Winter Joys.

All the day the snow came down
On meadows bare and brown;
All the day and all the night,
Till the world was still and white,
When the morn rose, clear and round,
What a fairyland we found!
Every twig every tree
Trimmed with sparkling filigree.
Not a flaw his light reveals
In the smooth untrodden fields;
Yet an hour's time can bring
Track of many a living thing.
After a flock of snow-birds came,
There's a rabbit signed his name;
Here a dog with ghoulish glee
Ceased poor Tabby to a tree,
To the barnyard gate and back
Lies a deeply trodden track.
These great boot heels plainly say,
"Jim has been abroad to-day."
Little poetry in Jim.
Yet the snow scene pleases him.
Underneath the snow-hung shed
Stands a sleigh that's painted red.
This he views with modest pride.
"Bessie Grey shall have a ride."
(Pretty girl is Bessie Grey,
Lives a half a mile away.)
When to-night beneath the moon
Sleigh-bells ring a merry tune,
Over crackling snow they skim,
Who's so happy then as Jim!
To one, I'm sure, unless
It should be a girl named Bess.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lord Ravenhold rises hurriedly and goes forward to speak with Mr. Brandon. His face has a slightly flushed, perturbed expression—he does not know how much the new-comer may have heard—it makes his naturally suave manner a trifle abrupt.

Brandon, however, knows and guesses nothing except that he has come awkwardly upon a *tete-a-tete*, always a disagreeable and stupid thing to do, and only to be repaired by seeming unconscious of one's misadventure. So he says quietly and naturally enough:

"We are just going, Lord Ravenhold. I want to tell you that I fear we shall not be able to dine at Hurlingham with you on Sunday. Thank you very much all the same for asking us."

"Oh, very well," replies Lord Ravenhold, rather shortly, more because he is embarrassed than from any feeling of offence.

Brandon imagines that his lordship is huffy about their declining his invitation after having accepted it.

"You understand, I hope?" says Brandon, seeing that the young man's manner is not particularly genial.

"Quite. Certainly," answers Ravenhold. "Some other time, I hope. Good-night," and he turns on his heel and rejoins Lady Mildred.

She, having been slightly frightened by Mr. Brandon's sudden appearance, and having had a minute in which to get the better of her rage, has calmed down. As Ravenhold stands in front of her, her passion for him and his good looks, which are not impared by the cloud on his brow, go still further toward appeasing her.

"What did he want?" she asks.

"Not my blood—this time," returns the young man, coolly. He is not yet aware of my infatuation for his wife."

Lady Mildred likes him in this mood. Rising, she lays one hand on his and says, rather humbly:

"Let us be friends, Gerard, shall we?"

"As you please," he answers, coldly. It is his turn now.

"Don't be angry?" she pleads. "It is only because I am so fond of you."

"You have an infernally unpleasant way of showing your fondness then, I must say," he retorts.

"Say you care for me," she whispers, fixing her dark eyes entertainingly on his face.

"I hate scenes," he utters, turning away from her.

"Then, perhaps," she remarks, the sparks of her anger, always quick to unite, blazing up again, "you will take me to my carriage?"

"Certainly," he answers, stiffly, giving her his arm.

"Uncle Charlie," he says, meeting the colonel in Pall Mall the same morning, "I want you to take me to call on Mrs. Brandon."

Colonel Dallas does not answer for a moment. Then he says, looking his nephew straight in the face:

"There are plenty of other women in the world, my dear boy."

Lord Ravenhold colors slightly and is furious with himself for doing so.

"Upon my soul!" he exclaims, petulantly, "I think it's rather hard that I cannot express a wish to speak to a lady without——"

He does not finish his sentence.

"You know the family failing," returns the colonel, good-humoredly. "You don't mean any harm. *Mais c'est plus fort que vous.* Leave Adam and Eve in paradise; leave the poor man his ewe lamb."

Half an hour later he walks into his sister's boudoir.

"Gerard! what have you been doing?" she cries at sight of him. "Did I not beg and implore you to leave Mrs. Brandon alone, and not to make Milly her enemy?"

"You are pleased to speak in parables," says Ravenhold, stiffly, knowing all too well what she means.

"She has just been here in the most furious rage. We have all but quarreled. She said the most shameful and abominable things about Mrs. Brandon, and she will abuse her to every one she meets."

"Let her!" observes Lord Ravenhold, dryly. "I hardly fancy anything she can say will do Mrs. Brandon much harm.

"I am to dine here."

