

THE DRESS MODEL.

New designs in clamy lace appear on fine summer toilets, waists and linen laws and cambric lingerie.

Surplice effects or crossed bodices continue to appear on both day gowns and evening toilets sent from over the sea.

Great favor is shown to the new grades and patterns of nun's veiling in cream white and in colors suited for either day or evening wear.

Campbell cloth, canotier wool and squadron serge are the names of new utility fabrics for tailor costumes for traveling, golf and yachting wear next season.

The silky effect added to the great variety of mulls, batistes, canvas fabrics, zephyrs, organdies and other summer fabrics renders them more than ever desirable and attractive.

Many of the large silk handkerchiefs used for waists, parasols and toques are quite as fantastic in effect as any old time handkerchief which adorned the heads of the old "mammites" of the south.

There are beautiful tints of mauve and violet this season among the light summer fabrics and millinery goods, and likewise pretty shades of green and gray. Pink is again artistically combined with both pale tans, lettuce and golden green dyes.

What are called "silk ginghams" are French zephyr fabrics manufactured with little or no dressing in the woven threads, but "mercerized" after the weaving is finished. These ginghams are softer, finer and show more artistic color blending and delicate silklike patterns than ever before.

Rivalling the soft taffeta soyusse and peas de sole silks of this season are the firm American saris that are pronounced better wearing silks than the French saris at higher prices. These, with the closely woven india silks, take high place among the summer dresses that are tucked or plaited.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Poultry netting makes the most durable fence. Fresh eggs are most transparent at the center.

A danger to be avoided in keeping fowls is overcrowding. A hen will work industriously for gravel as well as for grain.

Set the first laying of ducks and turkey hens under chicken hens for hatching. Lime is needed by all fowls for the growth of bones and for shell material.

Get all the chickens hatched early that you can. It is the early hatched pullets that make the winter layers. Dark places are best for the nests. A dark nest gives the hen but little chance to see about her, hence she will remain more quiet and stronger.

When the chickens appear to be off their feed and do not eat with apparent relish, increase the exercise and change the bill of fare.

Do not starve the hens. Remember that a certain amount of food is necessary to keep up strength, and the rest is needed for egg material.

No matter what ails the fowls, a sick bird should at once be removed to separate quarters from the well ones. This is a precaution that will always pay.—St. Louis Republic.

THE WRITERS.

A Russian journalist named Gerson recently celebrated because he had put his five hundred thousand line into print.

After ten years' abstinence Count Tolstol attended a theatrical performance in Moscow recently. He was much entertained and generous with applause.

Captain T. Jenkins Hains, the sea story writer, will leave for Panama soon to go over the route of the canal, being much interested in the isthmus canal project as author, sailor and engineer.

Booth Tarkington is now one of the literary lions of the hour in London because of the impression made there by his "A Gentleman From India," which also had a great success in this country.

Gustave Charpentier, the new French composer who finds himself famous in Paris on account of his opera "Louise," is a curious looking, long haired individual. He wears a large brimmed, soft felt hat, a flowing tie and a negligee shirt that would draw a crowd in any part of the world except in the Latin quarter of Paris.

Attacked by an Octopus. An Australian diver having fired off a charge of dynamite to displace the stones, went to the bottom of the Moynes river, and while engaged in moving the stones a devil fish, or octopus, coiled about his arm. The body of the fish was no larger than a dinner plate, but it had eight arms, each four feet in length, and at the butt as thick as a man's wrist.

The diver could not extricate himself, and had to walk as quickly as he could to the ladder and climb up into the boat. He was a curious looking object as he came into view, but his companions wasted no time in words and cut away the eight arms without delay. If he had not been a powerful man he could never have come to the surface.

Amiable Hostess—Well, now you are here, I hope you will stay to lunch with me.

Gushing Visitor—Oh, thank you so much, dear Mrs. Browns, if we may. (To daughter)—There Vera, won't that be delightful? Such a pleasant surprise for you?

Severely Truthful Child—Not a surprise, mother. You know you said Mrs. Browns must ask us to lunch if we only stopped long enough!

