indicated the increasing progress
vince. If prosperity was general,
ers, by increased attention to in-
ere able to produce more, it was
think that the people would use
us wealth to beautify the temple of
in this respect alone was a fair
of the prosperity existing
the Dominion. As Sir Hector
it mattered not what Govern-
in power as long as the coun-
osper us, but it mattered a great
these blessings were given by Om-
od. He (the speaker) had been
as the Minister of Militia, and he
felt his responsibility more than
day when he saw so many fair
of Bothwell, who, in the event of
e, would depend on the militia for
, and he would do all that military
uld enable him to do in affording
ection. No war was impending at
t the Government could allow the
go into camp, for annual drill, and
o was a good volunteer was a good
in the great battle of life a man
the necessity of discipline, and he
t this in camp, and went back with
proved from the lessons received.
gain thanked them for their kind-
he trusted that the picnic would be
and that the debt would not only
away, but that there would be a
ite sufficient to beautify the church
d the priest.

ELECTION TRIALS.

Cases Before the Judges—Two Postponed.

EAST NORTHUMBERLAND.

e was resumed on the 4th, when
, the respondent, gave evidence, in
admitted giving money to certain
o worked for him during the cam-
also to furnishing railway passes
Other witnesses were examined,
owledged receiving money from per-
they believed to be acting for Mr.
n the 5th the case was continued,
r evidence of bribery by Reformers
light. Mr. Cameron, on behalf of
her, asked leave to put in a new
personal corruption by Mr. Ferris,
efforts were made to procure the
establish this charge he could not
Later in the day it was stated in
prominent Reformers had tam-
the witness—one Morrison—and
Brighton. On the 6th, after the
on of several witnesses, the case
ed, at the request of Mr. Cameron,
st 2nd.

WELLAND.

estigation of this case was continued
, the main object being to show
r was not worthy of credence.
e day Crysler swore that he had
ertain sums of money by Reform-
would support their candi-
ring Crysler's cross-examination
Blake, he said he had no
cience at taking the money; he
ney, wanted it pretty badly. Be-
what philosophical he remarked
s a natural feeling of the human
want money. Amid the ringing
f the court-room he continued the
t he supposed Mr. Blake did not
k seat upon the question of money.
the evidence was important. On
orge Haun testified that he "bor-
from Boardman, a prominent Re-
polling day. Wm. Lewis also
money from Boardman on election
dmap's examination followed, and
he greater part of the day, during
was elicited by cross-examination
had monetary transactions with
polling day. On the 7th the evi-
closed, when the judges an-
at the case stood adjourned until
8th.

SOUTH VICTORIA.

of the petition against the return
ntyre, Reformer, was commenced
on Monday. Geo. Mulcahy ad-
ing railroad tickets on election
n employed in lumber shanties,
th furnishing men with liquor, the
he latter being provided by O'Leary,
O'Leary, on being examined, said
ickets to voters, but the whiskey
out of his own pocket. Henry
ore that George McHugh offered
the use of his house as a polling
ed. On Tuesday a number of wit-
e examined, but as they gave their
very reluctantly, most of the
re dismissed. On Wednesday the
missed the petition, declaring that
n had been carried on free from

SOUTH RENFREW.

rt for the trial of this case was
Renfrew on Tuesday, Mr. Har-
perior, being the petitioner, and
g, Eganville, the respondent. The
examined was Martin Sheedy,
d that the respondent had offered
t bridge-building, worth $300, if
ould support him. John Hickey
the respondent, who was license
er, promised to secure that ap-
for witness if he would support
The respondent, on being exam-
d that Hickey had performed con-
ork for him. Among other things
ten his election address, but no
s made in reference to the license
ership.

Reminiscence of 1812.

g and circumstance of war, even
s of volunteers returning from
truises the fire of our old heads
them to revert to times of yore.
ago, when the city was full of
e met our old friend, Mr. F. Wad-
ithville, hale and hearty at 71
was born in the year the war
His father, Captain R. Waddell,
military canteen in Niagara, at
stopping Major-General Brock,
Donnell, and other officers. Mr.
formed us that he had often heard
tell of Brock's departure for
in nearly the following words:
word arrived at Niagara that the
d possession of the heights Brock
thers were sitting at a table in the
the general at once jumped up
ble, drew the folds of his coat
put on his cocked hat, buckled
, and mounted his horse, which
was walking before the door. The
tle caused the horse to become
in his efforts to quiet him the
worn by the general fell off. Mr.
was standing at his door and in-
ed it up, and handed it to the
received it with thanks, remarking
Waddell, the sign looks omi-
will be well if head and hat do
e this affair is over.'"—*St. Catharines Post.*

of refinement likes to resort to
evices to supply a becoming sem-
for lost beauty. It is health
kindles the fire that lights the
and brings back the fresh tints
blossoms to the faded cheek. If
earth will do this it is Mrs. Lydia
's Vegetable Compound, which
brought health to multitudes
All other means had failed.

sentinel is posted at the door of
illery, with strict orders of the
character. A sightseer happens
promptly halted. "Here, sir,
ve your cane at the door." "But,
haven't got any cane." "Then
get one. No one is allowed to
unless he leaves his cane at the
rs is orders!"—*Baltimore News.*

Elliott & Son, decorators and glass-
Toronto, have completed the
act in interior decoration ever
Canada. They have painted and
oil the whole of the Rossin
ing a wall surface of seven acres,
ively the "Elephant" brand of
Their experience on this con-
the "Elephant" lead is of uni-
nce, and that its covering pro-
nsurpassed.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Scenes and Experiences in and Under the Streets.

