Thomas A. Johns.

A Common Affliction

Permanently Cured by Taking

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

A CAB-DRIVER'S STORY.

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by a friend who told me that I must purchase six bottles, and use them according to directions. I yielded to his persuasion, bought the six bottles, and took the contents of three of these bottles without noticing any direct benefit. Before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, and the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

NEW MALADIES.

Modern Civilization is Responsible for Many New Diseases.

It seems to be an indisputable fact that the rapid advance during the last 50 years in what we are pleased to call civilization is steadily bearing fruit in a rich crop of new diseases of the body and disorders of the mind. As fast as the progress in medical, as well as general, science enables us to combat, and often conquer, the old diseases, the habits and conditions of modern life seems to give birth to new and undreamed of maladies.

Railway traveling is responsible for frequent cases of nervous debility and exhaustion.

Cycling is a boon that we could ill dispense with, yet there is a distinct danger of the rider acquiring a bad style and developing that ugly deformity known as the "cyclist's back." Even typewriting has produced a new complaint that is called the "typewriter's disease." The operator, in consequence of overstrain and long application in spelling out words over the key-board, gets attacks of a kind of temporary mental paralysis, which renders work absolutely impossible.

According to the British Medical Journal, two quite new diseases may now be added to the list of those arising from the conditions of modern life. The first is a malady associated with football. It is known as "scrumpox," and is an infection that is liable to be transmitted through the abrasions which rough jerseys are apt to cause on the faces of players during "scrimmages." When it once breaks out it seems that the most careful precautions have to be taken for the disinfection of jerseys and the avoidance of abrasions. The other complaint is "golf-arm." This disease is not to be lightly dismissed. It appears to be due "to the repeated sudden and whip-like contractions of the triceps, bruising the musculo-spinal nerve."

BRIDAL CUSTOM.

A singular marriage custom prevails among the French Canadians in Quebec. After the morning marriage service in the church the bridal party, in calache or cabriolet, make a tour of calls upon relatives and friends during the day, and then return again to the church for vespers.

Before the evening dance at the bride's new home comes the supper. When the company rise from the table the bride keeps her seat, and some one asks with great dignity: "Why does madame wait? Is she so soon in bad grace?"

She replies: "Some one has stolen my slipper; I cannot walk."

Then they carry her, chair and all, into the middle of the room, while a loud knocking announces a grotesque ragged vender of boots and shoes. He kneels before the slipperless bride and tries on a long succession of old boots and shoes of every variety and size until at last he finds her missing shoe.

The groom redeems it for a good price, which is spent in treating the company. If the groom is not watchful they steal her hat and cloak, which he redeems in the same way; and they have been known to steal the bride, for which there must be liberal pay. The church forbids round dances. The event of the evening is a jig, in which the guest volunteers to outdance the bride. If successful, the visitor demands a prize from the groom.

New York has 28,000 street lamps, Paris, 50,000; and London 75,000.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR MAN OR BEAST.

Certain in its effects and never blisters. Read proofs below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.

Dear Sirs—Please send me one of your Horse Books and oblige. I have used a great deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with good success; it is a wonderful medicine. I once had a mare that had an Occult Spavin and five bottles cured her. I keep a bottle on hand all the time.

Yours truly, CHAS. POWELL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co. CANTON, Mo., Apr. 5, '92.

Dear Sirs—I have used several bottles of your "Kendall's Spavin Cure" with much success. I think it the best Liniment I ever used. *Have recommended one Curb, one Blood Spavin and Gilled for Bone Spavin.* Have recommended it to several of my friends who are much pleased with and keep it. Respectfully,

S. R. RAY, P. O. Box 248.

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YOUNG FOLKS.

GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S DEBUT.

"Tell you a story!" said dear old grandma. "Dear me! dear me! I think I've told you all I know. Shall I tell you 'Cinderella' over again? or—"

"No, no, grandma," says a chorus of voices; "tell us something about when you were young."

"Well, if you wish, I'll tell you about my mother's first party. It was a winter night, and mother was to go at 8, and that was considered very late; but Uncle Robert, who was to take her, couldn't get home before. Her dress was beautiful—a peach-colored satin, with lace on it already a generation old, and the hair-dresser was to come out from town to arrange her hair, and she was to take with her Abigail, our poor, half-witted maid, to put on the finishing touches after they arrived.

