

CATCHING A CRAB.

"Shall we walk to-day, Miss Courtney?"

Miss Pearl Courtney looked up at the speaker, settled herself comfortably back in the rustic chair she occupied, and with a languid, lovely light in her half-closed eyes, said, "No, Mr. Floyd, we shall talk to-day," then indicated a turn of her slender white wrist another lounging chair close by.

Any man would have accepted that invitation; but Carroll Floyd accepted it with a special grace and earnestness, partly because he was very much in love with the diaphanous being who tendered it, partly because he had a style of beauty that made whatever he did particularly pleasant and impressive. He looked like an old Venetian picture. Such fellows as he, with slumberous dark eyes, thin olive cheeks through which the crimson blood mantle, and long like limbs, stand about in slashed doublets and cross-matched stockings on Veronese's great canvases. An active imagination would in half a minute take him out of that blue flannel modern suit, and set him out in purple velvet and yellow brocade. In short, the young man suggested at the merest glance refinement, luxury, and affluence; but unluckily a bankaccount can't be supplied by charming personal characteristics, and handsome Carroll Floyd was only a rising lawyer, with a practice worth perhaps two thousand a year, and talents that promised a brilliant future.

Pearl Courtney was the incarnation of her pretty name. She was delicately fair—so fair that you forgave her for being thin, for any approach to angularity was half disguised by that blue-veined whiteness. She had golden hair and gray eyes, and a fashion of carrying herself that made one think of a dainty pretty doe, all the more inviting to caress because it would be hard to overcome the pride and shyness of the creature. As she sat there on the piazza of the Surf Hotel, one saw readily from whence her beauty came. Her mother, graceful and charming still at forty, was half reclining not very far off. There was Pearl's own transparent loveliness in fuller outlines, traced over perhaps by a few wrinkles, but carefully set off by a gossamer black dress that permitted hints of an ivory neck, yet was a proper compromise between a widow's grief and the exigencies of a hot day in late August. "The handsome Mrs. Courtney and her beautiful daughter are spending a few weeks at the Surf Hotel," was the announcement in the society papers, and it was followed by a description of the costume worn by each at the last garden party.

Pearl's airy yet imperative assertion, "We shall talk to-day," was so eagerly seized upon that within two minutes she and Mr. Floyd presented a very cozy picture of friendly intimacy. He had drawn his chair near her in vis-a-vis fashion, and leaning forward, very softly caressed the ribbons upon her dress with the fan that he had taken from her hand. There was literally no sentiment to be heard, but something in the cadence of his most every-day remarks and in the rippling murmur of her answer was a whole love story, though the words might have passed unchallenged by the greatest gossip a sea side hotel ever harbored.

"Where is your mother?" was what he really said, while his voice kept singing to the right through every syllable.

"There she is, half asleep in that folding-chair," answered Pearl, touching the end of the fan that he held.

"Did you have a nice time with the fishing party yesterday?" He tapped the turquoise ring on her third finger.

"Rather nice—not very." She looked at the ring and the fan complacently.

He wasn't with the fishing party, so he advanced the fan up to a bangle on her bracelet, and whispered, "Fishing's stupid, anyway. Talking's better, isn't it?"

"Sometimes," she murmured. Then there fell a sacred silence, as if very daring expressions had passed.

Presently Floyd sighed, then feeling it necessary to say something commonplace to avoid saying something desperate, he remarked, "There's old Sam Barr at the corner of the piazza, gossiping with old Miss Collins."

Pearl laughed and answered: "I call Mr. Barr 'Old Crabby.' He's ugly, and mottled, and awkward, and tough, like those big crabs that shuffle and slide about down in the river."

"I call him 'Barr Smister,'" said Floyd.

"Oh," Pearl went on gayly, "it's so funny to see him talking to Miss Collins. They're just alike."

"Yes, she's as ugly as he is, and as rich—even richer—and every day as old."

