London, on the very hottest of July days, is not perhaps, the place of all others where ene would choose to live, always supposing that the power of choice were left us. We that the power of choice were left us. We should find the glare on the pavements and en the white houses, the close, oppressive atmosphere, the brown and withered grass in the squares, perfectly insupportable after a few days, and we should fly to Cowes or Ryde, to Norway or New York, for change

But if, like Polly Marker and "the beys," we were moneyless, friendless, outside the great Babylon, we should probably spend the July days as she did, and revel, as the boys used to do; in the "jolly heat." Polly was the eldest of the family by four years, and, if you care to look at her, as she stands clinging to the railings of the Square gardens, I think you will agree with me that there is something in her face that makes you wish to look again. Straight soft hair laid smoothly on each side of a narrow head, surmounted by a sunbonnet; a wide, sad mouth, and humorous eyes that belie, by their sudden twinkling glances, the story of the face. The eyes are a family feature, moreover, only Dick's are larger, and the lashes that shade them are more indisputably Irish. and are Polly's pride. Dick is standing, with his hands in his pockets, leaning against a lamp-post, whistling, while the baby lies lazily at his feet, sucking the brushes out of his shoe-black hox-for the

whole family are waiting for a job. Suddenly Polly, who has been gazing intently and wistfully at the geraniums in the Square, and making believe she is a lady and this her own garden, drops her hands hastily from the railings and retreats backwards towards the boys as the Square gardener shakes his fist at her from the inside. "And if you could give me a fam 'And if you could give me a few flowers for the evening, Stanley," she says in a loud, clear voice—for she is still "making believe" that this is her own gardener—"I shall be much obliged."
"Oh, I say, Polly," says Dick, remonstratingly, as the baby sets up a howl of anguish, "you're just treading on him, you know, and you should just look where

you're going, you know."
Polly's dream thus rudely disturbed, she becomes prosaic instantly; picks up the box she has upset, gives the baby an admonitory slap, and thumps him down on ent some two yards further off, where he cries privately, in a silly, whim-pering way, for some minutes, and then belaborious progress toward the

blacking-box again.

Suddenly out of Green street, over which the afternoon shadows were folding down, a horse came picking its way daintly into quiet, sunny Grosvenor Square. The horse was a wicked-looking chestnut, and it came up the centre of the road, tossing its pretty head, and stepping high with its four white-stocking feet. The whole family rose with one accord, and Polly pointed out the beautiful creature for baby's admiration, but Dick had caught sight of the rider was a lady—young enough in reality, but old to Dick, to whom twenty-one lay in such a very dim future.

The lady turned and called out, "Thank yeu," as she passed him, cantering out of the Square, and smiled again, leaving Dick

gazing after her entranced "What a beautiful lady!" he said, going back to Polly's side, with a sigh.
"Yes, very pretty," said Polly; "and, my! what a horse!"

like that !-wouldn't I have been a-canter-

palm lay a shining sovereign, and all the glory of the sinking sun seemed to flicker in little shafts of light on the piece of gold. "Shut your hand, tight," said Polly, in a

into a dirtier, drearier part of the towndived down side streets and alleys, to a

procession stopped.
"Two slices of bread and two bacons," said Polly, to whom the possession of the sovereign imparted a novel dignity, "and a ha porth of milk, and this to change, Mrs.

Nixon."

Mrs. Nixon rung the coin down on the counter in a business-like way, and then looked sharply at Polly for a minute, and said, "You're rich, aren't you, my dear ?-

and where did it come from? "Oh, we've got it to change," said Polly, "and we're to keep the sixpence."
"Well! you're honest children," said
Mrs. Nixon, kindly, "and take after your

mother; so there's your dinners, and there's the change—nineteen blessed shillings and They took the slices of bread and bacon out into the sunshine, and ate sitting on the pavement; and they fed the baby by turns, while Polly kept the money tight in

her hand; then, when the feast was over

they rose slowly up, and went away down

the dark alley, where men and women stood about in discontented groups, up a creaking wooden stair, to a door, of which Polly had the key, and the other side of Polly had the key, and the other side of which they called "home."

It wat a room that, to unaccustomed eyes, would have looked very blank and bare and desolate, for the bed was only a long low wooden frame with a couple of blankets and a checked quilt upon it. The table was a box, and other furniture there was none, save a couple of rough stools and a cupboard; but over the mantel-shelf there was nailed up a little gallery of portraits, with a setting of china ornaments—

"It wat a room that, to unaccustomed what he was alluding, for, though she started, she rose without a word, and, with steady fingers, laid the shillings side by side along the mantelshelf. "Nineteen shillings," she said, slowly, "and the six-pence."

"It seems hardly worth while to leave the sixpence there," said Dick, in a hurried whisper, "does it, Polly? If it were ours."

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traits, with a setting of china ornaments—
a faded daguerreotype of a pretty woman with a baby in her arms, a common photo-graph of a lad in hussar uniform, with "For Dear Mother," scrawled beneath it, could have traced any resemblance between that startling outline and the tall, quiet, consumptive man, who had lived out his weary life among the uncongenial souls in

Crowe's Alley Well, it had not affected him so ver much, after all, and they were kindly people in their way. They used to step on tiptoe, when they remembered, past the door of the room in which he lay propped up by pillows, gazing patiently out at the sunrises and sunsets that just glimmered over the roofs of the other houses. When he died, and the "missus" fretted for him, and money was slow to come in, there cheer ed her up, and helped her, these rough folks, and forgot that they used to con-sider her "fine" when they brought her opr or two when the fever came upon her.

THE CHANGE OF THE SOVEREIGN, and saw that she was decently buried when

and saw that she was decently buried when she died.

After that, time was a miserable blank to Polly for some weeks. The baby was feetful and Polly's arms were unaccustomed, for mother used to nurse him always; and Dickie used to cry at nights a good deal, until the folks in the alley clubbed together and bought him a blacking-box, and he began to earn pennies. By that supplies that may shop, and the room was beginning to look empty, and the children were not so neat as they had been; but, through all the misery and loneliness shading the was lying fast asleep, with long lashes shading the wistful eyes, neat as they had been; but, through all the misery and loneliness and mour to do at Polly's jokes; and, half an hour afterward, he was lying fast asleep, with long lashes shading the wistful eyes, neat as they had been; but, through all the misery and loneliness and we have not thing, why, there's always the House."

