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—BY—

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR ND PROPRIETOR

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PART OF THIS PAGE IS GEMISSED

IN TORONTO.

Farmer Spare Rib—"B'gosh! I like this town. Everybody seems so smilin' like."

WOMAN PROPOSES.

A Tale of Real Life of Most Pathetic Interest and Telling.

Unlike a certain character in one of Marryat's novels who had been a prince in his own country, the sergeant had been a scoundrel. The day had been very hot and through the middle of it the men, half stripped, had laid around the quarters cursing the room orderly because the supply of iced water had run out, and it was sultry even at dusk.

The sergeant had changed his uniform for a suit of stable clothes, in the name of coolness, and was lying out on the grass in front of the quarters, smoking and listening to the regimental band playing in the center of the parade ground.

In the beginning the band had struck up a "clog" and had been noisily applauded by howls and whistles and stamping of feet from the enlisted men, and by clapping of hands from the officer's line. Then the German in the band leader peepsd out and made him give a selection from Wagner, and growls and uncomplimentary remarks ran along the enlisted men's porches. However, at the end of it a select party of the rank in front of the major's house, who knew good music when they heard it, clapped in applause, and the file, coming to the conclusion that, after all, there must have been something good in what they had misnamed a series of badly executed catcalls, joined in the applause enthusiastically, whereupon the fat, square old band leader had delightfully made the band play the piece over again, and there had been no applause after the second rendering of Wagner—only undertone observations.

The hack drove past, but the sergeant was dreamily watching the lights on the band-stand twinkling through the trees and did not turn his head. Hacks often drove up to the barracks, especially after "taps," though generally then they stopped behind the quarters, and bands of more or less riotous soldiery got out of them. But this hack drove up opposite the orderly room door, and drew up there, and a lady got out of it. The sergeant heard her voice as she inquired:

"Is Sergt. Robert Brown in this troop?" and he jumped to his feet with an oath, and stood leaning against a tree, biting at the stem of his pipe savagely. Then the voice again: "Thanks. I will not trouble you. Over there?" and she came toward him.

So far as the woman was concerned there was only one enlisted man in the United States army; so far as the sergeant was concerned there was only one woman coming. Her hands were outstretched, but he put his behind his back.

"Madge Vanness," he said, bitterly, "cannot a man rest quietly in his grave?"

"Jack Trevor," she began.

And old Stokes, the trumpeter, from a point of vantage on the upper porch, growled: "There! Ain't I bin tellin' ye all long? I knowed his name wasn't Brown an more 'n mine is. He's one o' them bloated English a-ristocrats."

"Jack Trevor," went on the woman, "I want proof that you are a dead man."

The sergeant laughed.

"Proof? You can find my epitaph written in unpaid bills over the face of half a dozen counties. Isn't that enough?"

"Don't be a fool," said the woman, curtly. "Granted you are dead, and you are not. Why don't you resurrect yourself, why don't you work?"

"Work? I am working. I'm drilling recruits, and that's hard enough. It's no good, Madge," obstinately. "You had better have stayed away. I'm happy enough."

The woman flushed dangerously.

"John Trevor, I have come 5000 miles all alone, to find you, and you tell me you are happy, and that I had better not have come?"

"Well," bitterly, "what would you have me say? Ask you to marry me?"

"Yes," frankly.

The sergeant laughed again.

"Lord, I can imagine it. The dishonorable sergeant, and the Honorable Mrs. Brown—"

"Bother the Honorable!" broke in the woman.

"Carried on the troop returns and drawing their monthly rations, one pound of bread per day, one pound of fresh meat, including bone, don't forget the bone, an ounce and a fraction of coffee, etc., etc., and living in a tumble-down wooden hovel, and you taking in the troop washing at a dollar and a half a month per man, and baking pies, which I should peddle to the men in quarters on credit until pay day. Oh, the prospect is fine." Then with another laugh. "And twice a week you would go for an airing around the post sidewalks, pushing the perambulator, maybe a double one. One of the fellows in the troop has a double one. And once a week you will wear your Sunday clothes, a nightmare of a bonnet and a tight, shiny black dress with tremendous sleeves, and go to church. Don't you like the picture?" sneeringly. "Of course, you'd be very happy, and I should be very contented. It goes without saying. No, I don't think you've thought much about the bargain or you wouldn't make this offer."

"John Trevor," she said, "since I left New York I have not allowed myself to sleep because of thinking of this thing. Now you tell me I haven't thought of it."