From The Mail's Correspondent with the Canadian Team.

LONDON, Wednesday, June 20.

Everyone that has ever seen London knows that St. Paul's cathedral is one of its principal landmarks. Of course every stranger visits it, for in addition to its architectural beauty it is the last resting-place of some of England's heroic dead, notably the Duke of Wellington, whose mausoleum is one of its popular attractions. Of the many, however, who wander through its broad aisles and gaze in wonderment upon its massive columns and arched dome, but very few take the trouble to climb its 1 fty tower and drink in from its dizzy height such a

PANORAMA OF THE WORLD

as can be viewed from nowhere else.

Fired with this laudable ambition, I paid my two shillings, the usury demanded from each individual sight-seer for turning this temple of the living God into a side-show, and boldly faced the winding stone steps and the dexter-handed guides that seemed to crop up in every direction. Although the full bill of fare comprises the library, clock tower, clock, etc., I would advise any friends of mine to leave them severely alone, and strike at once for the *pièces de résistance*, the whispering gallery, and the golden ball on the summit of the central dome.

Of the whispering gallery I need say nothing more than the guide said to me, that it was a very bad place to tell secrets in. It has been described so often as to be beyond anything new in that way. From this point to the higher level of the dome the ascent is made by means of winding iron stairs, and is particularly a work of faith, as the place is so dark that sight is almost entirely useless, and a person might almost as well be blind for any benefit he is likely to derive from his eyes.

My guide-book told me that the ball up into which I climbed, and which supports the gilded cross at the very summit of the dome, is four hundred feet above the level of the street. The register of my legs when I reached there indicated four thousand instead of four hundred feet, and I don't know but that they were about as near right as the guide. However, leaving this as a disputed point, upon which the guide and myself can never wholly agree, I may say that even were the former wrong and the climb really four thousand feet, it would be amply compensated for in the magnificent view one gets from the summit. London lies at your feet, and if the weather be as clear as it was when I was there it is a wonderful sight, and one never to be forgotten. From St. Paul's I think a person can form a more comprehensive idea of the vastness of this city than from any other place that I know of. Although notices are plentifully posted up to the effect that visitors are not to write on or in any way deface the walls, I found that as usual every out of the way corner was covered with the chirography of visiting lunatics who wished thus to hand down their names to posterity. It seems that no place is sacred from the nonsensical efforts at notoriety of these people, and since coming to this country I have often asked myself the question whether the vandalism of Cromwell and his fanatic followers was half as bad as the sneaking way in which these modern vandals deface or try to carry away from curiosities the most sacred historic relics of which the country can boast.

THE DARK ARCHES OF THE ADELPHI.

Few persons visiting London ever hear of, let alone visit, these remarkable specimens of architecture, which spread out in almost Cimmerian darkness like some vast crawling serpent under the most populous thoroughfares of the city. Ross McKenzie and myself, chaperoned as usual to all such odd and out-of-the-way places by our never-failing guardian, Mr. T. B. Whitefoot, of the *Sportsman*, paid a visit to them one wet and stormy night just before we left London, and I don's suppose either of us will forget the trip if we were to live for a century.

What they were originally built for I cannot divine, but there they are with their solid masonry as hard and fast as granite, and unless the Fenians use them to blow up London, they are likely to remain for centuries to come. Originally I understand the tide used to wash through them every day (for they were connected with the Thames), but since the building of the Thames embankment they have become quite dry, and portions of them have been let off as storehouses for liquors and other purposes, for which they are admirably adapted.

At night they are the home of numberless bats and the human sweepings of London's streets, who are so low in the heels as not to be able to raise the twopence necessary to buy a bed and lodging in one of the many fashionable boarding-houses to which their class resort.

Being far below the surface its recesses are warm and dry, and if its stone floor is not so soft a bed as could be desired it has the merit of cheapness, a very material consideration to a loafer when he is strapped.

A DOUBLE CRIME.

A Young Man Shoots His Sister and Commits Suicide.