Well, we have to work anyway, "said the dealy into the common sense, "and the began to earn pennies. By that's my joke, Dick."

Dick laughed, as he always felt bound in hour to do at Polly's jokes; and, half an hour to do at Polly's jokes; and, half an hour to do at Polly's jokes; and, half an hour sterward, he was lying fast asleep, with long lashes shading the wistful eyes, and the children were not so neat as they had been; but, through all the misery and loneliness and want, there was no the transfer of the dinginess and gloom and emptiness of the dinginess and the transfer on a chair threw a through the through earns when the lady rode into Grossiant to the dough of the day when the lady rode into the cooner with the bed, where the can be untimed to the corner with the bed, where the one dip flustering on a chair threw a tituli light on Polly's flushed face, was to ecogaize as by instinct that here, in this children had gone to every and loneliness and the careful love and tender to end the careful love and tender to speak; and the distribution of the careful love and tender to speak; and the c nobler than it used to be, when she was little and selfish, and mother cared for her.

Tired and worried, she sat down this evening on one of the broken stools, and hushed the fractious baby to sleep, so tening her voice to a kind of mourning hum, while Dickie leaned against her knee listening. Then she laid him softly in the bed, and tucked him in, and she and Dickie took down the ragged Bible and read a verse, and then sat on for a long time in the darkening room, looking out of the nearrow window, and thinking.

But they did not come to the "House," after all, for, when the children had gone to bed that night, Mrs. O'Flannighan held a council of two in her room, and decided that she could work with an easier mind by day if Polly were there to tend Billy a bit, and give him what he needed.

"So I'll pay the rent of the room," Mrs. O'Flannighar said, "and I don't doubt they'll pick up enough to get along for the winter;" for Mrs. O'Flannighar was looked upon as a moneyed woman in Crowe's Alley. of the narrow window, and thinking. Well, Dickie was thinking of the lady's face he had seen in Grosvenor Square, and of the nineteen shillings and six-pence; and Polly, with her tangled head laid down upon the sill, and her tired hands crossed on her lap, was wondering where the pennies were to come from to-morrow, and if— She raised herself suddenly, and went over to the fire-place to lean her head upon the wall under mother's picture, as she had a way of doing go too?—if she must come in tired some evening, and have no mother to go to, even a picture—if she must wake up in the night, and creep over the sleeping boys, and have no spot on the wall to which to turn and be comforted! "Why, then, I must bear that, too," thought Polly, "and I shall grow send to it."

shall grow used to it."
"Polly," said Dick, suddenly, "where's the money?"
"Oh, I've put it in the box," said Polly

the change."
"I shall go to bed," said Dick, yawn-So Polly forgot herself and her own coubles, and helped him to undress; and helped him to undress; and her she drew the curly head on to her tired shoulder, and sang to him as she had done to baby until he fell asleep. And if her arms ached as she laid him gently wn, and if she fell asleep over her prayers, and if the restless baby kept her wakeful till the gray morning dawn, who was to know it save He who neither slumreth nor sleepeth, and, perhaps, the dead mother whose name she sobbed in her sleep before the sun fell on her face and awoke her?

So the hot July days came and went, and brought pleasure as well as pain to the little room in Orowe's alley.

The room was emptier than ever, and food was scarce, and bread was dear; but then baby was beginning to walk, and the sun was not so hot, so that Dick was not so

of Grosvenor Squaregoing to court.

She laughed more than she used to do at first, this brave Polly; but when the play was ended, and the boys were in bed, havgazing after her entranced.

"What a beautiful lady!" he said, going back to Polly's side, with a sigh.

"Yes, very pretty," said Polly; "and, my! what a horse!"

"She had such a low voice!" said Dick.

"Yes, precious low," said Polly; "I couldn't hear a word she said. My! how could she come a-walking into the Square like that l-wouldn't I have been a center. shook their heads, over Polly's thin face with its hectic flush, and said aside to one

ing, just!"

"Hadn't we better go home?" ventured another that she was going the way her father all day."

"How much did she give you?" said practical Polly, stretching out her hand to touch the one that covered the sixpence.

"Sixpence," said Dick, opening his fingers; but there was a mistake some-where, for in the middle of his hot little offering to the pawn shops, she found that

She sat on one of the stools with the pictures in her lap, and made the boys kiss them, and, just for a minute, tears came to

know, and we'll go home."

"But mayn't we spend the sixpence?"
said Dick, aggrieved, while his lips quivered
—"just for dinner, Polly?"

"Of course," said Polly, sharply; "we'll
change it and have dinner, and keep the
change; only don't cry, Dickie, and if
you'll take baby, I'll carry the box."

They sauntered, along in a little procession of three, all down Green street, and
into a dirtier, drearier part of the town—

them, and, just for a minute, tears came to
her eyes when Dickie, kissing the black
head, obediently, looked up to ask, "But
who is it, Polly?"

"Why, it's father," said Polly, "and
dear mother, and you, Dickie, when you
Willie—our soldier, Dick, that died."

And Dick said, "Oh yes; I 'member,"
and turned away to play horses round the
empty room, while Polly sat on, with all and turned away to play horses round the empty room, while Polly sat on, with all her household gods in her lap, and tears in little dinner shop Polly knew, where the

her frank blue eyes.
"I thought Dick would have remembered," she said to herself once; and then she gathered up the pictures and took them away to the shop, locking the door behind

And all the time that the funds were getsetting in, and pennies were getting in, and pennies were getting scarcer, the nineteen shillings and sixpence lay in the big box by night and in Polly's pocket by day; only, one evening, when the landlord had taken away the box as part payment of the rent, and things were looking so serious that the neighbours be-gan talking of the "House," Polly took the money, and, having nowhere else to put it, laid it out in little heaps upon the mantel-shelf, and she and Dick sat down

and looked at it.