The Evolution of a Name. A teacher in the girls' normal school tells a story of a girl of humble parentage who gave her name as Bridget when she was first enrolled. During her first year Bridget changed to Bridgetta. During her second year the first syllable was dropped and she became Etta. That developed into Margareta, and when she received her diploma her name was Marguerite.

A Mighty Surprise.

A man out in Kansas had a bath tub so arranged that by pressing a button it would glide from the next room to the side of his bed, making a morning bath an easy thing to take. One day he was showing a party of gentlemen friends his patent, and, on touching the button, a scream was heard as the tub slid into the room. The lady now takes her bath in a wash pan.

Drowning Accident.

Gananoque, June 8.—(Special)—A sad accident occurred here last evening which has thrown a gloom over the whole town. Geo. Allan and Miss Emily Webster, daughter of E. Webster, implement agent, were out sailing. A squall struck them and capsized the boat. There were no boats close to them, and when the nearest boat reached the scene neither of them could be seen. On pulling in the sail, however, Miss Webster was found entangled in the sheet rope, which was wound several times around her foot. Prompt action on the part of the rescuer managed to restore the spark of life and Miss Webster is in a fair way to recover. The body of Mr. Allan has been recovered.

Lyn Honor Roll.

Fourth class—Maudie Serviss, Bryce Boyd, Joe Bolin, Helen Barlow. Sr. Third—Roy Everts, Alma Stillwell, Clarence McCrady. Jr. Third—Jennie Hamilton, Berton Smith, Jean Bryson, Lulu McCrady. Sr. Second—Grace Stewart, Robbie Burns, Ivan Stack. Jr. Second—Charlie Burns, Willie Purvis, Willie MacNamara, Nora Towe, Myrtle Lafavor. Sr. Part 2nd.—Laura Stillwell, Neilson Brown, Frank Bolin, Lillie Brown. Jr. Part 2nd.—Hazel Everts, Veta Stack, Frank Judson. Sr. Part 1st.—Giles Brown, John Hamilton, Clarence Pergau, Eva Pergau. Inter. Part 1st.—Keitha Buell. Jr. Part 1st.—Alvira Cronwell.

Teachers.

C. WILSON } Teachers. M. RHODES } Buried Alivo. A Picton man, Mr. Fred Trimpour, had a terrible experience last Saturday morning. He was engaged in clearing out sand which interfered with the working of a pump in a well when the latter caved in, forming an arch above him, but hurling a large stone upon his head. In this position he had to stand for some time, not daring to fear the stone fall to the ground for fear the jar would bring the earth above down upon him. His perilous position was noticed, fortunately, and willing hands were soon at work to extricate him. He was down a depth of 26 feet and it was fully six hours before he was rescued. When found he was in a swooping position but beyond a few bruises was none the worse of his hair breadth escape.

Beth had never before seen an ox with its large, well formed horns. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed with wide open eyes, "just see that animal's handle-bars."

It is reported that Westport baseball team have received a large number of acceptances of their challenge issued a few days ago, and that in consequence the whole team have withdrawn their lager to a safe position on the top of the kopje near the village, there to deliberate on the advisability of strengthening their home defences and awaiting the arrival of a commando from Perth, Athens, etc., or seeking glory by following their challenge in the usual manner.

The Reporter learns with regret of the demise of Mrs. David B. Cornell, a highly respected resident of the township of Elizabethtown, which occurred on Monday last. She is survived by her husband and family of four sons and three daughters, viz.: Richard E., Elbe Mills, township clerk Rear Yonge and Escott; Wm. C. Wilton and Mony, all of Lyn; Mrs. C. Wilton of Lyn; Mrs. Thomas Mann and Mrs. A. Bush of the Front of Yonge and Escott. Deceased was a sister of the late Benjamin Harper of Brookville and of Wm Harper of Elbe.

35 Cts. vs. Doctor—Some people have spent fortunes seeking to repair the inroads of disease which have had origin in the simplest of beginnings—food fermentation and indigestion—a disordered stomach—the money's gone—the physician has failed to cure—but Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets have proved the little "specialists" in a thousand cases—and a box of 60 of them have made a cure—costs just 35 cents. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

From statistics in the department of the Registrar-General dating back to 1869, it appears that the average period of life on this plane in Ontario is lengthening. In 1869 the average age was about 28 years. In 1872 it had grown to 29 years, and in 1880 had reached the 30 mark. In 1892 the figure stood at 33 1/2 years, and the latest records show the average to be well on to 36 years. Since 1869 a great reduction is noted in the percentage of infant mortality, while deaths from contagious diseases have also been materially reduced. Taking it all round, Ontario, it is asserted, can claim to be the healthiest place for its size in the world.

