THE WHITE ROSE.

But it had suddenly occurred to her that, if he really wished for this introduction, it would be better that she should undertake it. She would know then all that passed. She turned to him with a charming smile.

"I shall be delighted," she said. "Nothing will give me greater pleasure. I am not at all tired, and the walk by the river is beautiful."

He thought that he had never met a more amiable girl, and his heart warmed to her; but his eyes still lingered on the fair delicate face under the trees.

"So they call her the 'white rose?'" he said, musingly.

"Yes," Lola replied, and then added, quickly, "and they call me the 'red rose.'"

"All I can say is that I am very glad that I did not live in the days of the Wars of the Roses—I should not have known whether to wear the red or the white."

"You would have made up your mind in time," she said, thoughtfully. "Every man does who has a mind worth making up."

"Do you think so? At any rate, I am well content not to be obliged to make any choice—in fact, I could not. The 'white rose' is irresistible, the 'red rose'"—and he bowed low to her—"charming. If I had been in the place of Paris, I could never have given the apple—each style is so perfect in its way."

"I respect Paris," Lola rejoined, quickly, "He made up his mind at once. I like prompt decisions."

"Do you?" he said, with some amusement. "I should say that you are likely to be gratified. So far as I have seen the world, there are far more quick and hasty decisions than slow and wise ones."

Dolores had seen the two from the distance, and guessed at once that the handsome young man walking by Lola's side was one of her list of "eligibles." It must be Sir Karl. She knew every one else. She could not help smiling. Was this the promised kindness, or the result of accident? She saw that Lola was all smiles and amiability, therefore she knew that all must be going well.

In a few seconds they were with her, and the children ran away. Lola introduced Sir Karl, and watched closely the result. Certainly his eyes lingered on the "white rose," and there was no mistaking the admiration in their depths, but he spoke to Dolores in much the same fashion as he had spoken to her.

"I have had the first chance," thought Lola. "and I will make the most of it. I will be so charming and so amiable that he will be compelled to recognize the difference between a white rose and a red one."

Sir Karl talked for a few minutes to Dolores, Lola listening with sharpened ears. But he said very much the same as he had said to her.

He told Dolores that he had had no time to call at White Cliffe, but he should do so at once; he regretted not having been at home when the Squire had called. He liked the simple girlish way in which she said:

"You will find White Cliffe a very quiet, old-fashioned place. It is one of the oldest houses in the county."

"That is just the kind of place I like," he answered. "One seldom sees anything quiet or old-fashioned in these days. I am often half-undecided as to whether the olden days were not the best."

"I am sure they were not," remarked Lola. "I think every age improves; and I am quite satisfied with the one in which I live."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Sir Karl, "and you, Miss Cliefden?"

"I am very happy," she replied, "and think no age could be better than this."

"My belief," observed Lola, "is that the world is in its infancy. I believe we are only just beginning to understand. We are emerging from darkness into light; but the light is faint yet. It should like to return to the world when it reaches its middle age—to see what steam, electricity, and all the wonders of science have done. I should like to see the telephone perfected. When will its wonders stop? I should like to be on earth when it and other marvelous things are in general use. And there is one thing above others I should like to know."

"What is that?" asked Sir Karl, who was somewhat amused at her remarks.

"I should like to know whether men will so far overcome the difficulties of atmosphere, time and place, as to get to the planets?"

"No," returned Sir Karl, "I think we shall have to be satisfied with our own world, Miss de Ferras."

"Our own," said Dolores, "and the beautiful world that is to come hereafter."

In some vague fashion those few simple words pleased him more than all Lola's aspirations. He would have said more; but at that moment Lady Fielden came up to them, bringing with her a tall, distinguished-looking man, whose noble, kindly face was pleasant, though not handsome.

"Lord Rhysworth," thought Lola, and her heart gave a great bound.

It was a strange coincidence that she and her rival should meet the two most eligible men in the county together.

