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CALLUM, Agent.

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han, Props.

wflake Bread? If will have no other are Specialties us.

SPRACHAN.

rd con, Townships of balance well furnished, good building stock, to church, blacksmith, to suit purchaser, Callum, Agent.

GAIN—100 acres of land, being the south-east quarter of Section 10 of the Township of South-West, North of Township 18, North of Range 10, East of Range 10, in the County of York, Ontario.

NGE—40 acres of land, being the south-east quarter of Section 10 of the Township of South-West, North of Township 18, North of Range 10, East of Range 10, in the County of York, Ontario.

OR—That beautiful alker House, on the corner of the Township of South-West, North of Township 18, North of Range 10, East of Range 10, in the County of York, Ontario.

90 acres of choice land, being the south-east quarter of Section 10 of the Township of South-West, North of Township 18, North of Range 10, East of Range 10, in the County of York, Ontario.

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MISS LETITIA'S TROUSSEAU

The extreme bonhomie of this speech made the clique stare at one another; they were never sure what Mrs. Alden meant; that her shaft bit the mark there was no doubt. Mrs. Ponsobny, gazed after the carriage, and said to her dear familiar friend: "Mrs. Alden does have the knack of taking one by surprise; she confuses presents? I thought you didn't mean—that is, I didn't intend to own—"

Miss Letitia's wedding night had arrived. She was looking extremely handsome, and accepted the effusive compliments of her friends in apparent good faith; they declared she did not look a day over 40. As yet the groom had not made his appearance. Miss Letitia had excused herself a moment or two, but as the minutes lengthened into an hour without her returning, significant glances were exchanged and the buzz of many voices was heard.

It is astonishing how much pleasure some people derive from the distress or mortification of their friends. Mrs. Ponsobny and her cohort were insinuating that something was wrong; voicing pity which their eyes and countenances belie.

Mrs. Alden was becoming worried over the prolonged absence of Miss Letitia from the room, and wished she would return and silence the malicious tongues. "She's prevailing on her swain not to become faint-hearted," giggled Mrs. Ponsobny.

Thoroughly exasperated, Mrs. Jennie was about to give a crushing rebuff, when Miss Letitia reappeared. She was slightly pale, her demeanor a mixture of regret and dignity, while a blending of defiance was depicted in her erect attitude.

"I've had a telegram from Mr. Langworthy; business of a family nature, which I shall not be at liberty to divulge indiscriminately, compels him to start for Europe as he sends the message off; consequently there will be no marriage to-night. That need not interfere with our enjoyment of the supper; the presents will be returned to their donors tomorrow. Mr. Alden, will you see me to the table? The minister will take you, Jennie."

Her astounding revelation called forth a chorus of ohs and ahs, and a dozen excited women began to ply her with questions, protesting against her returning the presents, but she waved them aside.

"The marriage is indefinitely postponed through no fault of either bride or bridegroom, so you need not imagine he's absconded or jilted me. Under the circumstances I will not need the presents. Who ever heard of bridal gifts when there is not much likelihood of the marriage being formed? I promise you, with a fine grain of salt, that somebody made certain ladies feel uncomfortable, if the marriage does take place, that will expect nothing from you. Now, come to the dining-room; it is a disappointment, if the wedding is off. She gave her guests no time to discuss her affairs in groups, but marched them into the dining-room, some wearing an expression as if pangs of curiosity or indignation were being led to instant execution.

Miss Letitia was the life of the party, and the theory that she had been jilted did not gain ground; her explanation was accepted as true—as far as it went. More than one face became blank when Miss Letitia said: "Jennie, be sure to come around tomorrow and help me pack those presents; some are so valuable I will not be satisfied until they are returned; fortunately, all are labeled."

"I will come with pleasure, Letitia," replied Mrs. Alden, while Mrs. Ponsobny whispered dolefully, "If she would ask me."

Early next morning Mrs. Jennie accordingly put in her appearance, finding her friend in exceedingly good spirits. While tying up a gaudy plated cake stand, a gift from Mrs. Ponsobny, Mrs. Alden said: "Letitia, why return the presents? Were you in earnest when you said there was not much likelihood of there being a marriage?"

Miss Letitia was bending over her replacing a handsome silver ladle in its velvet box. The constrained position may have been the cause of her heightened color. Her face as she turned toward Mrs. Alden wore conflicting expressions; triumph, shame, and anger all half-sad, half-defiant look. Her first words were apparently irrelevant.

