

ONCE AGAIN WE WISH A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

We have a **STORE FULL** of holiday goods. **TOYS** for the children. **CHINA, GLASS** and other fancy goods for their elders.

DOLLS, of all kinds from 10 cents to \$3.00, from the ordinary Dolls to the latest Parisian, also Khaki Dolls, Walking Dolls, etc., etc.

Rubber Dolls, Magic Lanterns, Kinematograph, Hot Air Motors, Steam Engines, Ferris wheel, Torpedo Boat Destroyers, Steel Toys, Air Rifles, Pistols, Paper Caps,

Toy Guns, Drums, Vacuum Pistols, a splendid parlour amusement, Lacrosse sticks (boys) Board and Card games of all kinds, Cows that give milk, A choice assort-

ment of Boxed Candy, Candy Stockings, and many other Toys to numerous to mention. We have an assortment of China and Glassware that is unsurpassed for design, quality and price.

WATCHES (Warranted) from \$1.50 to \$7.25. Clocks and Jewellery.

Our terms are **CASH** do not ask us to charge anything. But we invite our patrons to make their selection early, we will pack the goods up nicely and hold them until wanted. We do not ask for a deposit, we trust you to act fairly.

THE MAGNET CASH STORE, Cumberland, B.C.



XMAS
IF YOU WISH something real good for the Holidays and cannot make up your mind, let us know, and we will send by return mail our special **XMAS CATALOGUE** OF **Fine Goods.**
Weiler Bros

COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B. C.

Santa Claus is Coming

Christmas groceries, etc.

Candies, Chocolates, Bon Bons, Nuts, Dates, Figs, Apples, JAPAN AND NAVAL ORANGES, RAISINS, CURRANTS, PEEL, ETC.

Nice Stock of **CHRISTIE CAKES** of all kinds at

C. J. MOORE'S

AFTERMATH.

According to latest reliable sources, the Alpha, on her trip up from Victoria on the fatal Saturday, lost about 2 1/2 hours near Active Pass, through the machinery heating. Second mate Sterner then advised Capt. York to seek anchorage before nightfall as in his opinion it would be risky attempting to make Baynes Sound after dark with the heavy storm indications then apparent. In evidence it transpired that the chart used for this portion of the Gulf, bore date of 1859.

The ship passed the Ballinacs at 4:15 p. m., with heavy weather. This is the last available shelter on the run before entering Baynes Sound, and the mate, Mr. Wilkinson, advised the master not to attempt the entrance. His answer was: "I am sorry you are not of my opinion, but I shall run in and anchor in smooth water." Before reaching Yellow Rock, both mates again asked him to turn out into the Gulf and lay to under easy steam until daybreak as it was dark and stormy that no land could be distinguished even if the entrance was made. He, however, persisted in carrying on. As previously stated the light was seen just before the vessel struck. The captain ordered the helm hard a starboard, but the fearfully heavy sea and force of the hurricane on her port quarter, rendered her helm useless, and she was hurled on the reef. After the lines were out, Mr. Wilkinson got Mr. Barber and the cap-

tain on the rope but they turned back and would not face it. All should have been saved by the lines if they had had courage to make the attempt. The names of the drowned are, Capt. York, master; S. Barber, managing owner; John Barber, purser; — Mathieson, chief engineer; J. Dunn, 2nd engineer, James Murray, 3rd engineer; — Sullivan, A. B.; — Casey, A. B.; J. W. McKay, stowaway. In our last issue the name of "Hansen" given as the man who took the first line ashore, should have read "Anderson," A. B. A most unfortunate sequel to the disaster is that when the three corpses recovered were being towed to Union Wharf in a small boat behind a small steamer, the lesser craft capsized in the still heavy sea and the bodies were lost. They should certainly have been lashed as the weather was still very stormy.