Watching always, and watching keenly, Misa de Ferras saw at once that she would have but little chance with Lord Rhysworth. A perfect change came over his face when he talked to Dolores; a light filled his eyes, and he seemed to forget everyone else.

"This is as it should be," thought Lola. "Lord Rhysworth for Dolores, the handsome young Baronet for me!"

She was perfectly content.

Lord Rhysworth greeted her very kindly; he said that he remembered having seen her when she was a child and made some pretty complimentary speeches on her return; but all the time his eyes were fixed upon the face of Dolores. Then Lady Fielden suggested that they should go to the archery ground. But none of the quartet cared about moving. It was very pleasant to stand chatting under the lime trees. For some few minutes they all kept together; then Lord Rhysworth and Dolores gradually gained ground, and Sir Karl, with Lola, was left at some little distance. Lola was delighted. She believed that for once Providence was going to favor her with the dearest wish of her heart. Her spirits rose; she had said to herself that she would keep Sir Karl by her side, and she did so. He could not resist the witching charm of her drollery, her wit, her sparkling talk.

One trifling circumstance dwelt in Sir Karl's mind. As Dolores and he passed some beautiful roses, Lord Rhysworth stopped and gathered a lovely white one. He placed it proudly in his coat; and Sir Karl felt that he wore it as a knight of old wore his lady's colors. The utter unconsciousness of Miss Cliefden struck him.

"She is like a white rose," thought Sir Karl; "as innocent and as sweet. I like her the better of the two."

Yet something prompted him, he hardly knew what, to gather for himself two rosebuds, one white, the other red, and place them together in his button-hole.

Lola smiled when she saw them—a smile that had more meaning than words.

"It is all right for this present," she said to herself; "but the time shall come when he shall dare neither to gather nor wear a white rose."

Dolores remembered every incident of the fete. She was not much given to thinking about love or lovers; but when she went home that evening she thought a great deal about Sir Karl Allanmore.

CHAPTER IV.

Lola de Ferras was practical, and in some respects sensible. She decided from the first hour that she saw Lord Rhysworth, that all attempts to captivate him would be in vain; so she wasted no more time in the endeavor. Every day she liked Sir Karl more and more. She had made up her mind that her fate in life was settled. She would be Lady Allanmore of Scarsdale. She liked Sir Karl so well that she would not have exchanged her anticipated lot in life to be made a queen. She felt so confident as to the influence of her beauty that no thought of failure ever came to her.

Dolores Cliefden, sitting in the solitude of her own room, could recall all these events. She remembered the months that had passed since the school-fete, the ball, the entertainments, the drives and walks. Whether Sir Karl liked her or not she could not say, but she cared for him, more than for any one she had ever seen. Lola, in all their conversations, openly claimed him. She talked about him until she made herself believe all that she had wished; and Dolores hardly avowed, even to herself, what keen pain these confidential communications gave her. Yet, despite all that Lola told her, there was often a doubt in the girl's mind as to whether Sir Karl did love the beautiful French girl.

As for Sir Karl himself, he was a little bewildered. He had never before seen two such girls. Left to himself, he would have preferred Dolores—her character pleased him most. He thought her style of beauty the sweetest and fairest. But Lola dazzled him. She made herself most attractive, to him, and exercised all her powers of fascination when in his company. She did not leave him much time to attend to others. When they were in the same room together, she always contrived to engross his whole attention without his perceiving or being conscious of it. She directed against him the whole artillery of her charms. She flattered him, yet so adroitly that he never perceived the flattery. Dolores, seeing all this, wondered much, She believed that Sir Karl preferred her, although outwardly he seemed to prefer Lola. She was too noble to suspect that it was Lola's clever devices which kept him always at her side.