The sergeant smiled grimly. He had been in the habit of taking to his bunk and resolutely closing his eyes to keep from thinking.

Then the woman, pleadingly: "Jack, you know this thing would not be as you say. We should not have to stay here. I have something, if you have not."

"Yes, that would be better still, I'm the class of man that should marry an heiress; without a penny, a character."

"When God placed you in order," said the woman, gently, "gave you a strong man's heritage, health, strength and the whole world to win. Won't you come? Let us go away together somewhere and make a home."

The sergeant shook his head sorrowfully.

"No, Madge," he said. "I won't do it, for your sake, not for mine. If I worked my fingers to the bone, could I ever pay those men I ran away from when the Grey broke his neck and my fortune at that water jump?"

The woman smiled to herself in the darkness.

"Jack, didn't you ever hear how much your horses brought when they were sold?"

"No. I've heard nothing, seen no man, seen nothing, not even a line, as to the old life. Let's see, there were ten of them, without the Grey. Probably they made five thousand dollars."

The smile was still on the woman's lips.

"Yes," she said, quietly, "$5000 each. And they paid all your debts. You owe no man anything."

"Five thousand dollars each!" the sergeant gasped. "What fool bought them?"

"I bought them. I sent Walters, the horse dealer, up to the sale with orders to start the bidding for each at $5000. It nearly spoiled Walters' reputation, but it saved yours. So now, you see," unsteadily, "I'm not such an heiress after all."

She had stepped back into the light of the only lamp on the company parade and taken her hat off.

"Come, Jack," softly; "yes, dear, come."

She was holding out her hands again and the light showed the tears in her eyes. The band was playing "In Old Madrid."

Longingly through the dusk came the music to the lines:

Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, love is sighing;
Come, for thee a heart is pining,
Here alone I wait for thee.

The sergeant turned and shouted over to the first sergeant, and his voice was joyous:

"Say, Sanders, can you put me on check pass?"

Overhead old Stokes was saying:

"I tell ye that woman's ez full uv tricks er a dog's full uv fleas. Did ye see her step back in the light an' take her hat off an' show she was cryin'? That wuz nothin' but a gran' stan' play. Nothin'. She knowed it 'd fetch him, an' it did."—F. E. Clayton in The Lotus.

A DIFFERENCE.

I love to see her parted lips,
I love her pearly teeth,
I love to scan her dainty tongue
Within its rubby sheath;
But, ah, there is a difference like
The one 'twixt night and dawn—
For when I tell my love to her
I hate to see her yawn.

POINTS ABOUT POETS.

The able editor (ironically)—Is this poetry? Contributor—Didn't I begin each line with a capital letter?—Twinkles.

"Does your poetry pay?" "Well, it just keeps the wolf from the door." "I suppose you read it to him."—Answers.

"I wonder if Adam could have had any poetic talents?" "Of course not. Poets are born; not made."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I desire to leave you some verse," said the advance agent of the spring poets, "which closely follows the style of Miss Raven." When may I expect to hear from you?" "Nevermore," quoth the editor.—Philadelphia North American.

Would-be Poet—What's the best time to write poetry? Has-been Poet—Just after you secure a situation from which you get enough salary to live comfortably.—Puck.

Seedy Individual (in editorial sanctum)—Does the editor of this paper make any effort to secure poetic talent? Office Boy—Does he? He chased th' last poet as far as th' river!—Philadelphia Press.

"I wonder who wrote that song about 'Down in a Coal Mine'?" asked the reminiscent boarder. "I suppose he was one of these minor poets we hear so much of," said Asbury Peppers.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Lines (the poet of passion)—I am soon to write another poem, Miss Clinger. Miss Clinger—Ah, Mr. Lines, your last was so beautiful, especially your description of sleep. It kept me awake all night.—Texas Siftings.

"This is the most cruel yet," wailed the rising young poet. "What is?" asked the common-sense person who had dropped in to smoke a few of the poet's cigarettes. "The Gabbock says I do not exhibit a single stigma of degeneration."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Method.

Friend—Now, confidentially, how do you figure what to charge for a prescription?

Druggist—Well, our system is perfectly fair to everybody. After the clerk makes up the prescription, he goes to the back of the store, and shakes up a lot of cards in a hat. The cards are marked with prices ranging from 25 cents to $1.50, and whichever card he draws settles the price of the prescription.—Puck.

Uselessness of Hurry.

"Oh, Elizabeth, I'm so glad I met you," exclaimed the first girl, as they came together on the street corner, "for I've been just dying to talk to you for a whole month."

