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The Ozone Co., Toronto:

Dear Sir,—I take much pleasure in recommending Ozone. I can truly say it saved my life. I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I was so run down that I had no hope of recovery. Three doctors told me to make my will. I tried everything recommended for consumption, I had taken nearly a dozen bottles of Cod Liver Oil, besides spending one hundred dollars in doctors' bills, until at last I was advised to try Ozone, before I had taken two bottles my cough was entirely cured. Before I had taken Ozone two months I was as well as ever.

I am, yours truly,
WM. PAUL, Orillia, Ont.

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Nutritious and wholesome. Can be prepared without the addition of milk, the most valuable elements of which are in its food form. We want every Mother to try NESTLE'S FOOD, and will send a sample (sufficient for six meals) to anyone upon request. Address

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**$1.00 BOX OF MEDICINE FREE.**

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Neat, Strong, Cheap,

Some of the Features of,
**OTTO'S BINDING.**
Try Him with some of your Work.
Cor. Bagot & Brock Streets


## A FAMOUS BASTILE.

CHATEAU D'IF IS ONE OF THE GREAT SIGHTS IN FRANCE.

**Crowds of Pilgrims Visit the Prison Wherein Dumas Located His Great Characters In "Monte-Christo," Edmund Dantes and Abbe Faria.**

"Is it true," I asked of M. Chanot, the president of the general council of Marseilles, "that they actually show the cells of Dantes and the Abbe Faria at the Chateau d'If?" says a Marseilles correspondent of the Paris Temps.

"Certainly, no doubt of it," replied M. Chanot, and everything that he added was enough to send a fellow into a profound reverie. The next day I took the steamboat which goes three times a day to the Chateau d'If. What an immense number of readers Dumas still has! The big boat was crowded. In the throng there were three priests, one military man, a number of Englishmen, Knights of the Legion of Honor, workmen and business men. The trip lasted about half an hour. Everybody was serious, and very properly when on a pilgrimage. Soon the Chateau d'If appeared. Upon an island of about 800 meters in circumference, entirely surrounded by walls, stands the heavy building with its great towers and square dungeon. There is something imposing in the thing, which comes from the somewhat golden color of the stones, the very heaviness of the mass and the abundance of the solids over the voids, as an architect might say. It was never anything but a state prison, the bastile of the south, and Francis I himself in 1524 laid the first stone of it. Through personal experience he was well up in prisons.

The cells open upon a sort of interior courtyard, narrow and somber. Many are without windows, and some are veritable dungeons below the surface of the exterior soil. Three of the largest and most striking are on the first floor. They are the cells of the famous prisoners—the Iron Mask, who in 1686 was taken thence to the island of Ste. Marguerite; Philippe Egalite, the father of Louis Philippe, who was decapitated on Nov. 6, 1793, and Mirabeau, who was sent there by virtue of a lettre de cachet demanded by his father after his separation from Mlle. de Marignane, a sensitive woman and about as inconstant as her inconstant husband.

But my companions paid little attention to these cells. They made a rush for a cell on the ground floor, perfectly terrible in its aspect, with a door framed in iron, a bolt that weighed at least 12 pounds and with a little barred window. After passing through that door we entered a dry cave lighted solely by a little lamp. There is a notice outside which reads as follows: "Cell of Abbe Faria, expelled from Rome in 1311; imprisoned in the Chateau d'If as a conspirator; died in 1329."

Nevertheless this is only an antechamber. The cell of Faria is a sort of tomb in the farthest corner and in which one can hardly stand upright. In one of the walls is the hole made by the abbe to communicate with Dantes. Sure enough, there is the hole! What son of the south ever made it? Nobody knows. But there it is, irrefutable proof of the power for realization that a popular work possesses. And the cell of Dantes can be vaguely seen through that hole. It is seen in a mystery all the more terrifying because the military engineers walled up the door so that it is impossible to enter.

"Dantes, Dantes!" cried one of the pilgrims who wanted to play the practical joker. But he did not do it well. His voice was almost trembling, and if Dantes really did reply the joker would not have been at all astonished. How admirable and touching is the creative power of imagination!

