

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

A NEW VERSION.

"It's the chromo man," said Mrs. Poppleton. "Don't you let him in, my dear, whatever you do."

"Is he so troublesome?" asked Miss Martha Dixon. Mrs. Poppleton had just stepped over to the Mizon Cottage to borrow a setting of the Plymouth Rock eggs, and to return the quart of vinegar she had borrowed the day before.

The big honeysuckle had just blossomed out in its early profusion in buff and white sweetness; the cherries were reddening on the big tree, and the monthly rose by the garden gate was hanging out in frequent pendents as Mrs. Poppleton stood there with her checked sun-bonnet, obscuring her wrinkled old face, as it flapped to and fro in the breeze.

Miss Martha Dixon was younger, plumper, more blooming than her neighbor. She was as yet in the forties. They might call her an old maid, but she was not yet outside the limits of a possible wedding ring.

"Troublesome!" shrilly echoed Mrs. Poppleton. "Troublesome is no word for it. Once admit him, my dear, and you'll never be able to get him out of your house. And such a talker! Oh, I know all about it, for he sat, three-quarters of an hour on my front door step, trying to make me buy a picture of some young woman with her head tied up in a towel—Beatrice Gungy, or some outlandish name; but I wouldn't. I just went on with my baking as obstinately as you please; and when he saw Poppleton and the hired man coming home, across lots, to their dinner, he cleared out."

"My!" said Miss Dixon. "What is he like?" "Well, he's short and stout," said Mrs. Poppleton. "With a bald head, and a shabby brown suit, and a tongue as long as your clothes-line."

"I'm very glad you told me about him, said Miss Martha. "Forewarned is forearmed, and I shall be careful to keep him out."

So when Mrs. Poppleton had departed with her setting of eggs and the bunch of white-clove pinks which Miss Dixon had given her, that middle-aged maiden sat down to sew on the new alpaca gown which she intended to wear to the parsonage the next day, to meet Mr. Todgilt, the missionary from Japan.

For the parson's wife had invited a select few to hear the reminiscences of the returned traveller, and to drink Souchong, and eat muffins and chicken salad with him, and Miss Dixon was one of the happy minority.

"I've always felt so curious about those eastern countries," said Miss Martha. "And they tell me that Mr. Todgilt is an unmarried man, and wants a wife to go back to Japan with him next year."

And as she sewed she wondered how she should like the Japanese climate. "A hem-m-m!" Loud and sonorous, this clearing of the throat broke in upon Miss Martha Dixon's reverie.

She jumped to her feet with a little scream, and saw a man's figure at the open door at the other end of the hall, where the buff and white honeysuckles swayed to and fro, and the yellow afternoon sunshine streamed in.

He was short and stout. "The chromo man!" said Miss Dixon to herself. And he had—yes, he certainly had a bald head. Miss Dixon could see that as he took off his hat; and he wore a brown suit that was most assuredly past its days of newness, and under his arm he carried a flat leather case or valise, which looked as if it might be intended for the conveyance of chromos, and for no other purpose.

"The chromo man," repeated Miss Dixon, as she advanced to the combat with the resolution of a lion. "No, we don't want anything."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but—" Miss Dixon bethought herself here of a ruse which she had sometimes found eminently successful in the case of persistent tramps.

"Here, Bose! Bose!" she called, whistling to an imaginary dog. "If you do not leave the house at once I will set my dog on you."

And then, fancying that she still discerned, in the intruder's ditory air, an intention of remaining to dispute the point, she caught up a broom, that fortunately hung in the corner, and made towards the front door in such a resolute manner that the chromo man fairly turned and fled.

she watched him hurry through the garden gate, without even stopping to latch it behind him. "I only wish Mrs. Poppleton could have been here, to see how promptly I disposed of him! But it was very careless of me to leave the front door unbolted. I might have had trouble in getting rid of the man; I'll fasten it now, before I go back to work."

So Miss Martha Dixon returned to her needle, singing the Marseillaise softly to herself as a harmless effusion of her triumph. She went over that afternoon to Mrs. Bruce's, who lived in the first farm house, half a mile away, to get her to make buttonholes on the new dress.

"Did the chromo man come here?" "Today?" said Mrs. Bruce, with her mouth full of pins. "Yes."