DON'T BE BORROWFUL, DARLING

Oh, don't be sorrowful, darling, And don't be sorrowful, pray! Taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more night than day.

The rainy weather, my darling, Time's waves they heavily run, But, taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling, Our heads are growing gray, But, taking the year all around, my dear, You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling, And our roses long ago, And the time of the year is coming, my dear, For the silent night and the morn;

But God is God, my darling, Of the night of death so grim; The gate that leads out of life, good wife, Is the gate that leads to him.

—Rembrandt Peale.

HAUNTED BY A TELEGRAPH DISPATCH.

A Murderer's Touch on the Instrument Betrayed Him.

Dick Ramsey and I had gone west to make our fortunes. What that means none but an eastern boy who has tried it can tell.

We roughed it together, sometimes faring well when we happened to fall into the camp of a hospitable westerner, but more often tramping it from village to village looking for the work which was never found and wondering when we should strike our "streak" of luck.

Finally we separated, Dick to take the position of station agent at Lakeville, a new settlement, and I to go on to Riverdale, ten miles beyond, to hold a similar position. We could talk by wire, but we found that further communication would be impossible, for we were well tied down and after our separation did not see each other again.

Dick was a gentle sort of fellow, one of those dreamers who never get on in a worldly way, but the dearest companion imaginable. I missed him terribly for awhile, but his occasional talk at the wire told me he was alive and well.

One afternoon there came a frantic call at the wire, and I hurried off the instrument to hear Dick tapping off the words that the express train had been delayed and to hold the "runaway" due at the station ten minutes later, until I heard from him. Directly after the message came the line: "Express train in sight. Something wrong. Stand by." I waited a full minute; then came Dick's familiar tap tap: "Express is being run by strange hands. They have stopped at this station. Send relief."

There was a second's silence; then, before I could flash the alarm along the line, the tapping began again. Its run: "Everything all right. Goodbye." I signaled for him to repeat the message, and again came the words: "Everything all right. Goodbye."

I held the instrument in my hand and debated with myself upon my course of conduct. I did not want to needlessly send the alarm along the line. On the other hand, why had Dick sent his first message? I touched the instrument and asked, "Is everything all right, Dick?" And the answer came back, "Everything is all right."

It did not seem at all like Dick's touch, but I laid it to nervousness and quieted my fears while I waited for the "runaway."

I recalled that Dick had told me over the wire the previous evening that the "runaway" would have a large sum of money aboard, which it was to transfer to the express at this station.

When the "runaway" came up, I notified the engineer that an express was waiting for him at Lakeville, and I also casually mentioned that the alarm had come from there, but that afterward I had received a message that all was well.

He seemed disturbed and advised me to repeat the story to the United States marshal aboard, which I did, with the result that the train pulled out of the station prepared for emergencies, though neither they nor I thought anything of the hasty message that had been flashed to me.

Ten minutes later the message came over the wires from Lakeville: "Found train in charge of highwaymen. Dick Ramsey murdered at instrument. Object was to rob the 'runaway,' but we overpowered them after a desperate struggle. Notify the stations along the line to send relief."

This, in brief, was the story of the death of Dick Ramsey, and after I had seen him laid away in the graveyard at Lakeville I packed up my goods and journeyed farther on, for I could not remain so near the scene of my old friend's death.

Well, strange things happen, and after I had found a position with the same company 50 miles away I was assigned back to Lakeville.

I found the village grown into a settlement of very fair size and the simple little station replaced by a very pretentious one, while the humble little churchyard where they had buried poor Dick Ramsey was gay with flowering shrubs, and sprigs of marble lifted themselves here and there among the trees. Dick's grave was still marked by the rude cross I had placed over it.

Well, in the duties of my new position I am afraid I forgot Dick, and for weeks at a time I never thought of the mound behind the church and the poor fellow who had come with me from home and whose joys and sorrows had been mine for so long.