Nestling among the old swaying elms which surround it, the Seaman homestead at Throg's Neck looks out over the broad sweep of Long Island Sound. On Sunday the peacefulness of the sequestered house was rudely broken. In the old-fashioned parlour on the ground floor were gathered round the dinner table Mr. and Mrs. Seaman, William Ferris, a brother of Mrs. Seaman; Dr. Seaman and his brother Lindley, sons of the old couple, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bischoff, jr., friends of Dr. Seaman. In the room directly overhead was Miss Fanny Seaman, an invalid daughter, who though convalescent was in the habit of taking her meals in her room. About 2 o'clock the maid had taken a plate of soup to Miss Seaman's room and had come down stairs and was moving about the verandas outside the dining-room, when Dr. Seaman thought he heard a peculiar noise in the room overhead. Thinking his sister must have dropped something, he called to the maid to run upstairs and see what was the matter. She did so, and ran down almost immediately and silently beckoned to the doctor, who quickly ran up the stairway to his sister's room. She was sitting up in bed with a wound in her forehead. A dark figure was lying by the side of the bed, which the doctor recognized with horror as the body of his young brother William, pierced from temple to temple by a bullet from a pistol which lay partly concealed by his right arm.

YOUNG SEAMAN'S BRILLIANT PROSPECTS.

Scarcely anything could exceed the horror of the situation. William was not only the favourite brother of Miss Seaman, but the pet and pride of the whole family. Apart from his personal lovableness, his marvellous aptitude in his profession of mechanical engineering and the bright future which his talents had spread out before him rendered him especially dear to his parents and brothers and sister. Although only twenty-six years of age, he had secured the position of chief engineer at the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company's works at Scranton. While there he had successfully grappled with a problem the solution of which had resisted the energies of more than one of his predecessors. Recently a machine of his invention for the straightening of steel rails after milling had been put into successful operation at the works. The royalties on the patents, which are all in his own name, promised for him a secure and sufficient independence for the future.

About two months ago he became engaged to a young lady of Newark, and as his professional duties had kept him away from her for a few weeks, he had arranged to spend the Fourth of July at his father's house, where this young lady was also to come, accompanied by her mother. They were expected to arrive yesterday, and William was supposed by his family to be either at Scranton or on his way from there at the time the tragedy occurred.

There was such an entire absence of the faintest sort of motive for young Seaman's act that no doubt could be entertained for a moment that his mind must have given way, and that while suffering from congestion of the brain, induced by the severe mental strain of months, he returned home hurriedly, ran up to his sister's room, and there committed the act which has turned a happy household into one so grief-stricken that sympathy seems almost mockery.

DR. SEAMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE TRAGEDY.

Throg's Neck is a little village some two miles or so from Winchester station, and Grove Farm, as the Seamans' homestead has been called ever since the original patent—carefully preserved still—was obtained from King James, is approached by a long drive winding through the fine grove of elms which gives the name to the house. The house, built of grey stone, is surrounded by a broad porch or veranda, sitting on which yesterday afternoon Dr. Seaman gave the following clear account of the occurrence to a *Tribune* reporter:—

"I am only too glad to give you all the information in my power; for one reason only, as otherwise you can understand that we all should have been as reticent as possible about what is of sad interest to our own circle only. I came up on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bischoff by the noon train, and at the station picked up my brother Lindley, and drove here in time for dinner. We had nearly finished, and the dessert was being placed on the table, when I heard a faint sound twice repeated, followed by a dull thud. Thinking my sister, who was in the room above, must have dropped something, I called to her maid, whom I saw through the open window moving about outside, to go up and see. She returned, and standing outside the door beckoned to me. I at once ran up stairs, entered my sister's room, and saw her sitting erect in the bed with a bullet wound over her right eye. She gasped once and was dead as I stood there. Casting my eye round the room, I saw a man on the floor, and stopping down I turned his face up, and to my horror saw it was my brother Willy, who was then stone dead. The bullet from the still-smoking pistol had passed completely through both temples, and was lying a few inches from his head on the floor. I went down and called up Mr. Bischoff, and we proceeded to break the news to the others.

"It has been stated that my sister was suffering from insanity. This is not so. She has for some time been an invalid, and we had hoped in a short time to see her completely recovered, so much better has she been lately. She was dearly loved by us all, and by Willy especially, who had looked forward to having her live with him when he was married. She was highly accomplished, having been educated at Stuttgart—her own choice in preference to Vassar. The report that Willy's engagement had been broken off is a malicious lie. The young lady, who is very charming and handsome, was coming to spend a week with us to-day, as Willy was also. She is upstairs now, completely prostrated with grief. My father is not dead, as was stated. There he is now," as a fine-looking old gentleman with snow-white locks passed out of the door. "He is over eighty, and is bearing this blow nobly."

HIS BROTHER'S MIND SEVERELY OVERTAXED.

