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"After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for scrofula in the blood, I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by two skilled physicians, but they failed to cure me."

OUR GOOD QUEEN.

Not long ago Her Majesty Queen Victoria was traveling in France, and while out driving one day overtook a peasant funeral procession, where the road was so narrow there was no room to pass.

Again, when she was driving through the city of Nice one lovely afternoon, she saw a little child crying bitterly.

"Nothing now," said the small man, preclosing his fingers tightly over the precious money.

Unless there should be a copious fall of rain within ten days, extensive local famines are inevitable in Madras, Bombay, and the Central Provinces of India.

CANADA'S SOLDIER POLICE

THEIR DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Number of Officers and Men in the Force - Their Rate of Pay - Lead the Life of a Regular Soldier in Barracks - Some Incidents of Their Life on the Plains, and showing their coolness in face of Great Danger.

And again: At Golden, in the heart of the Rockies, there was a pretty tough mining camp. Major Steele was commanding the police there, and in spite of firm measures the miners were beginning to get a little out of hand.

Of course it was an invitation that the turbulent miner had no idea of accepting. Fury reached out, persuasively with his left hand, clutched him by the collar in an iron grip, and backed for the door.

It was some little distance to the barracks, and as they hurried the unwilling captive along the road, they saw the miners coming for them again.

It was settled that time as it always is. No prisoner is ever given up by the Northwest Mounted Police once the law demands that he be arrested.

Not that prestige and determination carry the point always. Sometimes the desperadoes turn on the policeman, handicapped by his orders to arrest and not kill, and the death dew gathers damp on his face, and the regimental number is all that is left of him in the force.

A few paces more, and there came another warning from the Indian at bay. The sergeant, according to his code, had no choice. He could not retire; he had no authority to shoot the Indian; his orders were simply to arrest him, even if it cost him his life—and it did.

That was the beginning. A prize was set upon the murderer's head; he was declared an outlaw, and for a thousand miles north the red-coated riders watched for Almighty Voice.

One day a horse was stolen, and a half-breed scout with a companion started to round up the thief. They caught him. As they were bringing him through a clump of poplars astride of a knock-kneed cayuse he disappeared as if by magic.

Nothing now," said the small man, preclosing his fingers tightly over the precious money. And the Queen smiled well pleased when she saw smiles where the tears had been.

tween the horse's ears. The bit dropped from the horse's mouth, and under the new freedom he sped faster. Almighty Voice gave up the chase.

Over the wire the news was flashed into Prince Albert, and Captain Allen and a detachment of police rode eighty miles that night. Almighty Voice had two other killings to attend to, but that ride caught him in a trap.

They surrounded the bluff. As Captain Allen patrolled close to the bushes he suddenly saw something which made him lean far down along the side of his horse, but he was too late.

Thrown from his horse by the shock, the officer crawled like a wounded duck into the thick grass of the prairie. When he had gone a little distance, he raised himself on one knee, only to look along the cold steel barrel of a rifle and into the merciless eyes of Almighty Voice.

The Captain understood; the Indian would not waste a cartridge upon him now that he was disabled; he needed them all for defense.

Temporary repairs kept Allen from bleeding to death. They tried burning the Indians out, but the poplars were too green.

Just then there was the crack of a carbine, and a bullet spat against the trunk of a poplar and went zipping off through the light branches.



ON LIGHT DUTY.

glanced. They recovered one of their wounded comrades a little later, and inch by inch worked their way backward, dragging him between them.

The sun that shines between the forty-ninth parallel and the Arctic Ocean; the state of the crops, the conditions of the ranches, the breeds of horses and cattle most suitable to their individual localities; their opinions on the different ordinances relating to the protection of cattle ranches; even statistical returns to show where the best markets are and how they can be reached.