"She's sixty, at least," responded Pearl, talking undisturbedly fast that she might seem unconscious of the rap look bent upon her. "And she's such a queer old woman, with that false front, and that great cap, and that rusty black silk dress. I wonder how it seems to sit in a wheel-chair and wear such a gown," and she puckered up her lips in some disgust.

"I wonder what the two talk about! About their money, I suppose," Floyd remarked; then addressing himself to carefully picked up with the fan sundry frills of lace that ornamented Pearl's sleeve.

"Isn't it drowsy weather?" she heard, by way of starting conversation again.

"Yes," answered Floyd, "yes; but I wasn't thinking about the weather."

"Oh, you were thinking about my lace, perhaps. Take care, or you'll spoil them."

"I was thinking," he said, "about—about—you—" he stopped a moment, flushing crimson, and lingering on the word as he pronounced her name, went on—"about you, Pearl."

Pearl opened her eyes very wide, as if in surprise and anger, then deliberately half closed them, and bent upon him the gentlest of warm, forgiving looks.

"Well," she whispered.

"Pearl"—he spoke softly, but with quick-coming breath—"I was thinking how supremely happy and abjectly wretched I am. I can't leave you."

She made a slight imploring and encouraging gesture with one hand. I can't leave you, my darling, and I don't dare to tell you how madly I—

"My daughter, put on this shawl," said a charmingly clear, well-modulated voice; and Mrs. Courtney, with an expression of motherly solicitude, walked rather briskly across the space that lay between her chair and the two young people.

Lloyd straightened up, and one of the fan sticks snapped off short between his trembling fingers. Pearl stammered, "Oh, mamma, it's dreadfully warm; I don't need a shawl."

"Well take care, dear, for this sea air is treacherous, and gives one nervous pains. Do you suffer with nervous pains. Mr. Floyd?" and Mrs. Courtney, with the most cordial manner of opening a pleasant chat, drew up a chair besides her daughter's.

Mr. Floyd had some difficulty in remembering whether or not he had experienced nervous pains, and made at last, through violent exertion, only a muttered and contradictory jumble of words by way of answer. Mrs. Courtney regarded him meanwhile with a calm attention not calculated to soothe embarrassment.

At that moment, Miss Collins having stumbled up from her chair and gone to her room, Sam Barr came shambling along, and the young fellow took that chance to escape. But there was airiness in his tread and an audacious happiness shining out from his face that Mrs. Courtney noted with her calm eyes, though her lips were smiling all the time, and began talking volubly and agreeably with old Sam Barr.

"Dreadful weather—so enervating, isn't it, Mr. Barr? Do sit down. See here's a place for you."

Sam Barr settled his ungainly person into the place left vacant by Carroll Floyd, and Pearl, partially shading her face with the fan that Carroll had been playing with, mentally inventoried the old gentleman's personal charms in this wise: "Little, old and common. Face all wrinkled and mottled, and of an ugly red color. Malice in his small restless eyes, and in a spark of humor, too. Head bald. Teeth, one seldom sees, because his lips are so close and cruel but they seem to be of an unwholesome yellow. Hands are square and coarse. Ugh!" Then she turned to her lady mamma, dainty, beautiful, refined, and using all her graceful art to hold this old creature in conversation.

"Pearl, my dear," the mother said, a little sharply, arousing the girl from a dangerous reverie, in which a pair of eyes not in the least like Sam Barr's were melting away all the conventional and polite little icicles about her heart—"Pearl, Mr. Barr asks you to attend the races with him to-morrow. You will go of course, my love."

"Oh, mamma, but I'm to go sailing with Mr. Floyd."

"Nonsense! These little sailing excursions don't bear the dignity of engagements. My daughter accepts your invitation with pleasure, Mr. Barr. I feel I can trust her with you. She's a dear child that I am generally anxious when she's away from me; never, though, when she's with you."

"Thank you, mamma," answered Barr, with meaning. "I hope always to deserve your good opinion."

"There's no doubt of that," she smiled benignly. "My dear, Mr. Barr, is waiting to shake hands with you."