The beaches all around Denman Island are covered with wreckage. Crates of the salmon cargo are to be seen everywhere, the principal part of course being about the end of the island nearest Yellow Rock. Mr. Wilkinson and several men remain to keep charge of everything and to search for the dead. All the survivors speak in the highest terms of Mr. McDonagh at the light house. Mr. Abrams, the coroner, returned Wednesday, having taken the mail steamer at Denman Wharf. He describes the scene of the wreck as something awful. Every ship's boat being reduced to match wood, while cargo, lumber, bedding, life belts, everything that makes up the floatsam-

of a total wreck in a fierce storm lies piled everywhere on the beach. Mr. Abrams has kindly given us the finding of the jury in the inquest held on the bodies which were found. We give it below:

"We the undersigned jury empannelled by you to enquire into the cause of the wreck of the ship Alpha, whereby John Barber and others lost their lives find that—

Mr. John Barber and the others lost their lives through accidental drowning. But the jury are of the opinion (1) That proper care was not taken to have a reliable chart on board (2) That as none of the officers had ever brought a ship into Union at night—also, considering the roughness of the weather—it showed gross carelessness on the part of the captain to attempt to enter the channel without a pilot. (3) We consider that the first and second officers did their utmost to dissuade the captain from the course he pursued and acted to the best of their ability in saving life after the vessel struck the rock." (Signed) Robt. W. Baird, foreman, Geo. Beadnell, jr., J. F. Piercy, T. W. Piercy, James Messer, T. H. Piercy.

Seafaring men universally condemn the late master's action in attempting to force the passage in such weather at night.

Genuine extract of vanilla is soft and mild. Blue Ribbon vanilla is the only genuine extract of vanilla on the market.

Mr. L. Nunn, our genial town clerk, arrived home Wednesday with his bride who was so well known to us in the past as Miss Saaw. They were married on the 15th at Victoria. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Nunn's long life, all happiness, and much prosperity.

FOR A WOMAN'S SAKE

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

Author of "A Woman's Love," "Woman Against Woman," "Her Fatal Sin," Etc.

He stopped, for an exclamation from the doctor caused Silas to turn in alarm.

"Miss Willoughby is no worse, I hope, sir?" he anxiously asked.

"I fear she is. I do not like the symptoms at all. Go round to the stables, Joey, and tell Tom to bring the chaise here directly."

"It's at the door, now, sir; it drove up as I reached the door."

"All right! Give me a hand with my cat, Silas. Thank you! How did you come here, Joey?"

"On the pony."

"Have you any more errands to do in the town?"

"No, sir."

"Then you must lend the pony to my boy Tom, who must put off an appointment I have made for this morning, as I shall drive myself over to Oakwoods at once. Tom will follow after me. As for you, you must use your legs; I'll explain it all to Miss Fancourt."

"Yes, sir."

Dr. Cameron had talked himself out of the surgery, and was now standing in the street, where, as Joey had said, was the chaise, so well known on all the roads about Gatford, drawn up to the curbstone.

In a few moments the doctor's arrangement was carried into effect. Tom descended from the chaise, and mounted the pony which had brought Joey into Gatford, while the doctor, taking the reins in his hands, drove rapidly away.

As Silas, followed by Joey—the latter in close companionship with his four-footed friend—passed down the High Street, they nearly jostled against Mr. Podmore, the lawyer, who, in earnest conversation with our old friend Doctor Doldrum, occupied the pavement in front of the former gentleman's office.

They were talking loudly—at least, the lawyer was—and as Silas moved a little out into the road, he could not avoid overhearing a word or two of the conversation.

"I was never more surprised in all my life when I heard of it—never! And Mrs. Podmore, who is, I may say, a peculiarly strong-minded woman, and worth any three clerks in my counting-house, was absolutely so overcome, that she made no less than three errors in her addition of a bill of costs."

"Sell Ormsby Towers! Are you sure your information is correct?"

"My correspondent, the head of a highly respectable London firm, had his instructions from Mr. Cyril himself. Indeed, I hear that Mr. Ormsby is expected down here this day to make the necessary arrangements for quitting the Towers forever."

Silas had heard enough, and walked on, very thoughtful.

"Sell Ormsby Towers! What can have occurred? If he leaves England, Maud Willoughby dies! Doctors, indeed! There is but one doctor that can save her life, and his name is Cyril Ormsby."

Then a strong, determined look settled down on Silas Goddard's handsome face, and as he strode on and out of the town, his humble friend Joey, after having seen it, made no further efforts at conversation, but quietly trotted behind him—only warning Tiddlywink, by a gesture, to restrain his gambols, for "something must have gone wrong with Silas."

CHAPTER XXXVI. CYRIL'S LETTER.

