We find now and then, at the bettom
That beauty is only a screen,
Like fruit that seem ripe in the autumn
When good ones should only be green
In anticipation enjoying
We promise our palates a treat,
And how disappointing, annoying,
To find a wormeaten deceit!

Yet scorn not a lovely complexion
Though only as deep as the skin,
For loose though not making perfection
May add to the beauty withio.

May add to the beauty within.
The part they serve is to embellish,
As polish of tone in the speech
Gives thought an additional relish.
As rich color does for the peach. Poets say in each heart is hidden

roets say in each neart is indued a piace called the innermost room, Like plants, its thoughts spring upunbidden Until into actious they bloom; Liketracing a stream to its fountain, From action to motive we trace. Till conduct leads up to a mountain O'er looking the innermost place. If nothing is seen there but goodness, Desires that are noble and pure,

If nothing is seen there but goodness,
Desire's that are noble and pure.
And designs which when worked out would ble
By making life better and truer,
Why! Let the flowers' bloom in their beauty,
The stream sparkle bright as it moves,
For thus all the better they suit me,
Their loveliness only improves.

Hamilton, Nov. 2nd. 1886.

## THE CHOICE OF THREE

## A NOVEL.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, uncle," began Ernest fervently, for since the previous evening he had clearly

realized that it was necessary for him to make a beginning of doing something. But his uncle out him short.

"All right, Ernest, we will understand all that. Now, Jeremy, for you. I propose that you shall be arricled to me, and if you work well and prove useful, it is my inten-tion in time to admit you to a share of the business. In order that you may not feel entirely dependent, it is my further intention to make you an allowance also, on the amount of which I have not yet settled."

Jeremy groaned in spirit at the thought becoming a lawyer, even with a "share the business," but he remembered his conversation with Dorothy and thanked Mr. Cardus with the best grace that he

"All right, then ; I will have the articles prepared at once, and you can take to your stool in the office next week. I think that

is all I have to say."

Acting on this hint, the pair were departing, Jeremy in the deepest state of depression, induced by the near prospect of that stool, when Mr. Cardus called Ernest back. "I want to speak to you about something se," he said thoughtfully. "Shut the

Ernest turned cold down the back and wondered if his uncle could have heard any-thing about Evs. He had the full inten-tion of speaking to him about the matter, but it would be awkward to be boarded himself before he had made up his mind what to say. He shut the door and then walking to the glass entrance to the orchid-blooming house, stood looking at the flow-ers and waiting for Mr. Cardus to begin. But he did not; he seemed to be lost in

" Wall, uncle?" he said at last. "It is a delicate business, Ernest, but I may as well get it over. I am going to make a request to which I beg you will give me no immediate answer, for from its nature it will require the most abxious and careful consideration. I want you to listen and say nothing. You can give me your answer when you come back from abroad. At the same time, I must tell you that it is a matter tha I trust you will not disappoint me in; in-deed, I do not think that you could be so oruel as to do so. I must also tell you that if you do, you must prepare to be a great

"I have not the faintest idea what you are driving at, uncle," said Ernest turning

from the glass door to speak.

"I know you have not. I will tell you.
Listen; I will tell you a little story. Many
years ago a great misfortune overtook me, a ortune so great that it struck me as lightning sometimes does a tree. It left the bark sound but turned the heart to seles Never mind what the details were, they imes happen to men and women. The blow was so severe that it hap, by that time 7.0u will take your almost turned my brain, so from that day I uncle's view of the matter and want to gave myself to reverge. It sounds melon marry Dorothy. She would make you a dramatic, but there was nothing of the sort better wife than I shall, Ernest, my dear." about it. I had been cruelly wronged, and I determined that those who had wronged me should taste of their own medicine.

With the exception of one man they have done so. He has escaped me for a time, but what I am better-looking and that is done so. He has escaped me for a time, but who caused the trouble—for wherever there is trouble there is generally a woman who caused the trouble—for wherever there is trouble there is generally a woman who caused the bad children. Those children are causes it—had children. I adopted them. Encest, you had better transfer your allegiance. Give me up and forget me, dear; it her likeness to her mother. The boy I never loved; to this hour. I cannot like there is trouble coming. It is in the size of the coming. will save you much trouble. I know that there is trouble coming. It is in the air. Better marry Dorothy and leave me to fight my sorrow out alone. I will release you, say that I have done my dury by him. I Ernest told you all this in order that you may understand the request which I am going to make. I trust to you never to speak of it, and, if you can, to forget it. And now for the request taself."

Ernest tooked up wonderingly.

"I te my most earner."

"It is my most earnest desire that you ould marry Dorothy."
His listener started violently, turned

quite pale and opened his lips to speak. Mr. Cardus lifted his hand and went on: "Remember what I asked you. Pray say nothing; only listen. Of course, I cannot force you into this or any other marriage. I can only beg you to give heed to my wish knowing that they will in every way prove to your advantage. That girl has a heart to your advantage. That girl has a heart of gold, and if you marry her, you will inherit hearly all my fortune, which is now very large. I have observed that you have lately been about a great deal with Eva Ceswick. She is a hand one woman, and very likely has taken some hold upon your fanny. I warn you that any entanglement I warn you that any entangle in that direction would be most disagre able to me, and would, to a great extent, destroy your prospects, so far as I am concerned."