"My brother must have left Scranton on Saturday night and came up either on the same train as myself, or, as is more probable, driven over from Harlem bridge. The front door was wide open, and, as you see, the stairs are between it and the dining-room. He threw his hat on the hall table, ran upstairs without being seen or heard, and fired his revolver almost on the instant he entered his sister's room. It was a 32-calibre Smith & Wesson, which he had had for years but did not carry habitually. Death was instantaneous in both cases. He had evidently made up his mind beforehand to commit the deed, and what he made up his mind to do Willy always did and did well. His mind has been severely overtaxed for long. Last summer he came to me for professional advice and I positively ordered him to take a month's rest. He tried hard to get out of it, but in the end I was victorious. He went to the Thousand Islands and in one week had gained fifteen pounds; so you may judge of his condition. He was loved by all who knew him, and the men in the Scranton shops fairly worshipped him; so much so that to the number of fifteen hundred they remained until 9 o'clock on a Saturday night to see the steam car for the first time turned into his new invention. When the first rail shot out straight as an arrow, they cheered loudly and carried him round on their shoulders. It is a heart-breaking affair, and I feel for that poor girl who expected to see him alive to-day and who is sitting up-stairs sobbing her heart out."

A STRANGE STORY.

The Attempted Suicide of a Young Girl an the Terrible Cause she Alleges.

Promenaders on and in the vicinity of the pier at Long Branch on Saturday afternoon were made the witnesses of a most determined attempt at suicide. A young woman in a black dress and a hat with white feathers was seen shortly before 3 o'clock to walk rapidly along beside the pier until she reached the water's edge. She then ran forward until the water reached above her waist. She was observed to stop for an instant, hold up her hands in an attitude of supplication, and then to again run further out into the deep water. She had gone but a few steps when she either tripped and fell or plunged downward. She was

CAUGHT IN THE UNDERTOW,

and after she had been helplessly washed backward and forward for several times it became evident she would be carried out to sea. At this juncture Officer Aaron Clayton, of the local police force, who had been apprised that a woman was drowning, came running to the shore. He entered the water and rapidly made his way to the drowning girl. With some difficulty he drew her above the surface, and was making his way with her to the beach, when she suddenly broke from his grasp, and ran back again into the deep water. She disappeared from sight, but as soon as she came to the surface again she was seized by the policeman. She was partially unconscious, and before she had recovered her senses the officer succeeded in getting her to the shore. She then became somewhat hysterical and expressed regret that she had not succeeded in her attempt at self-destruction. The girl, who is

A WELL-DEVELOPED BRUNETTE,

was detained in custody over night, and was taken to court yesterday morning. When arraigned before Justice Trantman she said that her name was Mary Sullivan, and that she was 20 years old. She had been employed until a few weeks ago in a restaurant in Fulton street, New York. She then decided to take a situation in the country during the summer, and obtained a place at Leland's Ocean hotel. A few days ago, however, a new *chef de cusine* was engaged there, and, as is often the case, he brought his own kitchen girls with him. She was accordingly thrown out of employment. She was approached by a woman, however, who told her that she would readily find her a new situation in the course of a few days. This woman took her to a house below the West End, she alleges. After reaching this house the girl Sullivan, so she alleges,

WAS FORCIBLY DETAINED

there, and on two occasions strange men were introduced into her room at night. Her remonstrances and entreaties were jeered at by her keepers, two women. On Saturday a ruffian was introduced to the girl's room, and when she resisted he violently assaulted her, bruising her with his fists. He finally left her in a rage, and after his departure the women who keep the house, enraged at her resistance, struck her several times. An hour later she succeeded in availing herself of an opportunity of escape from the house. She had no friends at Long Branch, and her money had all been taken from her. Half crazed at the shame which had been forced upon her, and dreading to send word of her condition to her parents in New York, she determined to destroy herself.

The girl told her story with modesty and an air of sincerity. She alternately blushed and cried. The magistrate adjourned the case for further examination, and ordered the police to make a thorough investigation of the matter.

THE DANGER OF OVER-EXERTION.

A Stalwart Man Becomes Weaker Than a Child and Then Recovers His Former Strength.

Waterloo, N.Y., Observer.

In these days of rowing giants and athletic heroes fine physical development is more observed than ever before since the time of the Athenian games. A man who shows the elements of physical power is looked up to far more than in the days of our ancestors, possibly because there are fewer specimens of well-developed manhood than then. An emissary of this paper met a magnificent specimen of physical power a few days since in the person of Dr. A. W. McNames, of Waterloo. His muscles, which showed unusual development, were as hard as wood. At his request the writer sought to pinch him in the arms or legs, but found it wholly impossible. A realization of what is meant by an iron man was fully made manifest.

"Have you always been so stalwart as this?" inquired the newsgatherer.

"Not by any means," was the reply. "When a young man I was always strong and active, and felt that I could accomplish anything. This feeling so took possession of me on one occasion that I attempted to lift a box which four men found it impossible to move. I succeeded in placing it on a waggon, but in two minutes from that time I was unconscious, and remained so for hours, and when I recovered consciousness I vomited a large quantity of blood. From that day I began to grow weak and sickly. I believed that I had suffered some internal injury, and experienced a general debility which seemed similar to the effect produced by malaria. My back was very weak. I had no appetite, and at times loathed food. My lips were parched and cracked. My head felt as though it were entirely open at the top, and it pained me on the side intensely. In six weeks' time I had fallen away from 208 pounds to less than 170. I was in a most wretched condition. I was completely discouraged."