According to the serious archæologists, among whom is M. Espearandieu, the famous architect, there were really prisoners in that horrible cave. One was named Bernardot, a rich merchant of Marseilles, who was arrested on the charge of having spoken disrespectfully of Cardinal Richelieu. He died there of starvation, and Jean Paul, a sailor, who struck his commander, died there in 1779, after 31 years' captivity.

It is doubtless the story of these two men, literally buried alive, that inspired Dumas. Today for everybody it is the prison of Faria, and the inscriptions are there to certify the existence of the unfortunate abbe. Is it not true that epigraphic monuments constitute the most authentic source of history? Well, the epigraph of the Chateau d'If affirms that Dantes and Faria really lived. Can posterity ask for anything more? The old guide, Grosson, who was probably the author of this mise en scene, gave details still more precise, "Here is the hole," said he, "made by Mgr. Faria with a fish bone."

And so at the present time Faria and Dantes really live. A few years ago an Italian kissed the stones of these cells and wept. Doubtless it was while reading "Monte Christo" that this son of the peninsula had his first dreams of the freedom of his country; for the Abbe Faria was sent to the Chateau d'If, according to the fancy of the romancer, for having taken up again the plan of Borgia. The man who could create such a legend was certainly no ordinary person. There is only one writer perhaps who shares his glory, Rabelais. The peasants of Touraine will show today in all sections across the localities which Gargantua loved to haunt.

In thinking all these things I returned with the crowd back to the steamer. The captain showed me a little island in the sea, a mass of rugged and tragic looking rocks. "That is Tibouleu," said he, "where Dantes landed after his escape!"

I must confess that, as I write, I really believe that the story of "Monte Christo" is all perfectly true.

### Male and Female Queernesses.

Call a girl chick and she smiles; call a woman a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch and she is indignant. Call a young girl a kitten and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat and she'll hate you. Women are queer.

If you call a man a gay dog it will flatter him; call him a pup, a hound or a cur, and he will try to alter the map of your face. He doesn't mind being called a bull or a bear, and yet he will object to being mentioned as a calf or a cub. Men are queer.

A sign of politeness in Tibet on meeting a person is to hold up the clasped hands and stick out the tongue.

It is estimated that about 400,000 acres of land in the United States are planted with vines.

It is fun to hear two girls from the same town each tell how the other one does not go in the best society when at home.

No worm medicine acts so nicely as Miller's Worm Powders; no physic required. Sold by R. C. Mitchell.

## THE MAIL SHOOTS.

**Wonderful Stories They Tell In the Big Skyscrapers.**

A graphic idea of the number of people housed in a great modern office building and of the amount of business transacted in it might be gathered from watching the mail shoot leading down from the upper floors to the mail box placed in the hall of the building on the ground floor. Here for example is a great building with 1,000 rooms, of which there are now occupied about 800, the number of persons in the building, including tenants and their clerks and bookkeepers and stenographers and typewriters and other employees, numbering about 3,000.

A town of 3,000 population would send out daily a considerable amount of mail matter; the tall building has a population of 3,000, not made up as the town's population would be, of people of all ages, from children to old age, many of them not writing letters, or writing infrequently, but practically made up of adults only, most of them having occasion to write many letters and all of them writing more or less. It is probable that the mail matter sent out daily by the people assembled under this roof would equal if it did not exceed that sent from a city of 25,000 people.

The shoot in the big building, with an opening through which letters may be dropped on every floor, has on the ground floor, where it ends in the big mail box, a glass front; through that stretch of the shoot the letters can be seen as they fall, to disappear at the end of it, in the end. And they are always falling. They cannot be heard, but they may be seen all the time. If one stands in the hall of the tall building and looks around, out of curiosity, his eye is sure to be fixed by this mail shoot, with the silently but constantly dropping letters. There may be intervals of seconds when they do not come, but such intervals, when they do occur, are of but a few seconds duration and often they come in flurries, like great snowfalls chasing one another thickly.

To stand and watch them gives one a new idea of the number of persons housed under one roof in the modern tall building and their manifold busy occupations.

### John Brown and the Judge.

At one time during the border war, says Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in her "Reminiscences," John Brown had taken several prisoners, among them a certain judge. Brown was always a man of prayer. On this occasion, feeling quite uncertain as to whether he ought to spare the lives of the prisoners, he retired into a thicket near at hand and besought the Lord long and fervently to inspire him with the right determination.