Surely a fated house was this house of Oakwoods—a home of unutterable woe, like that of Seven-Gabled House whose story has been so wonderfully told by the great American novelist. But fifteen years ago its whilom master was carried stark and headforemost over its threshold; and his wife, bereft of sense, quitted the house soon after, never to return.

Then another man, wounded and bleeding, is again carried up the terrace steps, and enters the house, to leave it restored in health, but with a heart lacerated with misery; and now the young heiress, of the domain—its beautiful mistress, whom all delighted to look upon and honor—is lying in her chamber, sick, and, it is reported, with but little hope, or no hope of recovery.

Let us follow Jane Steer into the chamber, from which she left half an hour ago to dispatch Joey with a letter to the doctor—for Maud has had a fainting fit, from which she has just recovered. The glare of day is carefully excluded from the room, just as the bright, warm sunlight seemed to be shut out forever from its occupants' hearts.

We say its occupants, for Miss Fancourt never leaves her niece's bedside—always sitting where we see her now, some work in her hands, or a book on her knees though the work never progresses; and when she attempts to read, the lines become blurred and indistinct, till all sense of their meaning is lost, and the words seem to melt into a mist of tears.

Maud is much changed—terribly changed!

A dreadful change. But if our readers will strive to realize the shock Maud has received, they will scarcely wonder at it.

Maud, noble, generous and impulsive by nature, had given her whole heart to Cyril. She had never known, possibly never would have known, how very much she loved him, till, to avow that love, would be to confess to what the world would stigmatize as a crime.

"Do people often die of sorrow, aunt?" Maud asked, as she trailed with the flowers she held in her hand. "I mean, young people?"

"What a strange question, darling! When we are young, the world is full of hope, and hope is the best doctor for sorrow."

"Oh, yes, when there is hope; but when that doctor is absent—of course the patient dies."

"My dear child!" and the good old lady took one of Maud's thin, waxen hands in hers, and pressed it gently. "Hope should never be absent from the breast of young or old. It is hope that meets us on the threshold of existence, leaning upon us through the soft light of a mother's eye. It is the shining pillar, which, moving before us in our weary pilgrimage on earth, leads steadily onward to the better land in Heaven."

Maud was silent for some moments—indeed, she scarcely seemed to have heard her aunt's words; for when she spoke again, it was far away from her previous question.

"He would be sorry, don't you think, if he saw me now?"

"Ho! Who, darling?"

"The man who spoke to me in the wood. He surely would not have been so cruel if he thought that what he said would have killed me."

"Do not think of him! He is unworthy of a thought."

"And Cyril Ormsby. It seems very hard that I must never see him again, doesn't it?"

"He will come back some day, dearest."

"Some day!" she repeated, musing.

"Yes, he will come back some day. I'm sure he will do that; and when he reads my name, he will know then how much I have suffered."

"Your name?"

"Of course. When we visit once familiar places after a long absence, we never forget to stroll through the church-yard. We are sure to find some of our friends there. In these quiet country places they don't wander far. It seems strange, though, doesn't it, that whole generations should grow up and die, the one succeeding the other, and never moving from the same spot, till the very dust that blows down the village street, if it could resume its former shape, would fill the place with men and women of times long gone by."

She laughed a little at this fancy—a laughter that moved the lips on y without audible sound; then, picking up the flowers on the bed due by one, went on speaking.

"These are the flowers he gathered for me as they were growing far, far up in a crevice of the old ruin. It was very wrong of me to wish to have them; but how could I think he would be so foolish as to risk his life for a few worthless flowers?"

She pressed the now withered flowers she held, first to her bosom, and then to her lips.

"They are not worthless to me, though they hardly cost him his life; and, between you and I, Aunt Cordy, they will cost me mine."

Here Jane Steer entered the room, and, unobserved by Maud, as they thought, she beckoned Miss Fancourt out of the room.

"A letter." And she put one in the old lady's hand, at the same time placing her finger to her lip. "A letter from Mr. Ormsby."

Trembling with agitation, Aunt Cordy passed into a side room, inviting by a gesture the faithful Jane to follow her.

She had no secrets from Jane Steer, and the letter was read.