Baby was fast asleep in bed, the church clock outside had just boomed out ten on the frosty November air, and most of the lodgers were quiet for the Crowe's Alley folk went to bed early; Polly sat with her thin cheek resting on her hand, and Dick weak long to the control of the long to Dick was lying on the ground at her feet,

She must have known instinctively to

""
"If it were ours," said Polly, with

brightening eyes, "we'd have a good din-ner to-morrow, Dick, and not cheap bread, and we'd give baby milk without water in And if it were all ours?" said Dick, name of "Father"—though the eyes must have been clever and loving indeed that "If it were all ours," interrupted Polly

with a strange look darkening over her face, "we would be happy, Dickie, wouldn't we? Something to eat for a whole month we? Something to eat for a whole month—till Christmas—and something over."

"Oh, every thing," said Dick. "Polly"—and he dropped his voice until she had to stoop to listen—"couldn't we just—borrow it, you know, for a month or so? If it were ours—." And his little childish hand stole out and touched the first shilling on

ne sneir.
Polly had been sitting as one in a dream, but at the touch she seemed to awaken. The new dark look that had been creeping over her face changed and brightened as she jumped up and put Dick's hand somewhat roughly aside. "If it were ours, we'd spend it, Dick," she said; "but as it is, we'll just keep it safe till we see her." "But if we never see her?" said Dick,

whimpering and half frightened,

Alley.
So it chanced that morning after morning, when Dick was gone out with his blacking-box to earn the daily bread, Polly

Billy caught the infection, and grev to wonder how he had ever thought the days goodness as quietly as he offered it. long, or the pain in his back too terrible to bear, for Polly could show him so many ways of making the time pass. She could make baskets out of nuts, and mice out of apple pips; she could sing and chatter while she worked about; and, best of all, when the sunshine died out and her work was over, she could pin up a corner of the blind, just to show the red light over the I gloomy alley, and sit holding his feverish hand in hers, telling him beautiful stories, with the quiet baby on her lap; only sometimes she had to stop when she coughed—she had grown to cough a good deal lately—and then they would all sit quite quiet until Mrs. O'Flannighan came bustling in, make baskets out of nuts, and mice out of teeth

nighan said to Billy, as she stood one evening watching the slight figure toiling wearily upstairs with the baby—"better River of Life; and he kissed her when he

she's beautiful."

"They were a good lot—always," went
"They were a good lot—always," went
beach her.

But Polly surprised them all. The crisis

Crowe's Alley."

"But Polly's not fine," said Billy, with think, sir, you did it to the Lord."

had to live out first; but, mark my words, billy O'Flannighan, that, with that cough of hers, and her half starving herself for the little childer, she'll be laid up before the winter's out."

Which remark of Mrs. O'Flannighan was

frightened presently, but more frightened when Polly sat up in bed, as she did by and-by, with a red spot on each cheek, and began talking rapidly and moving her hands about. Dickie and baby sat staring at her, and some of the neighbours, attracted by the noise, looked in and gave tracted by the noise, looked in and gave.

Out of the dream, however, and out of the dream to the dr her water, and smoothed the bed, and went away looking very grave; but in the twiaway looking very grave; but in the twilight Mrs. O'Flannighan came home from
her day's work, and when she learned
from Billy that Polly was ill, she went
hurriedly up to the children's garret to
see what was the matter. Dickie had made
tea, and was pouring it out for baby and
himself in the fast-fading light of the window, they were sitting in the shedow,
months in a sunvy frame or gainst a back dow; they were sitting in the shadow, and he was talking softly to the baby as he around of gloom and misery—the face of handed him his little mug; but a bit of the lady who had ridden into Grosvenor the blind was drawn aside so that a shaft of red light lay across the uncomfortable bed and Polly's feverish hands, that were pluck-

ing at the coverlet, and across the eager, ing at the coverlet, and across the eager, restless face.

Mrs. O'Flannighan put up a rough hand for a minute to her eyes, then, without a word, she went over to the bed, and, sitting down, drew the uneasy head on to her shoulder and let it rest there; and, poor Polly, seeing something familiar in the face bending over her, cried out, "Why, mother!" in a sudden, pleading way.

With that her voice broke into sobs, and she cried as she had never had time to cry word, she went over to the bed, and, sitting down, drew the uneasy head on to her shoulder and let it rest there; and, poor Polly, seeing something familiar in the face bending over her, cried out, "Why, mother!" in a sudden, pleading way. With that her voice broke into sobs, and she cried as she had never had time to cry since her mother died.

"What has she had to eat to-day?" Mrs. O'Flannighan asked of the children, who had crept closer to her when Polly

who had crept closer to her when Polly began to cry.

"Why, nothing," said Dick, "only some cold tea. She wasn't hungry in the morning, she said, and this afternoon she's been queer—kind of laughing and crying, like—so we just played about, baby and me, and didn't heed her."

"Poor little girl!" Mrs. O'Flannighan after the control wander the fever's got

my room, and bring up Billy's beef tea, and then run round to Dr. Stanley, 5 Greenacre, and ask him to come down to-

Dick, scared and horrified at the idea of a doctor being needed for Polly, hurried off in the gathering darkness to Dr. Stanley's house. He rang twice before the bell was answered, and then the maid just opened the door a crack, and, to his timid

THE WEIGHT MAIN TORONTO FILIDAY APPLIES

fitful light on Polly's flushed face, was to recognize as by instinct that here, in this dreary room, and on this childish face, was concentrated all the careful love and tender patience that can make a home anywhere. For Polly raised her head painfully with a cheery, patient smile, and tried to speak; and Mrs. O'Flannighan rose hastily, and dropped a long-forgotten courtesy to the doctor, for she was not as ignorant as Dick, and she knew the great man by sight. He nodded to her kindly, and took the place she had left vacant by the bed, feelplace she had left vacant by the bed, feel ing the flickering pulse gravely, while he asked her many questions about Polly, which she answered with tears in her eyes.