"I've learned much, Jennie," she said as she folded a dozen fine thread cambric handkerchiefs and placed them with lingering regret in the costly box they came in; "how exquisite these are, and like the donor! Oh, yes, I was saying how much I had learned since I had sent out those tickets. I've always had a too confiding disposition, and while I'm not now a cynic, I've had eye-openers, plenty of them."

"Going about to different stores, riding windy days, veiled, on the cars, have given me an insight into people's characters that has been both painful and profitable; I needn't tell you whom I mean, for I see you know. I have no regret for them; I'm not a sentimental fool; the only regret is by them so long, but I've not outgrown a girlish pleasure in being liked."

"You had your husband and children, and God knows I never begrudged wives and mothers their happiness; for my life had been a healthy, happy one, and so completely am I a spinster never seen the man I have ever imagined I could fancy, but there was one thing I did want."

understand, Jennie? The marriage could not take place—because there was no bridegroom at all; now it's out."

For once Mrs. Alden was surprised beyond the power of expression, but when she did recover her merry laughter was delightful to hear and was joined by Letitia.

"What a good joke," gasped Mrs. Jennie, "wouldn't it make the Richmond dames open their eyes? I shall go no further, though would like to know, if you have no objection. What would Mrs. Ponsobny say?"

"Embellish it until we wouldn't know it; but there's one thing she won't enjoy any more; expectations of sharing my fortune. I shall leave my money as a fund for old maids' trousseaus."

ENGLAND'S ROW WITH ASHANTI. The "Golden Stool" figures in the Present History of the Natives. The British are now sending a few hundred troops from the coast to Cumassi, the old capital of Ashanti, to punish the natives there who have taken up arms against their white rulers, killed and wounded a number of the British police and prevented the missionaries and other whites from leaving the town. An official report received at the coast says the uprising is due to the efforts of the British to obtain possession of the golden stool of Ashanti. At the time King Premeh surrendered to the British expedition which defeated him four years ago, it was asserted that the King had buried the golden stool with thousands of dollars' worth of other valuable property, hoping that some time he might be able to regain these treasures and use them to his own advantage.

The golden stool was the Ashanti substitute for a throne, and it was reputed to be made for the most part of gold. It was a large article of furniture and was perhaps worth some thousands of dollars. The British have been searching for this valuable relic and in fact have been digging holes far and wide around Cumassi in the hope of unearthing other treasures.

A great deal of gold was produced in Ashanti for many years and most of it found its way into the hands of the King and the nobles. The precious metal was worked up into rudely fashioned jewelry or adornments for the attire and furniture of the wealthy class and a great many of these products of the native goldsmiths were buried with every man of importance.

The natives say their fathers have believed for hundreds of years that the burial of gold in their graves assured them of great blessings in the next world; and white men who have visited the country say that gold to the value of \$5,000 or more, is hidden in every grave. Perhaps these stories are exaggerated, but at any rate, there has been in the past three years, a good deal of this sort of gold mining near Cumassi.

It is possible that the whites in their efforts to bring the golden stool to light have been getting quite near the object of their search and this fact may have incited natives who are peace-loving to begin this quarrel with the foreigners. King Premeh is now in exile in Sierra Leone, far from his native land, and though he promised, when he begged the British to make peace with him, that he would reveal the hiding places of his buried treasures, he did not keep his word. He is still permitted to retain the rude but valuable jewelry which he surrendered, and he is quite a gorgeous object when he shows himself in state at Freetown wearing his yellow satin trousers and a weight of gold ornaments that makes him appear like a beast of burden.

A PERFECT DESCENT. Teresa Falcioni, a woman of Zuarna, Italy, recently found out how it feels to fly. Near her home, which is situated in a valley, is a high wooded mountain. To it it has been her custom to go for fire-wood.

To carry this wood from the precipitous mountain to her cottage was quite an arduous task. Therefore she sent it down by means of a strong metal wire, stretched from the valley to the mountain-top.

A few weeks ago she and her two little daughters ascended the mountain, and after gathering three good bundles of wood, prepared to send them down. Just as the mother had fastened the first bundle to its downward course, her wedding ring caught in the rope with which the bundle was tied, and in a flash she was carried off her feet.