"The Brandons are coming. Now, to please me, stop away."

"You are very kind and hospitable. I have refused five other invitations, and now you want to turn me loose without any dinner at all."

"Don't come, there's a dear boy!"

Lord Ravenhold gets very angry and does not attempt to conceal his ill humor. He leaves Grosvenor Place in wrath.

Two mornings later, Lord Ravenhold, sauntering down the shady side of the park, espies his sister and Mrs. Brandon sitting together. On Hermione's left is the man who is her greatest friend—a man whom the world would once have liked to whisper scandal about in connection with her, only that he and she had tact and courage enough to nip all cause for such whisperings in the bud. The seat beside Vanessa is vacant, and Ravenhold, his heart beating a little faster, and his eyes darting a glance of defiance at his sister, takes swift possession of it.

Mrs. Fane yields to the inevitable—she has, besides a good deal to say to her companion, so Ravenhold and Vanessa are left to their own devices. They begin by talking about the ball at which they met two nights previously. She found it charming, and praises the floor, the music, the decorations, the flowers, with enthusiasm. He, on the contrary, has little good to say of it; but then, in his mind, it is associated with very disagreeable recollections.

"Perhaps," he says, "it was the frightful snub you gave me which prevented my finding it pleasant."

"Sub!" Vanessa echoes his word, and her great eyes look troubled and distressed.

"Did you really think me a pariah Sabbath-breaking wretch for proposing to drive you out to dine on Sunday, or was it a little excuse to get off dining with me at all?"

Vanessa looks positively unhappy.

"Oh, Lord Ravenhold, why do you say that?" she exclaims. "You are not serious—you do not really believe it? There is nothing in the world I should have enjoyed so much."

"Then you really think it wrong to go 'pleasuring' on a Sunday? Which is it that shocks you most—the dining or the driving?"

He does not say it in a bantering tone, as the words seem to imply, but looks at her quite seriously.

"I am not shocked at either," she answers, hastily. "I do not think anything wrong for other people; it is only that I am not accustomed to it my-

[illegible] week-day you might be [illegible]

[illegible] it better than any- [illegible] with unmistakable [illegible] it you?"

[illegible] we have no [illegible] time to dress. Vanessa to his [illegible] and dine at [illegible] you, Anson?"

[illegible] Mr. Anson [illegible] the bal- [illegible], she [illegible] Mrs.

[illegible] ing

writes her a pretty little note of reminder, and she replies to it. Like a child she watches the weather eagerly and is relieved when the day dawns hot and fair. Havenhold is to come first to Bryanston Square, and then to pick up the rest of the party at Grosvenor Place.

"There is Lady Mildred!" exclaims Vanessa, and she bends a little forward, wishing to catch that lady's eye, not, you may be sure, from any triumphant feeling of rivalry. She is her husband's and he is hers; other women's husbands and lovers are safe from her. The meeting is unlucky.

Thus the colonel to himself, as they sweep down Queen's Gate and along the narrow and unsavory streets which lead to what seems paradise to Vanessa, but presents itself in quite a different shape to our soliloquist.

CHAPTER XVII.

The dinner is a cheery one. Lord Ravenhold is assiduous in his attentions to his fair guest. Mr. Anson and Mrs. Fane are occupied with each other, and Colonel Dallas, who has too much good taste to be a *trouble-fête*, talks to the husband with an excellent grace, and consoles himself with his dinner, to which he is by no means indifferent. Although both he and Ravenhold are perfectly aware of the attachment between Roland Anson and Hermoine, it gives neither any disquietude—they have had ample proof before now of the man's honor and the woman's rectitude of principle. Roland Anson is one of the few men capable of loving a woman better than himself.

Something of Ravenhold's habitually unmeaning manner to pretty women is creeping into his demeanor to Vanessa—he is conscious of it himself, and pauses, once now and again, to look over at her husband, who, however, shows not the smallest symptom of jealousy. After dinner, the host proposes an adjournment to the garden, and again the three couples pair off. It would be perfectly easy for Brandon to keep near his wife, who has not the smallest desire to elude him, and, of the two, would rather stroll about with him, hanging lovingly on his arm, than with Ravenhold, but he is as sure and confident of her now as last year he was doubting and diffident.

Now they are sitting on a bench on the greensward under the great starlit canopy of the dark-blue sky. It is quite light enough for each to see the expression of the other's face.

"How happy you seem!" says Ravenhold, almost enviously, and he heaves a deep, deep sigh, as though such happiness were rather displeasing to him.