Pearl, having fallen back into reverie, again started, and mechanically let her finger tips fall upon the square, tough, extended palm. But Barr grasped the whole pretty fragile hand, and, stooping, touched it with his tight old lips. She frowned and snatched her hand away, and meeting her mother's look, tried to soften the action by giving a forced, nervous laugh.

"I'll have you up my four-in-hand for you to-morrow," said Barr, and shuffled off in his own peculiar fashion.

"Pearl," Mrs. Courtney's silver voice emanated, "come to my room."

No one would have suspected that smooth mamma of being under any mental excitement, but her daughter knew from some subtle quality, of the

sunshine that the storm was near, and she followed to the room with a reluctant tread. Once within, "Shut the door," said Mrs. Courtney, "and sit here, just opposite me." Pearl obeyed, and the mother still with that deadly calm, opened the business of the interview.

"I was observing my daughter, the very foolish little love passage between you and young Floyd."

"Mamma, he was saying only the most commonplace things."

"Pearl, I'm not a child. No matter what he said, he was making love to you, and you were receiving his advances, and that under the eyes of the best match in the country."

"Do you mean old Barr?"

"I mean Samuel Barr, who can give his wife an establishment and a position. He's a man who wields power, and whose wealth is fabulous."

"He's an old crab, mamma—looks just like one. I've said so dozens of times, and to everybody."

"We won't discuss Mr. Barr's beauty. Frankly, I own he hasn't any. But listen to me. For the past five years I have used the caveat of such propriety as your father left da solely in placing you in a position for securing a brilliant match. I've ventured largely in the hope of realizing largely. Now how do you propose to repay my devotion to your interest?"

"Carroll Floyd, mamma, is a gentleman and a scholar, and of good family, and handsome, and—and—oh, nobody could help liking him, mamma; and old Barr is hideous and hateful and—"

"My dear, stop there, for your singularity of the point. Mr. Floyd's qualities have no bearing upon the subject. Our finances stand in this way. We have exactly fifteen thousand dollars left. That sum will fit you up decently for your wedding, provided the wedding is soon. If the wedding is not soon, or if you choose to marry a poor man, you will have to give up luxuries, and be content with the bare necessities of life."

"I'm sure I'm not luxurious. I only want what other girls have—just nice dresses, and hats, and gloves, and a little jewelry. I wear simple white."

"Simple? Yes, as simple as real Valenciennes can make it. You've had four dozen pretty dresses this summer. Could you have done with less?"

"Of course not, mamma."

"Very well. Those dresses have cost three thousand dollars."

"That's not much."

"It's more than Carroll Floyd's income for a whole year."

"Well, I—I could do with a few dresses less, perhaps, with a change of—of hats and sashes."

"Pearl, you put me out of patience. Can you live on, say, two thousand dollars a year, make your own clothes, do without a maid—"

"Oh, mamma, I couldn't exist without Matilde. She has such taste."

"As Mr. Floyd's wife, you can afford only plain food and clothing. You'll have no carriage, no box at the opera, no little costly knickknacks; you'll be obscure, struggling; your handsome husband will have to work hard, and see but meagre results; and as for me—well I shall not ask you, of course to consider me."

"Oh, mamma!" sobbed Pearl, "what shall I do? I don't know in the least how to be poor. I think it would be dreadful and disgusting and degrading. Why, to have no pretty, dainty things, and to wait on one's self, it would be like being wicked or being—being dirty."

One would feel almost criminal. But Barr is such a horrid old creature, and I turn away from him by a sort of instinct. What shall I do?—what shall I do?"

"I would try to do my duty if I were you, my daughter," said the mother, solemnly. Then, in leaving the room, she added: "In half an hour I shall come back. I pray that you may reach a decision suitable to your own self-respect."

In half an hour Mrs. Courtney, on opening the door found her daughter quietly threading her fair hair through her fingers and carefully observing its silken quality, as she sat waiting for the indispensable Matilde to dress that soft bewildering tangle.