Then the doctor laid the wasted hand down tenderly and said, "Rest and quiet and patience, Miss Polly, and you'll do."
"But the children?" faltered Polly.
"Oh, never mind the children," said the doctor; "we'll look after them, and you're to think of no one but yourself. And while you can't earn money, Miss Polly," he added, in his gentle way, as if he were would go singing down stairs with the baby to brighten Billy's room with her world, "I'll take care of the household expatient, cheery ways and pleasant face, as he had brightened her own home; and here shall be your nurse, if she will."

"Thank you," said Polly, accepting th was wondering about the children; Dickie earns a bit with his blacking, baby's getting a deal less trouble with his

"Oh, I've put it in the box, said Folly — "down at the very bottom; and we must take it out with us every day, Dick, until we see her again, you know, to give her the change."

The doctor staid with her a whole hour the bed beautiful it was out-of-doors.

The doctor staid with her a whole hour and state of the change."

pennies he had earned.

"She's not a bad child," Mrs. O'Flanevery little while, and spoke gently to her, and read to her out of the torn Bible about than most, I fancy."

"Why, mother," said Billy, flushing at the faint praise, "she's more than that—
the faint praise, "she's more than that—
the city of God than the Revelation could

on the woman, standing by the window, with her rough arms crossed. "The mother was a likely woman—but fine."

"How fine?" asked little Billy, sitting up in bed and listening attentively.
"Oh, they thought a deal of themselves, the word of the word of the wasted body that they all loved and tended, swept slowly landward again, and Polly was safe. The doctor told her so and we wis reaching the the head and growth. "Oh, they thought a deal of themselves, for they'd come down in the world—the Markers; but they were quiet folk, and when they got poor and ill we were all sorry for them, and helped them on a bit.

Good quiet creatures, but too fine for Crowe's Alley"

tended, swept slowly landward again, and tended, swept slowly landward

And his sister thought, though she did not say it, for the doctor hated to be praised, that you would not have to go very far for the stratum of good in so people.

as true as a prophecy, for, when the cold winter sun rose next morning over Crowe's Alley, it was Diok who was creeping shivering about to build up the little fire and make the tea, while Polly lay white and sick upon the bed, with her heavy eyes called the structure of the Park for her first walk, and contains the property of the last time, on a sunny April afternoon, when she crept out into the Park for her first walk, and sick upon the bed, with her heavy eyes closed.

"Do you feel any better?" Dickie asked, every two or three minutes; and Polly tried to open her eyes and smile, but she looked so white and still that Dickie grew frightened presently, but more frightened presently but more frightened presently better to boys, close by the Marble Arch, watching the grand carriages sweep in and out, with their burdens of smiling faces, that locked as happy as faces are apt to do in the spring.

tinctly in her mind through nine weary months, in a sunny frame, against a backhead and darted swiftly under the railings into the road. She heard the clear ring of

to a young man on the other side, and she paused abruptly as Polly's eager face came on to a level with her own, and turned toward her; while the young man put up an eyeglass, the better to suppress the audacious beggar, just as Polly brought her hand out of her pocket, and cast the nineteen shillings and sixpence into the

lady's lap.
"It's the change," she said, breathlessly.
"What change?" said the lady, with sudden shy blush rising to her face, as she saw people beginning to collect, and whisper, and stare—as she saw the doctor, who had dismounted and was leading his horse, stand beside Polly with an amused

about? I don't understand."

"Nor do I," he said; "but this is a little patient of mine, Margaret. Come, Miss Polly, I thought you were so poor where did the money come from?"
"Don't you remember?" said Polly,

NEW YORK, April 1.—The police were startled this morning by the announcement that the celebrated Madame Restell, abortionist, had been found dead at an early hour in her bathroom at her elegant mansion on Fifth avenue. The first information came from Tude. mation came from ex-Judge Stewart, of the District Attorney's office, who was called in by the deceased woman's family at an early hour. The family informed Judge Stewart she had retired at a late hour, feeling very despondent about her trial to-day. She arose in the night and went into the bathroom. There she fell dead from apoplexy, it is thought. Madame Restell stated to her friends last night that she did not care what the result of the trial might be so far as herself was concerned. She only cared for the reputation and feeling of

her grandchildren.

LATER.—Madame Restell is supposed to have committed suicide.

Later developments show Madame
Restell cut her throat with a carving knife
while lying in the bath tub. Deceased
leaves between \$200 000 and \$300,000. She also owned her residence.

An Appeal to Arms.

The monotony of the Parliamentary proceedings was relieved by a bout of fisticutis between Messrs. Bunster and Cheval. While the former was speaking, the somewhat familiar sounds of a squeaking instrument were heard issuing in the neighbourhood of the back Ministerial benches. Mr. Bunster stopped his speech to say that if the member who was making the noise would send his card to him, he would be happy to meet him in room 13. A card came across the floor, which led to an immediate meeting in the room afore-said. Face to face the combatants proseeded to pummel each other, but some one sniffing the rencontre sent word to the Sergeant-at-Arms, who separated the combatants. Both subsequently appeared in the House, apparently not much the worse of their scuffle. It remains to be declared who was the hero of the hour.

WHITESIDE V. WHITESIDE.

Interesting Case in the Court of Chancery -Murdered Man's Will at Issue. On Friday afternoon an interesting case, White-Chancery before V. C. Proudfoot. It will be renembered that in August, 1876, an old man named Robert Whiteside was murdered in the Township of Esquesing. Two or three persons, one son, were arrested on suspicion of having been the murderers, but were subsequently acquitted of the charge. The old man left behind a will which, made in 1863,

She sat her horse well and lightly, looking straight between the delicate, sensitive ears. She had golden brown hair that the sun canght and gilded into a glory, and she had brown eyes that lighted her or ner as she beckoned to Dick and handed him a letter.

"But Polly's not fine," said Billy, with a sob in his voice.

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"No, not fine, but too good for Crowe's had developed a talent of the sun canght and gilded into a glory, and she had brown eyes that lighted ungrateful world, and her helders to making believe, had developed a talent of the shildern presently as they stood watching her. Her groom had just turned the corner as she beckoned to Dick and handed him a letter.