The judge, overhearing this petition, was so much amused at it that, in spite of the gravity of his own situation, he laughed aloud.

"Judge —," cried John Brown, "if you mock at my prayers, I shall know what to do with you without asking the Almighty!"

### He Grasped It.

An old tradition recounts that when William the Conqueror landed for the first time on English soil he slipped and fell on his face. Divining by a swift intuition that his followers might regard this as an evil omen, he rose with his hands full of earth and exclaimed: "Thus do I take possession of England! I grasp it with both hands."

### The Same Thing.

"Mamie, I hear that you are going to become a lecturer."

"The idea! I am engaged to be married, Minnie."

"Well, I knew it was something of the sort," returned Minnie.

Through Famous Rideau Lakes By Daylight.

Take the palace steamers "Rideau Queen" and "James Swift" for Ottawa, every Monday and Thursday at 7 a.m., every Tuesday and Friday at 4 p.m. James Swift & Co., agents.

## E WOULDN'T TELL.

**Firmness Which Brought an Employee a Raise of Salary.**

"A little incident occurred in our establishment the other day," said a prominent local merchant, "that carried a moral which I would like to see impressed upon every young man entering business life. Not long ago I employed a clerk who had been discharged from another house in the same line. I knew him to be competent, and a little inquiry satisfied me that his dismissal was due to a petty conspiracy among some jealous fellow employees. So I engaged him at a good salary, and he has given thorough satisfaction. A few days ago one of our staff was anxious to know what concessions were made by the other house to a certain customer in a neighboring city, and he went to this young man for the information.

"The clerk hesitated and looked distressed and finally asked to be excused from replying. 'I know the facts, of course,' he said, 'but it is strictly a confidential matter, and I don't think I ought to divulge it to a rival firm.' The department head who questioned him took offense at his position, which I am sure he would not have done had he given the subject any thought, and reminded him, pretty sharply, that he had been summarily discharged and owed no allegiance to the other establishment. Nevertheless the young man stood firm, and the matter was reported to me. I at once complimented him on his sense of honor and raised his salary, which took him completely off his feet, as he had fully expected to be told to go.

"I wish the importance of cultivating and encouraging such standards was better understood. There are few things more dangerous to the average business house than the thoughtless tattling of employees—not necessarily discharged employees, but men who are holding good positions and who enjoy the full confidence of their superiors. Every establishment has secrets. I don't mean shady secrets, but things of a private character, which are as much the exclusive property of the house as the stock on the shelves. The majority of the clerks obtain more or less inkling into such matters, and the more important the subject the more likely they are to blab it to some outsider. Every employee ought to be made to understand that the affairs of his house and the affairs of his employers are things he has no more right to give away than he would have a right to give away their merchandise. I have observed that young men who proceed on this principle are pretty certain to win esteem and success."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

## TURNED THE TABLES.

**His Lecture on Her Carelessness Did Duty Both Ways.**

"Women are careless creatures," said the man in a superior tone. "It's a wonder to me sometimes they don't lose their own heads. The idea of your losing that beautiful ring. It's absurd."

"So it is," acquiesced the woman meekly. "It almost broke my heart, too, for it held my lucky stone."

"Serves you right," said the man shortly.

"By the bye," asked the woman after a pause and with the idea of getting off of disagreeable ground, "have those new shirts of yours about which you were telling me come home yet?"

"Er—no," replied the man slowly.

"Why not? I thought you told me three weeks ago that they were due?"

"Well, they were," admitted the man reluctantly, "but the fellow hasn't brought them."

"Why don't you go and ask about them, then?" demanded the woman just as if she had a right.

"Well, the fact is," her companion answered, with a great show of candor, "I didn't quite catch his name, and I don't know his address, so I thought I'd wait until he brought them."

"Oh, so if he doesn't choose to bring them you'll never get them?"

"Yeres, I suppose so."

"I'll wager you don't know the name or address of your laundress either."

"I don't believe I do."

"Well," said the woman, with a high and mighty air of disdain, "it's a wonder to me you don't lose your head. It's incredible how careless men can be. I really am surprised that a person of your intelligence"— But the man had left the room, and she was talking only to the empty air.