In Dick's place at the instrument there sat an honest little chap, and assisting him was another lad, for the station at Lakeville now boasted half a dozen employees.

IN THE OLD RIVER DAYS

A Captain's Stories of Steamboat Racing on the Mississippi.

When one steamboat comes alongside another on the Mississippi each tries to pass the other. That is an invariable rule of the river. It is as much a rule on the river as it is in driving. A man is out in a light rig and has before him far as he can see a smooth, wide, unobstructed dirt speedway. He has a good, fresh, spirited horse that wants to go and needs muscle to hold back.

Another outfit, under precisely the same conditions, comes up alongside and tries to whack by. The man is not living who will keep his pull on the lines and let the other outfit throw the dust in his face. He will give his horse its head, and there will be a race.

Neither driver will have started out with the intention of racing. He may have had his mind set to eat dust sooner than race, but let the other rig whack by and he's after it "hotfoot," as the saying is.

It is the same way in steamboating. No pilot likes to take the wash and broken water of another boat, especially if the other boat is slower or more heavily loaded.

It is in the human blood, and no amount of danger from overtaken boilers, narrowness of channels and bars, shoals or snags will deter the fast boat from showing its heels to the slower boat.

I have seen passengers in the open day, when everybody knew a good deal about the river and its dangers, come up to the captain of the boat they had taken passage on and say to him solicitously: "Now, captain, I want you to assure me of one thing, that you are not going to race. I've got my wife and children on board, and I don't want to expose them to needless danger."

"Of course we won't race," the captain would answer, and he would mean it when he said it.

In a little while along would come a slow, heavily loaded scow of a boat and try to pass us. The captain would get busy and so would the pilot, the engineer and the firemen.

As the competing boat would shade down to a small speck on the rear horizon the passenger who was so anxious to keep his family out of needless danger would come up from below, wiping a pair of bruised and dirty hands, and infating his chest proudly, say to the captain, "She never touched us."

That passenger had been down on the boiler deck during the race passing cord-wood to the stokers to put under the boiler.

That's how it is with steamboat racing.—St. Louis Republic.

THE MALLARME DOLL.

A Reminiscence by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.

During my first visit abroad I passed the winter of 1877-8 in Paris, and, as I had a letter of introduction to M. Stephane Mallarme, we became close friends. Besides being "poet of poets" and high priest of the Symbolists, Mallarme was professor of English in a French university. His English was French English, to be sure, but it answered the French purpose.

He always spoke to me of myself in the third person. I saw a great deal of both him and his wife. I used to dine in the Rue de Rome on his famous Tuesdays and see the adoring throng of nephews who came after dinner. And often he and Mme. Mallarme would ramble with me about the fascinating streets of Paris. It was during these walks that I first made the acquaintance of the genuine French dolls—the wonderful creations who can bow and courtesy and say "papa" and "mamma" and are so much better than human that they always do the thing you desire and never the thing you dislike.

At last the winter came to an end. I was to cross the channel, and, full of kindly regrets, M. Mallarme came to see me.

"We have wish," he said, "madame and I to make her a gift of farewell, and we have thought to give her a doll; she has so liked the dolls of Paris. Will she come with us and choose it on the morrow?"

Is everybody a fool sometimes, I wonder? At any rate I was one just then. Instead of thinking what a treasure for the future would be a doll presented to me by the leader of the Symbolists a foolish fear came over me that to confess to his ownership would be to own myself childish, to make myself ridiculous, and, like the idiot I just then was, I said: "Oh, no, please. They would laugh at me—those who saw it. Please let it be something else."

And the poet went away sadly and returned next day with a Japanese cabinet—a beautiful cabinet—for his "gift of goodbye." I have the cabinet still, but I want my doll.—"Poet Lore."

A Brave Man's Gentleness.

The Army and Navy Journal gives a touching incident which shows how gentle a nature may exist beneath the sternness which at times reckons not the life of men while in the pursuit of victory.

The late Commander James W. Carlin was in command of the Vandalia at Apia, Samoa, during the terrible storm of March 16, 1888.

One evening some years afterward on retiring to his room while visiting his sister, he found a mouse that had fallen into a basin of water and was struggling for his life.