"Will you put that into the letter-box for me?'s he said," sand here is six person."

"Will you put that and her is six person."

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"But Polly's not fine," said Billy, with a sob will white side and trows it which, made in 1983, And then the death of the sun and the sun was able to his sister for an hour of the sun at least of the head of the sun and the sun was able the will was made, and his eldest to mainter, or which where the sun was able to two or his sons of the children to mainter on the

court directed an issue to see whether the testator was of testamentary capacity and whether the agreement was for the benefit of the infant, John. Mr. Laidiaw appears for the plaintiff, Robert Whiteside; Bethune, Osler, & Moss for the petitioner, John Whiteside; Mr. Mulock, counsel, and Mr. Goodwille, solicitor, for the defendant, Henry Whiteside; Mr. Bain, counsel, and Mr. Mitheson, solicitor, for the defendant, Catherine Whiteside; Mr. Hoskin, guardian, and Mr. Boyd, counsel, for the infants, except John.

GBO. CAMPBELL, examined by Mr. Bethune, Q.C., said—I live on lot 30, 8th con. of Esquesing; I knew the late Robert Whiteside; there was just—road between his place and mine; I have known him as long as I remember any strange man; he died 21st August, 1876; was murdered, I believe; I signed his will as a witness; it is in his handwriting; it was executed at my mother's house; his name was to it when a came; he said it was a will or something of tast kind; my brother also witnessed it; recognize handwriting of testator; he had a wife, and I could not say exactly how many children at that time—five or six of them; he had 400 acres of land in a block, about seven or eight acres of it cleared, but only about an acre fenced in. He was not in a very good state of mind at the time. He was not in a very good state of mind at the time. When he came in he said he was very poorly, and said his woman had made some "mush" and put fish-hooks in it, and they had stuck in his throat, and he wanted my mother to look and see whether she could see them. She gave him some honey to eat, and rubbed his throat with goose grease. This was before the will was executed. He was a throat he was dare the will was signed to him about this paper called the will. I read the will aloud, and saw that he wa eaving the property to the two. I do not believe the man was in a fit state that day to understand the will. There was a period subsequently when he was far better than he was when the will was signed on a Sunday, after dimer.

To Mr. Hos

not know. The will was signed on a Sunday, after dinner.

To Mr. Hoskin—The old man told me he had been to other parties to ask him to witness the will. I know him frequently to have abused his wife with foot and hand. I signed the will because he and I were particular good friends, and I thought it no harm, and I did not think at the time it would stand. He used to carry his money in a bag about eight inches long. He used to work frequently on Sunday. I do not know anything about him eating grasshoppers, and eating them as locusts. He had not a very good feeling towards some of his children. On one occasion, when he was building a fence, he stripped his son Robert and whipped him, because he had mislaid an axe or a spade. I did not think Robert was a worthless lad. Threats have been made against me if I give testimony in this case. They came from Harry through the hired man. He wanted him to try and get me to work for him and to establish this will in his favour.

Hence Cole, examined by Mr. Moss, said:—Ilive alongside where the testator lived. I have knownhim since 1846 up to the time of his death. I thought he was all right, as a business man; he always kept his own books and did his own business. He had his own ways the same as any other man. I hauled a good deal of wood for him to Georgetown, and peeled tan bark and hauled it to Acton for him. He made his living by cutting wood and hiring teams to draw it away and sell it. I heard about the will, because it was to me that he went to sign it. He said that his neck was a little sore, and he thought that he might not live long, and he thought that he might as well make his will. I did not sign it because I did not think he was leaving the woman any chance to make a living. I mentioned this to him, and he said that the woman could get her thirds any way. He had a pretty good memory. He told me after he made the will that he intended making another will. This was about a month or three weeks before his death. His property ought to be worth \$12,000 or \$13,000 at

To Mr. Boyd—I remember being called to his house once when he had his children locked in and would not let them out. He put his wife outside. I was sent to see if I could get the baby out, as he would not let his wife have it. I know H. B. Webster. I do not remember saying to him that this man had better be in the asylum than making his will. I do not remember making any such satement to Webster on the day of Henry's discharge.

was answered, and then the maid just opened the door a crack, and, to his timid question, answered, what is again with a bang. So Dickie, miserable and shivering, sat down in the light of the surgery lamps and cried.

He fancied he had been sitting there for hours, when a carriage stopped quite close to him, and a gentleman jumped out and rounded up in a corner, but not before the gentleman find seen him, and stooching one after another the shilling that lay in her lap; then she raids touching one after another the shilling that lay in her lap; then she raid of you want to see Dr. Stanley,?"

"What is it, my boy?" he said; "do you were riding a closet number of the best men and one of the cleverest of the best men and one of the cleverest doctors in London, to the dingroom in Crowe's Alley, where Polly, with the light crowe's Alley, where Polly, with the light of the best men and one of the cleverest doctors in London, to the dingroom in Crowe's Alley, where Polly, with the light of the best men and one of the cleverest doctors in London, to the dingroom in Crowe's Alley, where Polly, with the light of the surgery in Law and the did not the beginning in many ways, for Polly—for was all the was completed to the sweet face and the door a crack, and, to his time the read the money come from?"

"Don't you remember?" said Polly, the mind had better the he left of the count her all the east of the count her all the count of the there well, the value of the count of the the sweet, perplexed face on the high the edit of the count her of the three sweet, perplexed face on the high the edit fine of the count her of the surgery laws and the delicate gloved to count his shoulder.

"What is it, my boy?" he said; "do you want to see Dr. Stanley,?"