### Dutch Funerals as They Used to Be.

Funerals at Amsterdam and at other large towns are far from pompous. Among the lower ranks in town and country all who claim the slightest acquaintance with the deceased follow the body to the grave. They then return to pay their respects to the widow, who provides liquor for them, and after partaking of three or four glasses each they all depart, except the relatives and friends of the family, who remain to revel. At this feast the nearest relative presides, bumpers are drunk to the repose and welfare of the defunct and to the prosperity of the living, until all griefs are drowned in gin and beer. Songs—decent, ridiculous and vicious—succeed; music then strikes up; the widow leads off the dance, which, with boisterous amusements, is continued until the day dawns. In Overyssel these funeral festivities were carried to so extravagant a length that the authorities interfered and strictly forbade them.

### Fiji Folk Eat Dirt.

Whereas the Fiji islanders used to eat their kind and persons of any other kind that came in their way, they now have taken to eating earth. It certainly is a pleasant change from the old ways, at least for those persons who otherwise would be fried, baked or broiled. It is the women who like best this new eatable. The earth is soft and in color a cross between a gray and a pink. It is supposed to be a decomposed volcanic ash. The coolies from India, whose labor is employed on the islands, like the earth, and they eat it greedily.

### Russian Tea.

The Russian mode of brewing tea is to make a strong essence by infusing a large quantity of tea in a small supply of water, and a little is put into a glass, which is then filled with hot or cold water, as desired. The true Russian never puts sugar into his cup. He bites a piece as he sips his tea.

### He Had a Reason.

Mother—Why, Tommy, you don't mean to say you took a second piece of pie when you were visiting, do you? Why did you do it?

Tommy—I just wanted to show them that I was used to havin pleuty to eat when I was at home.


**A Great Bargain**

In light summer clothing. Prevost at the New York Clothing Store will sell the above goods at cost price. Great variety to choose from, all sizes from 34 to 46.



# Where Will You Spend Your Summer?

Are you going to the Country or to the Seaside?

A change of residence means change of drinking water, and many people suffer from troubles of the stomach and digestion brought on by this change.

YOU CANNOT BE TOO CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT YOU DRINK.

A teaspoonful of

**...Abbey's Effervescent Salt**

added to the water which you drink will make it more healthful than the best natural mineral water.

A pamphlet explaining the many uses of this fine preparation will be mailed free on application to the Abbey Effervescent Salt Co. Limited, Montreal.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c and 60c a bottle.


## THE PARTING FROM LIFE.

**Nature Sees to It That Death Is Nearly Always Painless.**

Death is nearly always painless. Man dies generally from the cessation of the heart's functioning, whatever the more remote cause may have been. The nerve cells may have ceased to act, the muscles may have been worn out or the heart may have been directly attacked by acute or chronic disease. But in any case want of oxygen is the determining factor except in the case of poisoning with prussic acid, in which case the whole body is dead before the heart ceases to beat.

In every other case the cessation of the heart's action comes first, the general death of the body afterward. Before the heart ceases to function consciousness ceases. Even in the most awful death known, death by burning, mortality is rendered painless at an early stage by suffocation. It is the first moment of experience of the heat that is so terrible. We think in imagination that we could never endure it and wonder how martyrs faced it with such calm.

But, apart from their state of spiritual ecstasy, their sufferings were soon mercifully ended by nature herself, which appears to set very real limits to physical torture. Thus Livingstone when seized by a lion tells us that he felt little pain or apprehension, while Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace asserts that the seeming tragedies of animate nature, such as the killing of birds by beasts of prey, are not at all so awful as they appear in our imagination.

We see with painful vividness the outward fact, but we do not see the merciful anodyne furnished by nature. So is it at a deathbed. The observers see the clammy brow, the gasping for breath, the rigor mortis, sometimes the contorted features—all painful to behold. But, with perhaps the exception of the difficult respiration, the dying man knows nothing of this, and before he has actually expired nature has given him a relief which the dearest friend or most skillful physician could not have imparted. There are also forms of death in which long before death arrives the "will to live" has ceased, the patient resigns himself, and life gradually sinks to a vanishing point. Thus death is physically and psychologically painless.—Spectator.

## AUTHOR OF THE PSALMS.

**Cipher That Proves It Was None Other Than Shakespeare.**

Though Ignatius Donnelly, through the wonderful discovery of the Bacon cipher, may have proved to his own satisfaction that Shakespeare did not write the plays credited to him for three centuries, he has not robbed the bard of Avon of literary honor, for another cipher proves just as conclusively that Shakespeare wrote the psalms. Of course this is a joke, but there is as much evidence to support it as there is to support Donnelly's theory.

