saloonkeepers, and waiters in cafes. The average weight among this class is only 1,419 grammes, whereas it rises to 1,442 among cabinetmakers, 1,446 among shoemakers, and 1,447 among blacksmiths, locksmiths, and other workers in iron and steel.

OUR FEATHERED ENEMIES

EAGLES AND SEA FOWLS ARE FIERCE FIGHTERS.

A Postman's Experience—Two French Tourists Killed Eagles.

The Maritime Alps of Eastern France have long been noted as being the haunt of the most ferocious and powerful breed of eagles in existence. Children innumerable have been carried off by them, and they even attack adults on occasions, sometimes with dire results.

In July, 1889, for instance, a postman named Gustave Silva, who carried the mails on foot between the villages of Sospello and Puget Theniers, was set upon while crossing the pass by three large cock-birds, and frightfully injured. He managed to drive off his winged assailants, with the aid of his alpenstock, and eventually reached his destination with his bag of letters. But his case was from the first regarded as hopeless by the local doctors, and sure enough, after lingering in indescribable agony for six days, he succumbed to his wounds.

Meanwhile two young French tourists, Messrs. Joseph Monand and Antoine Neyssel, went up into the mountains to try to kill the birds that had done the damage, and were savagely attacked in their turn. Both men were armed, but the sudden onslaught of the winged creatures completely unnerved them, and after firing only one shot they

TRIED TO ESCAPE

by running. The birds, however, struck them down ere they had gone many yards, and they would have doubtless been torn to pieces where they lay but for the opportune arrival of a party of shepherds. These succeeded in rescuing Mr. Neyssel alive, but terribly injured, he having sustained no fewer than ten severe wounds in the head and back, besides innumerable minor lacerations and abrasions. His companion, Mr. Monand, was killed outright early in the fray, and his body when recovered presented a most shocking spectacle. Mr Neyssel recovered after six weeks in bed, but is disfigured for life.

Very tragic was the fate of Peter Thoralsen and John Hibbert, two seamen belonging to the whaler Good Hope, who attempted for a wager to reach the summit of Possession Island some years ago. This, perhaps the most desolate and seldom-visited spot on the whole globe, is the home of myriads of sea-fowl, who occupy the entire surface of the land, from the lowermost beach to the top of the conical mountain which occupies the

CENTRE OF THE ISLAND.

It was noticed from the ship that the sitting birds attacked the explorers vigorously as they waded through them, pecking at them with their sharp beaks and screeching savagely, but no one anticipated danger.

When about two-thirds of the ascent had been completed, however, the men were seen to be in difficulties, and a relief party was organized; but at that moment there sprang up one of those terrific blizzards that are so frequent in the Antarctic regions, and communication between ship and shore became for the time being impossible.

Next day it was restored, but it was then too late. The explorers were found upright among the guano, into which they had sunk up to their waists, and quite dead, while round the disfigured and mutilated bodies lolled thousands of bloated seafowl gored to repletion with a hideous and unwonted diet.

Ordinarily the ostrich is a shy bird, more ready to run than to fight on the approach of a human being. But in the breeding season, and especially when the hen has nearly finished sitting, the old cock is frequently little less dangerous than

A WOUNDED TIGER.

Many terrible tales are told in Cape Colony of the ferocity with which they will then attack all and sundry, and of the shocking injuries they are able to inflict with their long pointed toes. Nor is escape at all easy. A native will spring upwards at the bird's long neck, and gripping it tightly swing himself on his assailant's back, where he is comparatively safe. But woe betide him if he misses.

The emu, too, is equally dangerous under similar circumstances. "Bet" Cantleton, the well-known Australian explorer and prospector, lost his life in a fight with one of these birds after passing unscathed through all sorts of dangers. The emu, an "old man" bird, took him unawares, hurling him to the ground and breaking one of his legs, after which it deliberately set to work and pounded him to death. When next day, the body was discovered by a searching party, it was found to have sustained no fewer than sixty-three wounds, many of them of the most shocking character.