"At the voice and touch, all Dicks troubles broke on the sweet of the perpendicular to the count of the perpend

lived in Esquesing, within two lots of Whiteside's property. He knew Whiteside for some twenty years. He once bargained with him for some timber, but he could not come to any terms with him. He was an upright man in business, but would not lose anything by anyone. He had talked with him frequently, and he appeared as sensible as any other man. About 15 or 16 years ago witness went to sign his name to the will. It was on Sunday Mr. Cole also was present at Whiteside's. Whiteside had sent his daughter to himself and Cole to come and witness the will. Whiteside said he did not feel very well; he said his throat was sore. When the will was read he and Cole went out, and they said they would not be witnesses to the will unless he left the property to his wife. They told Whiteside about this, and asked him to change it. He said he would not, as he thought she had plenty without his leaving her any more. He was sick on that morning, and he thought it was right for him to have a will made.

To Mr. Boyd—Witness said he thought Whiteside read all the will. He did not explain how his wife had enough without leaving her anything. The real reason of his not witnessing the will was not his belief that Whiteside was ont able to make a will. He never told Cole at that time that Whiteside was crazy and unable to make a will. He heard nothing of the poison and the fishhooks. He did not know that Whiteside was plain to make a will. He never said that Whiteside was poisoning him.

Dr. Freman, examined by Mr. Moss, said he knew Whiteside. He attended his family from the year 1859. In 1860 he visited the house and prescribed for the children, who had the scarlet fever. He met Whiteside there, and also saw him at his brother John's house in November of the next year. He had occasion to meet him pretty often, and he had conversation with him. He always found the old gentleman intelligent and rational. He was an intelligent man, and appeared to have had a fair education. He always thought he was sound of mind

Whiteside there, and also saw him at his brother John's house in November of the next year. He had occasion to mose thim pretty often, and he had conversation with him. He always tought he was sound of mind. He never had any appeared to have had was intelligent man, and appeared to have had was a conversation. The had good memory. He would be able to remember at the time he made his will of all his property. To Mr. Evyd. Witness said he held the inquest was demonstrative, and objected to an inquest, was demonstrative, and objected to the inquest, was witnesses were saying. Cole, on that occasion, took a warm interest in favour of henry whiteside. He never heard about whiteside charging his wife with trying to poison him, nor heard of his communication to Lord Palmerston till yesterday. He never housed to live in Ballinafad—one lot from whitesides. He knew whitesides about 22 years, and met him at sundry times. In September, 1873, Whiteside was both to have his and broken, as it would cause him to have his and broken, as it would cause him to have he had not lett. All his family something. He said he was not going to change his will, and had whiled his property was not large enough for all.

To Mr. Boyd—Witness said Henry Whiteside was not a "chum" of his. He told this conversation at his family something. He said he was not going to change his will. and heart of the had not lett. All his family something. He said he was not going to change his will. and heart of the heart

Mitness conversed with him sometimes on religious matters, on which Whiteside talked very sensibly. He never heard anything about Whiteside's insanity till this trial.

To Mr. Boyd Witness said that in his conversations on religion he said the wedding garment was simply the right-cousness of Christ. He used to talk on the "white stone" in the Revelations. He understood the Revelations apparently very well. He never spoke of his visions or his writings to Lord Palmerston.

had been taken off. Witness saw his father at the grave of his brother John. He saw him put his hand on the corpse to known Robert writeside since 1902. He had but ness transactions with him in buying wood I found him quite capable in business matters. The first he heard of his insanty was a few days ago. found him quite capable in business matters. The first he heard of his insanty was a few days ago.

ROBERT CAMPRELL, examined by Mr. Bethune, said—He was a witness to Whiteside's will, at the latter's request. He asked Whiteside no questions about the will. He said that his wife had given him fish hooks which stuck in his throat. He asked his (witness) mother to look down his throat. When he was divided his that he wished her to look to see if it was dead. His father used to play celestial music, which the Almighty had taught him, on a penny Jew's harp. He had several curses which he used on differing the him flat there were no fish hooks in his throat. She persuaded him that there were no fish hooks in his throat. Sometimes Whiteside appeared intelligent and sometimes not intelligent. He would sometimes hunt me with a pitch fork.

To Mr. Hoskin—Witness said he thought he was going to die.

Mr. Barker, examined by Mr. Moss, said he lived in Georgetown and knew Whiteside, with whom he had business transactions in 1865. He found him competent to transact business.

Thomas Camprell, examined by Mr. Boyd, said that he had seen Whiteside whip his son Robert naked with a whip, and cruelly abuse his wife.

To Mr. Bettune—Witness said he had often heard Whiteside at night hollowing in the bush.

Mrs. Labelle was examined by Mr. Laidlaw, de
Mrs. Whitrsside, examined by Mr. Laidlaw, de
Mrs. Labelle was examined. Bethum he him competent to transact business.

Mrs. Labelle was examined him that the accident at the Desjardins bridge happened. He said it see if it was dead. His father used to play

heard Whiteside at night hollowing in the bush.

Mrs. Labelle was examined, but gave no important evidence.

Mrs. Whiteside, examined by Mr. Laidlaw, described the manner in which her deceased husband was accustomed to plant his potatoes and hoe them with chips. When he threshed he blew the chaff out with his breath. From 1847 to the date of the will the family had only potatoes and shorts to live on, except occasionally when some flour was provided them. He never bought clothes for the family. She got the clothing for them. She saw her husband eat grasshopers himself, and make Robert do the same. His children were also made to eat spoiled meat. He would take bran, put gooseberries in it, and say it was food fit for Queen Victoria. For drink he preferred potato water to anything else. He very seldom washed himself, and hardly ever took off his clothes at night. At the time of making the will she did not consider him of sound mind. On the Friday before making his will he made a bran mash, which, in a frozen state, he eat on Saturday. He sat up all Saturday night, took ashes from the stove and threw them over his head, saying, "To h—I's black destructj on with the vermin of the earth, for I have my share of them." He said that she had poisoned him, and had put fishhooks in the bran mash. He said he was going to die, and he would make his will. He sent for Henry Cole and Campbell on Sunday to witness the will. They said that the will was no will, and they would not be witnesses to it. They went away without witnessing. He was jealous minded towards her, and would say at times that the children were not his. He was under the impression that men came to the house, gaining enthat a forefather of his had won the battle a devil such as witness' mother was, he could have got into the highest he went out several times to kill a pig with He used to say his wife's hair was red, and that he could tell North of Ireland peo-She had heard about it before it was found him he should make a will. He said he perty to the four youngest boys.
THOMAS YEAMAN, examined Boyd, said he had a conversation with Whiteside in 1862. He said it was a hard trance through the chimney. He never went to any church, and said that God had a greater respect for him than for any other person. He had revealed a secret to him which he had revealed to no one but John Wilson. He did not tell me that secret. God, he said, had made it known to him that there was no Sabbath. He said that his own wisdom was nothing short of that of Solomon's. He could drink of the fiving water at any time. The first house in which they lived had no window, so as to prevent any men coming into see her. He whipped his children to make them humble. He told her of several great discoveries he had made, one of them being perpetual motion.

