Where is That Man

at to find that kind of man,

Alas, the fellows that I meet,
They wabble when they walk.
They have no chins and ch, they look
So allly when they talk;
their coats are padired and their necks
Are slender as their cance;
While those grand fellows in those cuts
Look noble and have brains. Dear advertisers, let me know The model that you use, and will buy your facial scap Desheyde or shoes. Se may be wealthy or be poor, With obsekt of peach or tan, Int I would like for once to see And meet a real man.

## MISS HELEN'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER X. The best laid schemes of mice and men Gang atta-glee; And leave us nought but grief and pain For promised joy.

"Not now,"—there was a wild petation in her voice which startled him—"wait—presently—not new."

"It is all right, darling. I don't want to frighten you, but the truth is I can't get through an hour without you. When I am not with you, I think of you. I dream of you every night. I want you to marry me, Helen."

He paused. She was confounded at this honor which he had thrust upon her, the lashes concealed her eyes; she did not move nor answer.

"I'm so awfully fond of you, dear! that very first day in the train I liked you. You are such a splendid girl, Helen; you are so pretty, and you are such good company; you are different from the others. I never knew that I could be such a fool about a woman. I will marry you, no one but you. After all, love is the thing for which to marry. Darling," with a soft contented smile and extended hand, "if you won't marry me, if you chuck me over, I shall go down and drown myself, or."

"Or marry some one else," returned his 'darling'; who spoke quite collectedly. "L'advise the latter course as it might not entail such notoriety."

"Helen," stillsmiling, "you hard-hearted

Figure 1996. The control of the cont

cooler we will turn on the hose and water the grass as well as the flowers."

"Nay, love, it would so encourage the slugs, a heavy dew falls each night—but do as you like—Mrs. Majoribanks was very chatty. I stayed there so long walking round the garden and talking. She told me Sir Adolphus is in London, he is always adding to his wealth by fortunate speculations; everything he touches turns to gold, those girls of his will have fabulous fortunes and yet Fred Majoribanks will not propose to the elder one. who is sundoubtedly attached to him, his mother as way. Young men are sadly headstrong. Mrs. Majoribanks is a clever woman, Helen, she notices so many trifles which escape my observation; did you remark that Lady if "She does not dye it," said the girl, a diagreeable, spiteful old woman."

Miss Mitford untied the strings of her mushroom hat, which were fastened in a bow beneath her chin, and threw back the ribbons upon her shoulders; she was overforme.

"Mrs. Majoribanks is a friend of mine, if the strings of her mushroom hat, which were fastened in a bow beneath her chin, and threw back the ribbons upon her shoulders; she was overforme.

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bow beneath her chin, and threw back the ribbons upon her shoulders; she was overome.

"Mrs. Majoribanks is a friend of mine, love," she said, with mild reproof.

"Isn't that the very reason you would like to hear her abused? There, Auntie, don't look shocked, it was a joke—only it didn't amuse you."

"You are not yourself, love, the air is oppressive and that fly prevented you drinking your tea. Will you have some raspberry vinegar instead?"

"Raspberry vinegar," with a laugh which was half a sob. "Vinegar already; no, thank you, I daren't touch it."

Helen's mind that evening was a weathercock; first she declared herself too tired to go to the back, then she remembered that the children were expecting her and she must not disappoint them. At the gate she turned back, it was so hot she would stay in the garden; on reaching the bush of sweet brier she made a fresh decision, the sea breeze on the shore wouldn't, it was so long a walk—she would ashe wouldn't is paken would and she went.

She returned late, very gentle and subdued, very careful of, and careasing towdrd, her aunt, with pensive eyes and a reatless aprirt.

This new mood seemed likely to be per-

gur at this time, and would watch her, furtively and unobserved, from anxions eyes. She had drawn her own conclusion — tresh and falseone—from Helen's altered looks and ways.

"Henry," she said one day—impulsively disclosing (as women do) the secret which she had intended to keep inviolate forever—"Henry, Helen regrets that poor young man." she had intended to keep inviolate forever

"Henry, Helen regreta that poor young
man."

"To be sure she does," the rector answered, energetically. "I should think
poorly of her if she did not. Why, we all
regret him. His sermons were above the
average, and his kindness of heart exceptional."

"But, Henry, you do not understand me.
I mean more than I said. I mean that she
mistook the nature of her feelings. She
really and truly loved him."

For a few seconds her husband remained
in thought, then he spoke slowly—

"No, Honora—I think not. Do you not
remember how I scolded her for singing that
ridiculous ballad to the poor man—
I is the most exceeding bors, of all the bores I
know.

To have a friend who lost his heart a short
time ago '!

Had her heart been touched, those words
would not have occurred to her."

"I don't know that," said Mrs. Mitford,
with an indulgent smile. "A girl will say
or do anything from a sheer love of teasing."