Again Ernest was about to speak and again his uncle stopped him.

"I want no confidences, Ernest, and had much rasher that no words passed between us that we might afterward regret. And now I understand that you are going abroad ground, leaning carelessly over the back of with your friend Batty for a couple of a chair in such a way that her own face countles. When you return you shall give When you return you shall give answer about Dorothy. In the me your answer about Dorothy. In the meanwhile here is a cheque for your expen In the ses; what is over you can spend as you like.
Perhaps you have some bills to pay."

He gave him a folded cheque, and then

Now leave me, as I am busy.' Ernest walked out of the room in a per feet meze. In the yard he mechan unfolded the cheque. It was for a large sum—two hundred and fifty pounds. He put it in his pocket and began to reflect upon his position, which was about as painful as a position can well be. Truly he was on the horns of a dilemma. Propuly before he was much older one of them would he was shy of talking about Eva to Jeremy

The rest of the morning went very ill for The rest of the moruing went very ill for Ernest, but three o'clock came at last and found him at the trysting place.

About a mile on the farther side of Kesterwick, that is two miles or so from Titheburgh Abbey, the cliff jutted out into the sea in a way that corresponded very curiously with the little promontery known as Dum's Ness, the reason of its resistance to the actiou of the waves being that it was at his spot composed of an upgrop of rock of

this spot composed of an uperop of rock of a more durable nature than the sandstone a more dureble nature than the sandatone and pebbles of the remainder of the line of cliff. Just at this point of the promontory the waves had worn a hollow in the rock that was locally dignified by the name of the cave. For two hours or more at high tide this hollow was under water, and it was, therefore, impossible to pass the headland except by boat; but, during the rest of the day it formed a convenient grotte or trysting-place, the more so as any body sit-ting in it was quite invisible either from the beach, the cliff above, or, indeed, unless the boat was quite close in-shore, the sea in

Here it was that Ernest had arranged to neet Eva, and on turning the rocky corner it the cave he found her sitting on a mass of fallen rock waiting for him. At the sight of her beautiful form he forgot all his troubles, and when rising to greet him, blushing like the dawn, she lifted her pure face for him to kiss, there was not a hap-pier lad in England. Then she made room for him beside her—the rock was just wide enough for two—and he placed his arm round her waise, and for a minute or two she laid her head upon his shoulder and

she laid her head upon his shoulder and they were very happy.

'You are early," he said at last.

"Yes; I wanted to get away from Florense and have a good think. You have no idea how unpleasant she is. She seems to know everything. For instance, she knew that we went out sailing together last evening, for this morning at breakfast she said in the most cheerful way that she hored that I enjuyed my mountight sail hoped that I erjoyed my moonlight sail last night."

"The deuce she did! And what did you say?"
"I said that I enjoyed it very much, and luckily my aunt did not take any notice."
"Why did you not say at once that we were engaged? We are engaged, you

know."
"Yes—that is, I suppose so." "Supposesed There is no supposition about it. At least, if we are not ergaged, what are we?"
"Well, you see, Ernest, it sounds so

absurd to say that one is engaged to a boy. I love you, Ernest, love you dearly, but how can I say that I am engaged to you?"
Ernest rose in great wrath. "I tell you what it is, Eva, if I am not good enough te acknowledge, I am not good enough to have anything to do with. A boy, indeed! I am one-and-twenty; that is full age. Confound it all, you are always talking about my being so young just as though I could not get old fast enough. Can't you wait for me a year or two?' he asked with tears of mor-

figation in his eyes.
"Oh, Ernest, Ernest, do be reasonable, there's a dear; what is the good of getting angry and making me wretched? Oome and siz down here, dear, at d tell mr—am I not worth a little patience? There is not the slightest possibility, so far as I can see, of our getting married at present; so the ques tion is, if it is of any use to trumpet an engagement that will only make us the object of a great deal of gossip, and which, per-

haps. your uncle would not like?"
"Oh, by Jove!" he said, "that reminds me," and sisting down beside her again he told her the story of the interview with his unce. She listened in silence.
"This is all very bad," she said when he

had finished "Yes, it is bad enough; but what is to be done?"
"There is nothing to be done at pre-

sent"
"Shall I make a clean breast of it to

"No, no, not now it will only make mat-ters worse. We must wait, dear. You must go abroad for a couple of months, as you had arranged, and then when you come be "But, my dearest, I cannot bear to leave you. It makes my heart ache to think of u."

"Dear, I know that it is hard; but it must be done. You could not stop here now very well without speaking about our—our engagement, and to do that would only be to bring your uncle's anger on you. No, you had better go away, Ernest, and meanwhile Never mind what the details were, they I will try to get into Mr. Cardus' good were nothing out of the common. Such ust agree upon some plan. Per-

dear, don't talk so any more. It pains me."
"Very well, Ernest, then let us vow eternal fifelity instead; but, my dear, I know
that I shall bring you trouble."