As the summer wore on, Dolores found herself thinking more and more of the young Baronet. Unlike Lola, who had no notion that a woman's love should always be mute, Dolores would have died a thousand deaths rather than that Sir Karl should have guessed her secret. The very consciousness that she did care for him, made her shy, cold, and reserved with him, so much so that at times he left her to seek refuge and amusement with Lola. They were playing at cross purposes truly, and in after years more than one life was wrecked by it; but Dolores was not all to blame.

She could remember many times when he had sought her; and she had fancied that there was something deeper than admiration in his manner. Often during the long warm evenings he had ridden over to White Cliffe, avowing that he enjoyed an evening with the Squire, and that there was no place he liked so well as the quaint old house, and the old-fashioned garden at White Cliffe. But more often than not during those evenings, Dolores would leave them alone together. The pleasure was too much like pain; just as the pain resembled pleasure; they were so subtly blended that she could not separate them, she could hardly tell one from the other. When she heard the sound of his voice, her heart would beat violently, her sweet face grow pale as a white rose, her courage fail her, her strength seem to give way. Then, lest he should guess the cause of her emotion, she would send some excuse and decline to see him.

Feeling piqued, and not understanding what her motive was, Sir Karl would not stay long after that, but would ride off to Beaulieu. He did not perceive that Dolores's shy avoidance of him was caused by her very love for him—a love she was afraid he should see and perhaps despise.

It was a strange destiny that led these two girls, so different in appearance, in manner, and in everything else, to love the same man; and so confused was Dolores with her own thoughts that she did not notice that day by day Lord Rhysworth showed her more affection. He was her father's friend; and she never thought of him in any other light.

So at cross-purposes the two girls and their admirers played while the summer days rolled by. That which had been a pastime for Lola, became a dangerously earnest passion, while Sir Karl seemed to give no thought to love or marriage. Lola was beginning to wonder when he would, when she should hear him say the words her whole heart longed to hear. She had certainly gone as far as she dared. If he did not understand her sentiments it was not her fault, for she did her best to make them clear to him. It was just at this juncture that news came of the Squire's ruin.

Lord Rhysworth's offer of marriage had taken Dolores by surprise. No idea of such a thing had ever dawned upon her mind. She saw in it the death of her own love and the salvation of her father. What should she do? As she sat face to face with the great problem of her life, certain solemn truths came home to her. She realized as she had never realized before that she loved Sir Karl. At the same time all her maidenly pride and modesty rose in rebellion against the fact that she loved a man who had never spoken of love to her. She said to herself that she would not let it interfere with her decision, she would not let the element appear in her life at all; she would decide and act quite independently of it. Yet her heart pleaded for herself; it was her own life she had to make or mar; she had but one—why should it not be a happy one?

To Be Continued.

To Know La Grippe.

The Symptoms and Dangers of the Deadly Epidemic Which is Driving so Many to Beds of Sickness---Effective Treatment Described.

Chill followed by fever, quick pulse, severe pains in the eyes and forehead, and dull pains in the joints and muscles, mark the beginnings of la grippe. There is also hoarseness, inflamed air passages and obstinate cough, furred tongue, distress in the stomach, and diarrhoea. The one unmistakable feature of la grippe is the depressed spirits and weakness and debility of the body.

With the very young, and very old, and with persons of low vitality, the dangers of la grippe, are very great. Pneumonia of a violent and fatal form is a frequent result. It is also claimed that very many cases of consumption can be directly traced to la grippe. The after-effects of la grippe are most often felt in the nervous system. The extreme debility in which this disease leaves its victim is more than most nervous systems can endure—paralysis or prostration follows.

The most successful doctors advise their patients to avoid exposure to cold or over-exertion, and recommend both general and local treatment, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to strengthen and tone the system, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to loosen the cough and protect the bronchial tubes and lungs from threatened complications.

