TO HAVE A BIG ABATTOIR.

THE DRESSED BEEF AND POULTRY TRADE OF ONTARIO.

An Immense Affair to Be Built to Slaughter for Trade With the Old Country—Hon. Mr. Dryden Investigating Chicago Methods.

There is a project on foot for the establishment in Ontario of a large abattoir. The Provincial Government is anxious to see one started and will lend aid to such an establishment. The scheme is shaping nicely, and something definite may be looked for at the approaching session of Legislature, which is, in all probability, about six weeks distant.

Hon. George W. Ross has had the question in his mind for a long time. He firmly believes that with a big abattoir in this province there would spring up a large trade in beef and poultry between Ontario and the motherland. Great success has attended the shipping of poultry to the old country, and the Premier wants to see this grow and include beef and mutton.

Great strides have been made in cold storage. At the last session of the Legislature concessions were made to those people who were building cold storage stations. The Government proposes to assist the establishment of these stations, believing that they will be a great benefit to the farmers. Further legislation may be passed.

IMPROVING COLD STORAGE.

Just now the Government is considering how these cold storage stations can be further improved and their usefulness extended. The system of cold storage used in Ontario is being copied by the Dominion. When sending experimental shipments of fruit to Manchester this fall the Government went to the expense of fitting one of the boats up in accordance with their system. It was a success, and the Dominion Government immediately adopted it, using it in all the boats in which they shipped Canadian produce to the old country.

Trouble was experienced in the past in keeping the fruit after it was taken out of cold storage. The trouble was that the fruit would sweat and soon mildew when exposed to the air. Under the system adopted by the Ontario Agriculture Department the produce is given plenty of air, and as a consequence it keeps much longer and is in perfect condition when brought to the light ready for the market.

The question of a big abattoir is being investigated thoroughly. Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, is in Chicago now. He went to attend a big cattle sale, but he has another mission. That mission is to visit some of the Chicago abattoirs, which are noted the world over.

MR. DRYDEN WILL INSPECT.

Mr. Dryden will see these big abattoir men and get all the available information. Just how the Government will assist in the establishment of the one proposed has not been settled, but one thing is certain, they will give aid to capitalists who can see their way clear to give to the province an abattoir of no modest size.

Hon. Mr. Ross has decided views on the subject, and can see a big thing for the province in the scheme now on foot. He will be pleased with nothing less than a firm that would kill in the neighborhood of 100,000 animals a year. In connection with the abattoir there would be cold storage cars. With the meat properly chilled it would be transferred to cold storage compartments in the ocean liners and carried to Britain, and be in the very best condition on arriving there.

Mr. F. W. Hodson will take a trip to Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, in fact go all through the west and look into the methods of chilling meat for export and the way the big abattoirs do their business.

"WE'LL TAK' A' CUP O' KINDNESS."

Though Women's minds, like Winter winds,
May shift and turn an' a' that,
To love of Scandal, Tea and friends—
They're Constant still, for a' that!
An' so awa' wi' Foreign Teas
Doon wi' Japan an' a' that!
Ceylon Green Tea they loe' the best,
And wha' a Crime daur ca' that?

For it's the tea, aboon the lave,
They dearly loe', an' a' that—
Blue Ribbon, and Salada, too,
And braw Monsoon, an' a' that—
Because, you see, 'twixt you an' me,
Japan, the Line they dra' at,
For syne the first are British Teas,
They loe' them weel, an' a' that!

Though some may prate o' ither tea
An' flaunt Japan, an' a' that—
The Lassies say they'll has their way,
An drink Ceylon for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that—
Awa' Japan, an' a' that—
The bonnie teas they loe' the best
Are Empire Grown, an' a' that!

The above suggestion, from a fair Canadian correspondent "with apologies to Burns," has been gratefully received and immediately adopted by —Colonist.

All Japan teas are colored.

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

is pure and uncolored.

HEROISM AT SEA.

How a Cholera-Stricken Ship Was Saved by the Punjabees.