"It is the price that men have always paid for the smiles of women like you," he answered. "Trouble may come—so be it, let it come; at any rate, I have the consciousness of your love. When I have lost that, then and then only shall I think that

I have bought you too dear."

In the course of his after life these words ften came back to Ernest's mind.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOOD BYE. Ernest, on the morning after the meeting in the cave, said good bye to Eva before he went abroad. It was a public good bye, for, as it happened, there was no opportunity for the lovers to meet alone. They were all sthered in the little drawing-room at th Cottage; Miss Ceswick seated on a straight backed chair in the bow window; Ernest of one side of the round table, looking in everybody else's, was Florence. Ecnes from where he sat, could just make out the

outlines of her olive face and the quick glance of her brown eyes.

And so they sat for a long time; but what was said he could not remember, it was only the scene that imprinted itself upon

his memory.
And then, at last, the fatal moment came —he knew that it was time to go, and said good bye to Miss Ceswick, who made some remark about his good fortune in going to France and Italy, and warned him to be careful not to lose his heart to a foreign girl. Then he crossed the room and shook hands with Florence, who smiled coolly in have pierced him. For a moment he was his face and read him through with her about to return to his uncle and tell him all piersing eyes; and last of all came Eva, the truth, but on reflection he could not see who dropped aer album and a pockethand. what was to be gained by such a course. At any rate, it seemed to him that he must first consult Eva, whom he had arranged to meet on the beach at three c'clock. There was nobody else whom he could consult, for what was to be gained by such a course. At kerchief in her confusion as she rose to give

was almost the only souvenir he had of her. 80, the cashier was just leaving his leak Then he stock her hand and for a moment looked into her face. It wore a smile, but beneath it the features were wan and troubled. It was so hard to go.

"Well, Ernest," said Miss Ceswick, "you two are taking leave of each other as solemnly as thought you was never solemnly as though you was never soles in the said of the said of

olemnly as though you were never going to meet again,"
"Perhaps they never will," said Florence
in her clear voice, and at that moment Er

in her clear voice, and at that moment Er nest felt as though he hated her. "You should not croak, Florence; it is unlucky," said Miss Ceswick.

Then Ernest dropped the cold hand, and turning, left the room. Forence followed him, and, snatching a hat from the pegs, passed into the garden before him. When he was half-way down the garden walk he found her ostensibly picking some carnations.

able d' hote.

expectedly come into a moderate forsune

the country, between Secorceni's country and Delagoa Bay. All this Ernest learned before the boat

reached the harbor at Dieppe and they separated. He was, however, pleased when, eparated. He was, however, pleased when, aving seen his luggage put into his room, se went into the little courtyard of the

Well, yes, I do. The fact of the mat-

talk French, and, if you like, I will go with

you. The table d'hote is not till seven, and it is not six yet."

"It is very kind of you."

"Not at all. I have no doubt that you would show me the way about Zululand if ever I wandered there."

"Ay, that I would, with pleasure," and they started.

It was with considerable difficulty that

Ernest discovered the place, for the address that Mr. Alston had had been written down a dozen years before, and in France, the land of revolutions, streets often change their names once or twice in a decade

Finally, however, he found it. It was now called the "Bue de la Bepublique," which republic does not matter. It was a quaint, out-of-the-way little street, an odd mixture

of old private houses and shrps, most of which seemed to deal in the carved ivery ware for which Dieppe is famous. At last they came to No. 36, a gray old house stand-ing in its own grounds. Mr. Alston scanned

"That is the plece" he said "She often told me of the coat of arms over the door—
a mullet impoled with three equirrels.
There they are. I wonder if it is still a

(To be continued.)

A Surgeon's Love Letters.

At Brighton yesterday a jury awarded

450 damages in an action for breach of promise brought by Miss Kate Fisher, of Sohe, London, against Mr. C. R. Orane, surgeon, of Brighton. Councel read ex-tracts from several letters sent by defend-

"My mustache has grown inconveniently

long and wants trimming, and if you are not here I shall have to trim it myself."

(Laughter.)
At Cardiff he "longed so much for her

fond embrace, which he enjoyed so much," and added: "You must imagine I am kissing you every night before you go to bed." (Laughter.)

In another letter, just before coming

wine, for I mean to make it so sore that

you will not be able to rest it on your pillow for some time to come." (Renewed

Darling Kate, how kind of you to send

On March 4th, 1885, the defendant wrote from Claremont terrace, Preston Park, that he was "sorry he had caused her so

from marrying him."-London Daily New

Domestic Views.

The small boy was regaling a visitor with

the family album:
"Who is this one?" asked the victim as

"Oh, that's gramp' an' here's gram' rite across the leaf."

"And this pretty lady?"
"That chromos aunt Suke; she's a serror. Au' that fel that looks as if he

"Who are the two taken together?"
"Tha't pop an' mam, only they ain't

'That's me when I was a kid. An' that's pop's first wife what dide; an' that's anuther nunky. Say, he don's look like a bird, does he? Pop says he's a real old. gallus bird; an' this..."

The entrance of the family prevented

He Figured Himself.