"No, I haven't seen any chromo man." "I guess I frightened him out of the neighborhood," chuckled Miss Martha. "He was beginning his importunities, when I went at him with the broom, and chased him out of the house."

Mrs. Bruce laughed heartily at the idea of her sparrow-like little neighbor frightening anyone by such manifestations as she had described. "But I tell you who I have seen," said she, "Mr. Todgilt stopped here to inquire the way to the parsonage."

"Dear me, did he?" said Miss Dixon, with great interest. "And I gave him a glass of my gooseberry wine and a slice of cake," added Mrs. Bruce.

"Entertaining angels unwares," sighed Miss Dixon. Oh, how I wish it had been me. Do tell me how he looks. Is he tall?"

"No, not quite what you would call a tall man," said Mrs. Bruce; "and I think he is elderly; and he doesn't dress much. But he is a dear, godly man, with a fine flow of language."

"I will meet him at the parsonage tomorrow," said Miss Dixon, complacently. "How I envy you!" said Mrs. Bruce, who was not one of the invited guests.

Miss Dixon, dressed in all her best, including the alpaca gown and sundry bows of blue ribbon, which were not unbecoming to her blonde comeliness, went to the parsonage the next day. Mrs. Hall, the parson's wife, came running to meet her.

"My dear Martha," she said, "I was so afraid you weren't coming. He's here! Such a dear man! Come right into the parlor. Mr. Todgilt, let me present you to Miss Dixon. Miss Dixon, this is Mr. Samuel Todgilt, from Japan."

"Mr. Todgilt's bow checked itself half way in a stare of amazement. "As-ton-iah-ing!" said he. Miss Dixon turned very red. "Well, I do declare," she faltered.

For in Miss Dixon, the lady who had been especially recommended to him as a saintly and appropriate helpmate, the missionary beheld the very female who had ignominiously pursued him from her door with a broom when, the previous day, he had stopped to solicit directions as to the right road. And in Mr. Todgilt's Martha saw the person whom she had repelled as the obnoxious chromo man.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said she, "but I mistook you for somebody else." The returned missionary burst out laughing. He could not help it. "No harm done," he said, "no harm done."

And fortunately he spoke the truth. Miss Dixon's genuine good sense and good feeling soon effaced the disagreeable first impression which she knew her broom had made, and Mr. Todgilt's second call at the cottage was longer than his first.

To make an old story short, Mr. Todgilt got married to Martha Dixon. And to this day, in American-Japanese circles, the good missionary's sides will shake as he tells how, on his first meeting with his wife, she pursued him off the field of Cupid with a broom.

"Wasn't I a brave man to take her after that?" says he. And Mrs. Todgilt only smiles and says: "Jeremiah, how can you?"

By taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla many a poor sufferer who submits to the surgeon's knife, because of malignant sores and scurfy swellings, might be saved, sound and whole. This medicine purges out the corruptions which pollute the blood and cause disease.

WORDS FOR WOMEN.

The Fashions, the Health and the Household.

Economy in Dress—Some Hints That May Help Women to Solve a Difficult Problem.

The problem of dressing economically is one that most women have to solve. Although good dress is not necessarily expensive, yet it takes money to be wisely economical. Some one says that a lady should choose first the becoming, then the good, and last the fashionable in dress, considering her age station, and "points." It is well, from the point of economy, to decide upon a certain style of dress and adhere to it. When a limited range of becoming colors has been fixed upon, it is much easier to combine two old dresses

into one and to use up odds and ends successfully. A few people affect a permanent style copied from some old picture; several good dresses may then last for years without need of change. But the greater number of women who "study economy" dress in black, which is cheap, becoming, liked by most gentlemen, and sanctioned by those artists in expensive living—the French. Every one has heard of the English lady who always in rich black velvet and antique lace, and yet spent less than her neighbors. She accomplished this miracle by having three velvet dresses of different degrees of newness, and buying one every five years. A certain New York lady always wore black silk, declaring it was cheaper and more satisfactory than any other dress. Old ladies should certainly adopt a permanent, subdued style of dress. Unhealthy dress is always extravagant. Heavy skirts, tight waists, and Louis Quinze boots bring expensive doctors' bills. It is an economy to have as few dresses as will meet all emergencies; there are then less to be kept in order and made over. A real lady would be satisfied with a few things, good of their kind. Handsome lace, a fine jewel or cameo, an India shawl, will last a lifetime, and be an.