"I am happy," she answers, with a low, contented laugh. "What a good thing it is to be happy—very happy!"

"Have you never been unhappy?" he asks, rather mournfully.

"Never. Never in my life."

"I did not know there was any one in the world who could make such a boast as that," utters Ravenhold.

"But you?" says Vanessa, gayly. "You do not give me the idea of an unhappy person, Lord Ravenhold."

"One does not wear one's heart upon one's sleeve," he answers. "But if one is always tormented by a want that cannot be satisfied, do you think one can be happy?"

Vanessa imagines that he is thinking of Lady Mildred; that his words apply to her. She likes him too much to want to be his censor, but she is shocked at the thought of unlawful passion.

"If one can not have a thing," she answers, looking down at the turf beneath their feet while his eyes is fixed on her face, "ought not one try to do without it?"

"No," he says, emphatically, seeing that she is interpreting him wrongly. "Not if it is a thing that is right and fair to want, not if one is obeying the first law of nature by wanting it.

Vanessa looks up at him a little startled. Having a rooted idea that it is Lady Mildred whom he wants, she does not understand his speech.

"To my mind there is only one thing in the world worth having," utters Ravenhold, with a low voice but with intense earnestness, whilst he keeps his eyes fixed on the lovely face which it seems to him might crown the hopes and desires of the most fastidious man living. "That is love; ardent, passionate love; not a mere paltry fancy which soon subsides into an easy-going liking or else into indifference, but a love that occupies every moment of one's life; that keeps every nerve full strung; a love that is heaven or hell, but, as I would have it, heaven."

She understands him, his words touch a chord in her heart—that, in the plentitude of her youth and passion, is what she too craves. Dearly as she loves her husband, she has already felt bitter disappointment at the fading of his passion, whilst hers has rather increased. No matter that his love is truer, faithfuller than ever, it is not the love she desires; not the love she had last year.

"You have no sister, have you?" he asks, presently.

"No; I am an only child."

"I wish you would find me some one to love," he says, coming a little nearer to her. "Tell me, have you no friend who you think would answer to my ideal?"

Vanessa muses. Naturally her thoughts fly first to the friends of her girlhood, Edith and Mabel. But Edith's heart is already engaged, and Mabel would certainly not suit Lord Ravenhold, who looks for both passion and sympathy.

"Do you think," he asks, softly, "that marriage is really a good thing? Is one happier married?" and she answers without a moment's hesitation.

"Oh, much, much happier!"

"We ought to be looking out for our party," she says. "I don't think you will fulfil your promise of taking me home in time to dress for the ball."

"Do not go!" he whispers, putting out a hand as though to detain her; then, as it suddenly changing his mind, he says, abruptly, rising too, "Yes, I dare say we had better go."

As they step on the gravel path, they confront a tall, thin man and a young lady. The former is Sir Bertram.

Ravenhold is just bending to say something to Vanessa—his manner is distinctly *impressé*. Sir Bertram stops suddenly, looks at the pair and addresses them. He has passed Vanessa fifty times in the Row without the smallest recognition—to-night he greets her like an old friend.

"Mrs. Brandon—this is an unexpected pleasure. How are you, Ravenhold?"

Vanessa is so taken by surprise that she responds as though they were still on the same friendly terms as last year before she gave him mortal offence. Besides, she feels no rancor, and is rather glad that the old gentleman should show a disposition to be friendly.

Ravenhold, who is acquainted with Sir Bertram's companion, enters into conversation with her, and a minute later Colonel Dallas and John Brandon come up.

Sir Bertram greets both with extreme affability. Before they part he has asked for Mrs. Brandon's address and permission to call upon her, which she readily accords.

The drive home through the balmy night is delicious, even though the road is ugly and unpicturesque. They are nearing the Marble Arch and Vanessa says in tones of most genuine regret:

"How sorry I am that we are getting near home!"

He stoops toward her and says in a very low voice, but with a bitter accent:

"Why should you be sorry? You are going home to happiness. It is I who am left out in the cold."

She answers him gayly enough.

"I will do as you ask me and look out for a nice wife for you; then you won't be left out in the cold."

He does not reply—she is not so sympathetic as she looks, her gay tone jars upon him.

But, in reality, Vanessa is feeling intensely sentimental. When she and her husband have wished Ravenhold good-night, and thanked him for their pleasant evening, she does not, late as it is, hurry off to dress for the ball, but follows her husband into his comfortable smoking room. She throws her arms round his neck—she is in a mood for endearments—she pushes him gently into a chair and seats herself on his knee. He responds to her caress in a kind, friendly, semi-paternal manner, then, glancing at the clock, says:

"My dear child, pray go and dress, or we shall not get to Grosvenor Square till daylight!"