"Isn't England the richest country?

asked the garrulous passenger. "Of course," replied the funny individual, "but she will have to forfeit the claim as soon as Beach gets back to Australia with his boodle." "What's the matter with Ire-

land," put in the brakeman, "for her capital is always Dublin."

There is talk of illustrating Irish evis

tions in London by a hut carried the the streets, a family of evicted peasants to

be brought over for the purpose

he began the photographic volume.

didn't know beans is nunkey."

fitin' there."

"And this sweet child?"

"That's ma when I was a

further disclosures.

From Guildford he wrote:

anything?

school ?

me, he wro

aughter.)

"I want to speak to you for a minute, Ernest," she said, "turn this way with ne," and she led him past the bow window, down a small shrubbery walk about twenty pacea long. "I must effer you my congratula tions," she went on. "I hope that you two will be happy. Such a handsome pair ought to be happy, you know."

will be happy, Such a handsome pair oughs to be happy, you know."

"Why, Florence, who told you?"

"Told me! Nobody told me, I have seen it all along. Let me see, you first took a fancy to one another on the night of the Smythes' dance, when she gave you a rose, and the next day you saved her life quite in the ramantic and orthodox way. Well, and the romantic and orthodox way. Well, and then events took their natural course, till one evening you went cut sailing together in a boat. Shall I go on?"

"I don't think it is necessary, Florence. I am sure I don't know how you know all

these things."

She had stopped, and was standing slowly ploking a carnation to pieces leaf by leaf.
"Don's you?" she answered with a laugh. "Lovers are blind, but it does not follow that other people are. I have been thinking Ernest, that it is very fortunate that I found out my little mistake before you dis

expectedly come into a moderate fortune through the death of an aged lady, a sister of his father in England, he had resigned his position in the service; and after his thors visit "home," as colonists always call the mother country even when they have never seen it, intended to start covered yours. Supposing I really had cared for you, the position would have been awkward now, would it nos?"

Ernest was forced to admit that it would.
"But luckily, you see, I do not. I am only your true friend now, Ernest, and it is they have never seen it, intended to see on a big game-shooting expedition in the country, between Secondari's country as a friend shat I wish to say a word to you bout Eva—a word of warning."
"Go on."

"You love Eva and Eva loves you, Ernest, but remember this, she is weak as water. She always was so from a child; those beautiful women always are; naucu does not give them everything, you see."

hotel and found Mr. Alston standing there with his son and looking rather puzzled. "Hullo!" said Ernest. "I am glad that you have come to this hotel. Do you want What do you mean?" "What I say, nothing more. She is very weak, and you must not be surprised if she throw you over."
"Good heavens, Florence! Why, she "Well, yes, I do. The fact of the matter is, I don's understand a word of French and I want to find my way to a place that my boy and I have come over here to see. If they salked Zulu or Sisutu, you see, I should be equal to the occasion, but to me French is a barbarous tongue. Here is the address, 36 Rue Saint Honore."

"St. Honore," suggested Ernest. "I can talk French, and if you have I will on with

ves me with all her heart !" loves me with all her heart!"
"Yes; but women often think of other
things besides their hearts. But there, I
don't want to frighten you, only I would not
quite pin all my faith to Eva's constancy, however dearly you may think she loves you. Don't look so distressed, Ernest, I did not wish to pain you. And remember that, if any difficulty should arise between Eva and you, you will always have me on your side. You will always think of me as your friend, won's you, Ernest?" and she held out her hand. He took it. "Indeed I will," he said.

They had turned now, and again reached the bow window, one of the divisions of which stood open. Florence touched his arm and pointed into the room. He looked in through the open window. Miss Ceswick had gone, but Eva was still at her old place by the table. Her head was down upon the table, resting on the album he had picked up, and he could see from the motion of her aboulds. shoulders that she was sobbing bitterly. Presently she lifted her face—it was all stained with tests—only, however, to drop it again. Ernest made a motion as though he would enter the house, but Florence

stopped him.

Best leave her alone," she whispered. "Best leave her alone," she whispered, and shen, when they were well past the window, added aloud; "I am sorry that you saw her like that. If you should never meet again, or be separated for a very long time, it will leave a painful reflection in your mind. Well, good-bye. I hope that you will enjoy yourself."

Ernest shook hands in silence—there was alumn in his threat that prevented him.

a lump in his throat that prevented him from speaking—and then went on his way, feeling utterly miserable. As for Forence, she put up her hand to shade her keen eyes from the sun, and watched him till he turned the corner with a look of intense love and longing, which slowly changed into When he was out of ant to the plaintiff. In the first he wrote: sight she turned, and making her way to her bedroom, flung herself upon the bed, and, burying her face in the pillow to at:fle the sound of her sobbing, gave way to an cut-burst of jealous rage that was awful in its

intensity Ernest had only just time to get back to Dam's Ness and go through the form of eating some luncheon before he was obliged to start to catch the train. Dorothy had packed his things and made all those little preparations for his journey that women think of, so, after going to the office to bid good-bye to his uncle, who shook him heartily by the hand and bade him not for get the subject of their conversation, he had nothing to do but jump into the cart and start. In the sitting-room he found Doro-thly waiting for him with his coat and gloves, also Jeremy, who was going to drive othing to do but jump into the c to the station with him. He put on his coat in silence they were all quite silens; in-deed, he might have been going for a long scjourn in a deadly olimate, instead of a

wo months' pleasure tour, so depres was everybody was everyoody.