"Mamma," she said, with a little sigh and a little pitiful pout, "I can't help it; Carroll ought not to blame me. I couldn't be expected to live in horrid poverty. He'd be very unreasonable to look for such a sacrifice. I'll take old Barr" (the mother kissed her cheek), "and I hope he'll die soon, and—and—Oh, I'm so unhappy!"

She cried a few minutes, but Mrs. Courtney stood close by until the fit was over, and Matilde found a certain creamy face dress that, worn over a delicate pink, made a slight pallor less observable. Then they went to dinner, and Carroll Floyd, as the lily white beauty passed him by, murmured:

"Dear love you look like an angel."

So she did, but that unthrifty young man forgot that even angels require plumage.

The whole evening the mother and Mr. Barr were continually at Pearl's side so Floyd waited with impatience for the morning and the morning sail. The boat was ready, and he had sent a bunch of white rose buds as a reminder, when

up to the hotel Sam Barr's four in hand came rattling. Presently the old crab himself appeared on the stairs, and with him Pearl Courtney. She nodded pleasantly to her lover in passing, then gayly mounted to the box seat of the drag, and under Floyd's flashing eyes drove off with old Barr.

The young fellow, enraged, yet puzzled and distressed, dismissed the boat, and began striding up and down a back piazza, out of sight of polite sea-side loungers, and trying to believe she had forgotten the engagement. A window opened just above him and something carelessly thrown out lodged in the grass not far from his feet. It was the bunch of white rosebuds, his gift of a few minutes before. He clenched his white teeth, then rushed upstairs to accuse Mrs. Courtney of the insult. At the first landing he remembered that the maid might have ignorantly thrown away the flowers, and remembered, too, that he would be sure to make a fool of himself in any encounter with Mrs. Courtney's high-bred courtesy and calm. So he waited for evening.

Time does pass by eventually. Even days of torture have an end. Evening did come at last, and with it the opportunity to speak to Pearl.

Miss Collins happened to be down stairs, and Barr forbore his devotion for a few minutes while he led the old lady to an arm-chair and settled her in it comfortably. Floyd made his conventional bow, then began, in an eager, hunky voice:

"Miss Courtney—Pearl—did you forget our engagement yesterday?"

"Oh, not exactly," she answered, carelessly, "but I wanted so much to see the races, and one can sail any day."

Floyd grew more hoarse, but tried to speak steadily and distinctly. "Do I understand, then that you prefer Mr. Barr to me?"

She regarded him with a haughty stare.

"I don't mean to be rude," he went on, passionately, "but my whole happiness hangs upon you. I can't choose my words. See!" He held out his trembling hand. "You are more than life to me, Pearl. I believed yesterday that you loved me; tell me I'm mistaken!"

"You were mistaken," she responded with a little quaver in her voice, but setting her lips together tight.

He gave a sort of another groan, then asked, grasping the back of a chair, that no curious eye should note how unsteadily he stood. "Do you mean, then to accept attentions from this old man, this coarse, ugly old wretch, this—"

"Mr. Floyd"—and Pearl rose indignantly—"you will please speak more respectfully of Mr. Barr."

"Heavens!" cried Floyd, forgetting he stood near a crowded parlor, "you don't mean to—marry him?"

"Perhaps—I do," Pearl answered, turning aside; then Barr coming forward at the instant, she took his arm and walked away. Luckily she faced the dark end of the piazza, so Mr. Barr couldn't see the tears that fell fast upon her dress, but he heard a quick sobbing breath, and turned sharply at the sound. Then he laughed, and Pearl laughed too; and before the evening was out the whole house declared it a match; and when Mrs. Courtney kissed her daughter good night she praised her for an excellent, sensible girl. Pearl cried a few more tears, then, sustained by a sense of duty, lay down upon her little white bed, the very picture of goodness and truth.

Carroll Floyd walked his room all night, and wrestled with his affection by muttering: "Beauty, delicacy, innocence! Pah! Commodities to be bought and sold, with only two stipulations in the bargain—the sale must be legal and price high."

By the earliest morning train he left the place.