She starts up with a petulant gesture which he has never seen before and scarcely realizes now. As she mounts the stairs, a sob is choking her, too great tears are shining in her eyes; a sense of bitterest disappointment gnaws her heart. She would like to give vent to her feelings by a paroxysm of tears and sobs, but in her room stands her attentive maid waiting to dress her, and she is forced to choke back her sobs, don a falsely placed face, not like a sensible and well-mannered lady instead of a pettish child who does not know what it is crying for.

For the first time in her life she feels bitter against her husband. She tells herself with as scathing heat, as she sits under the hands of her maid, that he is tired of her, that he is not really fond of her any longer—and she remembers with painful distinctness Ravenhold's words:

"There is only one thing worth having in the world—love, passionate love; not a mere paltry fancy, which soon subsides into easy-going liking, or else into indifference, but a love that occupies every moment of one's life; that keeps every nerve full strung; a love that is heaven or hell, but, as I would have it, heaven." Yes, that is what she too desires.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The next morning Colonel Dallas came to escort Vanessa into the Row. He was feeling a little bit piqued and touched, but she received him in the same glad, cordial manner as usual. It was a lovely morning with a delicious breeze, and they concluded to walk. The colonel had been thinking seriously of reading his lovely friend a little lecture, and was trying to make up his mind how to commence the attack.

"Ravenhold looks rather sulky," he says, broaching his theme far more broadly and directly than a minute ago he had intended. "What did you do to him last night?"

"I?" utters Vanessa. "Nothing. Lord Ravenhold and I are the best of friends. Our ideas agree perfectly. We both think there is nothing in the world worth having but love, and I am going to find him a wife."

The colonel feels and looks as if a yawning chasm had opened at his feet."

"Oh," he says, and for the moment he can positively find nothing else to remark.

A slight melancholy pervades Vanessa's features—her own words have brought back that vague yearning and the sense of disappointment she felt last night. The colonel, looking at her, observes her expression, and it displeases him amazingly.

"I don't think," he remarks, in a short, dry tone, "that you have very much to complain of on that score."

"Ah!" observes the colonel, with extreme dryness, "I suppose that after listening to his exalted sentiments you would find mine very flat and commonplace. But, all the same, let me give you the result of my experience,"

Vanessa experiences a sensation of uneasiness. Has she betrayed the tinge of disappointment which has crept into her heart now and again during the last few months and found its first serious expression only the night before?

"What do you mean?" she cries. "Do you think I do not know it? Do you think I do not know I have the best husband in the world? Why, it was the sight of our happiness that made Lord Ravenhold want to marry."

Vanessa's eyes, straying down the path, observe Lord Ravenhold and Sir Bertram engaged in conversation at a little distance from them; she sees them part, and then Sir Bertram comes toward her. He stops in front of her, holds out his hand, and smiles. It can scarcely be called a smile, it is rather a spasm of the upper lip, as if someone had pulled a wire in his side—a spasm revealing his long, yellowish teeth. He greets Colonel Dallas also. The colonel returns the salute rather frigidly, and looks away up the Row in a manner that intimates his intention of effacing himself until Sir Bertram shall have said his say to Mrs. Brandon. Sir Bertram thereupon coolly takes the seat beside Vanessa.

"I want you to come down and dine with me at my little place on the river," he says, in his most affable tones, "you and Mr. Brandon. Can you spare me an evening this week? Would Saturday suit you?

"We are not engaged on Saturday, and we should like it very much indeed."

"I must try to get my nieces to meet you," utters Sir Bertram, well aware of the attractive bait he is offering. "Have you heard that Mabel is engaged to be married?"

"No!" exclaims Vanessa, eagerly. "Is it the——" and then she pauses.

"It is to Sir Thomas Bolton," answers Sir Bertram. "We are pleased with the marriage. There is rather a disparity of age between her and Sir Thomas, but that is not always a drawback is it, Mrs. Brandon?"

"I shall be so delighted to see them again," she says, hastily.

"Then," says Sir Bertram, rising, "I may look forward to the pleasure of seeing you both on Saturday. Will you drive down about 6, so as to have a little time on the water first?"

"I will ask my husband, and send you a line, if I may," replies Vanessa.

"Yes, pray do; but mind, I look upon it already as an engagement."