"What did the doctors say about you?"

"Almost everything. I consulted no less than six different physicians. They all treated me, and none did me any good. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sit upright, but was obliged to rest in a cramped, uneasy position. I was compelled to urinate every five minutes, and I passed over three quarts every day. I was not living, I was existing.

"One night (how well I remember it!) my wife had put the children all in bed when the feeling came over me that I should live but a very short time. My wife and I talked matters all over and I gave the minutest directions as to what she should do after I was gone. I was not in a flighty condition by any means, for the doctor, on leaving town the day following, bade me good-bye, saying he never expected to see me again, for I was suffering with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages. Within the next few days more than twenty friends came to bid me good-bye. Among the number was Dr. John L. Clark. He asked me what I had used in the way of medicines. I told him. He then recommended a remedy of which I had heard much, but about which I was very sceptical. If faith were an element of power it certainly was lacking in my case."

"And so you did not try it?"

"On the contrary, I did try it, and to my surprise it seemed to go to just the spot. Indeed, it was the most palatable thing I had taken into my mouth for months. I relished it."

"And did it cure you?"

"Do I look as if it did?"

"Yes, indeed. What was it?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"A proprietary medicine!"

"Of course. What of that? I suppose I once had as great a prejudice against advertised medicines as anyone could have. When I was studying medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan, I used to vow with the rest of the class that we would fight all such remedies as all times. When a man comes down to the last hour, however, and bids his wife and friends good-bye, such bigoted prejudices as these all vanish. I can assure you, and any remedy that can cure is gladly welcomed."

"And now have you been since then?"

"As well—even better, than before."

"Do you still exert your strength?"

"Certainly. But I do not over-exert, as formerly. My strength is increasing every day, and my health is number one. I know that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Cure, and I believe it is the best medicine that was ever compounded by any chemist or physician. I am willing the doctors should sneer at me for such a statement if they choose, but I have proven its truth, and am prepared to stand by it."

The above experience should be of great value to all who are suffering. It shows the deceptive nature of this terrible malady; that all symptoms are common to it, and that there is but one way by which it can be absolutely avoided.

THE NEW AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.

An Interesting Discussion With a Farmer on Ensilage.

At two o'clock p.m. the first visitor showed up at the door of the office, and Dyke cordially invited him inside. The farmer entered hesitatingly, and remarked that he had expected to meet the proprietor, with whom he had an appointment to discuss ensilage.

"I am in charge of the journal," said Dyke.

"Oh, you are. Well, you seem to have a pretty clean office here."

"Yes," replied Dyke. "But about this ensilage. Ensilage is pretty good breed, isn't it?"

"Breed!" exclaimed the farmer; "why—"

"I mean it's a sure crop, something that you can rely—"

"Crop! Why, it isn't a crop at all."

"Yes, yes. I know it isn't a crop," said Dyke, perspiring until his collar began to melt away down the back of his neck, "but you can do better and cleaner work with a good sharp ensilage on stubby ground than——"

"Take it for a sulky plough, do you?"

"No, no," said Dyke. "You don't seem to understand me. Now, if a farmer builds an ensilage on low ground——"

"Builds an ensilage! You seem to have got the thing mixed up with some kind of a granary."

"Pshaw, no," continued Dyke. "I must make myself plainer. You see this ensilage properly mixed with one part guano and three parts hypophosphate of antimony, with the addition of a little bran and tanbark, and the whole flavoured with chloride of lime, makes a top dressing for strawberry beds which——"

"Why, ensilage isn't no manure."

"No, certainly not," said Dyke. "I know it is not often used in that way. You don't catch my drift. When I said top dressing I meant turkey dressing—stuffing, you know—for Thanksgiving——"

"Great heavens, man! Ensilage isn't a human food."

"No, not a human food exactly," said poor Dyke, grinning like an almshouse idiot, "it isn't a food at all in the true sense of the word. My plan has always been to lasso the hog with a trace chain, and after pinning his ears back with a clothespin put the ensilage into his nose with a pair of tweezers."

"My good lands! You don't use ensilage to ring hogs."

The farmer slowly arose, and with some evidence of rheumatic twinges in his legs.

"Young man," he said solemnly, "you are a long ways from home, ain't you?"

"Yes," replied Dyke, dropping his eyes beneath the stern glances of the farmer. "In my ancestral halls in England sad-eyed retainers wearily watch and wait for my return."