It commenced by a warm and almost affectionate acknowledgment of Miss Fancourt's kindness, and an expression of the writer's gratitude for her permission to correspond with her upon the subject both had so near their hearts. It went on to say that a clew had been found to the person from whose discovery, if living, she, Miss Fancourt, expected so much. It appeared that his, Cyril's father, had been seen in company with that person twice on the day of the accident which had deprived him of life. The first time was in the presence of Mr. Ormsby's agent, from whom Mr. Ormsby had drawn a large sum of money for some special purpose.

The second and last time when they were seen together was on the platform of the Waterloo Station, a few minutes before the accident. The agent well remembered the appearance of Mr. Ormsby's companion, the circumstance of the visit having been riveted, so to speak, in his memory, first from the sum of money being required in such hot haste, and secondly from the tragic occurrence which followed almost within a few hours afterwards. The agent's description tallied with that given to Cyril by Miss Fancourt; and from an accidental observation made by Mr. Ormsby, he was sure that the stranger was about to leave England for New York.

This was all that Cyril had been able to discover as yet, but it was sufficient to prove that the person intending flight was not his father, and that the meeting in the wood between Percival Ormsby and Lady Willoughby was connected, in some mysterious way, with the stranger in whose company Mr. Ormsby had been twice seen the day after the murder, and which stranger was

no other than Gerald Fancourt, Lady Willoughby's and Miss Fancourt's brother!

The brother, the one black sheep of the Fancourt family, who had so mortally offended the elder and stronger-minded sister by his profligate conduct, that she had refused even to have his name mentioned in his presence, but to whom, despite his heartless conduct and her husband's commands, the younger sister had clung with all the self-sacrificing devotion of a first affection.

It was Cyril Ormsby's intention, the letter went on to say, with even this slight clue, to leave at once for New York, and endeavor, at the expenditure of a fortune, if necessary, to find the only man who could throw a light upon the reason of the meeting in the wood, and the subsequent journey to London.

In a postscript Cyril mentioned his resolve to part with the estate of Ormsby Towers, and of his consequent return to Gatford for a few days previous to departure for America.

And did he say nothing about Maud in this letter? Is a question naturally to be asked. But a few words, but they spoke volumes:

"I dare not ask you to mention my name to Miss Willoughby. I will keep the promise I made to you, but her name, and hers only, will live in my heart forever."

Of all that had occurred in his absence Cyril was profoundly ignorant.

To be continued.

THE UNHAPPY CONSUL.

Some of the Amazing Requests With Which He Has to Wrestle.

"A United States consul in a foreign port receives all sorts of amazing requests from idiots in his native land," said a gentleman who was formerly in the service in South America. "A good many cranks seem to believe that Uncle Sam employs his foreign representatives for the particular purpose of catering to their hobbies. A woman in Iowa, for example, once wrote to request me to send her ten 'typical examples of the folk-lore of the people' and cautioned me to have the stories 'taken down in shorthand exactly as told,' otherwise they would lose their value. Another woman wanted statistics of intemperance among the natives for the preceding dozen years—that in a country where not even mortality statistics were collected."

"A man from Buffalo, if I remember rightly, asked for samples of native woods and sent specifications as to the exact size and shape of the specimen blocks. There are over 200 different woods in the country, and the job of collecting the samples requested would easily have occupied me the entire balance of my consular term. Another enterprising fellow countryman of mine, living at Battle Creek, Mich., asked me to put him into communication with some native lady of property—object, matrimony. He said he thought the lady would be more apt to listen to his advances if he came indorsed by the United States consul. Meanwhile I was in blissful ignorance as to whether he was a horse thief or just an ordinary blamefool, so he didn't get the indorsement."

"I believe, however, that the cheekiest type of idiot in the lot was the 'pass it on' letter fender, whose epistles averaged about one a week. The scheme is apparently very simple. Some fellow in Oshkosh, for example, wants to make a collection of foreign stamps and postmarks. Accordingly he maps out a route, consisting of a string of cities reaching clear around the globe, and then writes a circular letter to consuls at the points selected, requesting each in turn to re-address the envelope to the next man. The letter is started on its journey, let us say, by way of Havana. The consul there is expected to send it on to Rio, the consul at Rio to dispatch it to the consul at Lima, and so on around the world, until at last the government representative at Liverpool directs it back to the sender at Oshkosh. The consuls are supposed, of course, to furnish the postage. A few letters of that kind actually made the circuit at the outset, but the thing promptly became a craze, and at present the circular epistles are used as pipe lights at the consulates. But think of the cold drawn, double riveted, barbed-iron check of such a proposition—even from a stamp collector!"