STRONGEST BEAK.

The strongest and most formidable beak among birds of prey is owned by the Egyptian vulture. This bird is "protected" throughout Northern Africa, as it acts the part of a scavenger, and does not, as a rule, use upon living creatures the terrible weapon with which nature has endowed it. But when famine falls upon the land, as in certain districts is not infrequently the case, the vulture at once becomes a source of acute and very positive danger. Garbage is then no longer available. Hunger renders him ferocious, and, on occasions, he will not hesitate to attack even adult human beings.

Weird tales used to be told of the strength and ferocity of the condor. As a matter of fact this giant among vultures is comparatively harmless except during the nesting season. Then both male and female become not infrequently wantonly aggressive, and they will, besides, invariably fight to the last in defence of their eggs or their young. For this reason the man who aspires to rob a condor's eyrie, accomplishes his task always at the risk of his life. The native Peruvian and Chilian collectors, wary though they are frequently come to grief, while disasters innumerable have overtaken amateurs.

THE FIRST BABY.

What joy there is in the home when the first baby comes, and yet to the young and inexperienced mother who has to care for it there is no other period of her life so trying. In the little ills that are certain to come the inexperienced mother scarcely knows what to do. To the young mother—to all mothers—Baby's Own Tablets are a real blessing. They promptly cure such troubles as constipation, colic, sour stomach, diarrhoea and simple fevers. They break up colds, destroy worms, allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth and prevent more serious ills. These Tablets are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate, nor any other of the harmful drugs always found in the so-called "soothing" medicines. They are good for all children from the new born babe to the well grown child. If you do not find the Tablets at your medicine dealers send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be mailed you post paid.

AS TO NICKNAMES.

Given Often for Absurd Reasons, and Generally Stick.

"Wonderful how names stick to a person," said the observant man. "There were two nice little women in our village who came to call on us one evening, and we offered them popcorn which the children had just brought in from the kitchen. They refused, but not so emphatically as to keep us from giving them two heaping plates of the corn. We kept refilling the plates and they kept crunching all the evening. There was something so funny about it that I called them 'the popcorn ladies', and the name has stuck to them so that the whole village know them by it.

"I once knew a man who talked incessantly in a high pitched voice, and a bright girl dubbed him 'the chirper.' The name was quickly passed around among the young people, and now the greater part of his friends know him by that name. A dignified young woman of my acquaintance goes by the name of 'Whont' to this day because when she was a little girl she used to call herself 'Mrs. Whont' when she played grown-up ladies, and the family picked it up. She simply can't shake the absurd name.

"More than one red-haired man is known by the name of "Pink" and philosophically accepts the title. I have an acquaintance who holds a responsible position who is known by the name of 'Dotty.' It seems that one day a mischievous girl discovered that he had three prominent dimples. She promptly dubbed him 'Dotty Dimple,' and now he is known to all his associates as 'Dotty.' Another man of my acquaintance is always called 'Bluebeard' because he has such a white and thin skin that if he does not shave daily his beard shows blue through it. That name, too, came through a woman's quick wit.

"An old lady friend of mine is still called 'Peachy' because when she was a young girl she had a complexion like peaches and cream. Her brother promptly dubbed her 'Peachy,' and 'Peachy' she will remain to the end of her days. In a certain household a very feminine little woman is still called 'The Boy,' because when she was a young girl she went through a serious illness which made it necessary to cut her hair short. Her younger sister said she was 'the boy' of the family, and the dainty lady is still called by that absurd name.

"An effeminate man was once called 'Viola' by one of the boys in the office, and now we know him by nothing else. Another one of the boys in the office is always called 'Chesty,' and though he got angry at first, he has cheerfully accepted the new name now.

"Our bookkeeper is always putting in his oar when it is not at all necessary, and I think now he will be known until the end of time as 'General Butts.' A friend of mine who is always called 'Cheerful' does not know whether he is called that because his friends believe he has a cheerful disposition or because they consider him a cheerful idiot. But, at any rate, he can't shake the name."