"There were agony and defiance in that little fellow's eye," said the commander, speaking of it the next day. "As I gazed on that helpless little creature I thought of that terrible night on the Vandalia, and, going to the open window, I gently emptied the contents of the basin. I didn't dry him with my towel, but I saved his life," the commander added.

The Reason Was Good.

A woman who had ignored a subpoena to appear as a witness in a case tried in Westmoreland, Kan., was brought before the court by the sheriff to answer for contempt.

"What reason, madam," said the judge severely, "have you for not obeying the summons of the court?"

"I hadn't got none, Mr. Judge," she replied, "only we have smallpox down at our house, and I thought you might be kinder sorter prejudiced ag'in it."

Court was instantly adjourned, and the judge, sheriff and onlookers stampeded for the outside.

Mahogany is said to have been brought to England by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585, but not to have come into general use till 1720.

The giant bees of India build combs 10 feet in height.

"Necessity Knows No Law."

But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous.

To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is therefore a law of health and it is a necessity in nearly every household. It never disappoints.

Erysipelas.—"Had a severe attack of erysipelas, suffering from dizziness and nervousness so that I could not rest at night. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results, and now recommend it to others." M. CHALMERS, Toronto, Ont.

Tired Feeling.—"Was all run down and had no appetite. Was tired all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla was suggested, and a trial benefited me so much that now I would not be without the medicine." Mrs. G. D. BURNER, Central Norton, N. B.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver bile; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

LAUGHING GAS.

The Snake Senses. Snakes that many months had waited, While in holes they hibernated, Have been summoned by the thunder to appear: From the nooks where they've been hiding, They will through the grass come gliding, And a lot of startling tales we soon shall hear.

Every twig that now is breaking Will set timid people quaking When they sunter through the woods on pleasant bent; They will run in consternation And make earnest declaration That they saw a rattler six feet in extent.

When a man in byways lagging Feels a thistle's motion lagging, O'er his face a sickly pallor soon will spread; He'll imagine fearful painings And to helpers be exclaiming, He has bitten by a monstrous copperhead.

From the strictly rural regions, Where the serpents swarm in legions— That's according to the men who till the loam— There will often come a story Of a young man's hair turned hoary By the fright when some great black snake chased him home.

Even out upon the ocean There will often be commotion, And the mariners will wildly break for shore, And then later they'll be saying That a sea snake they saw playing Was a half a mile in length, and maybe more.

But while other yarns are spinning, Thinking laurels they are winning, There is one who later on will scoop the stakes; He's the West Virginia fakir, Famous as a record breaker, And he always makes a specialty of snakes. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph

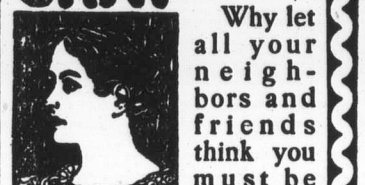
Chicago's Wolves. The Chicago man explained that he had moved into the suburbs in order to keep the wolf from the door. "Of course," he hastily added, observing our puzzled looks, "I refer to the figurative wolf more particularly."

The literal or actual wolves were indeed more plentiful in the suburbs than they were down town, but less plentiful by far than the New York newspapers would have one suppose.—Detroit Journal.

Fine Intentions. "I am determined," said the man who is proud of his boy, "that this youngster shall acquire correct habits of speech."

"The best way to do that is to see that he has good examples."

"Of course. And that's what I'm going to do. I don't intend to let him say 'don't' and ain't going to tolerate the use of that vulgarism 'ain't.'—Wash-



GRAY STREAKS

Why let all your neighbors and friends think you must be twenty years older than you are? Yet it's impossible to look young with the color of 70 years in the hair. It's sad to see young persons look prematurely old in this way. Sad because it's all unnecessary; for gray hair may always be restored to its natural color by using—

Ayer's Hair Vigor

For over half a century this has been the standard hair preparation. It is an elegant dressing; stops falling of the hair; makes the hair grow; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff.

31.00 a bottle. All druggists. "I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 20 years and can heartily recommend it to the public as the best hair tonic in existence." Mrs. G. L. ALDEN, Ector, Tex., April 24, 1898.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.