Any honest and conscientious doctor will tell you that this combined treatment, recommended by Dr. Chase cannot be surpassed as a means of relieving and curing la grippe, and restoring the weakened and debilitated body to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food seeks out the weak spots in the system and builds them up. It rekindles the vitality of persons weakened by disease, worry, or over-exertion, and cannot possibly be equalled as a restorative and reconstructant to hasten recovery from la grippe, and to prevent serious constitutional complications. For sale by all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates, & Company, Toronto.

RENEWED VIGOR.

BROUGHT ABOUT THROUGH THE USE OF DR. WILLIAM'S PINK PILLS.

Mrs. Peter Beamer Tells How These Pills Released Her From Years of Neuralgia Pains After Doctors and Other Medicines Had Failed.

Among the best known and most respected residents of the township of Gainsboro, Lincoln county, Ont., are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beamer. For a long time Mrs. Beamer was the victim of a complication of diseases, which made her life one of almost constant misery, and from which she nearly disparred of obtaining relief. To a reporter who recently interviewed her, Mrs. Beamer gave the following particulars of her illness, and ultimate cure:—"For some nine years I was troubled with a pain in the back, and neuralgia, which caused me unspeakable misery. The pain in my back was so bad that whether sitting or lying down, I suffered more or less torture. My appetite left me, and I suffered from headaches accompanied by attacks of dizziness that left me at times too weak to walk. My nervous system was badly shattered, so that the slightest noise would startle me, and my sleep at night was broken by sheer exhaustion. I was under the care of three different doctors at various times, but did not succeed in getting more than the merest temporary relief. I also used several advertised medicines, but with no better results. I was finally urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and got half a dozen boxes. In the course of a few weeks I noted considerable improvement, and as a consequence, I gladly continued the use of the pills for several months, with the result that every symptom of the malady left me, and I was able to do my housework without the least trouble. As several years have passed since I have used the pills, I feel safe in saying that the cure is permanent, and the result also verifies the claim that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicine fails." The reporter can only add that Mrs. Beamer's present condition indicates a state of perfect health, and speaks louder than mere words can do, the benefit these pills have been to her.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored more weak and ailing women and girls to robust health than any other medicine ever discovered, which in part accounts for their popularity throughout the world. These pills are sold by all dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE LAST RESORT.

Clara—He was heartbroken, desperate, and ready for anything when I rejected him.

Maude—What did he do?

Clara—He said he was going to see you.

THE TEST.

He is not a genuine literary man, said Hiland to Halket, referring to one who made literary pretensions.

How do you know?

He always uses the word extract instead of excerpt.

SOCIAL RIVALRY.

Has your wife much social ambition?

Social ambition! When she read about Lady Curzon's elephant party in India she said if she knew where she could rent some whales she'd give a whale party.

BUYING THINGS.

Engagements never should be long.
Ye swains who go to court
Take heed! The long engagement's wrong—
It keeps a fellow short

JUST SO.

Akinside, seeking to sponge some medical advice—Doctor, everything I eat distresses me terribly. Tell me, what can I keep on my stomach without paining me?

Old Doctor Grimm—Your hand.

AS TO RAISING THINGS.

Wigwag—Hello! Harduppe. Raising a beard, eh?

Harduppe—Yes; it's easier than raising the price of a shave every day.

A BLOW.

Don't you think the decorations in this room are very pretty?

Very. Who selected them for you?

HAD'N'T HEARD OF IT.

What did he want? asked the head salesman of the wholesale grocery house.

It was some fellow that was drunk, I guess, replied the new clerk, who had answered the telephone call. He wanted to know if we had any dry wine.

What did you tell him?

I told him we had plenty of dried fruits and vegetables and fish, but our wine was all in the liquid state.

HIS LOOK.

Now, I could tell by the look in his eyes, said the Cheerful Idiot, that aeronaut was afraid to cut loose from his balloon.

How could you tell anything about the look in the eyes of a man a mile up in the air? asked the shoe-clerk boarder.

He had a faraway look, observed the Cheerful Idiot.

WINTER WRINKLES.