Every afternoon came the four-in-hand, or a pretty pair of ponies, or a sleek saddle-horse for Pearl's pleasure and convenience. There were flowers and fruit and bonbonnières in abundance, and Pearl bore herself toward Mr. Barr with the coquettish tyranny of a woman sure of her conquest. She ceased amusing her friends by called him "Old Crabby," and had freely remarked to mamma that "with ponies and presents, and a big house, and all sorts of things that a girl needs, you know, why Barr might be tolerated, provided his railroad interests will keep him most of the time away from home."

So the season went on until the cool September evenings made all the water-in-place world think of going home. Still there was no formal engagement; still the mother's polite yet properly pious and tender phrase of consent, though neatly prepared, remained unspoken. At last, one morning, Sam Barr brought a trap to the door, and asked, "Mrs. Courtney, would you and your daughter like to go a-crabbin'?" Certainly they would. So up toward the bay he drove them, and there found a little pier all arranged comfortably for the servant who was sent ahead. There were bait and lines and hand-nets, and nice cushions to insure comfort, and Pearl was eager for the sport to begin.

"Do you know anything about crabbin', Miss Pearl?"

"I shall make you teach me," she answered, with her pretty sauciness.

"So I will; and you, ma'am" (this to Mrs. Courtney), "shall see the lesson."

Mrs. Courtney smilingly assented, gathered up her dress, and placed herself on the right of Barr. Her daughter was on his left; and all three stooped and looked over into the clear water.

"Now ma'am," the lesson began, "Miss Pearl here wants a crab for her luncheon and very properly, too. She's a lovely girl, nature seems to design that she's to have all the delicacies of the season. Now, then, young lady, look for your game, please."

"Oh," cried Pearl, "I see such a pretty shiny fish!"

"A very pretty fellow indeed, Miss Pearl, but he ain't good to eat. He's smooth and handsome, but you'd starve with him. Better look out for a fat old crab."

"Well," said Pearl, "there's a crab. Oh, I see him shuffling along, and putting on his horrid grappling claws. See!"

"Aha!" Barr chuckled, delightedly. "These's the fellow for a dainty young lady! Now, ma'am, you'll see Miss Pearl catch him. Here's the bait, a nice piece of chicken, white and tender and tempting. Now you tie it on a piece of string, and shake it before old crabby's eyes."

"Yes, yes, and he sees it," Pearl cries out eagerly.

"He sees it, yes; and he goes all round it, and—and now he puts out a claw to feel of it. There, hold your dainty bait still. It ain't forced on to him; it's just a sweet little morsel a'lyin' there, with no harm in it at all, and the old crab thinks he's a'go'in' to have it for his own. Now walkin' round and round, and now he's off a way lookin' at it."

"Oh, mamma, see what an ugly creature it is!" exclaimed Pearl.

"Yes, ma'am, a very ugly old creature. He ought to be glad of a bit of tender spring chicken, oughtn't he? So he is; see, he's snapped at the bait. Ha! happy old crab! Now, Miss Pearl, he's taken hold. You're sure of him, ain't you? dead certain sure of him, eh?"

"Yes, yes, quite sure. Shall I pull him up and get the landing-net?" she said.

"Easy now, easy. You're sure of him. Now, ma'am, and he turned to Mrs. Courtney, "you see Miss Pearl's sure of that ugly but fat old crab that you can lurch off to your heart's content, eh?"

"Of course, Pearl has only to land him."

"Only to land him," chuckled Sam Barr. "Now, my pretty young lady, take your net. Here it is. So. Slip it under. Steady!"

Pearl took the net; steadily and slowly she slipped it under the apparently contented creature that was devouring the bait; cunningly near she carried it; then with a jerk brought it up. There was a struggle, a splash, and—the landing-net was empty!

"Oh," cried Pearl, "the hateful thing has got away!"