ECONOMY IN THE END A good set of furs can be used and altered indefinitely; the best ostrich plumes last longer than the present style of fancy-made-up feathers. Wash dresses are by no means economical unless a laundress is kept in the house. Black wraps and bonnets to go with all one's dresses save trouble and expense. One ought not to save on shoes, gloves, and corsets, as they should always be well cut and in good condition. The beauty of a gown depends not upon its price, but on its cut and color; cashmere is one of the prettiest as well as one of the cheapest materials, and comes in the most beautiful colors. Whether or not a general style of dress has been decided upon, the economist will always buy with judgment. She will consider what she has and what she needs, often planning one dress for several occasions. She will avoid novelties as too noticeable for her limited and long-enduring wardrobe, and follow only the general direction of fashion's dictates. She will understand all the secrets of "bargains," "remnants," and buying at the end of a season when goods are "reduced," but she

will never buy anything merely because it is "cheap," or because the salesman assures her it is just what she wants. She always gets good material, knowing that they cost less in the end, and gives preference to those noted for their durability, as Scotch chevots and India silks. She will prefer French underwear with its delicate hand-wrought sewing and embroidery to garments loaded with Hamburg edging and cheap lace, and she will know that antique laces last twice as long and are twice as handsome as the modern article. Before buying a color to place near her face, our prudent woman will test its effect upon her hand and draw her conclusions; if a vivid green makes her hand pale and sallow, it will have a similar effect upon her face.

Of course the woman who can make her own clothes saves a great deal; materials are cheap, but making is not. Many ladies make their own summer dresses, but employ a dressmaker for handsome costumes; in this case it is economy to select a thoroughly good workwoman, even if somewhat expensive, but to see that she does not choose wasteful fashions or recklessly squander her material. A well cut and made garment wears longer and is always a satisfaction. The tailor suits of the present day are wonderfully suitable and economical for street wear. An old suit for a day saves the better one, and an old black silk is a treasure. It is hard to tell just when a dress should be "made over," experience only can decide. A thrifty young woman of my acquaintance never has a dress

WHICH CANNOT BE WASHED, her wool dresses come from the wash-tub "as good as new." Velvet waists and pretty neck arrangements and handkerchiefs freshen up old skirts. The old things should be used in preference to buying new ones. Aprons save dresses; jersey substituted for the dress waist under a wrap is economy, and so is the combination of an old skirt and fresh waist under a long garment for theatre wear. In fact economy has a thousand little tricks to save. Have several pairs of shoes on hand and the same of gloves, giving preference to the useful tan color. If you can make your own bonnets, always buy the best velvets and wear it several seasons with a little change. Expensive ruching which cannot be washed is more extravagant than fine lace. Do not wear white skirts on the street. One need not fear being "known" by a dress, provided it is good. By all means keep your wardrobe in a first rate repair, leaving no hole or rip unattended.—Good Housekeeping.

Ayer's Agree Cure acts directly on the liver and biliary apparatus, and drives out the malarial poison, which induces liver complaints and bilious disorders. Warranted to cure, or money refunded.

How Indians Poison Arrows. A writer in the Omaha Republican reports the following interview with an old Indian: I explained to him what I wished to know, and, without the slightest hesitation, he said to the venerable arrow maker: "Tell my brother all about the poisoned arrows."

"Well, said the old man, 'first we take a bloated yellow rattlesnake in August, when he is most poisonous, and tie him with a forked stick to a stake; then we tease him until he is in a great rage. This is done by passing a switch over his body from his head to his tail. When he thrashes the ground with his body and his eyes grow bright and sparkle like diamonds, we kill a deer, antelope or some other small animal, and tearing out the liver, throw it to the snake, while it is warm and the blood is still coursing through it. The reptile will strike it again and again, and pretty soon it will turn black. When he tries the snake is teased again, and he is induced to sink his fangs into the soft flesh until all the poison has been extracted from him and the liver is reeking with it. He is then killed, and the liver lifted with a sharp pole, for so dangerous is it that no one dares to touch it. The liver is let lie for about an hour, when it will be jet black and emit a sour smell. Arrows are then brought, and their iron heads pushed into the liver up to the shaft. They are left sticking there for about an hour and a half, when they are withdrawn and dried in the sun. A thin glistening yellow scum adheres to the arrow, and if it so much as touches raw flesh it is certain to poison it to death."