"Good-bye, Doll, dear," he said stooping
to kiss her, but she shrank away from him.
In another minute he was gone. At the station a word or two about Eve

passed between Jeremy and himself.
"Well, Ernest," asked the former ner
vously, "have you pulled it off?"
"With her?" " Ot course. Who else?"
"Yes, I have. But, Jeremy—"

"I don't want you to say anything abou it to anybody at present.'

"I say, old fellow," Ernest went on after pause, "I hope you don't mind very "It I said I did not mind, Ernest," he

answered slowly turning his honest eyes full on to his friend's face, "I should be telling a lie. But I do say this. As I could not win her myself, I am glad that you have because, next to her, I think I love you bet ter than anybody in the world. You always had the luck, and I wish you joy. Here's

Ernest wrung his hand. "Thank you old chap," he said, "you are a downright good fellow, and a good friend, too. I know I have had the luck, but perhaps it is going to turn. Good-bye."

to turn. Good bye."

Ernest's pians were to sleep in London and to leave on the following morning, a "Wednesday, for Dieppe via New Haven, which place he expected to reach about five or six in the afternoon. There he was to meet his friend on Thursday, when they were to start upon their tour through hormandy, and thence wherever their fancy led them.

This programme he carried out to the letter at least them.

ter, at least the most part of it. On his way from Liverpool Street Station to the rooms where he had always slept on the few occasions that he had been in London, his hansom passed down Fleet street and got blocked opposite No. 19. His eye caught the number and he wondered what there was about it familiar to him. Then he remembered that 19 Fleet street was the ad-

CURRENT TOPICS for it was past closing hour—but he couly took Ernest's crossed check,

In a new dictionary of biography, containing 40,000 names, all the Rothschilds and Astors put together receive only as many lines as are accorded to Harries Beccher Stowe. Cornelius Vanderbild reseives less attention than Paganini, and A. T. Stewart no more than Daniel Lambert the fet row Ergether than the control of th though it was for a large sum, cashed it without hesitation. Mr. Cardus' name was evidently well known in the establishment.
Ernest proceeded on his journey with a
crisp little bundle of Bank of England notes n his breast pocket, a circumstance that, n cartain events of which at that moment bert, the fat man. Even the three rich bensfactors—Girard, George Peabody and Sir Moses Montefors—united take less room than John Wesley or Nathaniel Hawhe little dreamed, proved of the utmost ser ice to him.

It will not be necessary for us to follow

him in his journey to Dieppe, which very much resembled other people's journeys. He arrived there safely enough on Wednes-day afternoon, and proceeded to the best hotel, took a room and inquired the hour of Lord Duffern, Vicercy of India, recently visited Pondicherry to pay his respects to the Governor of the French possessions in India. He was accompanied by Lady Dufferin. The visit was in return for that which Lord and Lady Dufferin received last year from the Governor of Pondicherry. The French Government ordered the Governor of the French Indies to receive Lord Dufferin with the greatest distinction. No English Vicercy had visited Pondicherry since 1815. It is not generally known that the Indian Givernment pays a heavy fribute to the Governor of the French Indies for the moncpoly on salt.

One of the famous women's rights women LORD DUFFER'N, Vicercy of India, recently table d'hote.

In the course of the voyage from New Haven, Ernest had fallen into conversation with a quiet, foreign-looking man, who spoke English with a curious little accent. This gentleman, for there was no doubt about his being a gentleman, was accompanied by a boy about nine years of age, remarkable for his singularly preposessing face and manners, whom Ernest rightly judged to be his son. Mr. Alston, for such he discovered his companion's name to be judged to be his son. Mr. Alston, for such he discovered his companion's name to be, was a middle-aged man, not possessed of any remarkable looks or advantage of person, nor in any way brilliant-minded. But nobody could know Mr. Alston for long without discovering that, his neutral tints notwithstanding, he was the possessor of an almost striking individuality. From his open way of talking, Ernest guessed that he was a colonial, for he had often noticed at college that colonials are much less reserved than Englishmen proper are bred up to be. He soon learned that Mr. Alston was a Natal colonist, now, for the first time paying a visit to the Old Country. He had, until lately, held a high position in the Natal Government Service; but, having unexpectedly come into a moderate forume

One of the famous women's rights women of the West is the Rev. Miss Annie Shaw, and good stories are told of her pluck and smartness. Once when she was riding through the lumber region of Mishigan the driver began to talk insultingly. Miss Shaw stood it for half an hour, and then suddenly drew a derringer from the folds of her garments, and said very quietly: "You low, contemptible brute; utter another word of that sort, and I'll shoot you like a dog." The threat was sufficient. The man did not utter a syllable the rest of the trip. He helped to get a large congregation for her at the settlement, "bacause," he said, "he liked her grit." Once and a public meeting a speaker who had be n dissoursing on the traits of strong-minded and good stories are told of her pluck and smartness. Once when she was riding discoursing on the traits of strong-minded wemen, among others that of wearing short hair, suddenly turned to Miss Shaw and asked: "By the way, how did you acquire that habit, Miss Shaw?" "Sir, I was born so," was the answer.