The Rats They Eat.

"The current impression that Chinamen eat rats—I mean ordinary American rats—is all nonsense," said Dr. James J. Mason, a well known Chinese missionary, chatting about his experiences in the Flowery Kingdom.

The truth in regard to it is this: There is a small animal in China known colloquially as the tsui-chow, that is often bred especially for food. It infests the rice-fields, and is about the size of an ordinary rat, but has a longer body and a head shaped something like that of a ferret. It is a very prolific creature and is sold in enormous numbers in all the markets of the great cities—neatly cleaned and skewered apart and strung in bunches of 20 or 30 on bamboo reeds.

"The tsui-chow is strictly an edible animal, and, feeding entirely on rice, it naturally has very delicate and savory flesh. I have eaten them, and if I had been able to get the rat idea out of my mind would have relished the dish. They taste something like young squirrels, and alive or dead are certainly much less repulsive than many things we commonly esteem as delicacies—eels and frogs, for example."

The Nerve.

"I suffer dreadfully from toothache—an exposed nerve."

"Why don't you see a dentist?"

"Every time I make up my mind I find I haven't the nerve."—Philadelphia Record.

THE HOME OF MAGIC.

MARVELOUS SIGHTS SAID TO HAVE BEEN SEEN IN TIBET.

A Revealing Exhibition in Which the Body is Horribly Mutilated and the Wounds Are Instantly Healed, Leaving Not a Scar Behind.

The country known to English speaking folk as Tibet bears a very different name among its own people. It is called Bod, or Bod-yul, "the country of Bod." The name Bod probably refers to Buddha. Though ostensibly Buddhists, the people of Bod are in reality slaves to Lamaism, a system of theology which has been defined as "Buddhism corrupted by Shamanism and by Shamanism, or spirit worship." Shamanism is the dominant cult of Mongolia and is a system of demon worship rather than spirit worship.

Tibet is regarded by students of the occult as the home of magic, and whether or no there be "mahatmas" in that wild and weird land, in which the late Mme. Blavatsky, the high priestess of theosophy, it is claimed, served a seven year apprenticeship in the magic art, we have it on the most respectable testimony that the lamas of Bod-yul can and do perform feats which have not yet been explained in terms of science and which can only be classed as magical.

The performances of the Bokts, or wonder-working lamas, are quite as astounding in their way as those of the Indian fakirs, who are Mohammedans, or of the Sanjabis of Yogi, who are Brahmans, but they are usually terrible and revolting. A Tibetan Bokt who had wandered from his native land and penetrated as far as Benares gave an exhibition of his wonderful powers in one of the vast temples of the holy city a few years ago. He was accompanied and assisted by a mongrel crowd of half human compatriots. The exhibition promised by the wonderful magician was truly an astounding one. He proposed, in view of all beholders, to rip up his abdomen, remove a handful of intestines, display them to the spectators and then replace them again and heal up the wound by a few magical passes, leaving no vestige of the damage inflicted.

Needless to say such exhibitions are not everyday occurrences, and the ordinary globe trotter might traverse India from Cape Comorin to Nepal and not be fortunate enough to witness so marvelous, if revolting, a spectacle as that in question.

When the hour of noon arrived, the lama appeared and took his seat before the raised altar, on which candles had been lighted. Before him was a radiant image of the sun, and on either side of the altar were grim idols which had been placed there by the attendants.

The lama was in person a small, spare man, with fixed, glittering eyes, an emaciated frame and an immense mass of long black hair, which floated over his shoulders. He appeared altogether like a walking corpse, in whose head two blazing fires had been lighted, which gleamed in unnatural luster through his long, almond shaped eyes. He was about 40 years of age, and report alleged that he had already some four times previously performed the great sacrificial act he was now about to repeat.

From the moment this skeleton figure had taken his seat the 70 fakirs who surrounded him in a semicircle began to sway their bodies back and forth, singing meanwhile a loud, monotonous chant in rhythm with their movements. In a few minutes the gesticulations of the fakirs increased almost to frenzy. On every side of the auditorium braziers of incense were burning. Six fakirs swung pots of frankincense, filling the air with intoxicating vapors, while six others stood behind beating metal drums or clashing cymbals, which they tossed on high with gestures of frantic exultation. For some time the howls, shrieks and distracting actions of this maniac crew produced no effect on the immovable lama.