Half-paralyzed with fear, her little daughters watched her as she sped from their sight, and then they ran down the mountain, fully expecting to find her lying dead at the end of the wire. And their fear was quite natural, since the mountain-top from which their mother had been torn is eight hundred yards above the valley.

But the children found their mother entirely uninjured. Her fall had been broken as she was reaching the earth by some friendly branches. The bundle of wood, too, was in some measure a bulwark against the shock.

ABUSIVE. Mrs. Bings—You must be careful what you say to the cook, dear, or she will leave. Bongo—Why, was I hard on her? Were you? Why any one would have thought you were talking to me.

COMMON BUT COURTEOUS. I notice that the new husband of the Princess Stephanie is much shorter than his bride. That's nice of him. How so? Why, when she wants to look down on him she won't have to look up.

AT WOOLWICH HOSPITAL.

A HAVEN FOR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS. Some Things of Interest About the Dockyard and Arsenal That are Also Located in the English Town. The Herbert Hospital at Woolwich, England, has 24 wards in all. In one corner of a ward, again, a poor fellow's eye peeps out of a bewildering array of sticking-plaster patches. In another, a stalwart infantryman hobbles along with a bullet in one foot. All around are signs of war; but not a syllable of boast, no posing, not the slightest trace of brag at having taken part in a great historic struggle. The Herbert Hospital boasts of a library of some 600 or 700 volumes, which are well patronized by the wounded Tommies. The hospital possesses an uncommonly handsome little chapel as well as a theatre—not an operating theatre—complete with stage, scenery, and every historic requisite. Just now the auditorium is strewn with the kits of the returning troops, and similar articles which tell a tale more moving than any that have been, or could be, enacted on its pretty little stage.

There is nothing of the mushroom growth about the town of Woolwich. The earlier chronicles carry us back, if vaguely, to the days of Alfred the Great—when there was a parish church there, now nearly 1,100 years ago.

Woolwich has been varied in spelling from Hulviz in the Domesday Book, 1086,—which has been interpreted "the dwelling on the creek," to the modern method by the way of Owlivich, Wooldwich, Wolnewich, Woolledge, Wulenic, and Wulwich.

From the very earliest times Woolwich has been the starting point of expeditions, from those of the early Britons, who harried the coasts of Gaul in Caesar's day, to the Arctic exploration undertaken by Sir John Franklin in 1845, and that of Sir James Ross in 1848.

IN THE early years of their married life it was the custom of the Queen and Prince Albert to depart from the dockyard, both for Scotland and the Continent, and many important launches have taken place there.

The two most notable visits of the Queen to Woolwich were in 1811 and 1854. The launch of the Trafalgar, 120 guns, took place on June 21, 1811. The roads from London swarmed with coaches, gigs, phaetons, and over a dozen steamers and yachts carried a sightseers to the wharves on the river. On that day her Majesty wore a bright blue silk dress and a white drawn silk bonnet trimmed with ermine. The bottle of wine with which the christening was performed, was one of those which Lord Nelson had on board the Victory at the battle of Trafalgar.

Then came the launch of the Royal Albert on Saturday, May 13, 1854, when the Queen accompanied by the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Duchesse of Saxe-Coburg, England at Russia were present amid some 60,000 spectators. At the beginning of the war, and the bombardment of Odessa had just drawn attention to the navy, to which the Royal Albert was to be added.

CONVICT LABOR USED. The dockyard was not finished until 1833, but additions were made to it from time to time, the extension works being carried out by convict labour, but the immense graving dock, the great basins, and the building slips added in the year mentioned are the work of free labour. Even before this addition Woolwich considered the mother dock of the kingdom, and drew praise from the rulers of the world. When the allied sovereigns were visiting the dock, in 1814. But the end of the "Yard" came in 1849, when the workmen were rung out for the last time on Sept. 18, and the greater part of the machinery was moved to Chatham.

The Arsenal dates back to at least 1173, and extended the work enormously, and important machinery erected. The royal gun factories were built in 1855, for the manufacture of the carriage-mounted ordnance of 167, when Prince Rupert was killed by the second Charles to raise works and batteries at Woolwich, and build in the warden's platform with 60 guns as a defence against the Dutch. Some authorities even date it back to Elizabeth, but in any case it was not until 1773 that it was visited by a reigning sovereign, when George III. went there on July 6.