Sir Bertram says this with stiff playfulness, takes Mrs. Brandon's hand, gives a frigid bow to Col. Dallas, and goes.

"I wonder what his game is?" says the colonel, ruminating.

"No game at all, my dear colonel," laughs Vanessa. "What a suspicious mood you are in! Do you think he, like Lord Ravenhold, wants to supplant my husband? I promise you not to talk about love to him nor to take a moonlight stroll with him if I can help it."

On the Saturday fixed for Vanessa's visit to Sir Bertram, she is in a state of restless excitement—she is longing to see her old friends; several times she has been on the point of writing to them, but has thought it better to wait for their meeting under Sir Bertram's auspices. Her heart beats quite fast as they drive up to the door of of his river-side chateau. They are ushered into the drawing room; a moment later their host steps in at the French windows opening on the lawn.

"Are Edith and Mabel here?" asks Vanessa, as soon as she has greeted him with the usual formula.

"I am so sorry," he answers, "they are unable to come."

As a matter of fact he has not invited them, nor mentioned Mrs. Brandon's name to them.

"I asked two or three pleasant people to meet you," he continues, "but at this time of the year it is impossible to get any one at a short notice. You will find one friend, however."

And as he speaks Lord Ravenhold comes strolling up the lawn.

Vanessa [illegible] it appears [illegible] not in the [illegible]

A ST. CATHARINES MIRACLE.

An Old and Esteemed Citizen Restored to Health and Strength.

Mr. C. W. Hellems, Sen., Relates the Particulars of His Sufferings and Relief to a "Standard" Reporter—Advice to Other Sufferers.

(St. Catharines Standard.)

Casually, the other day, the *Standard* learned that Mr. C. W. Hellems, sen., one of the oldest and most respected citizens of St. Catharines, had been restored to health after years of suffering, in a manner bordering on the miraculous. The editor of this paper had known Mr. Hellems for years, and he was anxious to hear from him the story of his wonderful recovery. He had not seen Mr. Hellems for some months, but met with a very warm welcome when he told the errand upon which he had come. Mr. Hellem's home is on the corner of St. Paul and Court streets, and he is well-known to all our older residents as a citizen of the highest integrity, having lived in this city since 1832.

"I have had rheumatism," said Mr. Hellems, "more or less for the past twenty years, which often got so painful that I could not get about at all. I had been to all the doctors here and to some in Toronto and Buffalo, but I could get no relief worth speaking about. Five years ago I went to Welland and took a vapor bath, and felt so much relieved that I took two more. The relief, however, was only temporary, and four and a half years ago the lameness and pains came on again and so completely used me up that I could hardly do anything. I applied to a number of doctors for treatment and two of them treated me, but without relief. My age, they said, was against me; that if I were a younger man there might be some hope for me. I was 84 last October. I then discontinued the doctors' treatment and about a year ago got a box of Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People, and used them without feeling any benefit and quit. This spring I used another box without any effect and again stopped. You see I expected too much and seemed to think that a box of Pink Pills ought to do what years of doctoring did not do. In July I read about the case of Mr. Condor, of Oakville, who had used, I think, eighteen boxes. When I read that he was so fully cured that he was able to work again, and even play baseball, I took courage and saw that I had not before given the pills a fair trial. I then got half a dozen boxes and was on the fifth before I felt any beneficial effects. I had run down so low and my appetite had left me. I now began to feel my appetite returning and my knees and ankles began to gain strength. From that out I continued to improve until the time of the county fair, when I went down there in company with others and went the rounds seeing the stock and other exhibits. I tried to keep up with them and walked so much that day that I felt some bad effects afterwards. But I now knew where to look for relief and continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and ever since have felt a steady improvement. My legs have gained strength wonderfully, and the doctors tell me that if I was a younger man I would be still more benefited. My general health has also improved very much. About six weeks ago I was in Toronto and walked fully five miles that day, something I could not have done before. In fact I feel so much better that I have taken a 2-year-old mustang colt to break it in." At this point Mrs. Hellems, the life partner of the venerable gentleman, who had come into the room while Mr. Hellems was relating his story, said that a friend, when he heard that Mr. Hellems had taken a colt to break, said he was going to commence using Pink Pills too. Then the old aged noting the *Standard* man writing at the table asked Mr. Hellems if all this was to be published.