Old Sam Barr burst into a loud laugh—so loud that men far off on the bay in boats turned toward the sound, and so long continued that the groom came running from a distance, thinking some complicated orders were being shouted to him. Then Sam sat down, leaned his elbows on his knees, and turning first to one, then to the other, of the ladies, said:

"It's impossible to guess at the real nature of an old crab. He seems stupid, and rough, and easy to get, but you don't know what's a goin' on inside of him. Now that old feller had had experience; see—Lord bless you!—many a pretty bit of spring chicken from the Surf Hotel. Praps, clumsy and brutal like as he seems he don't like the idea of giving up his life and substance just to furnish a lady with extra luxury. And he's had hard grubbin', too, gettin' himself so fat and rich. And praps, who knows, that old crab's got feelin's of his own, and praps he's no fool, though he may act like it sometimes; and praps the old crab has his own little joke to play—makin' a young lady think she'd as good as ketch him, was in fact, dead certain sure of him, then off he goes. Ha! ha! ha! Crabby will find some other old crabby maybe, and settle down in a hole there under the sea-weed and talk it all over comfortably, and laugh at us in crab fashion. Come on, ladies, we've had sport enough for to-day."

Very quietly Pearl and her mother followed old Barr to the carriage. They never even exchanged glances.

That afternoon Pearl received a costly bonbonnière, with Samuel Barr's card, and the letters P. P. C. in the corner.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "he's gone!"

"What's gone?" said the mother's eyes flashed with anger.

"Mamma," said Pearl, crushing the card in her closed hand, "do you think he meant anything by that nonsense about the crab? Do you think he saw that we—we—were— You know what I mean. Oh, mamma, I couldn't bear to be despised by old Sam Barr."

Mrs. Courtney bit her nicely curved under lip, but gave no reply.

"Oh," Pearl went on, growing a little

hysterical. "I think of Carroll Floyd sometimes. He loved me," and she sobbed aloud.

"Carroll Floyd, indeed!" repeated the mother, scornfully. "Love, indeed! Pearl Courtney, you don't know the meaning of such cruel love as that man would expect—love that renounces and never regrets, love that accepts struggle, hardship, obscurity, and still lives upon its own strength and fervor. I'm thankful that I never could be deluded by the lullaby of empty affection, and I'm very devoutly thankful that my daughter, in her calm, rational moments, is exactly like me." Mrs. Courtney piously looked up to heaven.

"I'm sure I'll try to do right, mamma," said Pearl, checking another nervous sigh. "Then his lovely great eyes sought the ceiling, or some upper region where all that is nice and elegant and expensive and preservative of the complexion is duly prized and honored."

And did dear Pearl's trust in her mamma's wisdom and her own instinct miscarry? Did she fare as the wicked heroine in a novel, and come to tenderness of heart and deep repentance? Not a bit of it. She became engaged to Sir Egerton Grouse the next week. She flourishes as "my lady." Her complexion is lovely, and she enjoys a quiet satisfaction in having done her duty to her mother and society. She is happy, too, just as far as the little nature shut up in that charming white and blue-veined casing conceives of happiness; though some finches she remembers that August day on the piazza, and wonders why in all her life she never could feel again just as she did while Carroll Floyd held one end of her fan and she coyly touched the other.

Poor Floyd fought along at the bar, and married a good girl, and was called clever long before he was called rich.

As to Sam Barr, why, he married old Miss Collins, wheel-chair and all. Their estates at the lower end of Fifth Avenue joined one another. Sam says, "We're two old crabs, and we've settled down to a crabbed old life that suits us." Then he chuckles, and thinks of pretty Pearl Courtney and her lady mother, and the great joke he played upon them.—[Harker's Bazar.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to kidney disease is the most distressing. To sufferers, we can only say, take Dr. VAN BUREN'S KIDNEY CURE at once, and thus obtain a relief you cannot find elsewhere. All Druggists have it. J. Wilson, Goderich.

2m.

We live for the good of others, if our living bring any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness.

To the Medical Profession, and all whom it may concern.