SAT NIGHT AND DAY IN A CHAIR

TILL DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS RHEUMATISM.

William Doeg, of Strong Township, Hale and Hearty After Four Years of Torture—The Story of His Sickness and His Cure.

Sundridge, Dec. 14.—(Special).—After four years of torture, during which he was scarcely an hour free from pain, Wm. Doeg, a farmer, living on Con. 3, Strong Township, and well known here is a hale and hearty man. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him.

Speaking of his cure Mr. Doeg says: "The trouble started in my back and the pain got so bad I could not lie down to take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair.

"The pain would sometimes move to other parts of my body, and when in my knees I was unable to walk.

"I was treated for Rheumatism by several doctors, and also tried different medicines without receiving any benefit. I feared I would never again be free from pain.

"My attention was called to cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and I started to use them. Before I had finished the second box I was a new man, entirely free from pain. It has not come back since."

Uric acid in the blood is the cause of Rheumatism. If the Kidneys are working right they take all the uric out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys work right.

THE 100-MILE TRAIN.

We're Likely to Be Travelling at That Rate.

We note with pleasure that our space devouring friends at Zossen, Germany, have not yet satiated their hunger for pace, and touched the record the other day for no less than 140 miles per hour, says the Street Railway Journal. They seem to be overcoming air pressure rather comfortably up to the present, and we have heard nothing about the motors failing or the pressure caving in the front end of the car.

Perhaps the doubting gentlemen who figured on the motors burning out from overload at 80 miles per hour to 100 miles per hour will now be convinced that higher speeds are both possible and practicable. One hundred and forty miles per hour is a decidedly hot pace, but it will more than likely be beaten before we go to press. It has taken a good many years to evolve the two-minute trotting horse, but this year we have him in triplicate, and just so it has been with electric tailroading. Once the records began to break they fairly blew up and left only small fragments.

One hundred and forty miles per hour, even if not outdone by a considerable margin, still means that the hundred-mile-an-hour train is much nearer to reality than it has ever been before. That speed is quite feasible whenever it is demanded, and it is moreover, quite high enough to meet the requirements of humanity for some little time to come. Its real importance lies, as we have often remarked, in its application to long lines on which the saving of time would be material. Cutting down the running time to Flatbush or Hackensack may defer the dyspepsia of the commuter for another season or two, but it is not commercially important. It is cutting the time on long runs that counts—reducing the time to Washington to less than three hours, and converting the trip to Chicago into a mere night's run.

It is now announced that the experiments have been conducted largely with the idea of the early application of the system to the railroad connecting Berlin with Hamburg, distant by rail 176 miles from each other, and that an early conversion of that line is by no means improbable. Somehow the hundred-mile-an-hour train looks nearer than it did a few months ago, and our spyglass is still trained in the direction of Germany.

"Can you tell me," said a lazy man to a witty acquaintance, "of a plan for getting up earlier in the morning? I seem to be getting later and later every day." "Well," said the friend, "just continue as at present, getting up later every day, and by-and-by you will be up at four o'clock in the morning."

You can't cure a cough or cold from the outside. You must cure it through the blood.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

is the only remedy that will do this.

It gets right to the root of the trouble. It is guaranteed to cure.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

S. C. WELLS & CO. Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y. 8

The satisfaction of having the washing done early in the day, and well done, belongs to every user of Sunlight Soap. 10B

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

The last summer has been the wettest experienced in the British Isles for sixty years.

There is now three million less acres under the plough in Great Britain than was the case 30 years ago.

Immediate steps are to be taken by the Metropolitan Free Church Federation with respect to the unemployed question.

A municipal telephone system has been inaugurated by the Mayor of Swansea. It has already 366 subscribers, and it is to cost £20,300.

The first turbine cruiser, the Amethyst, was recently launched from the Elswick shipbuilding yard. Her displacement is 3,000 tons.

Mary Hayes, a dressmaker, was awarded £250 against Earl de Grey for injuries sustained by being run down by his lordship's motor car.