"Go home, young man, go home to your feudal castle, and while on your way across the rolling deep muse on the fact that ensilage is simply canned food for live stock—put up expressly for family use in a silo, which is nothing less than an air-tight pit where cornstalks, grass, millet, clover, alfalfa, and other green truck is preserved for winter use, as green and verdant as the sub-editor of the *Farmers' Friend and Cultivators' Champion.*"

Society item: Mrs. Otto Karl Schutzenhimmel gave a small German last evening to her husband.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

Four Years Old To-Day.

Romping through the hallway,
Jumping down the stairs,
Playing peek-a-boo behind
The sofa and the chairs;
Frisky as a kitten
With its mates at play—
Little Rosebud, darling,
Four years old to-day.

Down among the daisies
Chasing butterflies,
Cheeks like two blush roses,
Sparkling violet eyes;
Golden hair in ringlets,
Decked with flowers gay,
Little Rosebud, darling
Four years old to-day.

Never little birdie
Half as blithe as thee;
Fairer than the blossoms
Of the apple tree,
Heaven guard and guide thee
Through life's treacherous way
Little Rosebud, darling,
Four years old to-day.

"KATIE'S WORK."

"Hurrah!"

The door flew open with a bang as Phil Payson burst into the little room where his mother and his sister Katie sat sewing, his face flushed, his eyes shining, and his cap swinging high over his head.

"Why, Phil!"

"Give three cheers, mother! Dance like a dervish, Katy! I'm going to be night watchman in Mr. Medway's mill, at fifteen dollars a month. Oh, mother, ain't you glad?"

"Very glad indeed," answered Mrs. Payson, and for a moment she looked pleased enough to satisfy Phil's highest expectations. Then her face clouded.

"But your school, Phil dear; I can't have you leave that."

"I don't mean to, mother," said Phil, earnestly. "It's all fixed just right. I'll study nights—it will help keep me awake, you know—and Miss Cary is going to hear me recite every afternoon at five o'clock. She offered to, mother. Oh, mother, don say you're glad, really."

Mrs. Payson pulled her tall boy down, and kissed him tenderly on both glowing cheeks. As for Katie, she was literally on tiptoe with delight. She was a little brown gipsy, with dark eyes full of fire and fun.

"Good for Miss Cary," she cried, twirling lightly around on her toes. "Isn't she just splendid."

"She is very kind," said Mrs. Payson, smiling; "and I'm glad, Phil, more glad than I can tell you. How came Mr. Medway to give you the place? It is a very responsible position, you know."

"Yes," said Phil, and he blushed and hung his head, "Squire Deems recommended me, mother. Mr. Medway said he told him I was a very trustworthy boy. I am sure I said much hard things about him."

"I'm sure he deserved it," Katie flashed forth, "for advising mamma to put us out—that is just what he said—when—papa—went away, and offering to find good homes for us. The idea! What would a home be without mamma? and what would she do without us, I'd like to know?"

"What, indeed," echoed her mother. "I can't tell, Katie. But Squire Deems thought he was acting for the best. He has been very kind all through our trouble, and I'm sure it was his influence that procured Philip this situation."

"But it is mean for Phil to do it all," argued Katie. "I wish I could do something."

Phil wrinkled his nose at his sister and laughed.

"I'm the man o' this house," said he. "You and mother are ladies Katy. I don't mean you shall do much more sewing for people."

"My fifteen-year-old man," said his mother, laughing too; but there were tears gathered in her eyes.

And Katie dimpled, and then relapsed into swift gravity.

"I know what I can do, Phil," she said, going close to her brother; "I can hold up your hands the way that somebody in the Bible did. I can see you from my window, and every night—every night, Phil, before I go to sleep, I shall ask God to take care of my brother; and every time I'm awake I shall look down on you, so you needn't feel lonesome."

"Something of the guardian angel style!" laughed Phil, trying to joke away the moisture that did creeping into his eyes. "You're a trump, Katie; but of course that's all nonsense—the looking out, you know."

Katie wasn't sure of that, however, and she meant to do just as she said if it were. She would feel as if she were somehow helping Phil, and that would be a comfort. Their little dwelling, though on the same side of the river as the mill, was above it, and around a wide bend; and so the long low structure under the river bank was in plain view from the window of Katie's little chamber. She kept her word faithfully; and once or twice every night she would creep out of her warm nest to the window, and look down across the bend to the mill. Often, not always, she could see Phil's light shining out of the engine-room, and sometimes she watched it go from window to window as Phil went his hourly rounds over the mill. As for Phil, I am sure that, though he would hardly have acknowledged it, the lonely place where his nights were passed seemed far less lonely to him when he remembered that Katie might at any moment be looking from her window and thinking of him.

So a month passed by, and Phil performed his duties to Mr. Medway's entire satisfaction. There were some, indeed, who considered him much too young for his position, and did not hesitate to say so. But Mr. Medway always answered with a smile:

"Well, Squire Deems recommended him, and guaranteed I wouldn't be sorry I hired him. I've tested him all times o' night; he's always wide awake and about his business. He does the work of a man, and I get him ten dollars on a month's hire less."