He sat like one dead, his fixed and glassy eyes seeming to stare into illimitable distance, without heeding the pandemonium that was raging around him.

"Can he be really living?" whispered one of the awe-struck Englishmen to his neighbor. But this question was speedily answered by the series of convulsive shudders which at length shook the lama's frame. His dark eyes rolled wild-

ly, and nearly nothing but their whites were to be seen, spasm after spasm threatening to shiver the frail tenement and expel its quivering life. The teeth were set and the features distorted as in the worst phases of epilepsy, when suddenly, and just as the tempest of horrible cries and distortions was at its height, the lama seized the long, glittering knife which lay across his knee, drew it rapidly up the length of his abdomen and then displayed in all their revolting horror the proofs of the sacrifice in the protruding intestines.

The crowd of awe-struck ascetics bent their heads to the earth in mute worship. Not a sound broke the stillness but the deep breathing of the spectators. At length one of them, who had witnessed such scenes before, addressed the living creature—for living he still was, though he uttered no sound nor raised his drooping head from his breast—and said:

"Man, can you tell us by what power this deed of blood is performed without destruction of life?"

A dead silence ensued. The living corpse moved. It raised its quivering hands and scooped up the blood from the wound, bears it to the lips, which breathe upon it. They then return to the wound, begin to press the severed parts together and remake the mutilated body. The fakirs shout and send up praises to Brahma; the drums beat; the cymbals clash; shrieks, prayers, invocations resound on all sides. The fragrant incense ascends; the flute players pour forth their shrill cadence; the harps of some European servants, stationed in a distant apartment and previously instructed send forth strains of sweet melody amid the frantic clamor.

The ecstatic makes a few more passes, and, after wrapping a scarf previously prepared over the body, as if to cleanse it from the gore in which it was steeped, suddenly he stands upright, casts all his upper garments from him and displays a body unmarked by a single scar. Gesticulations, cries, shouts subside; low murmurs of admiration and worship pass through the breathless assembly, and then the Bokt, clasping his thin hands and elevating his glittering eyes to heaven, utters in a deep, low tone, far different from the shrill wail of the half dead sacrifice, a short but fervent prayer of thankfulness, and all is finished.—Home Journal.

It is supposed that the average depth of sand in the deserts of Africa is from 30 to 40 feet.

Vanity and Curiosity.

Vanity seems to spring eternal in the masculine breast, and the less it has to feed upon the more it thrives apparently.

The other day a tramp of high degree in vagrancy stopped before the window of a house at which two young women were standing. He was tattered and torn and melancholy looking to such an extent that he aroused a feeling of deep sympathy in the hearts of the maidens, who looked down upon him as he stood gazing intently at some object he held in his hand.

"I wonder what he has," said the sentimental one of the two as she peered down on him. "A lock of some woman's hair, I shouldn't wonder."

"More likely a coin he's found; he looks pleased," rejoined the practical one scoffingly as she maneuvered for a position that would reveal the object to her.

But it was neither, they discovered. It was just a bit of looking glass, in which the man was surveying his features with a satisfied air, that told of his entire contentment with his very rugged physiognomy.

Which shows, as was said at the beginning of this story, that vanity springs eternal in the masculine breast just as curiosity does in the feminine.—Baltimore News.

That Summer Girl.

Was there ever so winsome a maiden
As the whom I met by the sea?
Her tresses with sun gold were laden,
Her blue eyes were sparkling with glee.
Was there ever a summer so blended
With all that gives rapture to life?
But, alas, our romance was soon ended,
For we became husband and wife.—Answers.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Is the World's Greatest Cure For Itching Skin, Eczema, Salt Rheum and Piles.

It is extremely doubtful if there ever was a remedy that was endorsed by such an overwhelming mass of evidence as is Dr. Chase's Ointment. The remarkable soothing healing qualities of Dr. Chase's Ointment are a mystery to physicians, and, though they are slow to recognize merit in any discovery, they join heartily with people of other callings in endorsing and recommending Dr. Chase's Ointment as the most successful treatment ever devised for itching skin diseases.