In Shakespeare's name lies the key to this wonderful cryptogram. As Mr. Donnelly says, the spelling "Shakespeare" was the poet's nom de plume, while "Shakespere" was his name, an evident change from "Shakespear." In each of the two spellings last given are ten letters—four vowels and six consonants. Combine these two figures, and we have the number 46, the key to the mystery.

Turning to the forty sixth psalm in the revised version, it is found that the psalm is divided into three portions, each one ending with "selah." Remember the number 46.

Counting 46 words from the beginning of the psalm one reads the word "shake" in the first portion, and counting 46 words from the end of the psalm one reaches the word "spear." There is "Shakespear" as plainly as letters can make it.

Now turn to the middle portion of the psalm and apply the rule of averages. To get this average one goes to the middle verse, which is the sixth, as it has five verses on each side of it. Observe the significant 6, the last figure of our key number. Now, 6 in Roman letters is "VI," and so one looks for a word in the verse that has the letters v and i in it. There is only one—"voice."

What can be plainer than that it is Shakespeare's voice speaking to us from the psalms?

### Advice to an Unlucky Player.

Tom Higgins used to have a place up at the head of Lisbon street where the tiger lashed his tail. The sounds therein were the mellow rustle of the cards, the voice of the dealer saying, "How many will you have, gentlemen?" and the forcible ejaculations of the party who failed to "fill."

One night all the tables were occupied. There was a rap on the door. Higgins, with his quiet indifference to things that did not interest him, paid no attention to the rapping. But the man outside was impatient. He kept knocking.

At last Higgins went to the door, and, without unlocking it, he cried:

"Who are you and what do you want?"

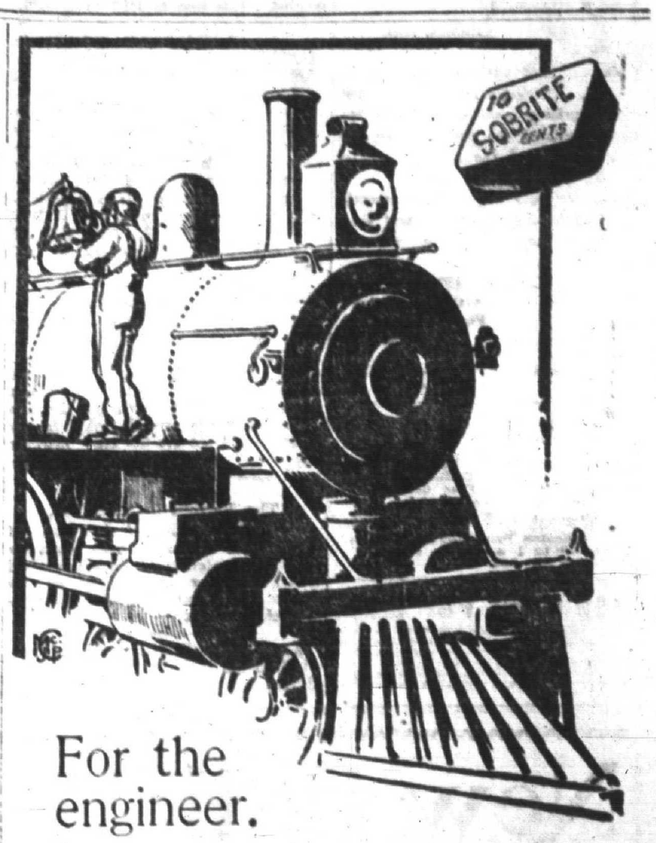
"I am So-and-so, and I want to get in and play."

The man was a notorious loser. Tom looked around at the group in the room. Then he turned to the door and said to the man outside:

"Shove your money under the door and go away. That will save you time and us trouble."

Pain-Killer cures all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and strains. Taken internally, it cures diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

What a vast amount of material is wasted in making undershirt sleeves too long.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All grocers sell it.

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With Bamboo Handles. They contain only the best materials, and outlast all others.

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The latest improvements are combined in its construction, making it the most economical, successful and perfect working Range now on the market. Every Range guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction.

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