

On the Death of Tennyson.

Tennyson, the poet-prince of thine own age,
Thy death has filled with grief all men of thought
Who loved to dwell on thy enchanting page,
And feed upon luxury of Truth, which naught
Could surpass in strenght, purity and grace;
Thou'rt with us still in works we all embrace.

"In Memoriam," darling of thy youth,
Eulogy of thy friend, great Hallam's son
Marked thee as teacher of mighty love and truth,
And possessed of mind to analyse—as none
Else could do—grief, pain, and pangs of woe
Which crush the heart and compass its o'erthrow.

The "Idylls of the King"—Arthur the brave,
Nursed at Merlin's feet, the pure and the good,
Laud every gracious deed, and deride the knave
And all his tricks—unworthy of the blood,
Of great Uther's sons—in love and war so fair,
Save th' usurper of the heart of Guinevere.
REV. J. M. JONES, Orillia.

The Century Magazine in 1893.

It would be hard for a person who cares for good reading to make a better investment than a year's subscription to *The Century Magazine*. No region is too remote, no expense too great, if it will only produce what the *Century's* readers want. This is the policy that has made it, as the *Pall Mall Budget*, of London, says, "by far the best of the magazines, English or American."

The November number begins a new volume and contains the first chapters of a powerful novel of New York society, called "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," written by Mrs. Burton Harrison, the author of "The Anglomaniacs." In this story the fashionable wedding, the occupants of the boxes in the Metropolitan Opera House, the "smart set" in the country house are faithfully reflected, and the illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson, *Life's* well-known cartoonist, are as brilliant as the novel.

In this November number begins also a great series of papers on "The Bible and Science," opening with "Does the Bible contain Scientific Error?" by Prof. Shields, of Princeton, who takes decided ground that the Bible does not contain scientific errors of any moment, and who most interestingly states the case from his point of view. Other articles in this series will include one in the December (Christmas) number, "The Effect of Scientific Study upon Religious Beliefs."

An important series of letters that passed between General Sherman and his brother Senator John Sherman is also printed in November, which number contains also contributions from the most distinguished writers, including an article by James Russell Lowell, which was not quite completed at the time of his death. The suggestion which Bishop Potter makes in the November *Century* as to what could be done with the World's Fair if it were opened on Sunday, is one which seems the most practical solution of the problem as yet offered.

The December *Century* is to be a great Christmas number—full of Christmas stories, Christmas poems, and Christmas pictures—and in it will begin the first chapters of a striking novel of life in Colorado, "Benefits Forgiven," by Wolcott Balestier, who wrote "The Naulahka" with Rudyard Kipling.

Papers on good roads, the new educational methods, and city government are soon to come.

Four dollars will bring you this splendid magazine for one year, and certainly no cultivated home can afford to be without it. Subscribers can remit directly to the publishers, The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York. They should begin with November, and so get first chapters of all the serials, including "Sweet Bells Out of Tune."

"Faithful unto Death."

A TRUE STORY.

I was coming home from a long day's shooting, late one evening, rejoicing at the thought of the rest and refreshment that was so near. I had had a hard day and was very tired, and having lost my way early in the afternoon, was later than usual.

"Never mind," I said to myself, "in another quarter of an hour I shall be home!" But there was an unexpected obstacle in the way. I had just entered a lane with high, overhanging banks,

and it was very dark, and before I had gone far I heard a low, warning growl. All the dogs in the neighbourhood and I are friends, and I never knew the dog yet who was my enemy! What could this mean?

"What's up, old fellow?"

Another low menacing growl, and as I stepped forward it grew more and more angry, and I saw the dim form of a great dog, evidently determined not to let me pass. I tried to coax him, to persuade him, to reason with him, to threaten him—but all to no purpose. He would not let me pass. He seemed to be all alone, and to have taken a frantic idea into his head that for some unknown reason I was to be hindered from going home that night. What was to be done? I shouted many times to see if the owner of this mad dog were not near, but nobody answered, and at last, in desperation, I cried out, as if the poor dumb creature could understand:

"If you don't let me pass this time, I shall shoot you!" He only growled more fiercely than ever, and my gun being still loaded, I shot him then and there and tramped on vexed and perplexed. But a few steps only did I take before the whole truth burst upon me, and I would have given worlds never to have fired that fatal shot and so ended a noble life. Before me in the road lay a great black heap, and when I turned it over, I saw it was a man hopelessly, helplessly drunk. He was in a dead stupor and neither heard nor saw anything. As he fell across the road, so he lay, and the good, faithful dog, fearing harm should come to him, kept watch by his master's body, and would let no one come near. Now I understood it all. The brave, patient, faithful life was ended, sacrificed to duty and affection. It was a dog's death—it was a hero's death. What was the man's life like for whom that noble dog's life had been given? Was he worthy that tender affection? Was he worthy to be named in the same day as his poor dog? Alas, no! and I myself went home ashamed and sad to think my hand had so ill-rewarded such noble fidelity.