Rev. J. A. Baldwin, Baptist Minister, Arkona, Ont., writes:

"For over twenty years I was a great sufferer from itching and protruding piles. I used many remedies and underwent three very painful surgical operations, all without obtaining any permanent benefit. When about to give up in despair I was told to use Dr. Chase's Ointment and did so, finding relief at once. I used three boxes, and am almost entirely cured. The itching is all gone. I have advised others to use it, believing it would cure them as it has me."

You must not think that Dr. Chase's Ointment is for piles only, but we mention this ailment as the most difficult to cure of all itching skin disease, and the disease which has never been absolutely conquered by any other treatment.

Among the ailments for which Dr. Chase's Ointment is being used by scores of thousands of people with universal success may be mentioned:

Eczema, salt rheum, tetter, baby eczema, rash, barber's itch, chilblains, itching eyelids, ulcers, poisoned flesh, burns, scalds, sores, blind itching, bleeding and protruding piles, and itching skin diseases of every description.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is for sale at all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 60 cts., by Edman-son, Dates & Co., Toronto.

JINGLES.

When We'll All Be Good. I don't know when the day will come...

No Room For 'Em. Ain't room in this country for people who say...

Why He Was Arrested. "There is such a thing as being altogether too clever..."

Dear Sirs.—I was for seven years a sufferer from bronchial trouble...

Those Dear Girls. Bella—He was always remarking to me that "beauty is only skin deep..."

The Spirit of Research. "Ma, oh, ma!" "What is it, Georgie?"

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.—O. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., write: Please send us ten gross of pills...

Choice of Perils. "Clara, be careful what you do. A man told me that hair dye affects the mind..."

The town of Westhofen, in Germany, still enforces an old ordinance which forbids any one walking in the street with a lighted cigar.

DROPSY for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

GROWING GIRLS.

SHOULD BE BRIGHT, CHEERFUL, ACTIVE AND STRONG.

A Great Responsibility Rests Upon Mothers at This Period, as It Involves Their Daughter's Future Happiness or Misery—some Useful Hints.

Rosy cheeks, bright eyes, an elastic step, and a good appetite, are the birthright of every girl. These are the conditions that bespeak perfect health...

Her Suspicious Aroused. "I wish you would read this article," he said. "What's it about?" she asked.

His Unsoundness. "No, he couldn't get his life insured." "And yet he always looked sound and robust..."

How Expresses Drop Men. "While coming from Chicago last week," said a prominent business man to a Mail and Express reporter...

At the Judge's Hands. Wraggon Tatters—Wot d'ye tink uv de bloke wot said, "Time is money?"

At the Judge's Hands. Wraggon Tatters—Wot d'ye tink uv de bloke wot said, "Time is money?"

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Sabin says: "My eleven-year-old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the street railway..."

Quite New—In London. He—Can you tell me the three quickest means of communication? She—Telephone, telegraph—He—Well, what's the third? She—Give it up. He—Tell a woman!—Punch.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extingisher.

Henrik Ibsen employs a curious aid in his writing, which is thus described: "Upon his writing table a visitor saw a small tray containing a number of grotesque figures, a wooden bear, a tiny devil, two or three cats..."

HOTEL BALMORAL, Montreal. Free Bus. Am. P. \$1.50 up. E. P. \$1.00 ea.

A Long Life. Sir Walter Scott, while traveling in Ireland, was one day accosted by a beggar. He felt in his pocket for a sixpence, but finding that he had nothing smaller than a shilling about him, gave it to the woman with the words, "You must give me the change next time we meet."

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal. His Unsoundness. "No, he couldn't get his life insured."

It may be only a coincidence, but if you will keep track of the matter you will notice that the man without a roll is never annoyed by breach of promise suits.—New York World.

In Abyssinia the natives cut steaks from the live cow and eat the meat warm with the natural heat.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

We find that the Puritan oratory, in quantity at least, if not in quality, was enough to overpower the most daring modern mind. Holy Master Cotton, minister of Boston, came out from England with two clergymen—elders they would then have been called—to accompany him, and they preached a sermon apiece on every one of the 40 days of the voyage.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

The Trail of the Trust. "Queer names in Natal, aren't they? I see Colonel Plumer is at Crocodile Pool."