ABOUT THE ARSENAL. There was but little variation in the Arsenal until 1840, the Peninsular campaign keeping it uniformly busy for a series of years, but the new developments consequent on the re-armament of the navy, when the Arsenal, built by Sir William Armstrong, but riddled cannon only dates back to 1860, when the first specimens were turned out, and nearly a year later the first heavy Armstrong, 100-pounder, breech-loader was proved at the Arsenal.

Severndroog Castle, an attractive feature of the landscape at Shooters Hill, is a triangular tower, erected in 1784 by the widow of Sir William James in honor of her husband, who distinguished himself against the pirates of the Indian Seas, one of his exploits being the capture of the fortress of Severndroog, on the Malabar Coast, in 1775. This quaint war relic is only a few hundred yards from the hospital.

Lord Herbert, who married the daughter of Major-General Charles Anson, a Countess, a descendant of Herbert Fitzherbert, chamberlain to

THE BROOKLET.

"Oh, how brooklet, sowing slow, Forever speeding past me here, I stand and ponder on thy flow; Whence comest thou? Where dost thou go?" "From out the rock's deep heart I glide, O'er flowers and moss my course I guide. There floats upon my mirror true The picture of the heaven's blue."

ROYAL NAMES A HOODOO.

One of the very strongest and most ineffaceable of all superstitions in the royal navy, a superstition that is almost as strong today as ever it was, is that vessels bearing the names of royal personages are doomed to ill luck, and, strange as it may seem, there is an undeniable historic basis for this feeling.

Some of the most terrible disasters ever known in connection with our navy have concerned war vessels with royal names. Two vessels called the Royal James came to disastrous ends. One of them exploded, and some 800 officers and seamen perished. The other ship so named was actually carried out of the mouth of the Thames by the Dutch Admiral de Ruiter under circumstances disgraceful to those in charge of the craft.

Then there is the forever memorable disaster to the Royal George, an unlucky ship previously, that turned overboard and sank in sight of crowds at Spithead, over 1,000 souls, among whom were 300 women, being sacrificed. And second only to this hideous disaster is that which afterward befell the Royal Charlotte, which, after a career of much vicissitude, was consumed by fire off Leghorn, over 800 of the very flower of the navy perishing with her.

A little later the Victoria, a new vessel and the very triumph of modern invention so far as naval architecture went, was rammed and sank at once in sight of the whole fleet and when hundreds of lives were lost, there was not a sailor, however matter of fact he might be, who did not remember the dire fate of the royally named craft. These instances are only the greater ones. A score of smaller ones are reeled off by every royal navy man.—The Bids.

Paid For His Joke.

The editor is fond of a joke and has the good sense to appreciate one at his own expense. A few weeks ago he was walking with a friend, and at the corner of a busy thoroughfare he saw a disappointed looking Hibernian standing at the opposite corner gazing listlessly into vacancy.

"Watch me surprise this old fellow," said he to his friend. "Look right into his face and see if it won't be a study." A second later they were abreast of the son of Erin, and the editor pulled out a silver coin and said as he thrust it into the man's hand: "Here, don't go round any more telling people that I don't pay my debts."

For a second the man's face was a study. He was amazed at the unlooked-for kindness, and then, as his port dawned on him, he raised his hat and said: "Heaven bless yer 'omner! I'll never say another word ag'in ye, But," and his eyes twinkled merrily, "are ye sure it wasn't a crown ye owed me?"

Used Olive Oil.

A mistress before going out told her negro cook to fry some Saratoga chips in olive oil. The first thing that greeted the mistress upon her return was an unrecognizable and awful odor that penetrated every cranny of the flat. Rushing to the kitchen, the mistress found the chips sizzling away in a pan full of what proved to be vinegar.

"But I told you olive oil!" cried the mistress. "Yes, ma'am, I know, ma'am," returned the cook, who, by the way, can read and write and is "up" upon matters of geography and history. "But, you see, ma'am, I didn't know what it was, and I saw that bottle there," pointing to a jar of olives, "and I just poured the stuff out of that over the potatoes. I s'posed that where there was olives there must be olive oil!"—New York Sun.

Saluting the Deck.

The poop or raised after deck of a ship over which floated the national flag was considered to be always pervaded by the presence of the sovereign. As the worshiper of whatever rank removes his hat upon entering the church so from the admiral to the powder monkey as he set foot upon the poop "saluted the deck," the inviolable presence. But since in steamers there is often no lee side the custom in them has completely died out.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Tough Joint.