The Zenobia, while on its way to Bombay, carrying passengers, and packed between decks with cholera-stricken Punjabees, had been ten days becalmed. She rolled gently on the oily swell, with all her sails set to catch the slightest air. None came. The wretched Punjabees crowded to the door of the cuddy where the passengers sat, invoking Allah to grant them a wind which would not only fill the sails, but blow the cholera out of the ship.

On the afternoon of the tenth day the crew mutinied. Coming aft they declared through their spokesman Lampsey, that they had made up their minds to take to the boats, "and leave the tub and the niggers to themselves."

"Well, all I have to say," replied the captain, "is that I'll put a bullet through the first as touches lift or tackle."

"More nor one can play at that game!" exclaimed Lampsey. "Come on, mates!" he added to his fellows, and the whole crowd made off to the forecastle.

The skipper, his officers and the passengers armed themselves with revolvers. O'Kelly, chief mate, went on deck to look out for steamers; the rest remained in the cuddy, while the crew gathered on the forecastle head.

"Below there!" suddenly called O'Kelly through the skylight.

"Hello!" responded the skipper.

"Sure, it looks black and threatening to the west; it's a breeze of wind, I'm thinking."

At the welcome words the passengers followed the captain and rushed on deck. The mate

POINTED TO THE WEST.

"A sand-squall!" exclaimed the captain. "'Twill be down on us in no time! All hands take in sail!" he roared in the direction of the forecastle. "Be smart, lads!"

"Stow yer slack as well as yer sails yerselves!" retorted Lampsey. "We aint a-goin' to budge!"

No one knows what may have passed through the captain's mind at this terrible juncture, for every sail was set, and a squall fast bearing down on his ship—a full-rigged ship, fitted with the cumbersome, old-fashioned tackle of the day—carrying quite five hundred souls.

No one knows what he contemplated, but at that moment an unwonted commotion was observable among the hitherto apathetic Punjabees.

They, too, had noticed the change in the sky's aspect, and had heard the short altercation between the captain and Lampsey. They had seen the threatening gestures of the disputants, and without understanding what was being said, had guessed its purport. Then scores of them, suddenly shaking off their lethargy and ignorant of marine etiquette, swarmed up the poop ladders and asked what was the matter. Was a breeze coming at last? If so, why did not the sailors do what had been ordered?

The only man conversant with Punjabee Hindustani hastily explained the situation; the advancing storm, the consequent danger to the ship, clothed as she was to the mastheads, and the refusal of the crew to do their duty.

The Mohammedan mule-drivers at once realized what was needed.

"We will make them!" they shouted, their blood thoroughly up. "God has sent the wind to drive away the cholera, and shall we go to another death because your men are untrue to their salt?"

Before they could be stayed, some two hundred Punjabees rushed along the main-deck and mounted the forecastle. The crew was ready to receive them. There ensued a fierce fight;

KNIVES WERE FREELY USED

against this now infuriated natives, who were entirely unarmed, their cutlasses being in chests below decks.

Shrieks and groans assailed the ears of the passengers, and they were about charging forward, revolvers in hand, to quell the disturbance, when, numbers having gained the day, they saw the sailors driven along with kicks and cuffs by the victorious Punjabees. They saw them ascend the ratlines, followed by the swarms of muledrivers, who threatened by gestures to throw them into the sea if they did not immediately furl sail. The seamen, not daring to disobey, worked in fear of their lives, and in a few minutes the Zenobia floated under bare poles.

With a low rumble the squall came on. Sand was in the air; it filled the eyes, nostrils and mouths. The hurricane struck the ship with terrific force, and swept on, leaving them well-nigh on their beam-ends, but safe! The gust proving to be a precursor of a stiff but favorable breeze, sail was speedily made on the ship, and in due course they bowled along toward their destination, thankful for their deliverance from a combination of perils that once seemed to threaten them with annihilation.

The next morning the crew expressed contrition for their behavior; the Punjabees, now full of renewed spirits, came aft in a body and interceded for their late antagonists; cuts and bruises were forgotten, both parties shook hands in token of amity, and the skipper, nothing loath, accorded his forgiveness.

Only two deaths occurred after that terrible day, and without further adventure or misadventure, the Zenobia arrived safely in Bombay harbor.