I asked if Indians still used poisoned arrows. "No," he replied, "no man, Indian or white man, for years past has been shot with these arrows, and they are no longer made."

A Pleasing Duty. "I feel it my duty to say," writes John Borton, of Deseret, P. Q., "that Burdock Blood Bitters cured my wife of liver complaint, from which she had been a chronic sufferer. Her distressing, painful symptoms soon gave away, and I can highly recommend the medicine to all suffering as she did."

Caught Squirrels With Tar. A farmer named Corner, of Roane county, W. Va., has invented a new plan to catch squirrels, which has proven a great success. He has a large corn field which borders on the woods, and which the squirrels have almost devastated during the past season. Having hit upon a plan, he first watched the animals, and found that when they had made a raid and retired they retreated to the woods almost invariably along one particular line of fence. Having learned this fact, Corner covered the top rails of that line of fence with tar, putting on a heavy coat. This he did in the evening, and in the morning when he went to the field he saw a long line of squirrels running along the fence toward the woods. They succeeded in clearing the fence, but when they struck the tar the leaves and sticks stuck to their feet so badly that they could not climb the trees nor run very far even on the level. The first capture amounted to twenty-seven squirrels, and within a week Corner had killed and captured over 100 squirrels by his unique device.

Many persons in Pittston are using Ely's Cream Balm, a Catarrh remedy, with most satisfactory results. A lady is recovering the sense of smell which she had not enjoyed for fifteen years. She had given up her case as incurable. Mr. Barber has used it in his family and recommends it very highly. A Turkish henna lawyer, known to many of our readers, testifies that he was cured of partial deafness.—Pittston, Pa., Gazette.

Gypsy Proverbs. Too hardy gones do not grind small. Who wants to steal potatoes must not forget the sack. It is not good to choose women or cloth by candle light. What is the use of a kiss unless there be two to divide it? Who has got luck need only sit at home with his mouth open. Those are the fattest fishes which fall back from the line into the water.

Milk from the Bottle.

How would you like to ride in a pram with a fancy rug put over you the very hottest day, never to have a drink of water given to you, and to be expected when you were thirsty or hungry to take sour milk through a long black tube like a gas pipe? You wouldn't like it at all, and neither would I. Any sensible being would kick and rage, and do everything that would in any way call up his satanic majesty. Doctors say that with their milk babies draw in the sort of temperament they are going to have, and if that is so, the coming man will be a sour, nasty, dyspeptic creature. I have very old-fashioned ideas, and don't believe the Lord intended babies to take their nourishment out of a bottle, or else he would have made some special sort of bottle for them and not left that to the ingenuity of man.

Down south among the "mummies" anybody who is referred to as having been "a bottle baby" is borne with, and all his weakness of brain or heart forgiven for that reason. He is regarded as the victim of a sort of original sin or misfortune that was not his fault. Indeed, I remember very well once hearing a wise old mammy, whose knowledge of babies was conceded to be greater than any other in Fairfax county, excuse a young man, who had forged his father's name and married a variety actress, in this way: "You see, honey, yer mustn't judge too harshly 'cb de unfortunate soul; he never had de advantages of de rest ob de family, and lackin' de mainstay what can be respected from him? He was marked from de day of his birth as a creature liable to sin and uncertainty. He was refrained from the natural fountain of yout', an' were given over to dat beastliest of drinkables, de bottle." All the darkeys about shook their heads knowingly and agreed with Aunt Briggs that "a chile which were raised on de bottle could not be held respectable."—"Bab" in New York Star.

A Fact Worth Remembering. Mr. Jas. Binnie, of Toronto, states that his little baby when three months old, was so bad with summer complaints that under doctor's treatment her life was despaired of. Four doses of Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry cured her, she is now fat and hearty.

