I can't set down in our best room,
It is so alick an spruce;
Tagt is, most ever more we've got's
Though next to godliness the book
Puts cleanliness, I'm bound
to say Keturah's mighty apt
To run it in the ground.

But oh, what will Keturah de Within those pearly gales. If she ne longer find the dirt. That she so dearly hates! Oer shadowed heaven itself will be, Enguifed in swful gloom, When my Keturah onlors in And cannot use a brevent arms.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE WOMB OF FATE.

On the Thursday immediately preceding the opening of the exhibition they did not go to the library as usual, nor to Gunsler's for their lunch. Like a number of other people, their habits were deranged and themselves demoralized by anticipation of the inpending festival. They stayed at home to make themselves new bonnets for the occasion, and took a cold dinner while at their work, and two of them did not stirioutside their rooms from morn till dewy eve for so much as a glance into Myrtle street from the balcony.

But in the afternoon it was found that half a yard more of ribbon was required to complete the last of the bonnets, and Patty volunteered to "run into town" to fetch it. At about 4 o'clock she set off alone by way of an adjoining road which was an omnibus route, intending to expend threepence, for once, in the purchase of a little precious time, but every omnibus was full, and she had to wark the whole way: The pavements were crowded with hurrying folk, who josdled and obstructed her. Collinsstreet, when she turned into it seemed riotous with abnormal life, and she went from shop to shop and could not get waited on until the usual closing hour was past, and the evening beginning to grow dark. Then she got what she wanted, and set off home by way of the Gardens, feeling a little daunted by the noise and bustle of the streets, and fancying she would be secure when once those green alleys, always so peaceful, were reached. But to-night even the gardens were infested by the spirit of unrest and enterprise that pervaded the city. The quiet walks were not quiet now, and the sense of her belated isolation in the growing dusk seemed more formidable here instead of less. For hardly had she passed through the gates into the Treasury enclosure than she was conscious of being watched and peered at by strange men, who appeared to swarm all over the place; and by the time she had reached the Gardens nearer home she had reached the Gardens nearer hose had reached the Gardens nearer

the sky,
Paul Brion put his hands in his pockets
He was mortified, too. When he spoke, i

the three of us together—we shall see the procession beautifully, and be quite safe and comfortable."

"Well, I hope you won't find yourself mistaken," he replied.

A few minutes later Patty burst into the room where her sisters were sitting, placidly occupied with their bonnet-making, her eyes shining with excitement. "Elizabeth, Elizabeth," she cried breattlessly, "Paul Brion is going to ask you to let him be our escort to-morrow. But you won't—oh, you won't—have him, will you?"

"No, dear," said Elizabeth, serenely; "not if you wonld rather het. Why should we? It will be broad daylight, when there can be no harm in our being out without an escort. We shall be much happier by our selves."

"Much happier than with him," added Patty, sharply.

Patty, sharply.

And they went on with their preparations for the great day that had been so long desired, little thinking what it was to bring forth.

CHAPTER XV. ELIZABETH FINDS A FRIEND.

ELIZABETH FINDS A FRIEND.

They had an early breakfast, dressed themselves with greet care in their best frocks and the new bonnets, and, each carrying an umbrella, set forth with a cheerful resolve to see what was to be seen of the ceremonies of the day, blissfully ignorant of the nature of their undertaking. Paul Brion, out of bed betimes, heard their voices and the click of their gate, and stepped into his balcony to see them start. He took note of the pretty costumes, that had a gala air about them, and of the fresh and striking beauty of at least two of the three sweet faces; and he groaned to think of such women being hustled and battered, helplessly, in the fierce crush of a solid street crowd. But they had no-fear whatever for themselves.

However, they had not gone far before truey perceived that the idea of securing a good position early in the day had occurred to a great many people besides themselves. Riven sleepy Myrtle Street was awake and active, and the adjoining road, when they turned into it, was teeming with holiday life. They took their favorite route through the Fitzroy and Treastiry Gardens, and found those sylvan glades alive with traffic; and by the time they got into Spring street.

bourne, I believe—it you allude to her. But she is not swell. The only swell person we know is Mrs. Aarons, and she is not our friend."