One of the most dangerous and repulsive forms of Kidney Disease is

DROPSY

for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the Kidneys are actually *dammed up*, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the filth which plugs up the drain. Restore the Kidneys to health. There is only one Kidney Medicine

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

PRECIPITATE.

He—Do you object to the word 'obey' in the marriage service?

She—Oh, Mr. Walter, this is so sudden.

ORIGINAL

What do you think? said Miss Kittish to Miss Frocks. Ethel is actually going to marry the man she loves.

Ethel always was an original girl, added Miss Frocks.

LET'S TALK IT OVER.

Fair Canadians;

The policy of your newly-elected rulers is in favor of trade within the empire. Your patriotism approves of it. But, setting that aside, I appeal to your dainty taste and ground my faith on QUALITY. If you try Ceylon and India machine-made GREEN teas you will miss something. What? The impurities imparted to Japan and China greens by the FILTHY METHODS OF HAND-ROLLING. Think of this. Blue Ribbon, Monsoon and Salada packets are on sale.—Colonist.

WHY STEEL RAILS BREAK.

In 1895 a steel rail on the Great Northern Railway in England broke into 17 pieces, causing a serious accident. A committee of the board of trade, appointed to investigate the cause of the breakage, has only recently made its report, after four years of work on the subject. The committee ascertained that the particular rail which broke on the occasion described possessed certain abnormal features the precise origin of which remains undetermined, but the investigation led to several discoveries of scientific and practical importance. Among these is the surprising effect of cracks in the upper surface of rails. It was found by experiment that a rail nicked with a chisel to a depth of a 6th of an inch broke under a weight of 600 pounds falling from a height of 12 feet, while the same rail not nicked resisted the fall of a ton weight from a height of 20 feet

BE PATRIOTIC.

Fair Canadians;

Your brothers and lovers are returning covered with glory. The whole empire attests the credit of their achievements. In Africa they met their cousins—the British tea planters—also fighting for the cause.

Dear Cousins; You can aid the comrades of your soldier brothers. Try Ceylon and India GREEN teas, if you now drink Japans. Leave the rest to your dainty palates. Salada, Monsoon, and Blue Ribbon packets await you.—Colonist.

TOO EARLY

Tomson—Say, old man, why don't you join our club?

Jonson—I've only been married six months. Come around a year or so from now.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

PASSIVELY ACTIVE.

Skitts doesn't do an earthly thing, does he?

Yes; he makes everybody that knows him talk about how lazy he is.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

PERHAPS NOT.

Uncle Josh—The detectives say they'll bring the crime home to the criminal.

Uncle Silas—I reckon they won't find him at home.

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

AN INTERVIEW TO AVOID.

It is folly to meet Old Age half way.

I think so. I wouldn't meet him at all if I knew how to get out of it.

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

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A BIRDLESS WORLD.

A French naturalist asserts that if the world should become birdless man would not inhabit it after nine years' time, in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. The insects and slugs would simply eat all the orchards and crops in that time.

"You can mould opinion, you can create political power"—says John Bright—But you cannot find a Tea equal to Blue Ribbon Ceylon.

Put up Black, Mixed & Ceylon Green

DON'T TAKE anything that is offered you, but see that you get what you ask for, NAMELY

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA, the people's first choice. It has become so because it is best to be had. Lead Packets, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60c.

APPLES.

Poultry, Butter, Eggs and other Produce.

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

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

TELEGRAMS OF TRAVELERS.

When a traveler in the Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany, wants to send a telegram while he is in the train he writes the message on a postal-card with the request that it be wired, puts on a stamp, and drops it into the train letter box. At the next station the box is cleared and the message sent out.

IRISH AND TEA.

Belfast, it is said, is the greatest tea-drinking city in the United Kingdom

W P C 1054

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THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL. COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

THE MYSTERIOUS CRIME ON THE S.S. NEPTUNE

So, after this serious interview, they all went back to the drawing-room, where they were questioned by everyone about their past.

"We've been in the smoking-room," said Carmela, with a smile, her heart now feeling lighter than it had been for many a day.

"Oh!" said Pat, in mock horror; "do Maltese ladies smoke?"