Old Grouch went to the masquerade the other night disguised as a bear. Did any one recognize him? Nobody but his wife.

Maud suffers so much with her eyes, Well, she need not complain. She would probably suffer a great deal more without them.

Samuel, I think we will be more certain to get away without detection if we elope on a railway train. Well, ask your father to get us a pass.

I am willing to do anything, said the applicant for work. All right, said the hard-hearted merchant. Please close the door behind you when you go out.

The way to get rich is to save money, That's only half; after you have money you have to resist all the people who want to tell you how to spend it.

Would you rather be wise or beautiful? asked Fate of the Coy Young Maiden. Beautiful, replied the damsel. Ah, you are wise already, commented Fate, as she tied up a package of cosmetics.

A SAD CASE

"For God's Sake, Get Me a Place to Die In."

These words were uttered a few weeks ago by a poor fellow as he lay on his death-bed in a hotel at Gravenhurst. A week before he had travelled a whole day to reach the Sanatorium, but on medical examination it was found that the disease, consumption, was too far advanced to admit him. He tried to get board in Gravenhurst and finally after repeated failures, secured admission to one of the hotels. He soon became worse and the resident physician of the Sanatorium was called in. When it became known that he had consumption, it was found impossible to get attendants to wait on him through fear of contagion. The hostler of the hotel was asked to help and on his refusal he was offered $1 a day extra, but preferred to give up his position rather than expose himself, as he thought, to the danger of infection from the patient. The physician from the Sanatorium had to perform the duties of nurse and maid as well as his own. When the poor fellow found that the management of the hotel wished to get him out he begged the doctor for God's sake to get him a place to die in. The doctor looked after him for some days, remaining with him on his last visit until one o'clock in the morning. The poor sufferer was found dead next day in his bed and beyond the need of further help. Telegrams had been sent to his friends, and his sister reached Gravenhurst only in time to take away the dead body of her brother.

Various proposals have been made to erect suitable structures to commemorate our late beloved Queen. When her Diamond Jubilee was celebrated four years ago large hospital undertakings were begun in London and elsewhere with her special sanction as the best expression of the nation's congratulations. To make it universal, shilling contributions were called for.

The National Sanitarium Association has now provided a place in Gravenhurst for patients who are able to pay, and this has proved its usefulness by saving hundreds of lives since it was opened three years ago. A free hospital for poor patients who cannot pay and who are in the early stages of the disease is now in process of erection near the Sanatorium.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

To round up this work the National Sanitarium Association desire to build another hospital, near Toronto, for incurable consumptives. What better memorial could be erected than a "Victoria hospital" for such cases? All the large cities, of course, will have their statue of the Queen, but this will not be a national undertaking.

We can, however, have the "Victoria Hospital" under the auspices of the National Sanitarium Association, and this might be built by contributions from all over Canada. Every village and town could send to it consumptive patients and thus benefit by a memorial to the Queen, to which they have contributed.

Humanity demands that something should be done; self-protection against the danger of contagion demands that something be done; but the very doing of this by exciting dread of the disease makes it more difficult for its hopeless victims to receive the attention necessary to enable them to die in peace.

"For God's sake, get me a place to die," is a call that should be no longer left unanswered. Your dollar will help to answer it.

Contributions are already coming in for this much-needed undertaking.

Those desirous of helping may remit to

HON. SIR WM. MEREDITH,
Vice-Pres. National Sanitarium Association.

or W. J. GAGE,
Treasurer, Toronto.

Note.—Editor of this paper will be glad to receive and forward contributions for this purpose.

CONCERNING TEETH.

Teeth have often been, and to this day sometimes are, worn as amulets. Sharks' teeth serve this purpose in Samoa.

Some people believe a tooth is not sensitive until a nerve has been exposed. On the contrary, the dentine, or enamel of a tooth, is a very sensitive substance.

It used to be said that the first teeth of a child must not be thrown away when they fell out, for if any animal got such a trophy the next tooth would be like that of the animal finding the old one.