Heavens! Have even the crocodiles formed a pool?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The average life of a theater is 23 years. From 1861 to 1867, inclusive, 187 theaters were burned down, and 13 every year since has been about the average.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

Their Resemblance. "I'm glad to echo the suggestion that Maud S is as worthy of a monument as old Bucephalus."

"Maybe so. But it's a far cry from Alexander to Robert Bonner."

"And yet the difference between them isn't so great."

"How do you prove it?"

"One ran The Ledger, the other the world."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Appalling Prospect. Mrs. Newved (handing tramp several biscuits)—Here, my poor man, are some of my homemade biscuits. You will find the saw and ax in the wood shed.

Tramp (closely examining the biscuits)—Are they as bad as that, mum?

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

They'll Spell It With a We. "The British admiralty made a big mistake in naming that fast new boat the Viper."

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness, and complaints incident to children, itching, itching, itching, etc. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

He Concentrated. Professor Countemfast is a small man with a large mentality. His wife is a tall woman, who believes in the power of matter over mind. The professor had been absorbed the whole evening in a profound paper on the mental characteristics of people who were unhappily married. Suddenly looking up, he remarked: "My dear, are you aware of the fact that a man's brain weighs about 3 1/2 pounds?"

"Er—er—yes, it certainly does, but"—"And it also states that a woman's brain is of much finer quality, doesn't it?" "Er—er—well, yes; you are quite right, my dear."

The Voice of Experience. Bronson—On what grounds do you suppose that college professor bases his statement that 90 per cent of marriages are unhappy?

A Conundrum For the Sage. The Fool—Nay, I will ask thee a question. The Sage—What is thy question? The Fool—Is a fool a fool if he makes a living at it?—Puck.

A Definition. "Father," said the boy who has been encouraged to ask questions, "what does the word credulity mean?" "Credulity," was the answer, "means the ability to go right ahead believing the weather reports."

A man who has never learned to write his own name is not so likely to get into trouble in this world as the one who has learned to write another man's.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and find Par-melee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and made in the flour of Lecithine to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste."

Alloway & Champion BANKERS AND BROKERS. 362 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG. Stocks and bonds bought, sold and carried on margin. Listed mining stocks carried.

Osler, Hammond & Nanton BROKERS, ETC., Dominion Bank Building, Winnipeg. Money lent at lowest rates. Stocks and bonds bought and sold. Railway and other farm lands in Manitoba and N. W. T. for sale. Maps and folders sent on application. Galt coal from Leithbridge. Prices quoted to all railway points.

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"Have you tried 'SALADA' Ceylon and Indian 'Green Tea'?" asked the dealer of a consumer of Japan. "No, I never experiment," said the customer.

"Good rule, proved by its exceptions." "How so?" said the customer. "A 'Ceylon Tea, grown on the richest tea-producing soil in the world—Ceylon and India—prepared by modern cleanly machinery methods, is, without the aid of nerve disturbing adulterants, may prove a revelation to the taste, and a positive benefit, rather than an injury, to the system. Now do you grasp the situation?"

"Yes," said the customer, "I do." "Then, take a trial packet." Result—Japan Tea forever discarded. "SALADA" Ceylon and Indian Green Tea adopted.

"How high was it where you spent your vacation?" "About \$2,000 above the level of the sea."—Life.

Found Out. At science he was very deft. And she was scientific, too. But when their cook got up and left they didn't know a thing to do. —Chicago Record.

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MADUENA CIGAR Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

OXYDONOR. (Trade Mark Registered November 21, 1890.) Dr. Sanchez agrees to take instruments back at half price if parties using them are not benefited after using for five weeks.

Mr. F. L. Cook, Winnipeg, says: I had suffered untold agonies from Bright's Disease, and it relieved me of Pain, and in 8 weeks I was cured.

Mr. W. G. Ellworthy, Winnipeg, says: I have suffered for 6 years with articular rheumatism; was in hospital for 5 weeks, and used almost every remedy, including mesmerism, galvanism, electric belt, etc. I have used Oxydonor 10 days and received more benefit than from anything else.

Mrs. Gagner, Winnipeg, says: I have used it beneficially with my family whenever sick, and it has cured me of severe indigestion and grippe.

W. N. U. 296.