He allowed the allusion to Mrs. Aarons to pass. "Well, I hope you will have good seats," he said, moodily. "It will be a disgusting crush and scramble, I expect." "Seats? Oit, we are not going to have seats," said Patty. "We are going to mingle with the common herd, and look on at the civic functions, humbly, from the outside. We are not swell"—dwelling upon the adjective with a malicious enjoyment of the suspicion that he had not meant to use it—"and we like to be independent."

"O yes, I know you do. But you'll find the Rights of Woman not much good to you to morrow in the Melbourne streets, I lanoy, if you go there on foot without an escort. May I ask how you propose to take care of yourselves?"

"We are going," said Patty, "to start very early indeed, and to take up a certain advantageous position that we have already selected before the streets fill. We shall have a little elevation above the heads of the crowd, and a wall at our backs, and—the three of us together—we shall see the procession beautifully, and be quite safe and comfortable."

"Well, I hope you won't find yourself mistaken," he replied.

A few minutes later Patty burst into the room where her sisters were sitting, placidly occupied with their bonnet-making, her eyes shining with exidencest: "Flizascht, Elizabeth," she cried breathlessly, "Paul Brion is going to ask you to let him be our escort to-morrow. But you won't—oh, you won't—have him, will you?"

"O dear," said Elizabeth, screenly;

headlong into the seething mass beneath her.

But as she was falling—a moment so agonizing at the time, and so delightful to remember afterwards—someone caught her round the waist with a strong grip and lifted her up and set her asfely on her feet again. It was a man who had been standing within a little distance of her, tall enough to overtop the crowd and strong enough to maintain an upright position in it; she had noticed him for some time, and that he had seemed not seriously incommoded by the bustling and souffling that rendered her so helpless; but she had not noticed his gradual approach to her side. Now, looking up with a little sob of relief, her instant recognition of him as a gentleman was followed by an instinctive identification of him as a sentleman was followed by an instinctive identification of him as a sent barrow.

In short, there is no need to make a mysterious

However, they had not gone far before they perceived that the idea of securing a good position early in the day had occurred to a great many people besides themselves. Even sleepy Myrtle Street was awake and active, and the adjoining road, when they must be suffered as a surface of the street was awake and active, and the adjoining road, when they must be suffered as a surface of the surface o

Septimized the control of the contro

Then he made the further curious statemen that this crowd was the tamest he had eve

pathetic? She did not like to ask him. Then he made the further curious statement that this crowd was the tamest he had ever seen.

"I don't call it tame," she said, with a laugh, as the yells of the larrikin and his fellows rent the air around them.

He responded to her laugh with a pleasant smile, and his voice was friendlier when he spoke again. "But I am quite delighted with it, unimpressive as it is. It is composed of people who are not wanting anything. I don't know that I was ever in a crowd of that sort before. I feel, for once, that I can breathe in peace."

"Oh, I wish I could feel so!" she cried. The carriages, in their slow progress, were now turning at the top of Collins street, and the hubbub around them had reached its height.

"I twill soon be over now," he murmured encouragingly.

"Yes," she replied. In a few minutes the crush would lessen, and he and she would part. That was what they thought, to the exclusion of all interest in the passing spectacle. Even as she spoke, the noise and confusion that had made a solitude for their quiet intercourse sensibly subsided. The tail of the procession was well in sight; the heavy crowd on the Treasury steps was swaying and breaking like a huge wave upon the street; the larrikin was gone. It was time for the unknown gentleman to resume the conventional attitude, and for Elizabeth to remember that he was a total stranger to her.

"You had better take my arm," he said, as she hastily disengaged herself beforeait was safe to do so, and was immediately caught in the eddy that was acting strongly in the direction of the Exhibition. "If you don't mind waiting here for a few minutes longer, you will be able to get home comfortably."