"Now Abby had, as some poor weak-brained creatures have, a passionate admiration for anything particularly bright and showy, and she had one treasure which she guarded as the apple of her eye. It was a very large bow of arsenic green, golden yellow, and tartan plaid, fastened in the center by a huge buckle of green and white glass. She also adored mother.

"Well, the eventful night came, and mother at last was dressed and ready. They say she looked beautiful, and she was a very handsome woman in her day, my dears. The satin gown went on just right, and did not even ruffle the powdered hair, and mother, Abigail, and Uncle Robert departed in the sleigh at 8 precisely.

"When they arrived they were ushered up stairs to unclook. Just as mother turned to go down stairs, one of the maids came running in and said, 'Miss Dolly, Mr. Robert has forgotten a very important message he was to give Mr. Grey, and he says he will come back as soon as he can, and for you to go down.' It was rather hard to make her first entry alone, but still mother mustered up courage and went down. The host and hostess received her very kindly, and she was soon enjoying herself very much. There was only one drawback to her happiness: wherever she passed, the people slightly turned, looked rather surprised, and they hastily looked away, in vain trying to suppress a smile. At last mother began to get seriously worried, and running up stairs, asked Abby what the trouble was. 'Why, nothing, Miss Dolly,' said she; 'it looks beautiful.' So mother, satisfied, went down again. But now it was worse than before. Audible titters and looks of surprise greeted her wherever she turned, until from excitement and vexation she was ready to cry; so you may imagine it was not long after Uncle Robert came before they were on their way home.

"As they entered the parlor poor mother dropped her cloak, and sinking into a chair, was on the verge of a deluge of tears, when a burst of laughter from the assembled family made her spring to her feet, pale with anger. 'What are you laughing at?' she demanded. 'I never was treated so before. I never knew there were such rude people in the world.' And fairly overcome, she sank down and cried as if her heart would break. And then, in the midst of sobs and laughter, grandmother moved forward and unpinned from the middle of my mother's back Abby's green bow, to which was added a long string of artificial pansies! The poor girl had felt hurt that she could do nothing for mother's first party, so when they arrived she had added this decoration, thinking she put the crowning touch to the costume.

"And this is the story of 'My Mother's Debut.'"

THE COMPLEXION.

One is apt to give the country girls precedence where the complexion is concerned. As a rule they are healthy, rosy-cheeked beings, not because they bestow any more care on their persons than the city girls, but because of the pure, sweet air, the pure food, and the consequent good digestions. Complexion, it is known, is very largely a matter of digestion. Where there is good digestion a good complexion should be certain to follow. If plenty of good ripe fruit and vegetables could be procured they should be eaten. Hot breads are to be avoided always. The woman who can assimilate fruits, milk, soft-boiled eggs, dry toast, onions and other vegetables and rare beef is aiding her complexion wonderfully. The use of stewed fruits, figs and lemons have many times proved beneficial to the system. Medicines should not always be resorted to. Very few, unless prescribed by a physician, are reliable and safe.

Not always is the unsightly appearance of the complexion due to the digestion, and diseases of the skin should receive attention before they have taken a firm hold. Blackheads and pimples are two of the most annoying affections. Good soap is the first requisite for their removal. Cheap soap contains many poisons which are harmful to the skin. If they are bought, however, the pure white or pale brown are the best. The genuine white castile soap is the only thing to use. Colored and highly perfumed soaps are always odious. For the removal of blackheads the following simple remedy has been found effectual. Take two basins of water, one with as hot water as can be borne, the other very cold, but not icy. With a sponge or soft cloth bathe the face thoroughly with the hot water, especially where the blackheads and wrinkles most commonly appear; then bathe in the cold water. Rub in a little of the following lotion: One-half drachm of powdered sulphur, one-quarter drachm of sulphuric ether and three ounces of rectified spirits of wine mixed. This should be applied every night for three weeks and the face should be washed the following morning with warm water and carefully dried. The blackheads should then disappear and never return. Sulphur baths are often recommended and can be taken at home by the addition of one ounce of sulphuret of potassium to each ten gallons of water. A simple cure for pimples is melted castile soap applied at night. Dissolve the soap in a little boiling water. Apply at night, letting the soap dry on. Another well recommended remedy is as follows:

1 drachm of sublimed sulphur.
5 drops of oil of eucalyptus.
1 ounce of zinc oxide ointment.
1 ounce of ointment of rosewater.

This is applied at bedtime and washed off in the morning. A sore skin should never be rubbed with coarse towels. It is usually tender and is apt to be greatly irritated. Complexion is largely controlled by careful attention to cleanliness, diet, ventilation and exercise.

A PRECIOUS GIFT.

Hamburg was besieged. Wolff, the merchant, returned slowly to his house one morning. Along with the other merchants of the city, he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he passed through his garden he noticed that his cherry-trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight of it was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy was suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on the trees of his orchard? Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open, and they set out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the enemy saw the gates of the city open, and the band of little white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the leafy branches which they carried, he at once thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him while preparing for an attack on his camp. As the children came nearer, he remembered his cruel vow, and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death. But when he saw the little ones close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back his tears. Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sent along with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and the next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy. For many years afterward, as the day came around on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday, and called "The Feast of Cherries." Large numbers of children in white robes marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with bunches of cherries on it. But the old writer who tells the story is careful to say that the children kept the cherries

CHILDREN SAVED HAMBURG.

"It does me good to see her bright pretty face." The speaker was an old, gray-haired woman and, following the direction of her gaze, I saw the smiling, happy face of a young girl of perhaps sixteen or seventeen. She seemed quite unconscious of her beauty, which gave to her face an added charm, but I could not help wondering how long it would be before she changed that look of girlish innocence for the self-conscious composure so often seen on other pretty faces.

God gives everyone some gift for the use of which they are responsible. To some it is that very precious one, a pretty face. Every gift is more or less susceptible of abuse; none so much as this. The girl who possesses an attractive face has much to answer for. She can make it a blessing to others or use it for the satisfaction of her own selfish desires. She should be taught to consider it a factor for doing good, a bright sunbeam given to her to use in cheering the lives of others.

There is another gift within the reach of every pure-hearted girl—a sweet smile. Did you ever think how few are really capable of that unconscious brightening of the face? I do not mean the curling of the lips or the mere contortion of the mouth, but the lightening up of the whole countenance with the goodwill we should feel for all humanity.

Have you ever studied the faces of the hundreds of girls to be seen in any large city on their way to work in the morning? Some have a settled look of care, pitiful to see on faces so young; others wear a weary, discontented expression, and only now and then one sees a face half-wreathed in smiles.

A business man once said that it had become a habit to watch for a happy face, and so seldom did he see one that he always remembered it through the day, and could always recall pleasing faces even seen hastily on the street weeks before.

Everyone is more or less impressed by a pleasing countenance, and the girl who cultivates the habit of throwing off petty cares and troubles, and hides the little vexations underneath a smile, makes not only for herself a contented life, but gives to the world a little more sunshine.

SPRING SMILES.

Ignorance, bliss; knowledge, blister—She—"When you married me you said you were well off." He—"I was, but I did not know it."

Poetry Fred—She (sentimentally) — "What poetry there is in fire!" He (sadly)—"Yes; a great deal of my pretty poetry has gone there."

Just the Same Thing.—"Say, loan me $10 for about a week?" "Can't; haven't got but five." "That'll do—lend me the five for two weeks!"

As the hurricane swept the deck and upset a few yachtsmen it breezily remarked: "I guess I can turn an occasional summer-salt myself."

Wizway—"What is meant by a passing regard?" Juzby—"The regard in which you're held by people who bow to you, but don't stop to speak."

"Got on your husband's cravat, haven't you?" asked a neighbor of Mrs. Bilkins. "Yes," replied Mrs. B. sadly, "and it's the only tie there is between us now."

"Oh, mamma," said little Willie, as he made his first close inspection of a bicycle, "this machine has got rubbers on to keep its wheels from getting wet!"

Mulman—"I often hear people speak about brain work being so awfully hard; it doesn't appear to me so." Cutter—"Of course not; to men of your caliber brayin' work is easy."

Mamma—"You know, Johnny, when mamma whips her little boy she does it for his own good." Johnny—"Mamma, I wish you didn't think quite so much of me."

Really Unjust—"I have done nothing but blush all day," complained the rose, "and still that idiot of a poet goes on a talking of the modest violet, as if there were not others."

She—"We've been married four months dear, and I haven't given you a chance to try my cooking yet." He—"Why love, you're not getting tired of me already, are you?"

Mama—"Russell, stop teasing your brother; I'm tired of hearing him cry." Russell—"It won't make any difference if I do stop, 'cos if I don't tease him he'll tease me and make me cry."

The soprano threw the lasso
In the choir a loving glance;
She was such a pretty lass-o,
And they only met by chants.

Winterbloom—"Don't you think $200 is rather high for a tailor-made gown? Von Blumer tells me his wife paid only $150." Mrs. Winterbloom—"True, my dear, but she got hers before I got mine."

Game Warden—"Look here. Don't you know that you can't shoot deer just now?" Proud amateur sportsman—"Can't I? (pointing to fine dead buck.) Look at that and see whether I can't." Teacher—"Can any little boy tell me which is the longest day in the year?" Billy—"Some fellows say the day before Christmas."

"I don't believe you know who I am," said Mrs. Gayleigh to Tommy. "No, ma'am," said Tommy, "I don't know who you are, but I know who you was. I heard mamma telling Aunt Susan."

Mother—"Did you try to make yourself agreeable at Mrs. Highstone's?" Little daughter—"Yes'm; I told her all the funny things our callers said about her, and she seemed to be real interested."

"I have cured Higgins of his horrible superstition at last," the philanthropist exclaimed. "How did you manage it?" "I offered to lend him thirteen dollars."

"Sing?" said the specialty artist to the manager, "I can sing to beat the band." However, on his appearance that afternoon it was noticeable that the orchestra, as usual, had the better of the contest.

Mrs. A.—"I am surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as hard as you say. What does he do?" Mrs. H.—"The last thing he did was to calculate how many times a clock ticked in the course of 1,000 years."

"My dear," he said to his lady love, "I've been busy all day—not manual labor, you know, but brain work, which is the hardest kind." "Yes, indeed; I know it must be for you," and there was a tender look of sympathy in her eyes which aroused him.

DIMINUTIVE AZTECS.

The feminine direct descendants of the famous Aztecs are tiny creatures, exquisitely formed and refined in feature. They carry the heads with the upbearing grace of the full-blooded Indian; their skins are not red, but a clear, smooth copper color that shines like gold in the sun; their hair is course and black as ebony, and they are decorated with bright feathers and gay ornaments. These women make the most wonderful pottery that comes to us from Mexico, for they have kept the old Aztec forms and decorations in their art, and they also weave wonderful baskets and do exquisite embroidery.

IN THE LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE.

Nodd—Before we were married, when we went into a restaurant, it used to take my wife about an hour to decide on what she wanted.

Todd—Doesn't it now?

No, sir! I never let her see a bill of fare.

HE IS A MODERN JONAH.

SPENT THIRTY-SIX HOURS IN A WHALE'S BELLY.

A French Scientist Acknowledges That a Whale Swallowed an English Sailor—James Bartley Was His Name, and He Lived to Give His Experience of the Awful Event.

The Journal des Debats, of Paris, one of the most conservative publications in the world, has become convinced that the experience of the prophet Jonah in the belly of a whale has been duplicated by an adventure that recently befell James Bartley, an English seaman, one of the crew of the whaler Star of the East. M. Henri de Parville, the scientific editor of the Journal des Debats, is a man who is accustomed to weighing evidence with painstaking care and of reaching conclusions only when they have been approached with the utmost conservatism.

A WHALE'S STOMACH.

Says M. de Parville: "I have already had cause to remark in these columns that gigantic stomachs over two metres in diameter have been found in whales of thirteen metres in length. The whale belonging to the Prince of Monaco which died the other day was found to have in its intestines many hundred kilogrammes of fishes in various stages of decomposition. Even Goliath in his time could not have weighed more than that, to say nothing of Jonah.

The scientific editor of the Journal des Debats, having carefully considered the details of the following story, remarks that the accounts given "by the captain and the crew of the English whaler are worthy of belief. There are many cases reported where whales in the fury of their dying agony have swallowed human beings, but this is the first modern case where the victim has come forth safe and sound." * * * "After this modern illustration I end by believing that Jonah really did come out from the whale alive."

A MODERN JONAH.

The story which has received the support of one of the most careful and painstaking scientists in Europe is as follows: On the 25th of August, 1895, the man in the "crow's nest" at the mast-head of the Star of the East sighted two enormous sperm whales. The steamer immediately gave chase and soon came within half a mile of one of them, a large male. Two boats fully equipped in the usual way, were lowered and rowed towards the animal. James Bartley's boat was the nearer, and from its bow was fired a bomb lance which struck the whale in a vital part. The sailors backed water with all their might, but were not quick enough, for the monster in the agony of the "flurry" seized the boat in its jaws, smashing it like kindling wood.

The sailors leaped into the water in all directions. James Bartley, who had been steering the boat, was thrown up with the stern, which for the moment was almost perpendicular. His comrades in the other boat saw him leap, but, unfortunately, on the instant the whale threw himself forward, and the luckless seaman in falling struck within the ponderous jaws, which immediately closed over him.

The men in the boat were picked up by the other boat and the whale was in due time killed and brought alongside the steamer, and work was begun removing the blubber. A day and a night were consumed in the operation. Finally they came to the stomach. There, to their great astonishment, they found Bartley peacefully reclining as in a bath-tub. He was unconscious, but still living. He had been in the whale's stomach for nearly thirty-six hours.

They hauled him out, laid him upon the deck and began to rub his limbs, which were purple and besmeared with the blood of his late host. They gave him brandy to drink and at length he regained consciousness, but his reason was gone. For three weeks he remained in this condition, raving about the decks and calling upon heaven to save him from the horrible furnace in which he imagined himself being consumed. After a while all hallucinations wore away and he had lucid intervals, and then his recovery became permanent. Naturally, the first questions that his comrades asked him were what had been his emotions and impressions while in the stomach of the whale.

A HORRID BEDROOM.

"I remember very well," he said, "from the moment that I jumped from the boat and felt my feet strike some soft substance. I looked up and saw a big-ribbed canopy of light pink and white descending over me, and the next moment I felt myself drawn downward feet first, and I realized that I was being swallowed by a whale. I was drawn lower and lower; a wall of soft flesh surrounded me and hemmed me in on every side, yet the pressure was not painful and the flesh easily gave way like soft India-rubber before my slightest movement.

"Suddenly I found myself in a sack much larger than my body, but completely dark. I felt about me and my hand came in contact with several fishes, some of which seemed to be still alive, for they squirmed in my fingers and slipped back to my feet. Soon I felt a great pain in my head and my breathing became more and more difficult; at the same time I felt a terrible heat; it seemed to consume me, growing hotter and hotter; my eyes became balls of fire in my head and I believed every moment that I was going to be broiled alive.

"The horrible thought that I was condemned to perish in the belly of a whale tormented me beyond endurance, while at the same time the awful silence of the terrible prison weighed me down. I tried to rise, to move my arms and legs, to cry out. All action was now impossible, but my brain seemed normally clear, and with a full comprehension of my awful fate I finally lost consciousness."

HIS STORY CORROBORATED.

The truth of this extraordinary adventure is vouched for by the sailors and the Captain of the Star of the East. It appears that James Bartley is a man about thirty-five years of age, of strong physique and wonderful powers of endurance, as have been attested by many incidents in the voyage just ended. Since the steamer has been in Liverpool Bartley has, on two or three occasions, suffered from the old hallucinations, and has imagined that he was being consumed in the fiery furnace. It became necessary to send him to a hospital in London.

His general health seems good, but his skin still retains a peculiar bluish tinge, which seems indelible, and which was doubtless caused by the action of the gastric juice of the whale's stomach.

STRATEGY.

Mrs. Broker—My dear, do you suppose it possible for a man, almost any man, to sit alongside of a beautiful creature all day long, watching her pretty fingers toying with a typewriting machine, without falling in love with her?

Mr. Broker (suddenly becoming absorbed in a newspaper)—Oh, he might if she was pretty; but I never saw a pretty type-writer girl yet.

What! I saw a type-writer girl at your office who could—

That red-haired thing?

Red-haired! She has the loveliest, sunniest tresses I ever gazed on.

Don't know who you can mean. My type-writer girl has ugly red hair, not beautiful black locks like yours, my dear, and her eyes, instead of being such a charming, soulful black-brown, like yours, are a watery gray.

They are divinely blue.

And her mouth doesn't look as if it were made for anything but pie.

I—I thought she had the mouth of a cherub.

And I do hate pug-noses.

Queer. I—had an idea it was Grecian.

Besides I can't bear these thin, bony, rail-fence women. (Resumes reading.)

Mrs. Broker (aside)—She has the face of a Madonna and the form of a sylph; but, bless his fond, foolish heart, he hasn't eyes for any one but me.

A FIRM BELIEVER.

Nodd—Do you believe in a man's wife having her own way?

Todd—Certainly. I always pin my faith on the inevitable.

PASSENGER RATES ON THE CONGO.

What It Will Cost in Fares to Travel Far up the Great River.

Who shall say that within the next five years we shall not hear of "personally conducted" tourist parties travelling 1,500 miles up the Congo to the heart of Africa? The Congo State has just added to its fleet of steamers upon the upper river six vessels acquired from the Belgian Society of the Upper Congo, and it has organized a passenger service and published the list of fares to many different points from Stanley Pool to the head of navigation on the main river and the more important tributaries.

Perhaps we foreigners will be disposed to grumble because there is such a remarkable discrimination in favor of the black native in the matter of fares. In almost every case he will pay exactly one-quarter of the sum which white passengers will be required to pay. But then the whites are supposed to have a good deal more than four times as much money as the blacks, and undoubtedly the accommodations provided for the white passengers will be four times as desirable as those for the blacks. The rates are exclusive of meals, and we do not know yet what will be charged for meals on the Congo passenger steamers.

It is nineteen years since Mr. Stanley paddled down the Congo, his rate of progress accelerated now and then by the natives who chased him, yelling "Meat." As the passenger steps on the steamboat at Leopoldville, Stanley Pool, to go over the same waters that Stanley revealed, it will not usually occur to him that

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

in the past two decades, for as he smokes his pipe and takes his ease, reading Stanley's narrative when the rather uniform river banks become too monotonous, he will reflect that he is having a very good time under the awning, with the breezes tempering the tropical heat, just where Stanley was enduring more discomforts and anxiety than fall to the lot of many men.

Let us see. Does the tourist wish to go to the densely peopled district of Bolobo, where it is fashionable for the ladies to wear around their necks iron rings, so heavy that they are half supported by one hand to prevent them from galling the shoulders? The ladies who wear these extraordinary ornaments live about two days' journey up the river, and it will cost the white man the small sum of $10 to bring them within his range of vision. Whether or not the sight is worth the money, it cost Stanley and his early successors a great many times $10 to see the belles at Bolobo.

It is safe to say that the trip from Leopoldville to New Antwerp, in the land of the famous Bangalo, will be worth the money at $25. It was here that Stanley had his hardest fighting with the natives. Years later he told Capt. Coquihat one day to pack up his things and be ready to start up the Congo. They steamed up the river several days, and all that time Coquihat had no idea of the duty that would be required of him. He did not know till the steamer landed among the Bangalos that he was to found the station there that has since become New Antwerp. It is now the finest station on the Upper Congo, and it is interesting to see its fine brick buildings, including the first brick structure that was put up on the Upper Congo, its big plantations, its schools, where boys and young men are trained to be artisans and soldiers, and the Bangalo people, among the finest in Africa, who make the best soldiers and workmen in the service of the State.

It will come a little higher to see the people of Upoto and Bumba, who have artifically made themselves as ugly as human beings can well be. It will cost $35 to get within view of their hideous tattoosings, which leave all the flesh of their faces in

RIDGES AND FURROWS.

The sight is dear at any price. They live just between the two widest expansions of the Congo, where the river is cut up into small channels by dozens of islands. In some places white men on the barks were utterly oblivious of the passing of Stanley's Emin relief expedition, with its several steamers and barges.

The highest fare on the list of rates is $65 to Stanley Falls, over 900 miles distant from Leopoldville. This is certainly not very expensive travelling through the wilderness of Africa. Stanley Falls is about half way across Africa, and most of the explorers who have travelled clear across the continent have spent more money than it would cost to charter several special trains to run from Halifax to Vancouver. The sum of $50 for passage will take the traveller far up some of the Congo tributaries, to the Zongo rapids; the Mobangi, for instance, where the women and children clambered up ropes to refugees in the branches of trees when they saw Grenfell's little steamer coming; or to Lusambo, one of the most distant stations of the State, far south of the Congo.

Coming down stream, when the current helps instead of impedes the steamer, all rates are reduced about one-half. The return rate from Stanley Falls to Leopoldville will be $22. Of course most of the passenger traffic will be contributed by the many white men in the service of the State, the trading companies, and the missionary societies, and the largest source of revenue will be derived from the freight-age on supplies taken to the stations and on the exports of rubber and ivory.

DIPHTHERIA SERUM.

Prof. Langerhans Says That It Caused the Death of His Little Son.

The celebrated Prof. Langerhaus, medical director of the Moabit Hospital, startled Berlin by causing the following announcement to be published in the papers on Wednesday:

"Our darling Ernest, aged twenty-one months, died suddenly in perfect health in consequence of an injection of Dr. Behring's diphtheria serum."

He followed up his statement by a repetition of the publication, together with an announcement giving the date and place of the funeral, all of which was printed in large type. The matter created much excitement, which has reached beyond medical circles, and a lively discussion is now going on in the press. The body of the child was taken possession of by the authorities, who at once seized it after the father's announcement.

Immediately after the death of his son Prof. Langerhans sealed the phial containing the serum used in giving the alleged fatal injection. The Professor says that his son was in strong health, and was inoculated with the serum merely as a precaution, a housemaid in the family having diphtheria, and he having lost two children in 1895 from the same disease.

In a letter to the Vossiche Zeitung, expressing his views on the case, Dr. Asch gives instances of similar cases, one of them the daughter of a high Prussian medical official, who was inoculated with Dr. Behring's serum, and was in consequence ill for three months. The adherents of Dr. Behring ask for a suspension of professional judgment and a calming of the public mind until the cause of the death of the child is proved. Dr. Behring is spending the holidays on the island of Capri, near Naples. Prof. Brieger, the leading German bacteriologist, expresses the opinion that it is a serious mistake to draw the deduction from an unexplained case that the serum is dangerous, and asserts that a normal injection of the will not cause death.

THE EFFECT OF A CANNONADE.

Sir William Thomson has recently been making experiments to discover what the effect of a cannonade of quick-firing guns would be on board the vessel firing and the ship subject to the fire. He finds that after fifteen minutes' firing the survivors of the crew of both vessels would be reduced to a state of mental, if not physical incapacity, owing to the concussion of the projectiles on the sides of the vessel and the noise of the guns.

A PROBLEM IN VEGETATION.

Dr. Bell's Reasons for the Absence of Trees on the Prairies.

Why the plains of the west should be treeless while all east of them right through to the coast of Labrador should be covered with a thick forest growth is a phenomenon that one finds it difficult to account for. Dr. Bell, in a recent lecture, considers that it is owing to climatic differences. Forests, he says, can flourish in a dry climate, and the average moisture on the western plain, being below that of eastern Canada, we have the vast treeless plains which we know. It is probable that this explanation is the correct one, but it does not cover all the facts. The rain and snowfall of considerable sections of the prairieland is to-day not inferior to many parts of the forest lands of eastern Canada, and the absence of trees on these portions may still seem unexplained. It is not improbable, however, that the climate of the west has been considerably modified in the course of the ages, and the facts support that view.

The average moisture in Manitoba to-day is sufficient to sustain tree life there, but in past ages it may not have been so. It may then be asked why trees have not sprung up under the fostering influences of the increased moisture. It is not too far-fetched to suppose that the customs of the Indians were responsible for the failure. It is known that the Indian hunters were in the habit of setting fire to the dry grass at a particular season of each year, so that in the spring the tender young grass would appear more readily and afford succulent feeding grounds for the innumerable herds of buffalo that roamed far and wide. In these annual burnings no seedling tree could long hope to escape. A country originally bare of trees because of its climate could not subsequently alter its character in obedience to a slow climatic change such as would appear to have taken place in parts of our western country because of this destructive practice of its aboriginal inhabitants.

The red man and his yearly bonfire are retiring before the advancing civilization, but the plough of the white settler will be quite as effective in eradicating any timorous would-be sapling that thrusts its twin-leaves through the prairie soil. Let us hope, however, that with his superior intelligence he may in some measure repair the damage which he necessarily does by planting in favorable places a few representatives of the forest monarchs that in the older Provinces have been as profitable as they are certainly pleasant to look upon.

IS THE SULTAN MAD?

Insane Rage and Excessive Merriment Alternately Possess Him.

The Appenzeller Zeitung says the Sultan is not quite in his right mind; that he often has attacks of insane rage, and then shows a frenzied hatred against the Armenians. His attendants are very much afraid of him, often not venturing to enter his cabinet. He rushes from hall to hall, talking to himself. A short time ago he shot an Adjutant who happened to make a motion with his right hand which the sovereign considered suspicious. Again, he has fits of excessive merriment—particularly when he has reason to believe that the Powers cannot agree on measures against him.

"Do not believe," says a Turk of high standing, "that the state of affairs in the Sultan's dominion would be so deplorable and his position so critical, if he knew the Powers to be in accord. But whenever five powers are agreed, the sixth—generally France or Russia—is sure to hesitate on some pretext or another, thus deferring active interference by the others. It is this diplomatic game which makes the Sultan, though his reason is impaired, impudent to an almost incredible degree. There can be no change until this madman is removed—and he will be removed, in one way or another."