Which was very true, and Mr. Medwith ought to have blushed for it, though, to be sure, Phil was more than satisfied with what he received.

"I'm only two-thirds of a man yet," he said to his mother, laughingly. "I'm lucky to get the place. There are enough more who would be glad to take it."

He kept well up with his classes too, he was so ambitious. Miss Carey declared she was proud of him to Katie, and Katie's heart swelled with joy to hear it.

One day early in March something happened. Mrs. Payson was taken suddenly and violently ill. Katie, terrified beyond measure, could do nothing but rouse Philip from his sleep: and when the boy, startled by his sister's white scared face, had brought the doctor, he felt as though he could never sleep again.

There was no great cause for alarm, however.

"It's a bad attack of cramp," Dr. Dales said, with a reassuring smile in Kittie's direction. "You're doing just right. Apply hot clothes, and keep them hot. The spasms will ease away in a little time."

It was not till nearly nightfall, nevertheless, that Mrs. Payson became perfectly free from pain and quite herself again. Then Phil, light-hearted enough, and whistling a merry air, took up his lunch basket and his books and trudged off to his work. Katie, troubled, followed him to the door.

"I'd get some one else to-night, Phil," she said. "You have always been used to sleeping all day. What if——"

But Phil laughed, and opened his dark eyes to their utmost. "I'm as wide awake as an owl," said he. "I couldn't go to sleep if I wanted to. See!"

Katie laughed too at the comical, strained expression on Phil's face. But she couldn't help feeling a little anxious as she went slowly back into the house. Suppose Phil should go to sleep, and Mr. Medway have a notion to visit him, as he often did. Katie knew what a sad thing that would be for them all, and how dreadful Phil would feel.

"It would just break his heart, I know," said she to herself. "But of course he won't."

Katie's prayer for her brother's welfare was much longer that night than usual; and, once in bed, she tossed and tumbled, only to fall at last into an uneasy slumber. More than once before the little clock on the sitting-room mantel struck ten she sprang to the window and gazed down across the wide white river bend, only to see Phil's lamp beaming cheerily in the engine-room. How Phil would laugh at her if he knew, she thought, feeling really out of patience with herself.

"I won't look out again," she said. "It's nonsense, just as Phil said. I will not look out again to-night."

But she did—once more. The lamp in the engine-room still burned steadily. It would have been a relief to see the light flashing from window to window as she had seen it so often, Katie thought. She felt sure then that all was right. Now—

Was that the lamp? It flickered strangely. One instant it died into the ghost of a light, and the next it flared brilliantly. Katie rubbed her eyes in wondering terror. It was no illusion; the light shining from the engine-room window was not clear steady lamp-light. It was red—like fire.

Katie was already hurrying on her clothes. There was a dreadful lump in her throat, and her breath came in short, quick gasps. She did not pause for her boots with their endless rows of buttons; she pulled on her stockings and rushed swiftly out of her room and down stairs, catching a shawl from the hall-stand as she ran. Behind the kitchen stove hung a pair of Phil's thick woollen stockings, and these she hastily pulled on over her own. There was no question in her mind as to the course she would take. It was more than half a mile by the road to the mill; across the river bend it was less than half that distance.

The late rains had swelled the river, and overflowed its banks, but the bridge was still there, even though many of the country people had begun to think it unsafe. Katie did not doubt for a moment but that it would hold her light weight, and over it she flew. She thought that it creaked and swayed under her, and she fancied herself breaking through once or twice, but on she sped, her large dark eyes strained and fixed on that fiaring red light. It seemed hours to her before she reached the mill. She had been there before to take Phil his lunch once when he had forgotten it, and she knew the way perfectly well. In at the dark yawning door she darted, and up two or three steps. There was smoke in the air—surely.

She opened the door of the engine-room, and closed it hastily behind her, with a quick, shrill cry of dismay.

"Phil! Oh, Phil!"

For the room was full of smoke. Through it the lamp-light showed pale and dim. Little tongues of flame were running over the door before the great furnace, lapping up a shaving here and there, and crawling, snake-like, up the wall very near the window. And Phil sat by the rough table, his face buried in his arms, asleep—so sound asleep and so stupified by the smoke that Katie's first cry failed to arouse him.

She screamed with all her might, and shook him then.

"Phil! dear Phil!" she cried. "Oh—fire!"

It all happened in very little time. That one last word shrieked in Phil's ear awoke him effectually. He understood the situation and sprang to his feet.

"Don't whistle!" cried Katy, catching his arm. "Don't rouse the town, Phil. We can put it out."

They fell to work then with a will. After all, it was not much of a battle. There were pails and an abundance of water at hand, and the fire was not really under headway. The flames, though wide-spread, had not begun to burn through the solid floor, which was soon thoroughly flooded. In a very few minutes it was all over, and Phil had opened the window. He turned to Katy then, who stood pale and trembling, as she had not trembled before.