With the persistence characteristic of the force, two men, O'Kelly and Cook, went in to do what three had failed to accomplish. As he worked his way along on his stomach, O'Kelly made a discovery. The Indians, with devilish ingenuity, had made three runways leading up to a certain point by breaking the small bushes off close to the ground.

The two constables avoided the paths, and kept to the thick growth. Suddenly O'Kelly became aware of a pair of khaki-colored legs in front of him. Thinking it was one of his dead comrades he reached out to pull the body back. As he did so the feet were wrenched violently from his grasp, and disappeared over the embankment into the pit.

Fierce battles are waged between the fire fiend and the constables sometimes. Day and night, scorched and seared and a thirst, they have to battle often to preserve the country from becoming one vast kiln.

In former years the most onerous of the police duties was the preventing of the sale of liquor in the Territories. The Northwest was then a pro-nobis state. The Lieutenant-Governor had authority to issue a permit to a man to have in his possession liquor up to five gallons, providing always the man was respectable. These per-

mits gave the police no end of trouble. So long as the owner of a permit held it in his hand he was entitled to the possession of five gallons of liquor, though the keg had been drained twenty times.

The next day the fight was like a Roman spectacle. A small hill near by was covered by Indian and half-breed spectators. The old tan-faced mother of Almighty Voice sat there and crooned a weird death-song, and cheered her boy to fight to the death like an Indian brave.

Many special bodies of troops in Europe, such as the Guards, are filled with men over six feet. In the Northwest the need is different. Abnormally large men would only be an in-convincence on the long rides, breaking down both themselves and their horses.

In addition to their actual duties as peace officers, the police are supposed to gather for the government information on every subject under the sun—

Many and various were the tricks resorted to by the men stricken with a thirst engendered of life in that high dry atmosphere. A consignment of blutious consolation that caused them to sell as readily as hot cakes to people who previously had taken very little interest in Christian literature.

A high-rolling gambler, "Bull Dog" Carney, once ran a car-load of smuggled whiskey into Golden. The police got knowledge of it, and after many up and downs confiscated most of it.

Upon another occasion, when there had been a lawful seizure of "moonlight," the superintendent in charge had seen every package broached and its contents emptied out upon the ground, even to the last "wee little keg."

All the receptacles for flowers should be clear glass or white china. Some ladies have sets of Belleek, but it is rare and costly, and any clear glass will do as well.

Cheese sandwiches are always in order to serve with salad. Grate any cheese and rub it to a paste with butter, spread the bread, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cut into strips.

A favorite form of table decoration in Paris this summer is to place a tall vase or basket of fruit or flowers in the very centre of the table.

White veils may be nicely cleaned by soaking for half an hour in a solution of ivory or castile soap. Then press between the hands until clean. Rinse in clear water. Make a cupful of very weak starch or gum arabic water, soak the veil in it a few moments, then clap in the hands until nearly dry. Spread a towel over a pillow and pin the lace in each point smoothly over it, letting it remain until perfectly dry.

Starch is a warm weather necessity, but it takes the unerring instinct of an artist to apply it properly. The sins of omission and commission in its average laundress perpetrates in its name might be called one of life's little sad-ironies, if puns were not so detestable. If some gifted woman, or man, for that matter, would give up a trying to make a book, a statue or a picture, and found a school where the gentle art of starching would be taught, she might attain fame and the eternal gratitude of her fellow mortals at a single bound.

Simplicity is what is needed in the cooking of mushrooms or their tough-ens them, therefore, have everything in readiness to serve before beginning with the mushrooms. To cream them, wash one pound of the mushrooms, remove the stems, saving them for stock a la Bourdoise, peel caps and throw into water. Put into the chafing dish two tablespoonfuls of butter. As soon as melted add the mushrooms, cover and cook five minutes, add a teaspoonful of salt, and cook five minutes longer, pour in two tablespoonfuls of sherry cream and a teaspoonful of sherry or Madeira. Sprinkle with paprika and a little nutmeg, if desired, and serve at once, with or without toast.

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