"SIR CHARLES RCGER DOUGHTY TICH. BORNE." Or, as he is bester known, "The Claimant," who has been seriously ill in New York from blood poisoning, is now much botter. He still hopes he will get enough of friends on this continent to enable him to prosecute his claim to the great English estates. He says: "I shall great English estates. He says: "I shall reopen my case notwithstanding the opposition I have met with from the English Government. Fortunately for me, the position they took is illegal. The Government spent about \$2,000,000 to convince a packed jury that I was not myself but somebody size. Arthur Octop has been somebody else. Arthur Orton has been found in a lunatic asylum in Sydney, Australia, and his brother has been sent there by Mrs. Baring, wife of one of the Baring brothers, of London, to identify the maniac. His death was certified to and the lying paper was sent to his wife, poor oal, who died believing the lie; but Orton is alive and will be preduced. Mrs. Baring has taken great interest in my case."

In a letter to the London Times, Mr Fronds, the historian replies to the charges brought against him by Mr. Norton, saying in substance that he undertook the writing in substance that he undertoo's the writing of Carlyle's life as the latter's own urgens request, and at the sacrifice of his own arrangements for future work, and of time and money which he could ill spare. Carlyle, he says, left him absolute discretion to do what he pleased with the letter and journals. "As the different portions of my work were published," he says, "I restored the papers to Mr. Carlyle's nicos, as he directed. As I could no longer refer to them, it would have been courteous if, when the discovered mistakes, she had pointed them out to me. She was herself. receiving the profits of the ' Reminiscence a git from myself. If there are mistakes in the letters and memorisls of Mrs Carlyle, they are not due to me. These volumes were prioted directly from oofies which Carlyle furnished me. It has been over this publication that the chief irritation has arisen. Here confess I think some blame attache to Carlyle himself. If, in remorae for real or imagined faults of his own, he shought it right to put icgether these memorials, he should have himself decided memorials, he should have himself decided whether they were to be printed or not. The responsibility should not have been left to friends. He told me often he cught to do penance like Joinson. But as in fact he has left me to stand in the pillery for him, I am tired of the situation. Now with my own will I shall neither write nor read another word upon the subject, which been a torment and pertlexity of too arge a portion of my life." The comments of the Lordon press upon this are unfavorable to Mr. Froude. The Pall Mail Gazette, for instance, says: "Fronde apologia is a somewhat sorrier performance than the fault he attempts to hide. He was not worthy of the honor of being pil-

The " Runny Man "

"I am sorry I cannot come earlier, but you shall have a few more. You had bet-In 1871 I~left Wilmington, says J.H. Williams in "Lippincott's" for Novem-ber, and returned to Norristown to assume ter wash your face in brandy or spirits of an editorial position on the Herald, a daily edition of which had been started a few years previously. With my advent on the Herald I introduced a column of what is known as "Paragraphic Humor." which "Mother is just off to a prayer-meeting and I am going to look up acquaintances. I shall be thinking of you all the evening, especially up to 10 o'clock. Mother will come to you to-morrow."

On another day he wrote:

"Darling Kate, how kind of you to send has been a feature of the paper ever since. At first our exchanges referred to the author of these paragraphs as "the Norristown Heraid man," an appellation that was not at all offensive; but, when they began to call me the "funny man" of the Norristown Hera'd, I felt like demurring. The title is a misnomer. A journalist is tertitle is a misnomer. A journalist is teranything to enliven life here; you had better send yourself, labeled this side up." Claughter.)
On December 19th, 1882, he said:
"If you could feel how my heart eapt
unto you there as I watched your tearful
and sorrowful face when the ship left." reputation of being a newspaper "funny man." He is expected to be funny at all stmes and at all places. When he is introduced to a party of strangers as the "funny man." of the party of strangers as the "funny man." of the party of strangers as the "funny man." of the party of strangers as the "funny man." of the party of strangers as the "funny man." of the party of man " of this or that journal, they com ment on his funereal appearance, but insanely think it is the proper thing to laugh at his utterances, even though he should quote from a London Times editorial or a United States census report. They, of course, don's realize that this business of much anxiety. It was better to tell the truth instead of saying he had an affection for her, which he had not."

For the defence it was contended that the defendant was in consumption and that therefore the plantiff had a lucky escape being always on the lookout for a sentence that can be twisted into a groterque or ex aggerated paragraph, or a word that can b tortured into a depressing pun, is one of the most lugubrious and wearing duties connected with journalism.

Prof. Geikie on Karihquakes.

The more I study the less I know about earthquakes. As yet they are totally unexplainable. Until some one knows the earth motions an earthquake bureau to predict such calamities is absolutely impossible. At present science has hardly taken the first step toward the discovery of their origin.—New York Herald.