"You ought to know, Pat," retorted Ronald; "you saw enough of the sex in Valetta."

"It's my kindly heart," retorted Pat, who was never at a loss for an answer. "Sure I didn't like to see the poor things castin' such longing glances, without responding to 'em."

Everyone but Mrs. Pellypop laughed at this, and she snorted reprovingly.

"With such views, Mr. Ryan," said that good lady, "I hope you will never marry".

"Why not?" asked Ryan, glancing at Kate; "my natural inclination for matrimony is strong."

"I hope your wife will be," said Ronald, with a laugh; "or she'll never be able to keep you in order."

Foster had established himself by Bell, who did not appear to discourage the advances of the young barrister, though her attention was somewhat distracted by Bubbles, who sat next to her. Seeing this, Pat who had a fellow-feeling for lovers, drew the young man away.

"Bubbles," he said, "was it you that sat for that Pear's soap picture?"

"Of course," retorted Bubbles; "I was the original infant."

And indeed he did not look unlike the picture, with his beardless face and curly hair.

"Faith," said Mr. Ryan, "it's a mighty original infant you are, anyhow."

"Well, we can't all be Irish," said Bubbles, satirically.

"And a great pity it is ye can't," retorted Pat, calmly; "the finest nation under the sun. Did ye ever hear anything that touched your heart like Irish music?"

"Sing us some, and then we'll judge," said Sir Mark, suddenly interposing.

So Pat, nothing loath, went to the piano, and sang Moore's exquisite song "She is far from the Land," in such a pathetic manner that he cast quite a gloom over the company, but restored the joyous tone by dashing into "Garryowen."

At the conclusion of Pat's ditties, Ronald and Foster arose to go, in spite of a chorus that it was early. But Mrs. Pellypop, on behalf of the clerical party said it was late.

"Begad, the night's young, and the liquor's plentiful," said Pat, impudently.

"I never touch spirits," said Mrs. Pellypop, majestically.

"More's the pity," retorted Pat; "it 'ud keep the night air out, anyhow."

Mrs. Pellypop designed no response to this flippancy, but sailed out of the room, and shortly afterward departed with the Bishop and her daughter.

Ronald and Foster had a glass of whiskey and soda each while their dog-cart was being brought round, and then went off, Ronald promising to call next day.

"And you won't forget what I told you," said Carmela, as he went.

"No," replied Ronald, pressing her hand; "and mind you let me know when Vassalla comes down."

They drove off in the moonlight, in silence for a time, and then Foster said:

"What a charming girl is Miss Trevor."

"Oh, ho!" from Monteith, "so you've lost your heart!"

"And why not?" retorted Foster; "you are not the only person privileged to lose your heart."

"Well, I hope your course of true love will run smoother than mine," sighed Ronald.

"My dear old boy," said Foster, "yours will be all right, I've got a presentiment that we shall hear from Mrs. Verschoyle."

"Do you think she is guilty?" asked Ronald.

"I don't know, but whether or no, she'll not let this marriage take place."

"But she can't stop it."

"Can't she? She knows more, perhaps, than we think. How is it Vassalla's dagger was found in the dead man's breast?"

"But you don't think—" began Ronald, when Foster interrupted him.

"I think nothing," he retorted, whipping up the horse, "except that we'll hear from Mrs. Verschoyle."

Events proved him a true prophet, for on arrival at the Crown Hotel there was a letter waiting for Ronald, which he opened and read, then passed it to Foster.

"Didn't I tell you?" said the lawyer, when he read it.

"Yes—I believe the end is nearer than we think."

The letter said that Mrs. Verschoyle would call on Mr. Monteith, at the Crown Hotel, Great Marlow, the next day at three o'clock.

So, Foster's presentiment was true after all.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Next morning, when Ronald awoke, he was very much exercised in his mind as to the reason of Mrs. Verschoyle's visit, and wondered what she wanted to see him about.

"I wonder if she wants me to marry Carmela?" he thought; "of course, if she is in love with Vassalla, she'll be only too anxious to get Carmela disposed of. She did not commit the murder or she wouldn't be such a fool as to come to England."