A V. C. was recently sold at Sotheby's rooms, London, for £43. It was won by a private of the Dragoon Guards during the Indian Mutiny.

W. P. Johnston, a London engineer, was awarded £3,000 damages against the Great Western Railway for injuries to his left leg, which rendered him lame.

Four hundred lady teachers watched the washing, drying and dressing of a baby at the board room of the London School Board to be able to teach cleanliness.

Capt. Leinster, of North Shields, who last year was sentenced at Durban to five years' penal servitude for burning the ship Richmond, has died in prison.

Damage done by his bulls running into a cycle shop at Bristol was the reason of John Gyford, a Suffolk cattle dealer, having to pay the proprietor £6 damages.

A London vicar who said his family were "nearly starving" prevailed on the Bloomsbury County Court judge to rescind an order committing him to prison for debt.

At an inquest on a woman at Brentford, who had acquired the habit of drinking laudanum, her doctor said she had told him it was her only pleasure of life.

An American citizen who committed suicide in Bloomsbury, London, bequeathed his body to a medical college. The coroner pointed out that such a bequest is not valid in law.

According to a Leeds by-law clerks with small wages, girls, such as post-office employes, and apprentices in "clean" trades, are not "workmen." They have not the advantage of cheap car fares.

One of the gold medals presented to Nelson after the victory of the Nile was recently sold at London for £115.

During a fire in Soho, London, in the absence of their mother, a four-year-old boy and a fourteen month baby were saved by their three-year-old sister, who dragged them from the room.

Charles Henry Salmon, solicitor, of Leyton, who four years ago was struck off the rolls for a small offence, committed suicide by throwing himself under a train at Aldersgate station, London.

A woman named Howe, charged at Marlborough Police Court, London, with attempted suicide, said her husband had sold her to another man for two shillings. She had lived with her purchaser five months.

For greater safety an Ilford woman deposited a cash box containing £60 worth of property amongst some old rags. Her servant girl sold the whole lot for 4d. to a rag and bone dealer, who cannot be traced.

People of Portsmouth and parts of the Isle of Wight recently thought they had experienced an earthquake. It was a simultaneous explosion of about forty mines by the experimental staff of H. M. S. Vernon.

"I think the interest and welfare of 40,000,000 of our people here are more important than, as I believe, the mistaken policy of 11,000,000 in the colonies," said Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at a conference of business men in Manchester.

A draper was at Bury St. Edmunds sentenced to 12 months' hard labor for bigamy, after a married life of twenty-one years. He spent week days with his first wife and week ends with the second. He ended up by deserting both.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public*

SEAL

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Mr. Kidder—"Ah, how-der-do, doctor? If you have a few minutes to spare, I wish you would come over to my house and chloroform my youngest boy." Dr. Price—"What is the matter with the lad?" Mr. Kidder—"Oh, his mother wants to comb his hair."

Piles cured in 3 to 6 nights.—One application gives relief. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a boon for Itching Piles, or Blind, Bleeding Piles. It relieves quickly and permanently. In skin eruptions it stands without a rival. Thousands of testimonials if you want evidence. 35 cents.—23

"Confound the railroads!" exclaimed Subbubs, as he entered the office an hour late and took off his coat. "Train late again, I suppose?" asked Townley. "Not at all. For the first time in six months the measly thing was on time, and, of course, I missed it."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

WHENCE COMES COLOR.

In what way colors are produced is a mystery still. Endless are the colors produced from coal tar. But how no scientist can say. Why it is that in the zenith we have, in fine weather, a deep, rich blue is perhaps not generally known. There is always above us a haze, however fine. This haze is the aggregate of the finest combination of moisture on dust particles. And water is blue; even when distilled blue is its inherent color. Accordingly the deep blue color in the upper heavens is caused by the light through depth of fine haze. If there was no haze above us the sky would be black—that is, we would be looking into the blackness of limitless space.