The assizes at Toronto were occupied a yesterday and last night in hearing the case of criminal assault preferred by Mary Bull against Dr. W. H. Graham, specialist, one of his patients. The jury, about 11 p m. brought in a verdiet of not guilty and the prisoner was discharged.
Water was not allowed soldiers of the

Austrian army while marching twenty years ago. Now the supply is virtually unlimited while they are undergoing exercises, a fact to which is attributed their freedom from sunstroke during this year's autumn mancouvres when the heat was extra-Mrs. Parnell has arrived at the old home

stead in Wicklow, Ireland, near the Vale of Aveca, immortalized by Moore in the "Meeting of the Waters." She has been received with filial tenderness by her ilustrious son and her daughter, Miss Anna Parnell, who has been mistress of the nomestead since Mrs. Parnell left for America, many years ago.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Protest Against the Unwarranted Cost How a Watch May be Run Over by a

The unwarranted display in the trappings of wos and the stereotyped exhibition of either sorrow or friendship in the shape of floral tributes have often aroused crimoism and led to the iquiry whether wasteful gold watch, with a case of extraordinary and meaningless expenditure does not often detract from the colemnity of the coession and impoverish the living while occasion and impoverish the living while not honoring the dead. If this criticism can justly be applied to funerals, it can with equal justice be applied to marriages, those other events which are so deeply ingrafted into our social economy. The poet tells us that

Leaves bave their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
And stars to set; but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death

ence of waves or cf moonlight, find their fruition in that other more serious sentence which ends with "to love, honor and obey," and what was born in comedy may find its culmination in the severts) kind of tragedy. There are, however, certain periods of the year which appear to be peculiarly sacred to marriages, one of them being close upon us, and, therefore, it may also be said that the season of presents has begun. For, independent of the interest which always seems to attach to two people joining themselves to each other for better or for worse, there appears to be an unwritten law to the effect that their friends or relatives shall express their regard or approval in some substantial way. With the growth of civilization has come an increase in ceremony; but while we have correspondingly more presents, those manifestations of regard or affection do not have the significance which at one time belonged to them. When a marriage takes place something is expected of outsiders. The bridal presentate not inexpensive gifts; they are generally displayed and their list published in the newspapers, and although we may sometimes hear of come one who professed to object to this publicity, whether he or she be donor or recipient, we often find that this very person invited an invasion of course it is not to be supposed that all who course it is not to be supposed that all who enough it may be, which shices like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear," the work of loving hand, the outgrowth of the prompt-ings of a tender heart. But in too many cases these outward displays simply resolve themselves into an advertusement or a o mpetition. Beside this, taste does not differ so very materially, and whas is a bride to do with all the butter-knives a bride to do with all the butter-knives and silver teaspoons and dressing cases and vascs and clocks which are heaped upon her? The marriage table of to-day is imply as a loaded counter in a bezaar. Young Mrs. Daisy rejoices in the shough that she has had 151 presents, whilst her cocial rusal, Mrs. Fern, has only received 113. The number touches her pride, and she never bestows a thought upon the sentiment when imprired the cilk the sentiment which inspired the gilt; the donor is forgotten in the temporary social triumph. The stereotyped "Gates Ajar," which is laid upon the grave, and the French clook, the carvings on which are mingled with orange blossoms, are, as rule, equally devoid of meaning and significance; and the wedding present, instead of being an expression of friendship and

proves itself more senseless and mor

ff setion, becomes a social tax which daily

friendship and

In the primitive days of Methodism it equired not only preachers of sterling piety and Christian courage, but also physical strength. The late Ray. Cambridge Graham was noted not only for the excellency of his Christian character, kindness of heart and forbearance of spirit, but for his great above, a threath and forbearance of spirit, but for this great physical strength. This latter characteristic was never brought out in his ministry except when no other remedy was left him. In his early ministry he was left the Hancock circuit, in the Baltimore Conference. There was at one of his appointments a family ('ather and sons) who were noted as bullies, as disturbers of the Methodist meetings. While Mr. Grabam was holding meetings on one occasion there two of the man's sons began their usual series of interruption. Note the discussion of the discussion of the greatest began their usual series of interruption. Note the discussion of the greatest began their usual series of interruption. Note the discussion of the greatest at discussion of the discussion of the discussion of the greatest and discussion of the greatest and discussion of the discussion of the greatest and discussion of the greatest and discussion of the greatest and greatest and the greatest and the greatest and the greatest and grea finally the preacher ejected them from the house. They went home and told their father of the treatment they had received at the hands of the new Methodist preacher. The old man was terribly indignant at Mr. Graham and vowed to chastise him the next morning. Bright and early, gun in hand, he sppeared at the farm-house where the preacher was stopping. Mr. Graham was out on the porch performing his morning ablution (the man of the house being over in an adjoining field), when he was saluted by the irate father:

You are the new Methodist preacher?" "Yes, sir," replied Mr. Graham. He then narrated what he had done to his sons the previous evening, winding up with the declaration that "he had come over to whip him. "Whip me?' said the preacher in a tone

of surprise.
"Yes, you."
"Well," said the preacher, "wait until I get through washing."
In the meantime the old man had set

down his gun and prepared for the struggle.
Mr. Graham approached him in the kindliest manner, repeating: "Oh, you don't want to whip me," and with a manner that practically disarmed his antagonist. Drawing close up to him he placed his hand on each of the old gent's arms. It was like the grip of a vise.