"Yes," said Mr. Hellems, "if there are any other poor creatures who are suffering as I have done I would be glad to have them know the great good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me, and be benefited in the same way. I am glad to have my experience published for the benefit it may do to others, and I cannot too strongly recommend these great pills." In reply to an enquiry Mr. Hellems said he had taken three half dozen boxes since he began to take them regularly and was now using the fourth half dozen.

The *Standard* reporter called upon Mr. A. J. Greenwood, the east end druggist, whose store is only a few doors from the residence of Mr. Hellems, to enquire how the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stood in regard to other proprietary medicines, and incidentally to enquire what he thought of their effect in Mr. Hellem's case. "Pink Pills for Pale People have a great sale," said Mr. Greenwood, "and I am continually asked for them. With regard to Mr. Hellem's case, I knew that for years he had suffered from rheumatism and other diseases, and that he was thoroughly run down. He now speaks very highly of Pink Pills, though at first he did not think they were doing him any good, but that may be accounted for by the hold the disease had on his system. He now feels like a young man and is able to attend the various animals, horses, etc. After he had taken about a dozen boxes he came into the store one day and started to dance around like a school boy. "What's the matter?" I exclaimed, perfectly astonished, and with happiness ringing in every tone of his voice, he called out "O, I'm young again; I'm young again." He ascribed as the reason for this that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had performed the miracle. He has frequently told me that he had tried doctors without number, besides other patent medicines, but without any avail. My sales of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly increasing, and agree that these excellent little pills are beyond praise. There are many people in this district who have cause to be thankful they tried Pink Pills.

The reporter called upon Mr. W. W. Greenwood and Mr. Harry Southcott, the well-known druggists and both spoke highly of Pink Pills, saying that they are the most popular remedy in the stores, and that those using them are loud in their praises of the results.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses o any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Bernhardt's Health Preservative.

Madame Bernhardt is one of the popular advocates of fresh air and out-door exercise. She says: "I live in the open air. From early morning I am up, some days spending the entire day in hunting or driving, to get glimpses of new country. Plenty of fresh air! That gives vigor. Exercise! Walking out of doors—in the sunshine invariably. There is no such thing as genuine health without it.

Friend of mamma (to little girl)—Lottie, if you drink so much tea, you will be an old maid. Lottie—Oh, I don't believe that at all, Mr. Harold. Mamma drinks tea, and she has been married twice, and she isn't an old maid yet.

The simplest and one of the best eye-waters is made by putting ten grains of white vitriol into half a pint of elder or rose water. Put a couple of drops in the eye, under the lids, morning and evening. If it stings too much, add more of the rose or elder water.

THE GETTING IT DOWN is bad enough, with the ordinary pill. But the bringing it down is worse. And, after all the disturbance, there's only a little temporary good. From beginning to end, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are better. They're the smallest and easiest to take—the sugar-coated, granules that any child is ready for. Then they do their work so easily and so naturally that it hurts. They absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

THE MAKERS of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say: "If we can't cure your Catarrh no matter what your case is, we'll pay you $500 in cash." Now you can see what is said of other remedies, and decide which is most likely to cure you. Costs only 50 cents.

DIVINITY DOTH HEDGE A KING.

Kaiser William was good enough to say, in proposing the health of the Czar of Russia at Princess Margaret's wedding: "We all recognize the Czar not only as an exalted comrade, but as the representative of long-preserved monarchical traditions." Some people recognize in Mr. Alexander Alexandrovitch a great deal more than that. Here is one brief description:

"The Tsar feareth God and loveth his people, and he chastiseth with a rod of iron a multitude of his servants who do likewise. In the days before his kingship he could not say unto Wisdom, 'Thou art my sister,' nor unto Understanding, 'Thou art my kinswoman'; but he might have truly said, 'Be thou my wife,' for there was no relationship betwixt them. Since he was anointed king he is become as a shining light to all his people; and his kingdom containeth many millions of men and women who cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and much cattle. His power extendeth to the uttermost ends of the land, and his nod is obeyed with fear and trembling; and he cannot accomplish the good that he hath conceived in his heart, and must needs do the evil that he loatheth as hateful in the sight of God. His bowels yearn upon all his people alike, even as the sun shineth upon the evil and the good, and rain falleth on the just and on the unjust; and he saiteth sorely the children of Judah, for that they were injudicious in the choice of their parents, and were born of the seed which brought forth the Saviour of mankind; and likewise on the Poles and Ruthenians, the Finns and the Baltic Germans, his hand lieth heavy. As the hart panteth after water-brooks, so thirsteth his soul after truth; and he suppressed the books and the writings which are records thereof, and waxeth wroth with them that write such. He longeth to have the needs of his people told here before him, if so be that he may relieve them in his mercy; and he banished Madame Tsebrikova and a host of others who would fain make known to him the wants of their brethren. He searched out wise counsellors with diligence and understanding; and he hath made friends of liars and false-witnesses who drink iniquity like water, and to them he giveth heed. And death and life are in the power of their tongues, wherefore their evil-doings should not be reckoned among his transgressions, nor the innocent blood which they shed be upon his head. He knoweth in his heart that there is no power but of God, and the enemies of God are an abomination in his sight; and he made a covenant with the seed of Rehabbah in the land of the Gaul, with them which said in their hearts, 'There is no God, neither should there be any king.' He charged all his people, saying, 'Walk ye in the way of the Lord'; and against the Stundists and the Baptists, and all them that do what seemeth good to the Lord is his anger kindled, and he casteth them into outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. In like manner he executeth fury upon Lutherans, and bendeth his bow against Buddhists; the temple of Catholics he hath razed to the ground, and Baptist prayer-houses he hath demolished; but theatres and dens of iniquity he openeth on the Sabbath, sharing with the owners thereof the spoils of their iniquity. Verily, the Tsar is a just man; and English Puritans should rejoice with exceeding joy that he hath been anointed with the oil of gladness over his fellows."

E. B. Lanin writes in the *Contemporary* that "Alexander III. has never regarded his kingly office as anything but a heavy burden which personal inclination as well as common prudence imperatively urged him to shake off; and he richly deserves all the credit attaching to the mistaken sense of religious duty with which he struggled against the former, and the manly courage which he successfully opposed to the latter. His own modest ambition would seem to have been amply satisfied could he have tasted the quiet joys of family life, bringing up his children in the warm sunshine of his affection, and giving them the best education he knew of. He never coveted a crown, and when he found himself in possession of the heaviest crown in Europe, he placed his head under it with the melancholy resignation of the condemned criminal holding his head under the fatal noose. 'It's awfully hard lines that I, of all others, should become Emperor of Russia,' was his remark, soon after it had become an accomplished fact. Nor would he have ever consented to accept the *role*, had not his conscience been dragged by the soothing delusion that he had been specially chosen by God, like Saul and David, and a mission imposed upon him compared to which that of Moses himself shrivels into insignificance. It was then that he manfully resolved to go through life with the cares and burdens of royalty as a private individual with his hump or his goitre."

We have not space to quote more fully from Mr. Lanin's highly interesting description of the Czar, but the impression derived from the full perusal of his article is that, if Alexander III. happened to live in Canada, he would long ago have been domiciled in one of the lunatic asylums. Ye he is one of the rulers of the earth *Deo gratia*.

About Drinks.

The American tax on whiskey is 90 cents a gallon; the British is $2.40 a gallon.

There are more saloons in Chicago per capita than in New York.

Only one all-night saloon license has been issued in New York.

A high license bill has been introduced in the Michigan Legislature.

Des Moines liquor dealers are happy; they can evade the law now. The City Council has fixed a "fine" of $50 a month for "disorderly houses," which they will pay.

At the Zoo.

Mortimer—Isn't that elephant too small for his skin?

Mamma—I don't know. Why do you think so?

Mortimer—Why, because his skin bagsat the knees.

Altogether Otherwise.

"I am surprised at you speaking to that man. Didn't you tell me yesterday that he was a bank cracker?"

"I said bank wrecker."

"Oh!"

Enthusiastic.

Professor (Vassar College)—Now, young ladies, I desire to direct your attention to one of the most remarkable of the planets, Saturn, which as two beautiful rings—

Chorus—How splendid!

Doctor (to patient)—What ails you? Patient—Indeed, I don't know. I only know that I suffer. "What kind of life do you lead?" "I work like an ox, I eat like a wolf, I am as tired as a dog, and I sleep like a horse." "In that case I should advise you to consult a veterinary surgeon."

Sibyl—Let's cross over to the other side of the street. Tippie—No; let's stay on this side. The pavement is wet over there. Sibyl—That's all right. Mine are silk.

An orator soars high when he goes off in a flight of eloquence.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, held yesterday, it was resolved to ask for a Dominion Government grant of $10,000.

Rev. Wilton M. Smith, of New York, states that out of 300,000 young men in that city, not over 75,000 ever enter church.

She—I wonder why parrots learn to swear so easily? He—I guess because they always have such awful bills before them.