The boarder who was carrying the roast beef at the request of the landlady laid down the knife and fork and took a short rest. "The spirit is willing," he remarked, "but the flesh is strong."

In the Crimea the British left 60,000 corpses, which are interred in 130 cemeteries on ground occupied by the troops during that long and disastrous war.

BOER WAR BABIES.

Names Chosen by Patriotic Parents in London. One of the most interesting consequences of the war has been the readiness of patriotic parents in London to give their babies names commemorating our great generals and victories in South Africa, says the London Daily Mail. From inquiries made at registration offices in all parts of the metropolis it is evident that the prevailing taste in the bestowal of Christian names is martial. New Cross, for instance, has recently produced an Archibald Baden Lay, an Audrey Buller Lily Wallace, a Harry Redvers Doncaster and a Colenso Stuart Dudley Middleton.

In the Holborn district, besides a Thomas Elands Langte Wilks, fond mothers have named their babies after Roberts, Kitchener and Buller, while the famous deeds of our gallant soldiers on the hard-won mountains of Natal have prompted other parents to call their infants Glencoe, Brodymith and Dundee.

Bromley furnishes Lord Robert Kitchener, Alice Pretoria and Amelia Ladysmith, while Greenwich has four Redvers, one Kimberley and one Pretoria. In the Tottenham district, a girl born in the same district on December 17, is the wife of a reeve, a gallant corporal in the Essex regiment. She named her baby Pretoria Mary, in anticipation of the month when the British army would be likely to enter the Transvaal headquarters. Hampstead has also a Cecil Redvers and a Buller.

A little later the baby is learning to answer to Louisa Pretoria, and St. George's circus has a brace of sturdy little namesakes of the British commander-in-chief in South Africa. The names of five commemorative babies—Theodore Alexander Pretoria, Robert George Redvers, Cyril George Dundonald, Frederick Redvers and Henry Pretoria.

Shoreditch can claim a James Spion Kop Skinner, the son of a night-watchman, while in the New Kent Road district there are Phyllis Mary Roberts, Hilda James Albert Redvers, Kirby, Edward Redvers Goddard and Hector Macdonald Matthew. The register at 128 Kennington Road has a William Roberts and a Frederick Redvers; Bedford produces a Harry Glencoe and a Lily Colenso. End Old Town contributes a Colenso, a Redvers, a Kruger, a Tugela, and a Pretoria, while the register kept at 49 Answer to street, Clarendon square, E. C. 4, has a Margaret Ellen Ladysmith Angram.

RUSSIAN POLICEMEN.

New Governor's Test For Their Alertness Was a Failure. A good story is being told in St. Petersburg of the Russian police which the papers pronounce to be exceedingly characteristic. A new governor was sent to a certain town in the interior, and the inhabitants at once began to complain that the police were badly organized, since, however much they were wanted, they never came when they were sent for. The governor determined to test this for himself, so one night he set out for the barracks where the police and the fire brigade were quartered. He accosted the sentry:

"Do you know me?" "Yes, your excellency." "If a man was being murdered close by, would you quit your post?" "Never, your excellency." "Good," said the governor. "You know your duty. Well, what would you do?" "I would blow my whistle to rouse the guard."

"Good. Let us suppose some one is being murdered here at this time." The soldier blew, but not a soul answered. He blew again and again, but the same silence prevailed. "That will do," said the governor at last. "You have whistled your utmost, and nobody has come; but, at any rate, your conscience is tranquil. Now you can go to sleep. The man could have been murdered two or three times over. It is wiser to wake your comrades, who appear to sleep like the dead. The czar should be proud of such steady soldiers."

With that the governor went off, congratulating himself that no one would be likely to accuse his police of having a share in the midnight murders of the town.

Swelled the Collection.

A man came up to me one day after service in a frontier town and was pleased to address me in this manner: "Say, parson, that there service and sermon was grand. I wouldn't have missed 'em for \$5."

When I suggested that he hand me the difference between the amount he had put in the collection basket and the figure he mentioned for my missionary work, he stopped suddenly, looked at me with his mouth wide open and then slowly pulled from his pocket \$4.00, which he handed to me without a word.—Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady in Ladies' Home Journal.