"So you want to whip me," as his grip tightened, and he began to sway the old man back and forth. He was like an infant in the preacher's grasp and writhed in mortal agony as the grip tightened on his fissh, and the shaking became more vigorous to the chorus: "So you want to whip me! Why, Ill shake you to shavings!" The fight was all taken out of the man,

The ngm was at taken out or the man, and he begged to be released, promising for himself and sons that there should be no further molestation of Methodist meetings in that neighborhood. The preacher accepted his promise and released him and gave him some kind and good advice.

The old man, thuroughly crestfallen, passed the man of the house who was out is the field trembling for the safety of the preacher and sainted him with the

"I believe that preacher would fight." There was peace at that preaching-place thereafter.—Altoona (Pa) Tribune.

A daughter of Mrs. McMullen. Sackville street, Toronto, was bitten in the leg yes-terday by a neighbor's dog. To day the girl has been delirious and her life is despared of.

A man noted for shrewdness in trade is A man noted for spreamness in trace is approached by an acquaintance who has just returned from the country. "What's the news in the country?" the shrewd man asks. "I am sorry, but I've got bad news or you." "You don's say so?" "Yes, your wife is dead." "My gracious!" the shrewd man exclaims, "I would not have that happen for—for fifty dollars. No, let me see. Well, say forty-five."

A NEW TRICK.

Much has been said recently, and rightly soc, with reference to extravegance in duprale, remarks the Philadelphia Record.

The unwarranted dieplay in the trappings and the hotel was close to the railroad

case made and the strongest.
"'There is a funny thing about this watch of mine,' he said, 'it is so strong hat I can put it on the railroad track and et a train run over it and it with not be "'Right on the rail?' queried one of the

party.

"Yes, I'll place it right on top of the rails, where the wheels run, and it won't

And stars to set; but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death
and, like that of death, the marrying season is at all times, although there is a popular belief that the rule of Hymen generally
covers the coming and the going of the
months. With certain classes summer flirtations are largely responsible for fixing the
marriage scason. The words that were
lightly spoken at Cape May, at Newport, or
at Bar Harbor beneath the witching influence of waves or of moonlight, flud their
fruition in that other more serious sentence
which ends with "to love, honor and obey,"
and what are heart with the love of the watch with the single scale into
watch in the other more serious sentence
which ends with "to love, honor and obey,"
watch he the size of same thought in the substitute of the rails and
the watch of the real send
the rack, put his timepiece on the rail and
then walked back to the hotel porch and
then w

the privacy of the domestic circle. Of course it is not to be supposed that all who give on such cosasions are actuated by a desire for notoriety. Sometimes in the wilderness of gifts there is one, homely a piece of light cardboard. He had made a piece of light cardboard. He had made the fatal mistake of putting the watch near the end of a rail and so nicely balanced upon the top of the rail that it didn't fail off. The trick is just like any other—you want to know how to do it."- Chicago Hera'd

from days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure pop corn cure—Putnam's Pain-less Corn Extractor. Tender, painful orns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only "Putnam's" should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless,

Gin saws have deprived one hundred per-ons of their hands and arms in A'abama

How to Make Morey.

No matter in what part you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, information about work you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co. will start you. Either sex. All ages. Those who commence at once will make sure of snug little fortunes. Write and see for yourselves.

New police rules in Washington force the men while onduty to wear white gloves and carry canes. Washington police are not known as clubbers.

The Beauty of Woman

is her crown of glory. But alas! Low quickly does the nervous debility and obronic weakness of the rex cause the bloom of youth to pass away, sharpen the form! There is but one remedy which will restore the faded roses and bring back of woman.

The founder of the Inman steam-hip line was the first to send a screw vessel across the Atlantic

To Consumptives, Reader, can you believe that the Creator afflicts one third of markind with a disesse for which there is no remedy? Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds of cases of contumption, and men are living to day—healthy, robusk men—whom physicians pronounced incuramen—whom physicians pronounced incura-ble. because one lung was almost gone. Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on consumption and kindred affec-tions. Address, World's Dispensary Medi-cal Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo,

N. Y. David K. and Emily P. Mix, of Connectiout, have a daughter 2 mosths old, 13 inches in height and weighing 2½ pounds. She is healthy, and can eat, sleep and squall like a baby five times her size.

· · Stricture of the urethra, however inveterate or complicated from previous bad treatment, speedily and perprevious Date reastment, specially and proved manently cored by our new and improved methods. Book, references and terms sent for ten cente in stamps, World's Dispensary Association 663 Main Street Medical Association, 663 Main Buffalo, N. Y.

—Miss Dore (at the piano)—Well, 1'2 sing one more song and then I must go home. Mr. Ostave—Shall I accompany you? Miss D.—Thanks, I have an escort? A Boston, Mass., lawyer recently adver-tised for an office boy. A few days after he received the following application: "Mister I want the job mi folks ain't rich "Mister I want the job mi folks aim rion and I got to rassle they are ded. It betes all how hard times is I can do obores an learn fast. I want a job in your office let me in. Jimmy Carrigan." Jimmy got the

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