When he finished dressing, Mr. Monteith went down-stairs into the dining-room, a pleasant apartment that opened, by French windows, on to the quaint old garden, with the red brick walls. He lighted a cigarette and walked slowly up and down waiting for Foster to come to breakfast, and was speedily joined by that gentleman.

"Aren't you hungry, old chap?" asked Gerald, as he came into the garden.

"Rather," retorted Ronald; "I was wondering when you were going to turn up."

"Hungry!" said Foster, raising his eyes, "and he says he's in love! Oh, Cupid! what a worshipper you've got!"

Ronald laughed, and put his hand on Foster's shoulder.

"My dear lad," he said, quietly, "love is the least of my troubles. I want to see Carmela free from all this annoyance, and then—"

"And then," repeated Foster, as they walked toward the breakfast-room.

"You'll see as true a lover as ever sighed his soul out to a midnight pillow," laughed Ronald. "Now come and have some breakfast, I'm starving."

"What time do you think our friend will arrive?" asked Foster, as they sat down to the table.

"Oh, about three, I should imagine," said Ronald, attacking a fried sole, with a good appetite. "I wonder what the deuce she wants to see me about?"

"Humph! that's a puzzler," said the barrister, lightly; "but I don't think I'm far wrong when I say it will be all about Vassalla."

Ronald laughed, and went on with his breakfast. He was singularly light-hearted, this young man, because an idea had entered his mind that all would yet be well. If it were not for hope and sanguine expectations, where would our pleasure in the future be?

They finished their breakfast and then went out for a walk; saw the house where Shelley lived, on which is a tablet erected by Sir William Clayton, and interviewed the landlady of the hotel into which a portion of the place is turned.

"Don't remember 'im," said the landlady, when they asked about the poet; "I think he was afore my time."

"And this is fame!" ejaculated Foster, when they left "Shelley isn't even remembered by name;" and he began to spout Horace when Ronald stopped him.

"Don't be classical, old chap; but look at these old parties."

The old parties consisted of two old women, who informed the gentlemen that they were each eighty years old, and had never been out of the town. So Ronald gave them each a shilling and walked away with his friend.

"I daresay they are much happier than we are," he said, sighing.

"Better to be a butterfly, and enjoy life for a day, than a tortoise, and sleep out a hundred years," said Foster, sapiently; "depend upon it, life is made up of quality, not quantity."

They strolled down to Marlow Church, and then to that tumble-down heap of cottages immortalized by Fred. Walker, the picturesque aspect of which struck Ronald very strongly.

"I don't know much about pictures," said the Australian, frankly, "and I haven't the eye of an artist, but I do admire these mellow-tinted roofs, so different from the galvanized tin of the colonies."

Then they went across the bridge, saw the river full of boats with their light-hearted occupants, had a drink at the Anglers' Hotel, and looked out over the foaming waters of the Weir, murmuring like the humming of bees and ultimately went back to the Crown Hotel, up the long street, with the old little shops on either side.

After they had some luncheon, consisting of bread and cheese and beer, they sat in the dining-room in a kind of somnolent state, smoking steadily, until a waiter came and said that a lady had called to see them.

"Why, what's the time?" asked Ronald, sleepily, tumbling to his feet.

"Three o'clock, sir," returned the waiter.

"The devil!" ejaculated Ronald, "I say, old boy, here's Mrs. Verschoyle."

"Right you are," answered Foster, awake and alert at once; "I'm coming—where is the lady?"

"In the sitting-room upstairs, sir," replied the waiter.

They went upstairs to the sitting-room, and found a lady, closely veiled, waiting for them. She arose when they entered, and looked from one to the other in a doubtful way.

"Mr. Monteith?" she asked.

"I have the honor to bear that name," replied Ronald, stepping forward. "You are Mrs. Verschoyle?"

The lady bowed, and threw back her veil, disclosing a countenance so like Carmela's, that Ronald was startled for a moment.

"You will wonder what I've come about," said Mrs. Verschoyle, resuming her seat; "so I may as well tell you at once—it is to stop my sister's marriage with the Marchese Vassalla."

Gerald glanced at Ronald, and as their eyes met the same thought was in their minds."