Friend (to lady amateur)—"I suppose you'll give up painting when you marry?" Lady Amateur—"Oh, no! It'll be so convenient and economical when we have to make wedding presents."

We wish the many thousands who enjoy Blue Ribbon Tea a happy Xmas. and a prosperous New Year.

Blue Ribbon Tea Co.

LOWER PRICES — USE — BETTER QUALITY

FIBRE EDDY'S WARE

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1861.

CAN BE HAD IN

Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

FETICH DOCTORS.

Have Just Stirred Up a Revolt in the Congo Free State.

A despatch from London says that fetich doctors in the Lomami District of the Congo State, about 900 miles from the Atlantic, have stirred up many natives to revolt, fortifying their courage to this point by incantations which will render them invulnerable to the bullets of the whites.

Fetichism is recognized as an impediment to progress on the Congo. Just as the Congo State has made the crimes of slave raiding, cannibalism, and human sacrifices punishable with death, so it has placed the arts of the fetich doctor on the list of misdemeanors, and punishes these men when they are caught plying their trade.

These fellows live by their wits. They keep alive faith in the efficacy of charms, belief in witch craft, and many other harmful superstitions. Any one is likely to be accused of being a witch if he happens to have property that is coveted by the chief or the fetich doctor, or has incurred the hatred of some one whom the fetich man desires to please. The natives believe that the person thus acused is a wizard, and when he takes the poison test, and staggers and falls under the influence of the drug, his guilt is considered as established, and the by-standers rush at him and beat him to death.

Dr. Bentley, of the Baptist missions, wrote a while ago that many hundreds of terrible stories of this kind with much variety of detail might easily be collected. He told of a case on the Lower Congo where eighteen men were compelled to suffer death because a fetich doctor accused them of causing the death of six men who had been drowned by the upsetting of their canoe.

As fast as the influence of the Congo State is extended over its vast domain, the authorities are making much trouble for the fetich doctor by diminishing his prestige and punishing him for practising his art. So he regards white men as his special enemies, and, if possible, stirs up the natives against them.

THE REMEDY A NUISANCE.

Some 25 years ago mongooses were imported into Barbadoes to drive away the rats which ate the sugar-canes. Now the sugar-planters have petitioned the governor to authorize the destruction of the mongooses because the latter, instead of confining their attention to the rats, have driven out many useful native animals, including lizards, which were the enemies of the moth-borer caterpillars. The caterpillars are now left free to penetrate the sugar-canes thereby affording holes for the lodgment of destructive funguses. Thus in the continual struggle for existence nature herself is often found to have established the best system of equilibrium, interference with which brings more ills than it drives away.

A BAD RECORD.

Since 1852 more than 26,000 convicts have been sent to French Guiana, of whom 84½ per cent. die of disease, hardship and insufficient food.

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." 23-7

Doctor—"Professor, a little son has just arrived." Professor (absent-mindedly)—"Tell him to wait in the ante-room."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Mugg—"Yes; they thought I was poisoned, and the doctor came with his stomach-pump." Wump—"Did he get anything out of you?" Mugg—"Yes; two dollars."

To Starve is a Fallacy.—The dictum to stop eating because you have indigestion has long since been exploded. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets introduced a new era in the treatment of stomach troubles. It has proved that one may eat his fill of anything and everything he relishes, and one tablet taken after the meal will aid the stomach in doing its work. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—24

Wife (who was always ailing)—"You will bury me by the side of my first husband, won't you, dear?" Husband—"With pleasure, my dear."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Gentleman—"What do you mean by putting your hand in my pocket?" Light-fingered Bill—"Excuse me sir; I'm so absent-minded. I used to have a pair of trousers exactly like yours."

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

Sam—"How is it Pete Green wears sech fine clothes en doan' do nuffin'?" Remus—"Why, he hes a washin' machine dat supposes him, and does it very well, too." Sam—"Huh! Did he invent it?" Remus—"No; married it."

Heart Disease

Most Sudden and Dangerous of Ailments.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure relieves in 30 Minutes.