A paper pipe has been invented by a native of St. Helena.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Bits of Useful Information for Thrifty Housewives.

According to the *Medical Record* castor oil has not failed in any case to remove warts to which it was applied once a day for two to six weeks.

A use for common salt recently given is to rub it into the roots of the hair to remove dandruff. Rub it in lightly at night, not using a great quantity; in the morning it is all gone, only leaving a slight dampness.

A piece of chamois skin bound on the edge, shaped to fit the heel and kept in place by a piece of elastic rubber worn over the stockings, will save much mending.

A nice way to keep wax for the work-basket is to fill half shells of English walnuts with melted wax, fastening the two half shells closely together at one end. There will then be a small space at the other end, through which the thread will slip when the wax is being used.

Some housekeepers serve lemon with mutton, but most people prefer a combination of tart and sweet, as in mint sauce or fruit jellies.

Half the battle in washing dishes is keeping the dish clothes and towels clean. Washing out once a week in ammonia water should never be neglected.

Never allow meat to be placed directly on the ice, as water drawn out the juices; it is even worse to lay it there wrapped in paper. It should always be laid in a cool, porcelain vessel.

McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant.

This remarkable internal remedy was first discovered over 18 years ago by W. A. McCollom, druggist, Tilsonburg, and has since been successfully used in Canada and the U. S. in thousands of most extreme cases. It is neatly put up in dollar bottles and sold by druggists generally.

Another Proverb Shattered.

"Doctor," said the medical student, "is a blind man apt to be an idiot?"

"Why, no. What makes you ask that?"

"The adage says: 'Out of sight, out of mind.'"

"I Have Had

Rheumatism for years and Nerviline is the only remedy that has done me good." So writes Thomas McGlashan, North Pelham, July 24th, 1890, and his testimony is supported by thousands of others who have experienced the wonderfully penetrating and pain subduing power of Nerviline—the great nerve pain cure. Nerviline is just as good to take as to rub on, and is the best family remedy in the world. Nerviline is sold by dealers everywhere.

Just as Good!

Perhaps! Don't you run the risk though, but always buy the well-tested and sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe and painless.

Cause and Effect.

"Jim has become a regular cynic, a woman hater."

"Is that so? By the way, who was the woman that he wanted to marry him."

GIBBONS' TOOTACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.

Soldiers Getting Better.

There has been a great yearly diminution during the last ten years in the number of soldiers in military or civil prisons in England and Wales. In 1884 there were 1,117 soldiers in English prisons; in 1891 there were 433, and on the 31st of last December there were but 44. Last year not one soldier was sentenced to penal servitude. The expulsions for misconduct have decreased since 1888 from 2,020 to 1,590.

A Strategetic Move.

He—I am in love. Will you be my confidante?

She—Certainly. I am at your service.

He—Well, would you advise me to propose to you.—*Life.*

Charlie and Amy were looking at the moon. "What a good man God was to make such a beautiful moon!" said Amy. "Man!" repeated Charlie, reprovingly. "If ever there was a gentleman God is one."

Banks—Rivers, how do you suppose that wonderful bird, the phœnix, ever caught fire? Rivers—Probably from a defective flew.

In Germany aluminum cravats are now on sale. They are advertised as feather-light, silver-white wash goods that will wear forever.

Mr. Nicefello (playfully)—What makes your ears so big? Small Terror—He pulls 'em like everything every time I tell on 'er.

THE WIDOW'S COYNESS.

O woman! In your teens a tease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please
But when a widow blithe and gay,
You meet us then at least half way.

"Take a little water after that medicine," said the physician to the Kentucky Colonel whom he was attending at one of the hotels. "Ah—ah!" said the Colonel, "do I have to take the water?"

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NOTE
In replying to any of these advertisements please mention this paper.

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Take care that your drafts on your physical endurance don't come back to you some day marked "no funds." Take
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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil & Hypophosphites
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and all forms of Wasting Diseases.
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Why be troubled with PILES, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, FISSURES, ULCERATION, ITCHING OR BLEEDING, PROTRUSION, or ANUS when DR. CLARK'S BLOOM OINTMENT gives immediate relief? In the hands of THOUSANDS it has proved perfectly invaluable. *It Never Fails*, even in cases of long standing. PRICE $1.00 at Druggists or sent on receipt of price by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

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FERRY'S SEEDS.
Always the best, they are recognized as the standard everywhere. Ferry's Seed Annual is the most important book of the kind published. It is invaluable to the planter. We send it free.
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