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The kind you are looking for is the kind we sell.  
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There is a great deal of pleasure in shopping in a busy place, and certainly this store has been rushed during this sale. And well it might—it is the fattest, squarest sale held by any merchant in the city.

All goods are marked in plain figures. Deduct 25 per cent and you know just how much you save.

The only exceptions:  
**All Men's \$5.00 Shoes are priced \$3.97.**

No discount on Ladies' Sath Evening Slippers. No discount on Rubbers and Overshoes.

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"THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES"

**That Most Dreaded Disease: TUBERCULOSIS**

More people die of tuberculosis annually, than of any other disease—in fact, 1/3 of the total death rate.

**WILSON'S INVALID PORT**  
(A la Quina du Pérou)

is a most excellent tonic for patients suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs, because they can take it continuously and rapidly absorb and assimilate it, and above all it is a directly curative effect upon the tubercular process itself.

Wilson's Invalid Port increases the appetite in a most remarkable manner and directly improves digestion.

The results attained in the various Sanatoria for the treatment of tuberculosis depend entirely upon the increased carbonic acid formation in the body from enhanced nutrition. Wilson's Invalid Port by its appetizing and digestive qualities causes constitutional improvement and increased strength, thus attaining the same end as the sanatoria in a more simple and potent way.

It must be remembered, however, that tuberculosis is a more or less chronic affection and that months of treatment are required to attain results—a cure cannot be expected in a week or two.

Dr. P. H. HUGHES, Mayor of Leamington, Ont., says:  
"I like Wilson's Invalid Port very much as a tonic and am prescribing it for convalescents. It fills a place in medicine I have often sought for help."

**BIG BOTTLE 110 ASK YOUR DOCTOR**

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**TAKE GIN PILLS FOR LAME BACK.**  
T. HARRIS, P. O. OFF.  
"I received your sample of Gin Pills and after using them, I felt so much better that I got a box at my druggist's and now I am taking the third box. The pain across my back and kidneys has almost entirely gone, and I am better than I have been for years. I strongly advise all women who suffer from Pain in the Back and Weak Kidneys, to try Gin Pills."  
Mrs. T. HARRIS.



Gin Pills contain the well known medicinal properties of Gin as well as other curative agents—but do not contain alcohol. Gin Pills are guaranteed by the Largest Wholesale Drug House in the British Empire to give complete satisfaction or money refunded, 50c. box, 6 for \$2.50—sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. B, Toronto. If the bottles are constipated take National Lazy Liver Pills, 25c. box. 58

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PHONE 987.  
Drop a card to 19 Pine Street w.e. wanting anything done in the Carpenter line. Estimates given on all kinds of hardwood repairs of all kinds. All orders will receive prompt attention. Shop 49 Queen Street.

**THE NEW FRENCH RENOVATION THERAPY**  
This is the latest and most effective method of treating rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, etc. It is a simple, safe, and effective method of treatment. It is a new and improved method of treatment. It is a new and improved method of treatment. It is a new and improved method of treatment.

**SOME THRILLING TIMES WHILE OUT HUNTING IN NORTH-EASTERN RHODESIA.**

Some of the Adventures of Dr. Dunbar-Brunton are Related—The Curious Speculations Among the Black Men of the Country.

An interesting account of Northeastern Rhodesia and its native tribes has been given to a representative of The London Chronicle, by Dr. Dunbar-Brunton, who has recently returned to England after spending some years in that country as a district medical officer. "There is something strange," said Dr. Dunbar-Brunton, "in the encounter with a bear in a country which has the charm and beauty of some parts of England or Scotland. For Northeastern Rhodesia has not the savage character of tropical scenery. In the centre of the country there is a high plateau rising to 6,000 feet, richly wooded from top to bottom, and extending for 400 by 300 miles. With a temperate climate, it has the sylvan beauty of the Tyrol, and the trees rise up clean and free from jungle or tropical undergrowth. Little rivers, like the trout streams of Scotland, run down the hillsides, and in the valleys and plains there are districts like the park lands of England. It is curiously disconcerting, therefore, to see the ugly old head of a hippopotamus poking through the rushes on the bank of a river, or an alligator lying asleep there, or herds of wild buck through a vista of trees like one may see the fallow deer in Bushey Park. It is still more curious to run up against lions as I came suddenly upon two of them one day crouching in the bush. One is inclined to ask 'where are the keepers?' and to write a letter to the papers about it."

One of Dr. Dunbar-Brunton's most thrilling adventures was with a large elephant. With a friend, who went off on another track, he had been following the tracks of elephants all day without success, and just before sundown received word from his comrade that he was coming back. Dr. Dunbar-Brunton decided to return at once, but before starting on the homeward track, sat down and lighted a pipe. He was smoking quietly when he heard the noise of his friend's beaters, and he saw a large elephant with a gun said "Look!" A great bull elephant was close upon them. Very quietly the doctor laid down his pipe and took his gun, while the natives scuttled up the trees in terror. The doctor took a quick shot, but missed the elephant's brain-pipe. He threw up his trunk, opened his mouth, put its tusks forward, and charged. A second shot struck it in the shoulder, but did not check its onrush. The doctor shot again, when it was within a few paces, and hurled past him, it fell with legs outstretched, with a bullet in its heart. The doctor turned to his pipe. It was still alight, and he finished his smoke while the natives danced round the body of the elephant.

In spite of the fate which so often befalls their comrades, the natives do not look with favor upon lion-hunting. Dr. Dunbar-Brunton, when following a man-eating lion, has found himself deliberately threatened by the natives, who will not act as beaters because they wish to save the lion's life. That is due to their firm belief that the spirits of their dead chiefs take the form of lions, and that when a man-eater kills the spirit is divided among other lions with the same thirst for human blood. They hold it better, therefore, to let one lion eat its fill rather than increase the danger by killing it. It is no wonder that they hold to the superstition about the spirits of their dead chiefs inhabiting the bodies of man-eating lions, for the ferocity of their chiefs has been beyond words to describe. The late Mwanja was a blood-thirsty monster. Determined to show his power over his tribe, and to punish them for the immoralities of which they are too often guilty, he puts them to torture and death for the least offence. Fifty men and women were spiked on stakes, and as they did not die quickly they were roasted in their last agonies by bonfires lighted close to them. For flirting and light behaviour woman had their noses, ears, and lips cut off, and Dr. Dunbar-Brunton has seen many of these poor creatures. For speaking against a chief the punishment was mutilation of the tongue and ears. For stealing, one hand was chopped off for the first offence and the other hand at a second offence. This frightful penal code was in full operation as lately as ten years ago. The present Mwanja is a man of somewhat milder disposition.

**Malice and Superstition.**  
In the middle ages malice and superstition found expression in the formation of wax images of hated persons, into the bodies of which long pins were stuck. It was considered a crime that in that way deadly injury would be done to the person represented. This belief and practice continued down to the seventeenth century. The superstition indeed still holds its place in the Highlands of Scotland, "where," says a well-informed writer, "within the last few years a clay model of an enemy was found in a stream, having been placed there in the belief that as the clay washed away so would the health of the hated one decline."

**Left Jewels in a Cab.**  
Lord Hechester, who has decided to sell his estate near Bruton, had some anxious hours when he left behind him in a hansom a quantity of beautiful jewels, which was about to present to his fiancée, Lady Helen Stewart.

The driver, being honest, took the valuables to Scotland Yard, and there next day they were restored to the owner. Of all Lady Hechester's fine gems there is none which she is so proud as the necklace of black pearls which belonged to the Empress Eugénie.

**He Was Their Man.**  
A pleasant little story is told of Dr. Boyd Carpenter in the days before he was Bishop of Ripon. To him came one day a young man and maiden, both bashful and on a very obvious errand. "Are you Mr. Carpenter?" began the young woman. "Yes," was the reassuring reply. "Carpenter—and joiner," London Tip-Bits.

**AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, Strange People Are To Be Met Day After Day In The Reading-Room.**

Of all the places where queer types of people can be studied probably none is more varied and interesting than the great reading room of the British Museum.

It is an interesting place in itself, with its long rows of elaborately-fitted desks radiating out like spokes from the central ring of catalogue desks. It gives one a queer sensation to realize that one is in the centre of the biggest collection of books ever made—a collection running to over two million volumes.

Even the catalogue alone runs to over a thousand volumes and the whole vast room resounds daily, all day, by some peculiar echoing effect of the great domed roof, to the rustling of catalogue leaves. But it is in the occupation of the seats themselves that the main interest lies. An experienced attendant can tell queer tales of eccentricity—and of tragedy.

One frequent visitor in recent years was an old Cambridge scholar whose name is still famous in the world of learning. He had a harmless habit of sauntering abstractedly round vacant desks collecting the paper-knives. His work over, a courteous attendant would help to relieve him of the contents of his stuffed pockets at the door, and he would go cheerfully home.

Of "plotters" the reading room has scores of old men who have always been about to do great things; and are still thinking about starting. They will talk for hours of the mighty histories of civilization for which they are collecting material. They were collecting material half a century ago, and death will find them still collecting. The atmosphere of books is a necessity of their lives. They are hopeful failures.

But the atmosphere of the reading room is not all tragic. There are brilliant journalists, skimming half a dozen books to make one article; scores of pallid young women—the reading room headache is one of its distinctions—steadily earning bread-and-butter by doing translation or research work at so much an hour; well-dressed women, too, indulging in orgies of novel-reading. The present craze in the literary world for memoirs is the reason why anemic youths sit doggedly compiling accounts of the love affairs of famous, but deceased queens and empresses.

In the summer there is a steady stream of American inquirers. The attendants—almost automatically direct them to the genealogical indexes. It is a curiosity about family trees that brings them there.

The reading room has its innocent eccentricities, but it has also its dangerous nuisances. There is the "platt-thief," who comes armed with a piece of thread and tries to saw valuable plates out of the museum's most treasured books without catching the keen eyes of roving attendants, or of watchers on the narrow gallery that sweeps round the high outer walls.

A police inspector is not an unknown figure here, incongruous as he may seem in this hushed world of books.

**"Alice in Wonderland."**  
A quarter of a century ago "Alice in Wonderland," the nursery classic which has delighted millions of people, was dramatized, and there is shortly to take place at the Empire, Liverpool, a celebration of this event; for "Alice" is simply worshipped in the North.

The history of "Alice in Wonderland" is one of peculiar interest. It originally consisted of a collection of verbal stories with which the author, the late Rev. Charles Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll"), was wont to delight his child friends.

He was subsequently persuaded to publish them in book form, and the work at once leapt into widespread popularity, and is now recognized as being one of the finest works in the English language.

It seems almost impossible that the writer of a book of such pure imagination should at the same time distinguish himself in the higher mathematics, and produce such works as "The Formulae of Plane Trigonometry," "A New Theory of Parabolæ," etc. Yet so it was, and this apparent anomaly is responsible for an amusing incident at court.

When "Alice in Wonderland" was exciting enthusiastic criticism throughout the length and breadth of the land, Queen Victoria, who had heard of Lewis Carroll's success, asked that any other books written by the same author might be sent to her. You may imagine the royal surprise when an abstruse mathematical volume was placed in her hands!

**Most Faithful Dog.**  
The loyalist of dogs was probably the little Scotch terrier to which Edinburgh some years ago erected a statue. For over eight years Greyfriars Bobby, as he came to be called, slept nightly on his master's grave in Greyfriars.

**ROYAL TREASURE HOUSE, Vaults Beneath Buckingham Palace Are Littered With Valuables.**

Beneath Buckingham Palace are two treasure vaults where are stored the treasures of the King and Queen; for which no room can be found in the apartments of any of the royal residences, some of which are already almost inconveniently overcrowded with various valuable ornaments in the way of antique works of art, statuary, china and gold and silver ornaments of all kinds.

The royal treasure vaults are fire and damp proof, and are now lighted with electric light. Each is entered by a double door, each door consists of a slab of solid steel three inches thick, the doors are set on steel rails and open in the centre; when unlocked they can be glided easily and noiselessly to the right or left.

The keys of the vaults are held by the King's private secretary. In one of the vaults are stored large pieces of old furniture, some of which is of immense value, such, for example, as a huge old Sheraton sideboard with the royal arms inlaid in the centre which is one of the most perfect examples of inlay work extant. The sideboard if sold in the open market would fetch certainly not less than \$50,000.

There are many large statues, a number of enormous pictures, and a great deal of big bric-a-brac work in the vaults, but none of these are of especially high value. They are largely the works of modern artists, many of them Germans of but mediocre reputation from whom the late King consented to receive examples of their work, and they would be out of place among the fine works of art to be seen in the various apartments about the royal residence, even if there was room for them.

The smaller of the two treasure vaults which has a floor space of about twenty feet square is, several times sparser than the larger one, but its contents are infinitely more valuable. Here are stored thousands of pounds' worth of old gold and silver, ornaments of all sorts. There are hundreds of chain watches, protestant figures, models of animals and birds of many kinds, and models of ships. This wealth of gold and silver is arranged on shelves covered with purple velvet with which the vault is lined. Many of these valuables are presents to the late King and Queen or to their present Majesties from various foreign royalties or from Indian princes, and from time to time some of them are placed in the royal apartments to take the place of similar ornaments of tapestries which the Queen specially values and which Her Majesty has brought together. There are over two hundred of these tapestries, some of which are worth thousands of pounds. One of the pieces was purchased by Queen Mary in a Paris saleroom when Her Majesty and King George, as Prince and Princess of Wales, were visiting Paris some years ago. Her Majesty secured the piece for \$500, at which price it was a rare bargain, for it subsequently turned out to be a genuine example of fifteenth century work and was worth certainly \$5,000.

In the room at Buckingham Palace known as the Bow Room there was a secret passage leading to the treasure vaults, but this passage was closed up in the reign of Queen Victoria.

**Gold Mine Romance.**  
The death in Sydney of Mr. Walter Hall, a Mount Morgan millionaire, recalls the story of the discovery of the famous Queensland gold mine. It sounds more like some startling fiction than a piece of real life. It was a portion of a selection owned by a man named Gordon, but the pasturage was very poor, and his existence, which he maintained by keeping a few head of cattle, was miserable enough.

One day, about thirty years ago, two brothers named Morgan, prospectors, passed his ramshackle hut, built unsuspectingly over untold wealth, and partook of the hospitality which Gordon offered to them as to all other travelers in the bush. Something attracted the trained eyes of the two brothers, and, picking up idly a few samples of stone, they bade Gordon good-bye.

They reappraised soon afterwards, and offered to buy his poor selection from him, and he congratulated himself on getting rid of it at \$5 an acre. Even then the Morgans had no idea of the real value of their new property, though they were confident it would pay them to work it. They proposed to a Rockhampton resident a sale of half their interest for \$10,000, in order to buy mining machinery, and eventually this gentleman and three others put in \$25,000 each. In a few years they and the Morgans were all millionaires.

**Distinguished Coal-Heavers.**  
The learned English judge who recently set himself to break stone in order to test a case submitted for his judgment was, after all, only copying the excellent example set by Justice Moss, who on one occasion traveled specially to Bethesda to investigate the conditions under which quarrying was done, to help him decide a lawsuit. He seized the trucks and pushed them himself with both hands.

Mr. Justice Warrington has also toiled as hard as any coal-heaver. A few years ago some eighteen tons of coal near his residence set up combustion, and all his servants there were called upon to remove it urgently to the open. His lordship thereupon took his wheelbarrow and worked vigorously with the rest.

**English Banknotes.**  
One of the curious points about Bank of England notes is the fact that they are acceptable practically all over the world. Yet in our own country, few people will change them for strag-pops. The notes are printed upon Irish linen paper with delicate edges, and when a note finds its way back to the Bank it is immediately cancelled.

**New Divining Rod.**  
There is being manufactured in Liverpool, Eng., a water finding device designed to supplant the hazel twig.

**Fine Seal Captured.**  
Great excitement has prevailed at the Mumbles, where a fine seal has been captured. It was stunned with a stone, and with much difficulty was retched to the pier, where it was examined by the pier-master, who found that it was a rare specimen. It was a silver white seal with black spots. The seal soon recovered from the blow that was dealt it, and was placed in a big bath.

**Too often the man with the hoe gets the worse of an opponent with the spade with the spade brick. It was explained according to an old bachelor, real luck in love consists in being able to avoid facing the parson.**

"Many a girl falls to select the right husband because she is afraid of being left."  
There is no reason why a woman shouldn't be interested in business if it is her own.

*It's all up here*  
*Most of us had some*

**LIPTON'S TEA**

**LABATT'S STOUT**  
The very best for use in ill-health and convalescence  
Awarded Medal and Highest Points in America at World's Fair, 1893  
PURE—SOUND—WHOLESOME  
JOHN LABATT, LIMITED, LONDON, CANADA 23

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**QUALITY**

in the flour means quality in the bread and the pastry you bake. Without quality behind your efforts, no knowledge or skill can bring good results. Better be without the skill than without the quality.

**"BEAVER" FLOUR**

is the highest development of blended wheats, embracing the rich health-giving properties of Manitoba Spring wheat and the carbohydrates of Ontario Fall wheat, which make delicate, white, light bread and pastry.

Remember, it is for bread and pastry, both. With BEAVER FLOUR in the house, you only need one kind to attain the best results in every form of baking.

BEAVER FLOUR means economy as well as efficiency. Ask your grocer for it to-day.

DEALERS—Write for prices on all Flours, Coarse Grains and Oats.  
E. H. TAYLOR CO., Ltd., Chatham, Ont.

*"Remember my face—you'll see me again."*

**Cook's first aid**

The handy packet of Edwards' desiccated Soup is something the cook is always wanting, always ready when she needs it.

It solves the problem of good soup on busy days because it takes so little time to prepare. It helps her to make a tasty meal out of things that get "left over." It strengthens her own soups and suggests many a meal when she's wondering what to give.

**EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP**

There is not a kitchen in Canada where Edwards' Soup isn't needed; not a day when it does not aid the cook, and not a dinner which it will not help her to improve.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland from prime beef and fresh vegetables. Buy a packet to-day.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Beef, Tomato, & Chicken. The Beef variety is a thick, nourishing soup, prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

**5c. per packet.**

W. G. PATRICK & COMPANY, REPRESENTATIVES FOR THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.