Stealthy as a thief in the night, heart disease health-its coming only by the deadly grip it lays upon its victims. If you have palpitation, short breat smothering spells, or vertigo, do not delay the use of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure. It will relieve every case in 30 minutes and will radically cure ninety-five per cent. of those affected. It is a perfect remedy for nerve, and stomach. 8

Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures all skin eruptions, 35c.

EMBRACING ALL CLASSES.

The "sandwich army" of London is over 7,000 strong. In the service of one advertising contractor have been clergymen, doctors, architects, actors, clerks, and even a former wealthy squire. Sheer misfortune, as a rule, presses men into the work, but, according to a well-known contractor recruiting sergeant of the army of board-bearers, whose ordinary wages vary from one shilling to two shillings a day.

DISRAELI WAS A COWARD.

The late earl of Beaconsfield was gifted with any amount of political and moral courage, but he was an abject coward physically. When he was still plain Mr. Disraeli his wife once said of him: "Benjamin is the greatest coward I ever saw. Why, do you know I always have to pull the string of his shower bath?" And the great man was fain to confess that this was actually the case.

GIRL DRUG CLERKS.

There is a demand for girls as clerks in German drug stores. The course of instruction requires three years, except in the case of high school graduates, who need only two.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

"Pa, won't you buy me a watch?" "What for, my boy?" "I want to swap it to Billy Wiggins for one of his pups."

A Veteran's Story.—George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with Catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely." 50 cents.—25

"Halloa, old chap! I hear you've lost your job?" "Well, I wouldn't put it like that exactly, but the firm has been foolish enough to sever its connection with me."

I was Cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Sydney, C.B. C. I. LAGUE.

I was Cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Yarmouth. CHAS. PLUMMER.

I was Cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
BURIN, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Physician (to patient's wife)—"Why did you delay sending for me until your husband was unconscious?" Wife—"Well, doctor, as long as he retained his senses he wouldn't let us send for you."

An admirable Food of the

EPPS'S

Finest quality and flavour.

COCOA

Nutritious and Economical.

48—21

Dominion Line Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool
Boston to Liverpool

Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms 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.

DOMINION LINE OFFICES:
77 State St., Boston. 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal

CARPET DYEING and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy. Address Box 758, Montreal.

BASTEDO'S 77 KING ST., EAST, TORONTO. SPECIAL SALE OF **FURS**

Send for catalog. We give extra value. Raw Furs and Ginseng. Send for price list

PATENTS IN ALL COUNTRIES. **RIDOUT & MAYBEE** 103 Bay St., TORONTO. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO PATENT LITIGATION. Send for Handbook on Patents, &c.

A Gift Worth Giving and A Present Worth Having

The best holiday gifts are useful gifts, and one of the most useful is the New and Enlarged Edition of

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

of English, Biography, Geography, Fiction, Etc.

Useful. Reliable. Attractive. Lasting.
The New Edition Has 25,000 New Words
New Gazetteer of the World
New Biographical Dictionary
2380 Pages. 5000 Illustrations. Rich Bindings.
Why Not Give Some One This Useful Present?
FREE—"A Test in Pronunciation."
Instructive and entertaining for the whole family. Illustrated pamphlet also free.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A. 6

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 T. F.

Issue No. 51—03.

It is the Poison that Causes Pain

The Poisonous Waste Matter Is Removed by the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels when These are kept Healthy by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The kidneys, liver and bowels are known as excretory organs, because it is their mission to cast out of the body the poisonous waste material which would otherwise poison the system, cause pains and aches and give rise to deadly disease.

Because of their direct and specific action on each of these organs, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are wonderfully successful in overcoming pain and in thoroughly eradicating from the system the very cause of serious and painful ailments.

Once the bowels are regular and the kidneys and liver active in filtering the waste material from the blood good health and a proper working of the bodily organs are assured. It seems useless to experiment with new-fangled medicines, which are only intended to afford relief, when you can be thoroughly cured, and the cause of your troubles removed by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver P