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A Gentleman.

I know him for a gentleman  
By signs that never fail;  
His coat was rough and rather worn,  
His cheeks were thin and pale—  
A lad who had his way to make,  
With little time for play,  
I knew him for a gentleman  
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;  
Off came his little cap.  
My door was shut; he waited there  
Until I heard his rap.  
He took the bundle from my hand,  
And when I dropped my pen  
He sprang to pick it up for me.  
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;  
His voice is gently pitched;  
He does not fling his books about  
As if he were bewitched.  
He stands aside to let you pass;  
He always shuts the door;  
He runs on errands willingly  
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;  
He serves you if he can;  
For in whatever company  
The manners make the man.  
Alten or forty 'tis the same;  
The manner tells the tale;  
And I discern the gentleman  
By signs that never fail.

"A King's Daughter."

She is a pretty picture,  
She is graceful as a fawn,  
She is radiant as the sunbeams  
That kiss the lips or dawn.

She is fairer than the flowers  
That dream by tropic seas,  
She is purer than the zephyrs  
That woo the orange trees.

She is winsome as a fairy,  
She has gentle, kindly ways,  
And pure lips ever ready  
To speak another's praise.

She "has higher aims than fashion,  
She is noble, kind and true,  
She believes in helping others  
And the good that she can do.

She is thoughtful to her mother,  
She's a blessing from above,  
Oh, her life's a gentle sermon,  
Full of hope and joy and love.

She is cheerful as the sunshine,  
She is kind to everything;  
She's a lovely, earnest angel,  
She's "A Daughter of the King."

The Spelling-Match.

Ten little children standing in a line,  
"F-u-l-l-y," then there were nine.  
Nine puzzled faces fearful of their fate,  
"C-i-l-l-y," then there were eight.  
Eight pairs of blue eyes bright as stars of heaven  
"B-u-e-y," then there were seven.  
Seven grave heads shaking in an awful fix,  
"L-a-t-t-y," then there were six.  
Six eager darlings determined each to strive,  
"D-r-i-e-d-y," then there were five.  
Five hearts, so anxious, beating more and more  
"S-c-h-o-l-a-r," then there were four.  
Four months like robbers on a red rose tree,  
"M-e-e-r-y," then there were three.  
Three pairs of pink ears listening keen and true,  
"O-n-e-y," then there were two.  
Two study ladies ready both to run,  
"T-u-r-k-y," then there was one.  
One head of yellow hair bright in the sun,  
"H-e-r-o," then the spelling-match was won.

On the Reverse Order.

I know a young pair who are wedded and poor,  
For it sometimes happens that way—  
Who wrestle each day with the wolf at the door,  
For it sometimes happens that way.  
Now, if this were a novel, we'd find them all right,  
And living on love and a sup and a bite,  
But I'm sure that they quarrel, and I've heard  
That they fight—  
Well, it sometimes happens that way.  
There once was a man with a mother-in-law—  
For it sometimes happens that way—  
Whom he daily subdued with a vigorous jaw—  
For it sometimes happens that way.  
Though we all know she should have been sav-  
age and grim,  
And a gigantic terror, who tyrannized him,  
Yet she really was docile and lacking in vim—  
For it sometimes happens that way.  
There once was a man who went to a "show,"  
For it sometimes happens that way—  
Though he was bald-headed, he took the back row—  
For it sometimes happens that way.  
For it sometimes happens that way,  
And he didn't sneak home in the fear of his wife—  
Nor, when asked where he'd been, tell lies to his wife—  
In his actions she saw no occasion for strife—  
For it sometimes happens that way.

Told By the Dude.

She's the sweetest summah girl, I  
Should fawwaw as the go;  
But she's wealdy as the Cholly,  
Wealdy dreadful don't you know.  
She said the lake was glowious; I  
Said 'twas dewful wet;  
And she asked me if my mamma  
Could spare her precious peil.  
And, aw, fathaw, she asked me  
In awcents sweet and low,  
If a poodle evah chased me, aw,  
Cholly don't you know.  
Befoah I could wry, you know,  
She sweetly said;  
About the pwice measah of youah,  
Lawgost size of hat!  
She wealdy meant my cane head;  
She does suprise me so;  
She is wealdy dewful, Cholly,  
Wealdy dewful, don't you know.

"When I am Big."

When I am big I mean to buy  
A dozen platters of pumpkin pie,  
A barrel of nuts to have 'em handy,  
And fifty pounds of sugar candy.  
When I am big I mean to wear  
A long-tail coat, and crop my hair,  
I'll buy a paper and read the news,  
And sit up late whenever I choose.

Whales in the Southern Seas.

An experimental voyage, which, though its main object is commercial, is not without interest of a more general kind, says "Science," is about to be undertaken by Captain Gray, of Peterhead, the well-known Arctic whaler. Captain Gray is of opinion that the value of the Antarctic Seas as a whaling ground has never been properly tested, and he has, according to the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, succeeded in raising the capital necessary for prosecuting an experimental voyage with a couple of vessels of some 400 or 500 tons register, propelled by auxiliary engines of seventy or eighty horse-power nominal. A statement issued by Captain Gray and his brother contains numerous extracts from the literature on the Antarctic regions, as evidence that there is a reasonable prospect of developing a new and important fishing industry in the Southern Seas.

Wage-slavery doesn't seem to be such an unmixed evil on the afternoon of pay-day.  
Wooden sleepers on railways last about 5 years.

AN OAKVILLE MIRACLE.

The Remarkable Case of Mr. John W. Condon.

A Helpless Cripple For Years—Treated by the Staff of the Toronto General Hospital and Discharged as Incurable—The Story of His Miraculous Recovery as Investigated by an "Empire" Reporter.

(Toronto Empire.)

For more than a year past the readers of the *Empire* have been given the particulars of some of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century, all or nearly all of them, in cases hitherto held by the most advanced medical scientists to be incurable. The particulars of these cases were vouched for by such leading newspapers as the *Hamilton Spectator* and *Times*, the *Halifax Herald*, *Toronto Globe*, *Le Monde*, *Montreal*, *Detroit News*, *Albany*, *N. Y. Journal*, *Albany Express* and others, whose reputation placed beyond question the statements made.

Recently rumors have been afloat of a remarkable case in the pretty little town of Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. The *Empire* determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the case. Acting upon these instructions our reporter went to Oakville and called upon Mr. John W. Condon, who it was had so miraculously recovered, and had not long been in conversation with him when he was convinced that the statements made were not only true, but that "the half had not been told." The reporter found Mr. Condon at work in one of the heaviest departments of the Oakville basket factory, and was surprised, in the face of what he knew of the case, to be confronted by a strapping young fellow of good physique, ruddy countenance and buoyant bearing.

This now rugged young man was he who had spent great part of his days upon a sick-bed, suffering almost untold agony. When the *Empire* representative announced the purpose of his visit Mr. Condon cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers. "I am," said Mr. Condon, "an Englishman by birth, and came to this country with my parents when 9 years of age, and at that time was as rugged and healthy as any boy of my age. I am now 29 years of age, and it was when about 14 years old that the first twinges of inflammatory rheumatism came upon me, and during the fifteen years that intervened between that time and my recovery, a few months ago, tongue can hardly tell how much I suffered. My trouble was brought on, I think, through too frequent bathing in the cold lake water. The joints of my body began to swell, the cords of my legs to tighten, and the muscles of my limbs to contract. I became a helpless cripple, confined to bed, and for three months did not leave my room. The doctor who was called in administered preparations of iodide of potassium and other remedies without any material beneficial effect. After some months of suffering I became strong enough to leave the bed, but my limbs were stiffened and I was unfitted for any active vocation. I was then hampered more or less for the following nine years, when I was again forced to take to my bed. This attack was in 1886, and was a great deal more severe than the first. My feet, ankles, knees, legs, arms, shoulders, and in fact all parts of my frame were affected. My joints and muscles became badly swollen, and the disease even reached my head. My face was swelled to a great size. I was unable to open my mouth, my jaws being fixed together. I, of course, could eat nothing. My teeth were pried apart and liquid food poured down my throat. I lost my voice, and I could speak only in husky whispers. Really, I am unable to describe the state I was in during those long weary months. With my swollen limbs drawn by the tightening cords up to my emaciated body, and my whole frame twisted and contorted into indescribable shapes, I was nothing more than a deformed skeleton. For three long weary months I was confined to bed, after which I was able to get up, but was a complete physical wreck, hobbling around on crutches a helpless cripple. My sufferings were continually intense, and frequently when I would be hobbling along the street I would be seized with paroxysms of pain and would fall unconscious to the ground. During all this time I had the constant attendance of medical men, but their remedies were unavailing. All they could do was to try to build up my system by the use of tonics. In the fall of 1889 and spring of 1890 I again suffered intensely severe attacks, and at last my medical attendant, as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the hospital on June 20th, 1890, and remained there until Sept. 20th of the same year. But, notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition. After using almost every available remedy the hospital doctors—of whom there were about a dozen—came to the conclusion that my case was incurable, and I was sent away, with the understanding that I might remain an outside patient. Accordingly from September 1890 to the end of January, 1891, I went to the hospital once a week for examination and treatment. At this stage I became suddenly worse, and once more gained admission to the hospital, where I lay in a miserable suffering condition for two months or more. In the spring of 1891 I returned to Oakville, and made an attempt to do something toward my own support. I was given night work in the basket factory, but had to be conveyed to and from my place of labor in a buggy and carried from the rig to a table in the works on which I sat and performed my work. In August, 1891, I was again stricken down, and remained in an utterly helpless condition until January, 1892. At this time Mr. James, a local druggist, strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was prejudiced against proprietary medicines as I had spent nearly all I possessed on numerous highly recommended so-called remedies. I had taken into my system large quantities of different family medicines. I had exhausted the list of liniments, but all in vain, and I was therefore reluctant to take Mr. James' advice. I,

however, saw several strong testimonials as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and nerve tonic, and thinking that I could only get my blood in better condition my general state of health might be improved, I resolved to give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born of despair I bought a box, but there was no noticeable improvement, and I thought this was like the other remedies I had used. But urged on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills and after using seven boxes I was rewarded by noticing a decided change for the better. My appetite returned, my spirits began to rise, and I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, the old troublesome swellings subsiding. I continued the remedy until I had used twenty-five boxes, when I left off. By this time I had taken on considerable flesh, and weighed as much as 160 pounds. This was a gain of 60 pounds in a few weeks. My joints assumed their normal size, my muscles became firmer, and, in fact, I was a new man. By April I was able to go to work in the basket factory, and now I can work ten hours a day with any man. I often stay on duty overtime without feeling any bad effects. I play baseball in the evening, and can run bases with any of the boys. Why I feel like dancing for very joy at the relief from abject misery I suffered so long. Many a time I prayed for death to release me from my sufferings, but now that is all gone and I enjoy health as only he can who suffered agony for years. I have given you a brief outline of my sufferings, but from what I have told you can guess the depth of my gratitude for the great remedy which has restored me to health and strength.

Wishing to substantiate the truth of Mr. Condon's remarkable story the *Empire* representative called upon Mr. F. W. James, the Oakville druggist referred to above. Mr. James fully corroborated the statements of Mr. Condon. When the latter had first taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he was a mere skeleton—a wreck of humanity. The people of the town had long given him up for as good as dead, and would hardly believe the man's recovery until they saw him themselves. The fact of this case is now spread throughout the section and the result is an enormous sale of Pink Pills. "I sell a dozen-and-a-half boxes of Pink Pills every day," said Mr. James, "and this is remarkable in a town the size of Oakville. And better still they give perfect satisfaction. Mr. James recalled numerous instances of remarkable cures after other remedies had failed. Mr. John Robertson, who lives near Oakville, had been afflicted with asthma and bronchitis for about 15 years, has been cured by the use of Pink Pills, and this after physicians had told him there was no use doctoring further. Mr. Robertson says his appetite had failed completely, but after taking seven boxes of Pink Pills he was ready and waiting for each meal. He regards his case as a remarkable one. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer—curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuritis, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

The *Empire* reporter also called upon Mr. J. C. Ford, proprietor of the Oakville Basket Factory, in which Mr. Condon is employed. Mr. Ford said he knew of the pitiable condition Condon had been in for years, and he had thought he would never recover. The cure was evidently a thorough one for Condon worked steadily at heavy labor in the mills and apparently stood it as well as the rest of the employees. Mr. Ford said he thought a great deal of the young man and was pleased at his wonderful deliverance from the grave and his restoration to vigorous health. In order to still further verify the statements made by Mr. Condon in the above interview, the reporter on his return to Toronto, and found therein the entries fully bearing out all Mr. Condon had said, thus leaving no doubt that his case is one of the most remarkable on record, and all the more remarkable because it had baffled the skill of the best physicians in Toronto.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schnehtady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Tobacco and the Teeth.

It causes the teeth to turn yellow and decay, and the gums to grow soft and spongy until even the sound teeth often drop out.

Dr. John Allen, the father of dentistry in New York, says it is almost impossible to fit false teeth closely in the mouth of a tobacco user, because of the flabbiness of the gums.

Eminent surgeons testify that the most terrible cases of cancer of the lips, tongue and stomach, are often occasioned by smoking.

Senator Hill, one of the most eminent men the South, United States Senator from Georgia, died in 1883, of cancer of the tongue caused, by his use of tobacco. Samuel Powell, of Brooklyn, died of cancer of the mouth from the same cause. General Grant, the world renowned soldier, who was President of the United States for two terms, fell a victim to cancer of the throat, caused by smoking.

The use of tobacco almost always stunts a boy's growth and makes him puny, weak, nervous and prone to grow to be a strong up-right man.—*Ex.*

Lady Colin Campbell is not only an expert fencer, but knows how to kill a salmon or a trout as well as any fisherman on a Scotch river.

DEATH OF THOMAS COOK.

He was the King of Tourist-Travel Throughout the World.

Thomas Cook, the head of the well-known firm of excursion managers, who died the other day, was born in Derbyshire in 1808. In early life he was a forist and then a printer, and afterward a wood-turner. It was in 1841 that he first took up the excursion business. A temperance society organized a picnic to meet at Loughborough. It struck him that the railroad company might perhaps be induced to run a special train from Leicester for their accommodation and bring them back again. The company consented. Five hundred and seventy people were taken at a shilling a head, and on their return they were welcomed by a vast concourse and treated as persons who had performed a notable feat. At once Mr. Cook began to be in demand as an advisor when other societies wished to use the new means of conveyance for the purpose of cheap excursions.

In a short time he abandoned his trade of wood-turning and began to plan excursions as a business. In 1843 he took 4,000 children from Leicester to Derby and back for sixpence apiece. In 1845 he carried out a bigger scheme—a trip to Liverpool, with excursions to the Isle of Man, Dublin and North Wales. Then came the turn of Scotland. The first Scotch trips were great successes, but they were as nothing to the trips to London which Mr. Cook organized in the year of the Great Exhibition, and in which he conveyed to the capital and back to their homes no less than 165,000 persons. This made his name and his business widely known, and made the railway companies regard him as an important person.

In 1855 he ran his first excursion to Paris, where the first of Napoleon's exhibitions was then being held. A still more epoch-making date was July 4th, 1856, when the first "personally conducted" touring party left Harwich for Antwerp, Cologne, Baden-Baden and home via Paris. This was Mr. Cook's first personal introduction to the German railways, over which his name is now so well known. It was not till 1864 that he began to open out what has been to himself and the hotelkeepers the gold mine of Switzerland. The success of these tours was secured from the first by the liberal policy adopted by the Swiss railway companies in issuing coupons which left much liberty to travellers.

Then, when Mr. Cook had settled his business in Switzerland, he began to look across the ocean to America; and, fortified with letters from Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster, he travelled to New York and began to extend his system over the United States. Since that time the name of the firm has been a household word. It has known how to turn to its advantage circumstances which might at first sight have been thought most unfavorable, such as the war of 1870, when Messrs. Cook organized a completely new service to the South and to India by the German lines. Of late years, too, the East, and especially Egypt and the Holy Land, have been their special province, and in the expedition to Khartoum it was they who were charged by the Government with the greater part of the transport service.

Only last year Mr. Cook celebrated the jubilee of his firm. Many distinguished persons were present at the grand banquet, and congratulatory letters were received from the Khedive of Egypt and many more notable. A few days later appeared Mr. Fraser Rae's book, "The Business of Travel," which gave a history of Mr. Cook's firm.

A Visit to the Pioneer Fish Ponds.

As there has of late been considerable talk, concerning artificial fish ponds, Mr. E. F. Snyder, of Caistor, determined to visit Mr. Joseph Garner's ponds in Fenwick, Pelham and verify the truthfulness of the general talk. He accordingly made his visit on July 19th. Passing through Caistor, Gainsborough and Pelham, the fields showed fair signs of an over-averaging crop, and the farmers of that district seem to be better off than with a lighter heart than has been their custom for a few years back. The crops of the sandy land of Pelham are rather superior to those of the other two townships. Mr. Snyder was sorry to find his old friend, Mr. Garner, ex-Warden of Pelham, and a good old Reformer, suffering from an illness, but his sickness did not check the hospitality of his genial spirit. Mr. Garner sent for his son, who after showing to his visitor the fish-dwelling and the roomy barn, which is furnished with sufficient water from a long distance by a rain pump, he proceeded to give information concerning the fisheries. This farm contains three artificial ponds filled alone by surface water during rains. Two of these ponds are smaller, but the larger one contains about half an acre, being in the deepest places about six or eight feet deep. Mr. Garner imported his fish, which are three kinds of German carp, from Germany four years ago, and now, Mr. Snyder says, many of the millions which abound in his ponds weigh from 15 to 17 pounds each. It seems odd, yet he says it is true, that you may easily see these fish by taking a little soaked wheat to the side of the pond and giving three loud whistles. The fish will rush to the shore in waves and so throw the water with their tails that to keep dry you must keep a distance from the side of the pond. The warm water does not hurt these fish in the least. Mr. Garner has, in the last two weeks, supplied three other farmers with fish for their own ponds. He presented Mr. Snyder with a few for trial, and he finds them equal in flavor to any of our best Canadian fish. Mr. Snyder now intends putting up a pond of his own, and many other farmers might add to the value of their farms by doing likewise.

Tupper—While I was fishing the other day I saw two fish come up and bite at my hook at the same time. Jagway—That's nothing. I came home from the club the other night in two oaks.

There are 19,550 men and more than 4,500 women engaged in the retail liquor business in Chicago.

A typewriting machine which will print on the leaves of a blank book of any thickness is one of the latest inventions.

When a woman is in trouble she generally resorts to tears. A man does the same thing, but his tears are of another kind.

Photographers say that the facial resemblance of husband and wife is closer than that of brother and sister.

CRUSHED THE SALESLADY.

A Customer Who Proved That Men Know a Thing or Two.

"Is there such a thing as long cloth?" "Oh, yes!" answered the pretty, "sales-lady."

"Well," he said, as he mopped his brow—it was one of the recent warm days—"then that's what I want. My wife wrote it to me in a letter, and I thought she must have made a mistake. The word looked like 'long,' but I thought it must have been meant for something else."

"Oh, men don't know everything," replied the cool-looking girl behind the counter, who was pert as well as pretty, "though they think they do!"

"Don't they?" he responded, rather enjoying the repartee, and thinking that shopping for a family in the country wasn't such a bad thing, after all. "Do they think so?" he added, lifting his brows into a conspicuous interrogation mark.

The "saleslady" made no response, save with a quick flash of her eyes as she snatched up the quantity of long cloth he had ordered.