Dentists used to speak of one person's teeth being harder or softer than another's. It is believed now by able practitioners that all human teeth are of nearly if not quite the same degree of hardness. There is, however, such a thing as hard or soft decay in a tooth.

The period of teething being an anxious one in childhood, it is extremely important to have it over with. In the west of England a necklace of beads made from peony root was placed on the child's neck to assist the operation, and one of amber beads was also thought to be powerful.

There was a tradition that from the time Chosroes, the Persian, carried off a piece of the true cross from Constantinople, the number of teeth in the mouths of men was reduced from 32 to 23. It is needless to say, however, that mankind is usually provided with a full complement of 32.

The mothers of Breton will not touch infants' gums, lest the teeth grow crooked.

Teeth have been worshiped, and in fact are venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in a temple in India, the Cingalese worshiped the tooth of a monkey, while an elephant's tooth and a shark's tooth served a similar purpose among the Malabar islanders and the Tonga islanders respectively.

DON'T WAIT FOR OPPORTUNITY.

Make it, as Lincoln made his in the log cabin in the wilderness. Make it as Henry Wilson made his during his evenings on a farm, when he read a thousand volumes while other boys of the neighborhood wasted their evenings. Make it, as George Stephenson made his when he mastered the rules of mathematics with a bit of chalk on the sides of the coal wagons in the mines. Make it, as Douglass made his when he learned from scraps of papers and posters. Make it, as Napoleon made his in a hundred important situations. Make it as the deaf and blind Helen Keller is making hers. Make it, as every young man must who would accomplish anything worth effort. Golden opportunities are nothing to laziness, and the greatest advantage will make you ridiculous if you are not prepared for it.

"SHE'S DEAD NOW."

It is not uncommon for the first wife to hear of "my mother's cooking," nor for the second wife to learn that her predecessor had all the excellent traits of Solomon's virtuous woman. The lecturer inquired dramatically; "Can anyone in this room tell me of a perfect man? There was a dead silence. Has anyone, he continued, heard of a perfect woman? Then a patient-looking little woman in a black dress rose up at the back of the room and answered: There was one. I've often heard of her, but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife.

VENUS AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photographing subjects solely by the light from the planet Venus has been successfully accomplished.

A post card with your name and address will bring you free sample of

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

"Salada," Toronto.

NOT TO BE DONE.

A Scotsman was walking along Trafalgar square one day, when he stopped in front of the national gallery. Seeing a number of people going in, Scottie walked in too He was surprised to find he had nothing to pay, it being a free day. After passing the turnstiles, however, he was asked to hand over his walking stick. Nae fear, he replied, cautiously. I thought there was some doo, cheat, when ye got in free! He gave a wink at the attendant and walked out.

FOOD FOR FRUIT TREES.

Wood ashes, if not leached or exposed to the weather, are good, but a heavy coating should be given, not less than a barrel to the square rod. Dissolved bone-meal and muriate of potash in about equal proportions make an excellent manure. An application at the rate of 500 pounds to the acre is sufficient. Tobacco-stems are very good, because they contain potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen, and also make humus, all of which are needful in all kinds of soils.

A PLEASANT DISAPPOINTMENT.

A Cheltenham Man is Agreeably Surprised—An Old Grudge Paid.

Mr Turner After a Successful Effort to get Rid of One Enemy Finds that in Doing so he has put away Another.

Cheltenham, Ont., Feb. 4. (Special).—A fortunate man, indeed, is Mr. Charles Turner of this place. For years Mr. Turner has been suffering with kidney disease. It gave him great pain, and for the last two or three years rheumatism has added to his already heavy burden of sickness, and he has seldom known an hour free from pain. Not associating the rheumatism with the old kidney trouble, and despairing of curing the former, Mr. Turner bought and used Dodd's Kidney Pills to try and dispose of the kidney trouble. He used a few boxes, and the pain in his back kept getting less and less, and finally went away. All the unpleasant symptoms of kidney trouble disappeared, and what was still more strange to Mr. Turner, he has not since been bothered with rheumatism.