Beware of Changes in the Weather. The very decided changes in temperature which from this time must be experienced will bring danger with them, and such changes ought to be guarded against with great care. In Cleveland the sudden cold spell produced diphtheria to such an extent that the Health Department has become alarmed, and fears are entertained that the disease will become epidemic. Beware of the changes from heat to cold, and especially take care of the children.

Reliable. "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and found it a sure cure for summer complaint. I was very sick, and it cured me entirely." Alexander W. Grant, Moose Creek, Ont. 2

Give Them a Chance. That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well. Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them, that is take Roche's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain. Eowly

Cheerfulness is the bright weather of the heart. Pleasant, cheerful conversation should be the rule at the table. It is a branch of good breeding for one member of the family to sit down to the table and silently read the daily paper.

"He Never Smiled Again." No "hardly ever" about it. He had an attack of what people call "biliousness," and to smile was impossible. Yet a man may "smile and smile, and be a villain still, still he was no villain, but a plain, blunt, honest man, that needed a remedy such as Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which never fail to cure biliousness and diseased or torpid liver, dyspepsia and chronic constipation. Of druggists.

The Womanhood.

My son, you ask me, if the girls are as nice as they used to be. Now, that's a serious question, and I am not prepared to answer it. As you know I always thought and I think yet, that my mother's equal has never seen the light of day. And yet your mother has never had her counterpart appear on the stage of life. The girls nowadays are so much interested in French cosmetics, and the latest Parisian style of doing up their hair, the latest cut and shape of their dresses, and their head dress, which in the majority of cases would put to shame the fantastic head gear of an Indian chief. The disfigurement of their body by the horrid bustle, their suffering, and the consequent shortness of life through the tight lacing, and wearing shoes fully one size too small for them all point to the truth of my conclusion that the girls are in every way inferior to their honored predecessors. Your grandmothers never wore corsets, never heard tell of a bustle, always wore her shoes large enough; her dress was plain, indeed, but she rose early, was industrious in her habits, laughed when she felt like it, not that giggling laugh of a college bred girl who dare not laugh for fear of bursting her side or spoiling her mouth, but the real old-fashioned laugh that would ring through the woods like music; and instead of lying in bed at 9 a. m.; and reading novels, would be up, her work all done, and away to the home, of some sick person with the necessary articles of comfort. Oh, for such girls. They are now few, and are fast becoming extinct. I was refreshed the other day on learning of an incident that happened not a great many leagues from here. A young lady was invited to a picnic with her young man and to enjoy the day to her heart's content, but positively refused to attend in order to let her mother go, who was exhausted from waiting on a sick person. The tired mother went and enjoyed herself, and returned refreshed in body and mind. Oh, what a daughter! Oh, what a girl! Would that the world had more of them. May heaven pour its brightest blessings on the self sacrificing, noble girl.

More Remarkable Still. Found at last, what the true public has been looking for these many years, and that is a medicine which although but lately introduced, has made for itself a reputation second to none, the medicine is Johnson's Tonic Bitters which in conjunction with Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills has performed some most wonderful cures impure or impoverished blood soon becomes purified and enriched. Biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, liver complaint, languor, weakness, etc. soon disappear when treated by these excellent tonic medicines. For Sale by Good, druggist, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent. [d]

Truth is a torch, but one of enormous size, so that we sink past it in rather a blinking fashion for fear it should burn us.

Hay fever is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membranes of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucous secretion, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy that can be depended upon. 50c. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60c. Ely Brothers, Drugists, Owego, New York.

Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

The best regulators for the stomach and bowels, the best cure for biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and all affections arising from a disordered liver, are without exception Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills. Small in size, sugar coated, mild, yet effective. 25 cts. per bottle sold by Good, druggist, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent. [a]

ELLY'S GREEN BALM CATARRH when applied to the nose, is absorbed, effectually cleaning the head of catarrhal virus causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nose from additional colds, completely heals the sores, and restores sense of taste and smell. Not a liquid or snuff. A quick relief. Sure cure. HAY-FEVER. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. 2002-17 ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

Burdock Blood Bitters. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, OF THE SKIN, AND EVERY SPECIES OF DISEASE ARISING FROM DISORDERED LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

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