"Now let me tell you a thing or two," he went on, feeling unexpectedly cool and contented by this time. "Do you know that in my perplexity over what my wife wished me to buy, I consulted two ladies who are usually well informed, and that neither of them had ever heard of long cloth before! They both agreed with me in thinking that my wife had made a mistake, and that she meant to write some other word. Now, that's straight. But I am not through yet. I was at my brother's house this morning and intended to ask my sister-in-law about it. But it slipped my mind until after I had gone away, and then, cursing my forgetfulness, I told my brother what I had intended to do. As soon as he heard the words 'long cloth' he said that it was all right; he had heard of the stuff before and was sure I would have no difficulty in finding it here or in any other store. Now what have you to say to that? Two women had never heard of it. A man who is not connected with the dry goods business in the remotest way, except to sign checks for his wife's monthly bills, knew all—at any rate something—about it."

The "saleslady" listened in silence, but without giving any sign that she had been "crushed."

By this time the package had been wrapped and the change returned, and the shopper-for-a-wife in the country walked out with somewhat of an air of triumph. Meeting a friend on the sidewalk, he remarked that on the whole he had seen many much hotter days, and he wondered what people were making so much fuss over, anyway.—*New York Tribune.*

The Nobleman's Greatest Compliment.

One wet, foggy, muddy day, a little girl was standing on one side of a street in London, waiting for an opportunity to cross over. Those who have seen London streets on such a day, with their wet mud, and have watched the rush of cabs, handoms, omnibuses and carriages, will not wonder that a little girl should be afraid to try to make her way through such a Babel as that. So she walked up and down and looked into the faces of those who passed by. Some looked careless, some harsh, some were in haste, and she did not find the one she sought, until at length an aged man, rather tall and square, and of grave yet kindly aspect, came walking down the street. Looking in his face, she seemed to see in him the one for whom she had been waiting, and she went up to him and whispered, timidly.

"Please, sir, will you help me over?"

The old man saw the little girl safely across the street, and when he afterwards told the story, he said, "That little child's trust was the greatest compliment I ever had in my life."

That man was Lord Shaftesbury. He received honors at the hands of a mighty nation; he was complimented with the freedom of the greatest city on the globe; he received the honors conferred by royalty; but the greatest compliment he ever had in his life was when that little unknown girl singled him out in the jostling crowd of a London street, and dared to trust him, stranger though he was, to protect and assist her.

Men carry something of their character written in their faces. Day by day the acts of life chisel their impress on the human countenance; and the record there kept reveals the character of the man, and the history of his life and deeds. If worldliness, and selfishness, and sin are written there, the keen eyes of childhood will not fail to find the record; while, if there beams in that countenance the grace and peace of Christ, and the gentleness and kindness of the Lord, even children will be attracted.—*Christian Standard.*

Temperance Notes.

The first State to legislate against the sale and manufacture of the deadly cigarette is Massachusetts.

Ignorance steeped in whiskey is a diabolical prescription for poisoning a free government.—*New York Tribune.*

The Mississippi W. C. T. U. propose, they say, to send the World's Fair a model of the Temperance Temple built of cotton in all stages of growth.

Every Christian man should teach the politicians that only that party that will wash its hands of complicity in the awful crime of the licensed saloon traffic by taking positive ground against it can expect his support and vote.—*United Presbyterian Assembly.*

The Sargent prize of \$100 offered at Harvard for the best metrical translation of an ode of Horace has been awarded this year to a young woman. Two years ago a young woman took it over forty masculine competitors. It behooves the young men to bestir themselves.

The recent christening of the Texas with a bottle of cold water is not the first instance on record. In Canada, over thirty-five years ago, a sailing vessel was to be launched. The owner and wife, the present Honorary President of the Dominion W. C. T. U., insisted that the christening should be done with cold water.

After Gambetta's death his brain was given for examination. The report read that if it were not known to whom the brain belonged, the physician would have said that it belonged to a woman who used all her faculties well. As Gambetta was an opponent to woman's advancement, the decision might not be flattering to their pride.