

SIMPLE MINDED ELEPHANTS.

One was Terrified by the Sight of a Very Harmless Little Pony.

An English writer of Indian experience declares that the vanishing of the intelligence of the elephant creates a false impression. Like that of the horse, the intelligence of the elephant has curious limitations.

A few months ago the populace of a small town near Madras were frightened out of their wits by a runaway elephant, which broke from its mahout's control and ran through the town, smashing everything that lay in its path. It had been frightened into a state of insane alarm by the pattering of rain-drops on its rider's brella!

A friend of the same writer once had a singular experience of a somewhat similar sort. When "out in the district" in Burma, he grew tired of riding on his elephant which also carried his servants and baggage, and bought a pony in one of the villages. He was careful to make sure that the pony was not afraid of elephants, but it never occurred to him that the elephant might be afraid of ponies.

Early the next morning he sent his baggage and servants off on the elephant, with orders to halt for lunch at a village ten miles away; and when he had finished some work, he followed on the pony. When a mile or so from the halting-place he saw the elephant hunching along in advance, and trotted on to hurry up the mahout. As he approached, the mahout, a Burman, began to gesticulate. The Englishman and his Bengali servants knew no Burmese, and the Burman knew no tongue but his own. He was much excited.

The Englishman guessed that something was amiss, and breaking into a gallop to see what it might be, was astonished to see the elephant start off at a run. Three times the excited and angry mahout succeeded in stopping the beast after a run of a mile or so, and three times did the Englishman ride up to see what was the matter, only to observe with astonishment that the elephant rushed off each time.

Finally the despairing mahout steered the animal off the road into swampy ground and thus shaking off pursuit, plowed his way back on foot to the halting place, where he found an interpreter to explain that the elephant had been terrified by the approach of the pony.

Miss Willard's Sweetheart.

In their youth Bishop C. H. Fowler and Miss Willard were students in the same Methodist college, both being members of the Methodist church. Between them there was a strong affinity, a friendship that eventually ripened into a deep, abiding love. The ring she speaks of in her memoirs as wearing as "an allegiance based on supposition," was the gift of Bishop Fowler. Both had great strength of character and were born leaders of men and women. The similarity of their temperaments was frequently considered by the young people as a bar to matrimony, and it was finally agreed that it would be best for both to choose separate paths in life. The engagement was accordingly broken. In after years they were often brought together in their life work, that of lifting up fallen humanity and leading them to a better way, but the story of the early romance was never told until the death of Miss Willard.

Three Mile Limit.

In a sheet published during the Penang Centenary celebration (1886), an old inhabitant states that Captain Light fixed upon the inland boundary of Province Wellesley (opposite Penang) by the range of a cannon, and then it was further put back another shot from the previous boundary. As far as can be made out from the records, however, Captain Light never acquired any land on the mainland, but Sir George Leith, Bart., the Lieutenant Governor, did in 1800. It is worthy of note in this connection that a possession common to all civilized countries which have a seaboard was originally determined as to its extent by the range of a cannon. This the so-called "Three mile Limit" from low water mark out to sea. "Territorial waters" were considered to be those over which the country in question could exercise efficient control, and at the end of the seventeenth century, when the rule was laid down, three marine miles was taken as the utmost range of the heaviest cannon in use.

Charles Dickens.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is quoted as saying of Charles Dickens that he was a most delightful companion. "Apart from his high spirits and engaging manner," the musician adds, "one might give two special reasons for this. On the one hand, he was so unassuming he never obtruded his own work upon you. I have never yielded to any one in my admiration of Dickens's work; but speaking of him as a companion, I can safely say that one would never have known that Dickens was an author from his conversation. I mean that he never discussed himself with you; while, on the other hand, I have often since wondered at the wonderful interest he would apparently take in the conversation of my young-

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GENTLEMEN:—For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, female and stomach troubles, and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicine after medicine, without any good results. My sufferings a year ago from the kidneys and stomach were dreadful. I was in such a state that I could not live, and concluded there was no use trying other medicines. However, I was advised to try Paine's Celery Compound. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for many years, and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from kidney, renal and stomach troubles.

Yours truly,
MRS. GEORGE STONE,
Eganville, Ont.

A Devoted Indian.

Baron de Malorite, a German who had served in Mexico with Maximilian, told to Sir M. Grant Duff, who records it in his "Diary," the following story of an Indian's devotion to his leader:—General Mejia was a full-blood Indian in the service of Maximilian, and was taken prisoner along with him. Two hours before their execution was to take place General Alatorre came to him and said, "General Mejia, I have been three times your prisoner, and three times you have spared my life. My aide-de-camp is at the door with a horse, and you are free to go where you please." "And the emperor?" asked Mejia. "Will be shot in two hours," answered Alatorre.

"And you dare to come to me with such a proposition! Leave the room!" rejoined the prisoner. Alatorre did so, and Mejia and the emperor fell together.

Pretty Cool.

One day last week a clerk of one of the leading firms complained of his feet burning and aching terribly; a friend recommended him to use Foot Elm, and in two hours' time the clerk stated that his feet felt as if he had them out of the window in the breeze. Foot Elm acts like magic. 24 cents by mail. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at your druggist's.

Queer Kinds of Fuel.