He is so grateful for the miraculous results of the treatment that he has been cheerfully telling his friends and neighbors his experience. He says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured me of a long standing case of kidney rheumatism, and although I took the pills for the kidney trouble I was surprised to find that when this disease was cured the rheumatism also disappeared. I have not been troubled since. I used in all six boxes. The first two boxes did not appear to do me any good, but I persevered and the result is that I am now a healthy man."

Of course, to those who recognize rheumatism as what it really is, a symptom of kidney disease, there is nothing wonderful about Mr. Turner's experience. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Kidney Trouble, and with it Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's Disease and any of the other many forms in which it may and often does appear.

STEAMERS OF THE UPPER CONGO.

The Large Fleet Now Plying on 8,000 Miles of Waterways.

Twenty years ago Henry M. Stanley, who had reached Stanley Pool to begin his five years' work planting stations on the river, launched the first steamer on the waters of the Pool. It was the little En Avant of five tons burden. In the twenty years that have since elapsed Europe has not failed in a single year to send more steamers to ply on the great African river.

There are to-day 103 steamboats travelling up and down the upper Congo and its tributaries or preparing in the shipyards at Stanley Pool for launching. The flotilla has taken a prominent part in the pacific conquest and the economic expansion of the new Congo country. It has been very prominent in the work of exploration and of occupation. Without these steamers it would not have been possible to start so many trading and other stations. They could not, without the steamers, have procured sufficient supplies. The steamers also made it possible to develop the ivory and rubber trades, which have now reached large proportions.

Belgian enterprise has placed nearly half of these vessels on the river. The feet of the Congo Free State numbers twenty-nine vessels, and Belgian trading companies have nineteen steamers, making a total of forty-eight vessels owned and controlled by Belgian enterprises. The most important fleet after that of the Belgians is the French flotilla. In the past two years the French have sent thirty-nine boats to Brazzaville on Stanley Pool, and most of them have been launched. The Dutch traders own ten vessels, the Germans two and English and American missionaries societies have four steamers in their service.

It was a gigantic undertaking to transport the first fifty steamers to the upper river. They had to be carried piece by piece on the backs of men. Not a few of the larger vessels were divided into more than a thousand man loads; and after these myriad pieces were unloaded at Stanley Pool months were required to rivet them together and prepare the vessel for launching.

So nearly eighteen years were taken in placing the first fifty steamboats on the upper river. A very different chapter in Congo history has been written in the past two years since the opening of the railroad from Matadi to Stanley Pool. Within the past twenty-four months half of the upper Congo fleet of fifty vessels have been carried on the cars to the Pool. While a month was required to carry the earlier boats over the mountains and down into the valleys along the 235 miles between the lower Congo and the Pool, an entire boat is now carried over the route in two days. Thus the railroad has facilitated placing steamers on the upper river; and now both railroad and steam vessels are working together in the commercial expansion of the country.

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

When I was your age I never thought of spending as much money as you do Well, sir, the careless youth replied, I cannot do more than offer my sympathies. It was grandfather's fault, not mine.

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.

Suitor—Yes, sir. I assure you, I would be glad to marry your daughter, even if she were poor as a church-mouse. Mr. Moneybags—That settles you! I don't want a fool in the family.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

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

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

This wireless telegraphy reminds me of a groundless quarrel. What possible connection is there between the two? It's practically having words over nothing.

$100 Reward, $100.

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I'm thinking about that lodger of ours, the landlord remarked to his wife. About what? He pays his rent so punctually I think I'd better raise it on him.

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HIS DESCRIPTION.

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No, papa.

What sort of a man was he? Did he wear a beard?

No, he was a bald-faced man.

W P C 1062

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