Schiffmann's Asthma Cure.

Instantly relieves the most violent attack, facilitates free expectoration and insures rest to those otherwise unable to sleep except in a chair, as a single trial will prove. Send for a free trial package to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., but ask your druggist first.

How the Apostles Died.

From history and tradition we learn that all the apostles excepting St. John died unnatural and cruel deaths, as follows:

1. Peter was crucified in Rome, with his head down, on a cross similar to that used in the execution of Jesus.
2. Andrew was bound to a cross, and left to die from exhaustion.
3. James the Great was beheaded by order of Herod at Jerusalem.
4. St. James the Less was thrown from a high pinnacle, then stoned, and finally killed with a fuller's club.
5. St. Philip was bound and hanged against a pillar.
6. St. Bartholomew was flayed to death by command of a barbarous king.
7. St. Matthew was killed with a halberd.
8. St. Thomas was shot by a shower of arrows while at prayer, and afterwards run through the body with a lance.
9. St. Simon was crucified after the manner of Jesus.
10. St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria until he expired.
11. St. Luke was hanged on an olive tree in Greece.
12. St. John died a natural death.
13. Paul was beheaded by command of Nero.
14. Judas hanged himself, and "fell and his bowels gushed out."
15. St. Barnabas was stoned to death by Jews.

It is not what its proprietors say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

Hints to Housekeepers.

GLASS ICING.—Take one cup of light-brown sugar and two spoonfuls of water, a very small spoonful of butter and a few drops of lemon extract. Boil eight minutes, and pour over the cake while hot, spreading it evenly.

A COMPLICATED CASE.—*Dear Sirs*,—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and lost appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children.

MRS. WALTER BURNS, Maitland, N.S.

The best way to clean a piano is to use luke-warm water, and a fine oil chamois. Go over the case a little at a time and rub dry with your chamois skin. Bruises may be removed by the application of a little pumice stone. Always use a silk duster for a piano.

A DANGEROUS COLD.—*Dear Sirs*,—My little girl last winter had a very bad cold which almost resulted in congestion of the lungs. After doctoring with her for three months without success, I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and two bottles of it cured her. She is now strong and healthy.

MRS. SAMUEL MULHOLLAND, Hamilton, Ont.

Do not keep the room in which your plants are too warm; get a thermometer and hang it where you can see it easily. Aim to keep the temperature at about 70°: this will be quite warm enough for the human occupants of the room, and plants would do better with five degrees less.

ACHING PAINS REMOVED.—*Gentlemen*,—I cannot but praise B.B.B., for it has revived me wonderfully. I was completely run down, had aching pains in my shoulders, a tired feeling in my limbs, low spirits, in fact I was in misery. Being recommended to try B.B.B., I did so, and with the use of only one bottle I am to-day strong and healthy. I prize it highly.

MRS. B. TUCKER, Toronto, Ont.

STARCH FOR COLLARS AND CUFFS.—Add to each quart of well-boiled starch half a teaspoonful of powdered borax and a tiny piece of lard, and dip the collars and cuffs in while the starch is quite hot. Use a polishing iron, and your collars and cuffs will look like new.

RYE CAKES.—One pint scalding hot milk, one-half cup Indian meal, one-half cup sugar, one cup rye meal, two cups of flour; cool and then add a little salt, and one-half cup of yeast. Let this rise over night. In the morning add one-half teaspoonful of saleratus and two eggs.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cups prepared cocoanut, one cup sugar, one-half cup of milk, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda; soak the cocoanut in milk.

It is always safe to fight against a cold by external applications, as camphorated oil rubbed upon the throat and chest and between the shoulders; this is admirable for children; or vaseline, similarly applied. In influenza, a little relief is sometimes obtained by painting the inside of the nostrils with a camel's hair brush or a tiny swab dipped in melted vaseline. This process will answer for young children, but older persons may snuff up the vaseline.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.—W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.