Again, with a thoughtful brow, her hus-

or do anything from a serior ing."
Again, with a thoughtful brow, her husband reviewed the past, then he spoke with

Again, with a thoughful brow, her husband reviewed the past, then he spoke with decision—
"You are wrong, Honora. You were always a most imaginative woman. That I poor young man had no attraction for the child. I found her hiding in the hayloft more than once when he called. As there was no chance of her being discovered by him, I do not think it possible she would have concealed herself had she formed an attachment for him."

Mrs. Mitford was shaken. She wasalways ready to distrust her own judgment and to rely upon that of her husband, so she brightened perceptibly.

"So she hid in the loft, did she? How Frances has searched for her, while that poor young man was with me for hours in the drawing-room. That idea upsets my theory; I am glad of it. But it is odd to me that our child-should be so hard of heart. I had had several slight affairs before I was her age."

"I don't see anything wrong with Helen; she is prettier than ever, and as merry as a grig. You women are always raking and sitting and prying for a love-tale. If a girl is happy without a husband, you won't believe it."

Mrs. Mitford smiled shyly. Her husband was no doubt right.

"I shall send her away, Henry. Now

lieve it."

Mrs. Mitford smiled shyly. Her husband was no doubt right.

"I shall send her away, Henry. Now that there is no difficulty about ways and means, I should like her to go and see my people. Change of airand scene is excellent for mind and body, besides which she will meet many—"

"So you won't be content till you have lost her, Honora. You foolish woman, why won't you keep her here as long as you can't you will break your heart when she marries—I know it."

"I should break my heart if she didn't marry," Mrs. Mitford said, smiling very sweetly at her rector; "for I want her to be happy—as happy as I am."

So it was arranged that Helen should pay a round of visits, with which arrangement she was nothing loth to comply. She wrote lively letters home, descriptive of lively and varied life. She made new friends and met pleasant people; she seemed to enjoy everything and find amusement everywhere. There was an even, a sustained content to be detected in her mode of writing which was foreign to her years, and particularly new to her former habits of mind. In each letter she inquired for her Aunt Elizabeth. "She never writes to me," was her complaint, repeated over and over again.

(TO be Continued.

nd Brought Confusion to the Widow and Spoiled Her Joke. And Brought Confusion to the Widow and Spoiled Her Joke.

In an aristocratic boarding house off Walnut hill, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, lives a middle-aged and well-to-do bachelor, whose business habits keep him down town until late at night. In the same house are many charming ladies, and among them a very pretty widow, who for purposes of designation may be called Mrs. C. On Saturday night they were merrily playing tricks about the house, and finally invaded the room of Mr. R., the bachelor above mentioned. With one of the luminous crayons now so common, in the composition of which phosphorus forms a prominent park, they drew upon the wall, in large letters, this exhortation:

CONFESS THY SINS.

Then they slipped into the next room as R. entered the front door and listened with the aid of an open transom.
When R. entered his bed chamber it wa When R. entered his bed chamber it wadark, and he at once caught the blazing warning on the wall; but he also heard whispering and giggling in the next room, and, being of ready wit, he at once dropped upon his knees and broke forth: "Good Lord, I confess all of my manifest sins, especially in that I kissed Mrs. C. in the parlor last evening."

There was a crash as of falling chairs in the adjoining chamber and the sound of feeing females. But they do say that Mr. R. and Mrs. C. are soon to be married.

Things Worth Knowing. Things worth knowing.

Scald rubarb for a few moments before cooking and much less sugar will be needed.

Strips of cotton an inch wide, wet, and placed around pies will keep the juice in. Remove when first taken from the oven. A chimney with ground glass edge at the top is less likely to break, as the ground glass edge allows more room for expansion. glass edge allows more room for expansion.

To iron napkins: Iron perfectly dry before folding; iron only on one side to preserve the polish, and with the selvage to bring out the pattern.—Good House-keeping.

An acre of grass newly-mown weighs nearly two and one-half tons.

Popularity of Blondes. Repularity of Blendes.

It is interesting to know that an intelligent hair-dresser claims that blondes cannot be done away with; that blondes are essentially the beauties of civilization, and that they cannot be driven away, says the December Ladies' Home Journal. He says that the blonde can dress more effectively, and that a well-kept blonde has ten years' advantage in the point of youthful looks. You cannot expunge her in favor of the brunette even in literature, for in the novels turned out during the past year there have been 382 blondes to 82 brunettes.

When bright colors are used by ladies in their walking attire it should be borne in mind that if more than two colors are used the third should be employed in very small quantities, and care should be taken not to give too much prominence even to the secondor.—Art Amateur.

The child is born who will probably live to see a man sitting in the shadow of Niagara who, by the turn of a screw, can supply the motive power for half a continent. Such prospective wonders are apt to inspire the feeling that one would like to stay around old earth a few hundred years longer.—Boston Globe.

This is the season of the year when the ordinary house fails in its secret recess for the concealment of Christmas gifts.