"Oh, Katie!" he cried, chokingly, "how did you——"

And Katie told—or tried to tell him; but long before she had finished she was crying hysterically around his neck.

"Oh, dear darling, don't. Don't Katie."

The door opened at that moment. Phil knew who stood there before he heard Mr. Medway's voice.

"Heyday! What's all this fuss about?"

"There has been a fire, sir," answered Phil, readily, though with a shake in his voice. "But it is out now."

Mr. Medway stepped into the room without a word, and taking up the lamp proceeded to examine the wall, the floor, and the furnace itself carefully.

"Gibbs must look after this a little in the morning," he said: and he placed the lamp on the bench again, while Katie and Phil stood by with sinking hearts. Suddenly he looked at Phil's sister. "Why, what are you here for?" he asked, not unkindly.

Ah, how easy it would have been not to tell him—to say that Phil was lonesome and wanted her for company; to say anything but the dreadful truth. But Katie's honest little nature abhorred a falsehood.

"I—I—he was—I—" she stammered, with many painful pauses. "I—"

But right here Phil came bravely to the rescue.

"I was asleep, Mr. Medway," he said, "and if it hadn't been for Katie your mill—"

"Asleep!" repeated Mr. Medway, his face stern and cold.

It was an awful moment, and Katie ended it by springing forward and grasping Mr. Medway's hand.

"Oh, if you please," she cried, "may I tell you how he happened to do it? Mamma was ill, and he could not sleep at all yesterday. It was not his fault, sir—indeed it was not. Poor Phil! Oh, sir—"

Mr. Medway was not at all a hard-hearted man, though perhaps a little too intent on his own particular interests. His voice was husky when he spoke to Katie.

"How did you happen to see the fire?"

"Why—I—I—"

"She looks out of her window a dozen times a night to see that I'm all right," said Phil, with brusque earnestness; and she prays for me before she goes to sleep. That's how Mr. Medway. Oh, Katie, little sister!"

"Well! well!" said Mr. Medway, who seemed to be having a great deal of trouble with his throat and eyes.

"Well! well!" And he was silent for what seemed to Katie and Phil a long, long time.

"I suppose I needn't—needn't come here again," Phil mustered courage to say presently.

"Not come again?" echoed Mr. Medway. "Why not, boy? Of course you'll come again every night." He put his hand on Katie's head. "And I'm going to pay you a man's wages, after this, remember. A boy with a sister like yours ought to be encouraged. I'm pretty sure you won't let this happen again."

And he slammed the door behind him.

"Oh, Phil!"

"Oh, Katie!"

They went home in the morning early, and Mrs. Payson heard the story of the night's adventure.

"Twenty-five dollars a month, mother!" cried Phil. "Think of that. And it's all Katie's work, every bit."

But Mrs. Payson, thinking too of Katie's work, shuddered and drew them close, and kissed them both.

Put His Foot In It.

"I have made it a rule through life," he said at a lunch table the other day to the man at his left, "never to meddle with another man's business."

"That's right—perfectly right," was the reply.

"But I see you have a new confidential clerk?"

"Yes, sir; yes."

"He's a hard-looking case. I've seen him drunk a dozen times, and I would not trust him out of my sight with a nickel. Took him out of charity, eh?"

"Well, not altogether, you know. He happens to be my eldest son!"

Then there was a period of silence so painful that both wished some one would yell "Fire!" to break it.—*Wall-street News.*

After all, there is something first-class about the graduates of a school.

RELIGIOUS.

At Set of Sun.

If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
Andcounting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance, most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then we may count this day well spent.

But if through all the live-long day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing, that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost—
Then count that day as worse than lost.

Rev. Prof. McVicar, of McMaster hall, is visiting Winnipeg.

Milwaukee has sixty-eight Roman Catholic churches, including two chapels, which are used for divine service.

Revs. W. B. Secombe, J. P. Howell, and T. W. Hall will proceed to British Columbia shortly as Methodist missionaries.

Rev. Father Miller, of Toronto, will fill the place of Father Corcoran, of Parkhill, during the absence of the latter on a trip to Ireland.

A marble tablet in memory of Rev. George Macdougall, founder of the Methodist mission at Edmonton, is to be erected in the mission church there.

At the yearly meeting of the German Baptists, or "Dunkards," of America, held at Bismarck Grove, Kansas, 10,000 persons were present from various parts of the United States.

The Baptists of the North-West held a convention recently at Portage la Prairie. It was decided to close the college at Rapid City and establish a theological college at Winnipeg.

Rev. C. M. Tait and wife, Methodist missionaries to the Indians in British Columbia, are at present in Ontario enjoying a holiday. They will return to their field early in September.

Five of the six Canadian Methodist conferences have declared in favour of the basis of union. Of the 642 ministerial votes cast 391 were for the basis and 251 against, the majority in favour of the basis being 140.

The churchwardens of Holy Trinity church, Winnipeg, have successfully negotiated a loan for $75,000 on