"Jealousy!"

"But why do you come to us?" said Ronald, politely; "we cannot stop the marriage."

How he fervently wished he could!

"Yes, you can," she replied, quietly; "you are looking for the murderer of my husband."

"Both the young men stared; what was she going to say?

"My sister and I are not very good friends," said Mrs. Verschoyle; "but I don't want to see her married to a man guilty of a crime."

"Guilty of a crime!" cried Ronald, springing to his feet; "you don't mean to say that Vassalla—"

"Is the murderer of Leopold Verschoyle," she said. "Yes, I swear it."

Ronald sat down again, and looked helplessly at Foster, who came to his aid.

"This is a very serious charge you make, madam," said Foster, gravely; "are you sure?"

She sprang to her feet in a fury.

"Sure!" she hissed, viciously; "of course I am sure; you have been looking for the murderer of my husband, and I tell you the man, then you doubt my word—bah!"

Foster was quite unmoved by her violence.

"I always presume a man's innocent till he is proved guilty," he said, quietly; "so that must be my excuse; but are you sure Vassalla committed this crime?"

"I will tell you all about it," said Mrs. Verschoyle, sitting down again; "when I married Mr. Verschoyle, my cousin Matteo was in love with me."

"So your sister, said," interposed Ronald, gravely.

"He swore he would kill Leopold Verschoyle if he got the chance, and he has kept his word. I was on board and saw him."

"Saw him commit the crime?"

"Not so much as that," she replied; "but I will explain. I met my husband in Valetta and went on board to see him."

"You denied doing so in your letter to Vassalla," said Foster.

"Ah! he showed you that—it was to save him I wrote it. I am the only witness who could prove him guilty, and I said I was not on board, so in the case of his being found out, I would not have to appear against him."

"How was the crime committed?" asked Ronald.

"I saw my husband on board, but did not speak to him. I heard him mention the number of his cabin to you and then leave. Matteo Vassalla who was beside me, followed him."

"And you?"

"I remained where I was, but I did not think Matteo was going to commit a crime, or I would have gone with him."

To Be Continued.

STEEL VS. IRON HORSESHOES.

Many blacksmiths, says an Australian exchange, are using steel horseshoes instead of those made of iron, owing to their longer life. It has been noticed, however, that a steel shoe becomes hot after a brisk trot of a couple of miles, under conditions where an iron shoe would be unaffected. This heat, besides showing that the foot has been jarred, causes the hoof itself to crack and dry up so that after a few month's shoeing with steel the feet become bad. The explanation is that the iron being so much softer, does not slip like steel, and hence there is not so much jarring.

CHILDREN IN GERMAN FACTORIES

In 1899 there were employed in the factories of Prussia 453,764 women and girls. Of these, 525 were under 14 years of age; 46,831 between 14 and 16 years; 148,331 between 16 and 21 years, and 228,077 over 21 years of age; 165,891 of these women and girls were employed in the Prussian cotton mills. During the same year, no less than 532,283 children between 6 and 14 years were employed in Prussian factories. The official report states that in some parts of Saxony little boys and girls of 4 and 5 years have been employed. The Prussian Minister of the Interior has taken the most rigorous steps against the employers of these little children, and a number of manufacturers have been arrested.

DANGEROUS.

The Office Boy—I was t'inkin' of lookin' for another job.

The Messenger Boy—You better look out. You might git one where you'd have to work.

It Is a Wonder To Everybody

How Speedily and Certainly the Wretched Itching and Uneasiness of Piles is Relieved and Thoroughly Cured by

Dr. Chase's Ointment!

It seems wonderful that after all these years of investigation and research the physicians are still helpless to relieve and cure one of the most common and most distressing afflictions to which men and women are subject, viz., itching, bleeding piles. In nine cases out of ten the doctors still recommend a surgical operation, with its expense, extreme pain and danger, as the only cure for piles.

Prejudice alone keeps the physicians from prescribing Dr. Chase's Ointment in all cases of piles. It has made for itself a world-wide reputation, and is sold under a positive guarantee to cure any case of piles, no matter how many operations have failed, and no matter how intense has been the suffering.