THE BACHELOR. Returning home at close of day, Who gently chides my long delay, While pokers hold me well at bay? Nobody.

Who flying sends my teeth and hair, And makes me dodge with neatest car My slippers flying through the air Nobody. Who regulates a steady fire, With anger ever blazing higher, While missiles ever come the nigher Nobody.

When sickness comes to rack my frame And grief disturbs my troubled brain, Who tells me I've myself to blame? Nobody. George I'V. left as a part of his estate whips and 500 pocket books

after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medi-

The control of the co

The Virginia Bebt.

A proposition for the settlement of the Virginia State debt has been agreed upon by a committee acting on behalf of the creditors and the Sate Debt Commission representing the State. The proposition covers an issue of \$19,000,000 of bonds, to run for 100 years, bearing 2 per cent. Interest for 5 years, 2b per cent. for five years, and 3 per cent for the remaining ninety years. The settlement will have to be ratified by the creditors and by the Virginia Legislature; but as it is satisfactory to the parties making it, it is likely to be agreed upon finally. It will involve the relinquishment of \$28,000,000 of old debt for \$19,000,000 of new, the creditors losing the difference.

A Hint to the Reporter.

New York World: The latest achievement of the Japanese earthquake is the reported rendering of 440,000 people homeless. They might have made it 450,000, for it looks better in type, is easier to remember and would be about as accurate.

Would be His Share.

Puck: Old Mr. Dadkins—You've been calling on my daughter for six months without saying a word to me; now I want to know your intentions.

Young Mr. Rising—That's all right; I'm willing to do the square thing if you are.

What are your intentions?

Baby Ruth's carriage is upholstered in like plush and white, and those colors with become fashionable, no doubt. The Prince of Wales can't set all the fashions in this country.—U. S. Ex.

wast of 22 or 224 inches may seem to have a vasp-like figure, when in reality her measurement is very nearly what it should be to estisfy he critical judgment of an artist of her family physician.

'The Yonus de Medici is 5 feet 5 inches in height, 26 inches about the waist, 34 about the bust and 44 about the hips. The women employed as "closk models" by most of the great dry goods establishments in New York city are about the same height. The measurements required of a "model" 5 feet 5 inches in height in one establishment are the following:

"Waist, 234 to 24 inches; bust, 34 to 35; hips, 45 to 47; bake of skull to waist, 16; biceps, 11½ to 12."

A prominent physician recently gave the following as the correct measurements for a well flormed, well developed and healthy woman of 5 feet 5 inches:

"Waist, 24 inches; bust, 33½ to 34½; biceps, 12 to 13; wrist, 5½ to 5½; hips, 44 to 45; calf, 13 to 14, and ankle, 7 to 7½."

The doctor's "model woman" has smaller hips and a smaller bust and about the same waist as the "closk model."

DR.WILLIAMS reine. They are a BLOOD BULLDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they from the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from Fook and Ward Ward of the Blood, and also invigorate and BULL Systems, which Blood, and also invigorate and BULL Systems, when broken down by the Blood and some specific that the blood and some specific that the blood and the State of the Systems of blood men and women, and correcting all INBEGULARITHER and SUPPLESSIONS.

EVERY MAN W

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. make them regular.

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THE DR. WILLIAMS MED. CO.

Brockellis. 088

THURTY YEARS Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.
"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which inc came very bad. I used ST. JACOBS OIL

The late King Alfonso of Spain, who died six years ago, is still unburied, and awaiting his final interment in the tomb that has been prepared for his corpse, clothed only in a thin linen garment, says the Philadelphia Times. The dead King lies on a slab of rock near a running spring of water in a cavern in the side of a mountain, on the slope of which the grand old Escurial is built. There he will remain until the body has attained all the peculiar properties of a munmy, and then only will the gheatly object be placed in its niche in that marvelous jasper vault under the great dome of the Escurial Church, where only the remains of Spanish Kings and the mothers of Kings are allowed to lie.

Bunting Was a Brate.

Bunting—I had a letter from your home o-day. Your mother has been very ill.

Mrs. Bunting—Poor dear mamma! Is she

otter? "Calm yourself! You must prepare for the worst."
"Oh! is she dead?"
"Oh, no! I said you must prepare for the worst. She is coming to visit us." A Fair Exchange.

Pack: "Caroline, last year you gave me a box of cigars for a Christmas present." "Yes, George." "This year, suppose you let me give you a box of cigars?" "Very well; and I'll get you a sealskin sacque." Changeable weather, producing cold in the head and catarrh, is responsible for one-half the misery Canadians endure. Nasal Balm at once relieves cold in the head and will cure the worst case of catarrh.

The Queen of Portugal is accredited by fashion leaders with being the most dressy woman in Europe. Her pale complexion and auburn hair admit of great latitude in dress variety, and she indulges in every caprice of fashion.

and it completely cared. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."







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