RECEIVED $100 WORTH OF GOOD FROM EACH BOTTLE.

The Words of the Rev. James Murdock, of St. John, N. B., Concerning South American Kidney Cure.

This clergyman never spoke truer words. He had suffered for a long time from kidney trouble, and commenced to think—as will certainly become the case if a remedy is not secured—that he was fated to die of Kidney disease. He read the claims of the manufacturers of South American Kidney Cure, with scepticism, perhaps. But he tried the medicine, and felt much benefitted within two days, and using his own language: "I have taken in all four bottles and consider that I have received $100 worth of good from each bottle." The figure is not nearly high enough, for when kidney disease is not stayed, death quickly follows.

SHOES AND HEALTH.

Some of the healthiest children of the world are found in the Highlands of Scotland, where shoes are seldom worn at an earlier age than 12 or 13.

She Had to be Turned in Bed With Sheets.

"My wife," says Mr. Thomas Crosbie, of Lisle, Ont., was laid up with rheumatism for months, and for two weeks the pain was so intense that she had to be turned in bed with sheets. I saw an advertisement in the Allistan, Ont., Herald, saying that South American Rheumatic Cure would give relief in fifteen minutes, and quickly cure. I at once took the train for that place, and secured one-half dozen bottles from Mr. J. R. Hipwell, druggist. My wife began the use of it, and in 24 hours she was out of bed, and has not been troubled with rheumatism since. This remedy is a wonder worker, and I believe will prove a great blessing to anyone suffering from rheumatism."

A Corean envoy has been despatched to St. Petersburg to negotiate a loan of eight million dollars, giving Hiongyong, the northern province of Corea, as security.

EDWARD BLAKE'S SUCCESSOR IN DURHAM.

Robert Beith, M. P. for Durham, Ont., Is Another Who Recommends Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The observing public are commencing to ask, Who has not a good word to say for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder? Certainly the best citizens the Dominion over are talking its praises, and not without cause. Mr. Robert Beith, member in the Commons for Durham, the old constituency of Hon. Edward Blake, is another addition to the prominent citizens who have used this medicine, and from their own experience can say that for cold in the head, catarrh in its different phases, and hay fever, there is no remedy to equal this. It never fails to relieve in ten minutes.

IT WAS NOT LOST.

Mrs. Vansock (indignantly)—Mrs. O'Lone, the color all came out of my new table cover on account of the horrible washing fluid you use.

Mrs. O'Lone (pacifyingly) — Niver mind, mum. Shure it all went into the other clothes mum.

THE PAIN IMMEDIATELY LEFT ME.

She Says Mrs. W. T. Rundle, of Dundalk, After Using Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

How difficult it is for those afflicted with heart disease to get relief, and to get it quickly. The pain hangs on, and is suggestive of the most terrible results, for heart disease cannot be trifled with. Here was Mrs. W. T. Rundle, the wife of a well-known cattle dealer in Dundalk, who suffered so severely from pain in the region of the heart that, to quote her own words: "I was for some time unable to attend to my household duties. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and I must say the result was wonderful. The pain immediately left me after the first day, and I have had no trouble since." Strong testimony, and yet Mrs. Rundle stands along with thousands of others who can say the same thing.

The Long and the Short of Love — "Love me little, love me long," she warbled. "Yes," said he. "But will you love me when I am short?"

200,000 WEAK MEN CURED!

STARTLING FACTS FOR DISEASED VICTIMS.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

ARE YOU? Nervous and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; nonambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back; bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—*WE CAN CURE YOU!*

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

JOHN A. MANLIN. JOHN A. MANLIN. CHAS. POWERS. CHAS. POWERS.

BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT. BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND IMPOTENCY CURED.

John A. Manlin says:—"I was one of the countless victims of early ignorance commenced at 15 years of age. I tried seven medical firms and spent $900 without avail. I gave up in despair. The strains on my system were weakening my intellect as well as my sexual and physical life. My brother advised me as a last resort to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. I commenced their New Method Treatment and in a few weeks was a new man, with new life and ambition. This was four years ago, and now I am married and happy. I recommend these reliable specialists to all my afflicted fellowmen."

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.—CONFIDENTIAL.

"The vices of early boyhood laid the foundation of my ruin. Later on a "gay life" and exposure to blood diseases completed the wreck. I had all the symptoms of Nervous Debility—sunken eyes, emissions, drain in urine, nervousness, weak back, etc.