To Mr. Bethune—Witness said she was fifty-two years of age, and had been married when she was twenty. Her oldest son was Robert, who would be thirty-two next month. When he made his last will she asked him why he did not leave Robert anything? He said Robert was not his; he was a worthless boy, and would only make a hangman. After hemurder the will of 1863 was found in a chest by some persons who came to search the thing for him to raise a family especially when children were as bad as his boy. He said he would not sell his land as he was not capable of doing business and as he was afraid men would cheat him. Robert was

was crazy.

James Campbell, examined by Mr. Hoskin, said he was formerly postmaster at Ballinafad, and remembered Whiteside posting letters sometimes. Some were addressed to Lord Palmerston and other corpse of his brother looked as handsome as whe heewas a young man. All the children that wer alive at the time the will was made were mentione in the will.

To Mr. Hoskin—Witness said that the state of he

To Mr. Hoskin—Witness said that the state of her husband's mind had been better of late than it had been at the time the will was made. There was no foundation for his denying that the children were his own.

Mr. James A. Campeell, examined by Mr. Hoskin, said he lived at Cookstown. He had known Whiteside up to the year 1865. He was a witness to the will of 1863. He used to abuse his wife and would put a thistle under Robert's shirt to make him way had absconded, and on enquiry being me the authorities of the road, the report was for be correct. McDonald left the city on Thight, and telegraphed from Buffalo to the pany the following morning, intimating that impossible for him to return. It is supposed was led to take his departure thus has fear his miscloings would be discovered, as at of his books was in progress, and being the uthe Company to make up his returns monthly audit was proceeding for a day or two before ald cleared, but it was since then that his ditions became known. The exact amount is ald cleared, but it was since then that his defitions became known. The exact amount is not
known, but it is supposed by the railway author
that he is in default about \$2,000. This me
must have been spent previously, as he had to
row \$40 to enable him to get away. McDo
had carried on his peculations for some
by making faise entries and thus misleathe persons who audited his books. A suspicit
his dishonest doings led to the commencement
his investigation which caused his sudden fil
McDonald had occupied the office of local fra
agent for fifteen years, during which time h
joyed the confidence of the Company to an alunlimited extent. He was considered to be a

side up to the year 1865. He was a witness to the will of 1863. He used to abuse his wife and would put a thistle under Robert's shirt to make him hardy. He told witness that in a vision he had seen Abraham, who told him that he was doing all right and that he would get to heaven. In another vision an easy way had presented itself to him by which Seba-topo' could be taken by the English. He wrote a communication to the Minister of Agriculture at Washington telling him how to destroy Canadian thistles.

To Mr. Bethune—Witness could not say whether Whiteside had had his visions at night or day. The will was left on the day it was signed in charge of witness' mother. He believed Whiteside understood the will when he made it.

ADA EVERSON, examined by Mr. Hoskin—Said she remembered that Whiteside on one occasion put his foot on his son Robert's back and caurht hold of his head as if to break his back. John Whiteside prevented him from doing it. She remembered seeing Whiteside eat frozen mash.

To Mr. Bethune—Witness said she did not know what was the row between the father and son. Whenever he came to John Whiteside's he always slept on the floor although there were beds in the house. She did not know of him abusing his wife.

George Gibbs was examined, but from him nothing George Gibbs was examined, but from him nothing new was elicited.

On Saturday, in the Court of Chancery further evidence was taken before Vice-Chancellor Proudfoot in the case of White. chancellor Froudfoot in the case of White-side v. Whiteside. All the witnesses were not examined, and as the Vice-Chancellor has to go on circuit on Monday the case was adjourned till same day in the latter end of May.

ROBERT WHITESIDE, examined by Mr.

ROYD said he remained at home with

M. Malleval recommends that seed pota-toes—whole tubers or cuttings, be steeped in a solution of two lbs. of quick lime, the same amount of sulphur, and five quarts of water; thus treated his potatoes have escaped disease, while seed not so prepared, and planted side by side, produced ever an affected crop. Boyd, said he remained at home with his father until 1865, when he went to Michi. father until 1865, when he went to Michigan. He returned home in 1867, but staid only three hours, after which he went away and returned again, just after his father's murder in 1876. His father used to treat him badly, and this was the reason why he left hame in 1885. His father at time In France much success has followed the plan of requiring the village teacher to read and expound familiarly the simplest notions of agricultural science, leaving to special schools their specialties. The most successa gratuity, augmented often by a donation from a local farming society. Often he beleft home in 1865. His father at denied the paternity of some of his children; Henry, for instance, he said was the son of an Indian chief. He treated witness omes the recipient for testing varieties seeds and manures; and is frequentl and his sister Elizabeth worse than the ented with improved breeds of barn other children. Witness said his father fowl, pigeons, and rabbits. It is by atten-tion to these simple sources of wealth that would lav before the fire time, at intervals cursing his enemies. He France is so marvellously rich in the aggregate. Girls are also to beltaught the apparently was in deep study, and when he became exhausted he would go and sleep elements of those sides of farming which particularly and naturally fall to their lot for two or three days. the management of the dairy, keeping accounts, the principles of hygiene, and counsels about house-keeping. In Denmark there is a special school where girls should come down the chimney. saw his father stand over hi and make him eat grasshoppers, mark there is a special school where girls are instructed in all the duties of dairy management and accounts: the fee is thirty-five francs per month, and a diploma for a pupil is tantamount to a fortune. However, a century and a half ago, Frederick the Great founded a similar infather also eat. He desc stitution at Koenigsport. The girls were required to study for two years, and on obtaining their diploma, were presented wit a purse, containing 100 thalers. tian red, a cheap paint, only a few cents a pound, and one pound will mark a thousand. Take a pinch of the dry powder and draw the enclosing thumb and fingers through the wool at the spot you wish mark, loosening the powder as you do so, and it will combine with the oil in the wool, and make a bright red mark that the rain will never wash out, and which, with-out injuring the wool, will endure from