This letter is but a sample of scores of hundreds of cases in Canada alone in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven a truly magic remedy. This letter is quoted because Mr. Duprasie is well known throughout Ontario as an earnest minister of the Gospel, and one who has at heart the well-being of fellow-sufferers.

Rev. S. A. Duprasie, Methodist minister, Consecon, Prince Edward County, Ont., states.—"I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years, and they ultimately attained to a very violent form. Large lumps or abscesses formed, so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to stood. At this severe crisis I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but I had little or no faith in it, as I had tried various remedies before, and to no purpose.

"Now, imagine how great and joyous was my surprise to find that just the one box cured me, so that the lumps disappeared, and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man-to-day, and have not the least doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation and many years of suffering. It is with the greatest pleasure and with a thankful heart that I give this testimonial, knowing that Dr. Chase's Ointment has done so much for me. You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted."

You are invited to make this test and prove to your own satisfaction the almost magical power of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Ask your neighbors who have used it what they think of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Use it when you have the opportunity, and remember that it is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding or protruding piles; 60c a box, at all dealers, or by mail from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dizziness and Nausea

CAUSED BY OVER-STUDY AND CLOSE CONFINEMENT.

How a Popular School Teacher Suffered—And How Acting on a Friend's Advice She Tried Dr. William' Pink Pills and Was Restored to Health and Strength.

"About the most thorough and popular teacher we have ever had here," is the opinion expressed by the people of Canaan, N.S., of their present young lady school teacher, Miss Nellie Cutten. Miss Cutten is possessed of keen intelligence and engaging manners, and has been peculiarly successful in her chosen profession. At present she looks the picture of health, and one observing her good color and buoyant spirits, would never think of associating her with sickness. It was, however, only last autumn that she was almost hopeless of continuing in her work on account of her ill-health, and her condition was a source of alarm to her friends. "Yes," she said to an Acadian reporter who called upon her recently to learn the particulars of her case. "I suppose it is a duty I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that I should make public the wonders they worked for me, but perhaps I would not have thought of it if you had not called."

"You see, in addition to my teaching, I had been studying very hard over my 'B' work, and then I was attacked with whooping cough, which did not leave me for a long time, and so I became pretty well run down. I was always considered the embodiment of health at home, but last autumn I was really alarmed over my condition. Sometimes in the schoolroom I would be seized with dizziness, and often I would faint away. I would take vomiting turns also, and had a feeling of nausea and languor all the time. I lost my color and became thin and pale, and it seemed as if my blood had turned to water.

"This condition of things was so different from anything which I had previously experienced that I sought medical advice at once. I was informed that I was suffering from anæmia, and I at once put myself under medical treatment. But although I tried several bottles of prescriptions, my condition seemed to be getting worse all the time. When I went home for my Christmas vacation, I was almost in despair. It was while I was at home, however, that my friends advised me to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting upon their advice, I took up their use. The first box made its effect felt, but I used four or five and then the cure was complete. Ever since then my health has been excellent and I have felt my real old time self, and am able to attend to my duties, which are by no means light, without the fatigue and languor that made the work irksome. You may depend upon it I will always have a friendly word to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

If your dealer does not keep these pills in stock, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN ILLITERATE.

Jane—What did you over reject John Gray for?

Kitty—He was so illiterate.

Jane—Illiterate? Why, I thought he was a man of superior education.

Kitty—Well, he wasn't. He didn't even know the rudiments, for when I told him No and thought sure he would read between the lines, would you believe it, the gump picked up his hat and went home.

MAN AND MODES.

What did Alice wear to the box party, Harry?

She had on a spotted silk frock, a kind of pink velvet windmill in her hair and a white lace cascade hanging down her back.

OUT FOR THE STUFF.

Let us then be up and doing
Everybody that we can,
Still achieving, still pursuing
From Beersheba unto Dan.

MAN'S SOLACE.

A rich old pipe,
A yellow leaf to bless,
A lighted match,
And so forgetfulness.

DISCOVERED AT LAST.

You've got an ear-trumpet, I see. That's what I've been telling you to do for two years.

Oh! is that what you've been telling me for the last two years.