In Southern California in the peach districts, peach stones are not uncommonly used as fuel. They are sold at the canneries by the wagon load. Peach stones burn freely and make a very good fire. On the homeward voyage of vessels in the coconut trade coconuts are used for fuel,

as they are also while the vessel is lying at her wharf discharging, not sound nuts, but such as are decayed and not salable. The nuts are broken before they are put into the stove. Coconuts burn freely and make a good hot fire.

YOU CAN IF YOU WISH.

RESTORE THE SNAP,
VIM, ENERGY AND STRENGTH
YOU HAVE LOST.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have been a great boon to my daughter Maggie. Prior to taking them she had been suffering from excessive nervousness for a long time, and her nerves were in a terribly shattered condition. The action of her heart was so weak that it did not have strength to perform its functions, causing violent palpitation and smothering after retiring. Frequently, on account of this suffocating sensation she was afraid to go to bed. Slight exertion exhausted her and caused shortness of breath. Her blood was impoverished and lost vitality, and she had no appetite. She was wasting away and was very hypochondriacal, feeling depressed all the time. Last December she began taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and she improved at once. Her blood became healthy and strong, and in six weeks her impaired nervous system was restored to its normal healthy condition. Her heart responded to the healthy condition of her blood and nerves and resumed its strong and healthy functions. She now sleeps without any of the dangerous, distressing, smothering and choking spells; her appetite is good, and she has gained in flesh. Healthy color has replaced pallor, and she is now well and strong, thanks to Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I thank you, gentlemen, for the remedy that has restored my daughter to health. A. GUNN, Baggage-master, Grand Trunk Railway, Oshawa, Ont. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DR. WARD CO., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of Information free.

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AD WRITERS AND THE WAR.

New Lines of Goods Brought out to fit the Prevailing Topic of the Time.

The war has been quite as prominent feature of the advertising columns of newspapers all over the country as of the news pages. It isn't strange, for advertisement writers keep in touch with the predominant news topics of the day, which furnish the best material for the exercise of their ingenuity. When the Klondike was discovered, 'gold,' 'nuggets,' 'rich strikes,' and similar words and phrases headed the advertising columns as well as the news stories, but these are all dropped now for the up-to-date war expressions.

The most common phrases are 'War on prices,' 'Victory over our competitors,' and 'Wanted, ten thousand volunteers—to buy our goods,' the last four words being in small type, of course. 'Manila has fallen, and so have our prices,' is another. About in the same class are these: 'War is not a new experience for us; for forty years we have been fighting the makers and dealers in cheap and worthless goods,' and 'The latest bulletin from the seat of war is absorbing the attention of the people just now, and while you are waiting for the next cast your eye over these prices.' 'We are not going to war at present,' frankly admits one firm, 'but will remain at the old stand.' 'Bombarding Havana will be an easy matter,' says another, 'but we are putting up batteries in the way of large stock and low prices that make our position impregnable.'

In an up State paper this bid is made by a bank for New York business: 'If the Spanish fleet should bombard New York, valuables in the safe deposit vaults there would be unsafe. Take a box in our vaults now.' 'Remember the Maine' has been a favorite headline, and 'The Maine question is where to buy the best goods for the least money,' has been much used.

Dewey's victory brought out a new series. This is one: 'Dewey cleaned 'em out. It was such a glorious victory that we would like to name one of our stoves The Dewey, but we have so many good ones, it is hard to choose the most appropriate.' And this is another: 'The Maine has been remembered at Manila, and your Uncle Sam is in a little better mood. Merit always wins. Therefore, the unbounded success of our goods.'

One of the simplest but best achievements in this line is this, from an optician: 'Spain will be driven from Cuba without a doubt. From now on you will read every line of war news. Will your eyes stand it? A pair of glasses fitted by us will prevent permanent injury.'—New York Sun.

ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

He Took the Advice and Made a Friend of him who Gave it.

No class of scientific workers have to struggle harder with the ignorance of those about them than civil engineers. Every elderly man who has ever worked at amateur road-building thinks he knows more of science than trained engineers, and snorts with scorn at the grading, the underdraining, and all the other scientific arrangements. An engineer said recently that he had found it more profitable, as well as a saving of time, not to combat the interesting 'practical' theories which he sometimes encountered from volunteer superintendents of his work, but to dispose of them on grounds more readily comprehensible than the scientific ones.

'Not long ago,' the engineer said, 'in building a road I had to put a stream underground for some little distance, and in doing so I naturally used the least amount of material by straightening the course of the stream. I had a gang foreman who was much troubled by this.

'Now look here,' he said, 'taint in the natur' o' water to run straight. Did you ever see a stream o' water in natur,' big or little, that went straight? Don't water always go crooked if you leave it to itself?'

'Then,' said I, 'do you think we ought to lay down these drain-pipes a little zig-zag, like a crooked rail fence?'

'Jest a leetle that way, to humor the natur' o' the water,' said he. 'But now see here—there's a difficulty right off about that.'

'What is it?'

'Suppose I crook this length of drain-pipe this way; how do I know that the water to run that way right here? Perhaps this is just the spot where the water wants to run the other way. That would be likely to make trouble, wouldn't it?'

'The foreman scratched his head. 'Wal,' said he, 'I do know but 'would. I hadn't thought o' that!'

'And he concluded that, inasmuch as we could not always tell which way the water wanted to 'meander, it might after all be best to make our watercourses straight and let the water make the best of them that it could. If I had contradicted the man and laughed at him, I should have made an enemy and an opponent of him.'

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