She struggled back to his side, and took his arm, and waited; but they did not talk any more. They watched: the disintegration and dispersion of the great mass that had hemmed them in together, until at last they stood in ease and freedom almost alone upon that coigne of vantage which had been won with so much difficulty—two rather

you."
"Don't mention it," he replied, with
perfect gravity. "I am very happy to
have been of any service to you."
Still they did not move from where they
stood.

the year ISSU, when sake was prunged to the most wretched and terrifying circumstances of her life—at the instant when she was struck by the larrikin's elbow and felt herself about to be crushed under the feet of the crowd—Elizabeth King met her happy fate. She found that friend for whom, hungrily if unconsciously, her tender earth had longed.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WE WERE NOT STRANGERS, AS TO US AND ALL IT SHEMED."

"Stand here, and I can shelter you a little," he said, in a quiet tone that contrasted refreshingly with the hoarse excite-interest of the stepe before she could make up her mind how to answer him. So she found therself walking beside him along the footpath and through the gardens, wondering

Just coming on ag, Mr. Brion. I'm sure ag, Mr. Brion. The familar proverb, "what is good for his beast," is fully understood by all horsemen from the turf to the farm, from the stable to the saddle. Very she can authoritative sure and attle ailments, concur in the opinion of General Rufus Ingalls, late Quartermaster. General, U. S. Army, who says "St. Jacobs Oil is the best pain-cure we ever used. Spain. Mr. McNeill asked if it was the opinion of the Minister of Justice that Canada would be able to enter into preferential trade arrangements with Great Britain, notwithstanding any treaty having the favored nation clause which the latter might have with another country. Sir John Thompson replied that he did not desire to give his own opinion.

After Recess.

House went into Committee of Supply.

After Recess.

House went into Committee of Supply.

After Recess.

The average age that women marry at is A rabbit can jump nine clear feet on level ground.

for the Intercolonial.

this leakage went to some extent to the
political fund of the Conservative party.

He had not sufficient information to lay a He had not sufficient information to lay charge, but he asked Mr. Bowell to investi

waste of public modes, in purpose of the public modes, in purp

Loss \$50,000.

Bismarck has partly completed five chapters of his memoirs.

The captured Nicaraguan revolutionists have been exiled.

Abbott, alias Almy, the Hanover, N. H., murderer, has been placed in Manchester jail.

jail.

A son of ex-Governor Allison, of Florida, was shot in a row at Quincy, Fla., by yesterday.

Fred. Mason, Secretary of the Steel Stock Ranch Company, Denver, was shot dead yesterday by a herder named S. W. Berry, who escaped.

A desnatch from St. Louis says Dr. Kings-Derry, who secaped.

A despatch from St. Louis says Dr. Kingsbury, of the U. S. Geodetic Survey, has returned from Alaska. He says that the U. S. survey gives that country three miles more territory than the old survey, and that the country is filling up with gold seekers. expended.
Mr. Mousseau favored the project.
Mr. Mulock urged the immediate improvement of the St. Lawrence canal system.
Mr. Bowell explained that it would cost half a million more to improve the present Beauharnois canal than to build the Soulespres canal

seekers.

The London Times, in a long editorial expresses the belief that the proposed intercontinental railroad to join the United States and South America will not be a success, and that the States of the northern part of South America will not go out of their way to join commercial fortunes with the United States. Deannarhols can all their to build the board alanges canal.

The item passed.
The Speaker announced that he had received the following report from the acting Sergeant-at-Arms:

Twe Queer Epitaphs.

This unique epitaph is found in California: "Here lies the body of Jeemes Hambrick, who was accidentally shot on the banks of the Pecco River by a young man. He was accidentally shot with one of the large Colt's revolvers with no stopper for the cock to rest on. It was one of the old-fashioned kind—brass mounted. And of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The following epitaph is in Lanesboro, S. C.; "Here lies Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, marble-cutter. This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of this same style, \$250. Two Queer Epitaphs.

Isolated.