Desjardins bridge happened. He said it

had been revealed to him that Napoleon

he could get into the middle chamber of

chamber. He was accustomed to take the cow into the house to warm her; one night

several times it was not dead in the morning

To Mr. Bethune-Witness said she had

heard of her father's will before he died

in the chest. She heard her mother tel

good character and people sympathised with her misfortune. Mr. Cole told wit-

ness in February, 1866, at the former's house that he (Cole) believed Whiteside

prominent statesmen. The one he sent to Palmerston he read to witness before

posting. He wrote the letter in a field

eccentric and went about like a beggar

tained suggestions to Palmerston how he

AN ABSCONDING AGENT.

John F. McDonald, Local Freight Agent

of the Northern Railway, Absconds to

the States, Leaving Defalcations o

It was reported in the city on Thursday that John . McDonald. local freight agent of the Northern rail-

way had absconded, and on enquiry being made o

The case was then adjourned.

with her misfortune.

a pitchfork, but although he stab

ple by a certain mark on their face.

one shearing to another, while it can be readily cleansed out by the manufacturer. With proper attention to three things, pigs may be kept growing and thrifty all winter, and these things are:—First, a dry, waim place to sleep; second, good drink, either warm slop or fresh pumper water; third, not too many hogs in an en-closure, and they as nearly as possible of size. If you have large and small to gether, the big ones will run over the lit tle, and they will not get their share of food. There is much more danger of colic or epidemic diseases where the conditions ntioned above are disregarded than where hogs are kept thrifty and growing, warm bed is a cheap luxury for hogs in winter, and every farmer should prepare a ned and plenty of material in the fall

AGRICULTURAL.

OUR FARMERS' CLUB.

BUTTER MAKING. MILK SETTING -SUB-EARTH DUCTS. There are other methods of milk setting besides those already mentioned (see Weekly Mail of February 1st) some of which deserve notice. Mr. J. Wilkinson, of Maryland, has patented a method for regulating the temperature of a milk room, by the use of an underground air duct through hich atmospheric air is constantly being seed through the room, for the purpose the season may require. We all know nat in summer, the cellars under our wellings are cooler than the open air, and at, in winter, the temperature is reversed, the air of the cellar being warmer er words, the temperature of a dec e in the earth remains nearly the san at all seasons, while the air above groumay vary more than a hundred degre ov farmers use their dwelling h airy room cellars for keeping milk through

he hot weather of summer, but, as hanging the air, such cellars soon ecome unit places for keeping milk or outter for any length of time. The ir is damp, making the cream thin, watery, nd difficult to skim, while the frequent rippings from the milk pails and pans, hen being emptied, soon sour and taint he atmosphere of the room. Mr. Wilkin-on aims to avoid this difficulty by the use folog pipes laid several feet under round, connecting the air of the milk bom with the outer air through these ipes. They are laid at such an inclination hat the air shall flow by its own gravity in

In the air shall now by its own gravity in ther direction as desired.

In summer, the hot air of the milk room constantly being replaced by outside air hich is cooled by flowing through these eep-laid under-ground pipes, while in winds the cooled by the cooled by flowing through these expeliances. the same pipes are used for carrying to milk room air warmed by contact with omparatively warm earth. one and than at the other, and must be a several feet deep in the earth in order

eme weather.
Mr. Wilkinson was engaged some months nce to plan and erect a dairy house for r. Boies, of Illinois, of a capacity suite for a dairy of 800 cows, and in a let-to the Rural New Yorker he gives a cription of the building from which we ke the following extract :-

As many of your readers are aware, ave hitherto laid my ventilating ducts five to six feet below the surface of the and, and with that depth I secured to 62°. The duct at Rose Hill Dairy, ich I erected for Mr. Boies, is nine feet nches in depth and 150 feet in length. temperature of the air flowing automally into the dairy has been uniformly, times since it has been in operation he past six weeks, 48° by one therthe past six weeks, 48° by one thermeter and 49° by another. There has en no hot weather during that period, t the external temperature has ried from 50° to 74°. I erected a acious ice house adjoining the hity, but Mr. Boies has decided not to fill brits but are it as commercial th ice, but to use it as commercial er storehouse, as the temperature at-d by the duct without ice is lower than desires. A branch of the sub-earth duct charges into the building originally de-

for storing ice, giving it the tempeduct has a fall of about 10 to 100 linear, and there is a very perceptible ent in the duct and through the dairy the external temperature is only 3 higher than that of the air from th convenience of the detail of the

ory is such that his butter maker says he can handle the milk from 800 cows, ne engine for churning, and make and the butter without an assistant e who have experience in butter mak-and have examined Rose Hill Dairy, ess no doubt but that he will be able

should add that he purposes to milk n cows night and morning, in addition e care of the factory, and I should not add that the said butter maker is a ther in the factory. Mr. Boies is the less butter maker of the Northwest was awarded the \$300 prize for the Putter by the St. Louis Agricultura lechanical Association in 1874." ourse such an outlay would be cable where only a few cows are to be unless the cooling process could be ed for other purposes, as for ventilat-r tempering the air of dwelling houses her buildings used by man or animals. her buildings used by man or animals. e ought to state in this connection, Mr. Wilkinson uses either deep cans a water for holding his milk while the s rising, or shallow pans in the open

MR. BURNETT'S METHOD. Burnett has arranged a water-tight some five or six inches deep, with through the bottom the size of his These are fitted with flanges which