Phosphatine, or Nerve Food, a Phosphate Element based upon Scientific Facts, Formulated by Professor Austin M. D. of Boston, Mass., cures Pulmonary Consumption, Sick Headache, Nervous Attacks, Vertigo and Neuralgia, and all wasting diseases of the human system. Phosphatine is not a Medicine, but a Nutrient, because it contains no Vegetable or Mineral Poisons, Opium, Nuxetics, and no Stimulants, but simply the Phosphatic and Gartic Elements found in our daily food. A single bottle is sufficient to convince. All Druggists sell it \$1.00 per bottle. LONDON & CO., sole agents for the Dominion, 55 Front Street East Toronto.

James Allen, a farmer of Dereham township, four miles from Tilsonburg, made 1800 gallons of sorghum syrup this season, and will make 750 more. He charges farmers who grow and bring out twenty cents a gallon for making, and a 200 gallons can be secured from an acre which sells at seventy cents a gallon, it will be seen that respectable profits are made by those who grow it. The industry is spreading in western Ontario.

CINGALESE.—A name well known in connection with the Hair Renewer, which restores grey hair to its natural color by a few weeks use. Sold at 50 cents per bottle by James Wilson. 2m.

Free of Charge.

All persons suffering from Cough, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice or any affection of the Throat and Lungs are requested to call at Wilson's Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption free of charge, which will convince them of wonderful merits and show what regular dollar-size bottle will do. Carefully.

John Brown, having been sent the other day at Balmoral by the Queen's quest of the lady in waiting, who happened to be the Duchess of Athole, suddenly stumbled against her. "Hoot, ma'am," said J. B. "your jest the woman I was looking for." The enraged duchess dashed inconspicuously into the royal presence and exclaimed to her majesty: "Madam, J. B. has insulted me; he has had the impudence to call me a woman." To which the Queen replied with cutting severity: "And pray, what are you?" All ladies in waiting and ladies of the bed-chamber have a deadly hatred of John Brown.

Do Not Be Discouraged.

In these times of quick medicine advertisements everywhere, it is truly gratifying to find one remedy that is worthy of praise, and which really does as recommended. Electric Bitters can vouch for as being a true and real remedy, and one that will do as recommended. They invariably cure Stomach and Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary difficulties. We know whereof we speak, and can readily say, give them a trial. Sold at 60 cents a bottle, by Jas. Wilson. [3]

ED  
Departm  
Regulati  
Novem  
1 Fu  
animati  
to obtain  
Candidates  
aggregat  
subjects.  
2 Fu  
ation fo  
Certific  
to obtain  
Candidates  
aggregat  
jects.  
3. Fe  
non-pec  
cases, or  
tain, for  
marks at  
by such  
the aggr  
such sub  
out, on  
of the ag  
4. An  
Teacher,  
since th  
cause in  
class, 7.  
the aggr  
such sub  
out, on  
of the ag  
5. A  
al Teach  
Intern  
pers re  
tions:—  
(1) B  
the hanc  
the 15t  
ground  
stated.  
(2) I  
made u  
posit w  
if his a  
otherwi  
(3) I  
inore ab  
the 15th  
of all th  
appeal  
ed on a  
(4) I  
tra Cou  
their re  
the ans  
view an  
be all  
6. T  
Hygien  
Public  
ing pr  
on at  
School  
7. A  
Candid  
the exa  
report,  
cation  
Candid  
function  
cous u  
of the f  
and the  
port in  
8. T  
trainin  
the Ed  
been y  
aminat  
Candid  
Class r  
having  
on 8  
to qual  
for a f  
9. A  
factory  
fully f  
Class  
to pre  
exami  
scribe  
First  
such  
from t  
for t  
Class  
To  
De  
patio  
pimp  
cous u  
One  
W.  
Dr.  
Woa  
and  
Stor  
child  
falls  
no al  
God  
Ti  
clim  
Thru  
prop  
is no  
be a  
Con  
Ole  
pres  
affe  
bre  
in l  
I  
ing  
car  
Cir  
pe  
wi  
do  
nu  
be  
in  
ta  
ve  
n