Wagg—We had a terrible thunderstorm I came up in the train this afternoon. Wooden—Weren't you afraid of the lighting?
Wagg—No; I got behind a brakeman.
Wooden—Behind a brakeman? What wooden—Benind a brakeman! warthly good did that do?
Wagg—Why, he was not a conductor.

Miss Emersonia Russell, from Beacon Hill
—Don't you think Mr. Bowles' countenance
would arrest the workings of the interior
mechanism of a horologue?
Miss Calumetta Porcine, from Michigan
avenue—I don't know. But I think it would
stop a clock.—Jewelers' Circular.

That is, Most Men. That is, Most Men.

Brooklyn Life: "There are two social tunctions that a man always attends, no matter how many previous engagements he may have."

"What are they?" "His own marriage and his own funeral

Making Criminals Conspict Rochester Herald: Rochester has covered patrol waggons, and they are both sensible and decent vehicles for conveying prisoners. Nothing is gained either for the criminal or for society by making eriminals constitutes.

Old Mrs. Hayseed, reading from a newspaper—In the new play at the Third Avenue Theatre, New York, the heroire of the piece wears nothing but a simple rosebud in her hair. Mr. Hayseed—Gosh!

Carious Discovery at Strafford.

While excavating in the churchyard of St. James' Episcopal Church for the foundation of the new Sunday School building, the workmen came across the body of a woman in an almost complete state of petrifaction. The coffin had been resting in what appeared to be a spring of strongly alkaline water, and the body had become so impregnated with the lime salts as to be of the consistency of hard lime or plaster of Paris. With the exception of one foot, which was badly decomposed, all the parts were distinctly recognisable, the most distinctly recognisable, the most distinctive feature being a large bony growth upon one side of the face. The bandage which had been tied over the head to retain the lower jaw in position was still intact, and the fact that it was left there instead of being removed after the muscles had become fixed, as is the usual custom, suggests that this was the body of some prisoner from the jail, a number of whom are known to have been buried there.

to have been buried there.

Women and the Steam Engine.

It takes sand to run an engine; so it does run a woman.

There is usually a great bustle about an engine; so there is about a woman.

It makes a fellow mad to get left by an engine; so it does by a woman.

An engine is an object of much wonder and admiration to men and of fear to horses; is a woman.

is a woman.

An engine will sometimes blow a follow up if he puts on too much pressure; so will

JUNE. Mr. Smith. Miss Brown JULY. AUGÜST.
Sweetheart. Love.
DECEMBER. Mr. Smith.

"Thank you sonny," said the grocer, receiving a \$5 bill from a small boy (it being his father's weekly bill.) You are a good boy, and your father is a trump." "Well, Charlie," said the boy's father, "what did the grocer say?" "He said that I was a good boy and you were a chump." Great excitement.

"Wig, Sharp, I'm-glad to see you so spry. You were quite lame when I last met you."

"Oh, yes; I was awfully lame then, But that was before I got a verdict for \$5,000 against the railroad company."—N. Y. Herald.

The following new post offices were established in Ontario on the 1st inst.: Beg Island, Prince Edward; De Grassi Point (summer office), Earnscliffe, Simcoe, S. R.; Heron's Mills, Lanark, W. R.; Kepler, Frontenac; Long Branch, York, W. R.; Mainsville, Grenville, S. R.; McMillan's Corners, Stormont; Osaca (re-opened) Durham, E. R.; Parliament street, Toronto, Centre; Shallow Lake, Grey, N. R.; Silver Lake, Victoria, N. R.; The Mcttawas (re-opened summer office), Essex, S. R.

Besides "A Yorkshire Lass," of which Besides "A Yorkshire Lass," of which the London critics spoke in a very un-English though very complimentary way last winter, the repertoire which Miss Eastlake has selected for use in her American tour will include Jerome K. Jerome's latest play, "What Women Will Do," and Wilson Barrett and Sydney Grundy's "Clito."

A little girl says: "I don't like peaches. The whiskers on them fill my teeth with hairs."

of the Section of the aver, was shot mamed S. W. SIJACOBS OII Promptly and Permanently

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