"Don't stop me," implored the second gir, excitedly, eluding her friend's embrace, "for I've got to get downtown in a rush."

"Well, the car isn't in sight yet," answered the first girl, huffily, "and if you'll keep quite long enough for me to say so, I'm going downtown, too. Where are you going in such a hurry, anyway?"

"Oh, I've had a perfectly awful time this morning," said the second girl, nervously buttoning her gloves and putting on her veil, "and I'm just as nervous as a cat. I feel as if I could fly. And I do so hate dressing on the street in this way! But you know how it is. I'm sure, those mornings when everything goes wrong and everybody is just as mean as they can be. Just listen to what I've gone through with to-day already.

"I got up late to begin with—I was out late last night and had a horrid time. Two buttons flew off my skirt and half a dozen hooks were missing from my waist. Then my hair just wouldn't curl, and I couldn't find my powder. And then, just as I flew downstairs, ready to go, who should come in but my married brother, and he's the greatest tease in town. He wouldn't let me go, and he kept saying: 'Don't hurry, sis,' until I lost my temper completely, and cried. I never saw such a day in my life."

"You poor thing!" sympathized the other girl, compassionately, "you have had an awful time. But you didn't say where you were going."

"Oh," explained the girl, as they entered the car. "I forgot. That lovely East Indian preacher is giving us girls a series of lectures on "The Realization of Truth," and this morning he's going to speak on "The Uselessness of Hurry." It's sure to be lovely, and I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Why do you call her stunning?"

"Oh, she's so utterly unconscious."—Detroit Journal.

"Going to Klondyke to dig gold, are you?"

"No," said the man with the hawk-bill nose: "I shan't prospect. I mean to go into business. I haven't quite made up my mind whether to open a saloon, or a combined undertaking and shipping establishment."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I don't believe Longfellow ever knew much about children," grumbled Cumso at 6 o'clock in the morning, as a series of yells burst upon his ears. "Talk about the children's hour being at twilight!"—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Nooly Reech—No; we have no trouble in disposing of our kitchen refuse.

The Caller—What do you do with it?

Mrs. Nooly Reech—A private garbage man removes it every day in a cart.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"It seems to be a case of genuine attachment," said the woman. "She [illegible] me. "She is going to [illegible] to [illegible] now been [illegible] half an [illegible] one kiss. [illegible] descendant of [illegible] de Blaetter. [illegible] enjoy the com[illegible] Perkasie? [illegible] eak—very much [illegible] on of the bac[illegible] her's Bazar.

ART IN WHITE GOWNS

SHEER FABRICS THAT DEMAND TASTE ON THE PART OF THE WEARER.

Lovely Models Shown for This Summer's Wear—An Exquisite White Victoria Lawn—How It Is Made—The Latest Frills.

Women who have thought about the white gowns they were going to have have confined their action to thought as long as the delightfully cool weather of June lasted, but now that midsummer is upon us and heat is no more a mythical term, the shops are crowded with women buying up all kinds of Victoria lawns, muslins and other cool fabrics that will temper the heat to the body and give grace and ease to a woman when the thermometer is over 90 degrees.

Many of these white gowns when not simply made are an art to build. There is the everlasting shirt waist and skirt to fall back on, but these only serve for the morning hours. But for afternoon teas, garden parties and summer theatricals there are the more elaborate styles, which call for brainy ideas.

Let me suggest to you a few styles which I had impressed on me when observing women who led in fashion at recent affairs.

For instance, take one exquisite white Victoria lawn. The skirt was made fitting plainly over the hips with a deal of fullness in the back, which lent a decided flare to the bottom, around which was one narrow ruffle of white, edged at its hem with a narrower ruffle of black lace, and bands of black lace insertion were placed zigzag around the skirt as high as the knees.

The bodice was very full in front, sagging quite a bit over the belt; the yoke was formed of zigzag bands of black lace applied on the white lawn, and the sleeves had two small puffs at the top, of the white, and the long undersleeve was of shirred white point d'Esprit, with narrow ruffles of white at the wrist, edged with fine black lace.

About the waist was a girdle of white satin ribbon of one piece, tied at the back into a very small butterfly bow with two broad streamers of unequal lengths hanging nearly to the hem of the skirt. These ends were also edged with black lace. The collar was of plain white satin and the only touch of color was given by a tiny ruching of green chiffon at the back.

With this effective costume was worn a broad white chin hat, turned up boldly at the side and caught with two black tips and a rosette of green Brussels net. Around the brim was a scarf of white gauze, caught down twice with a rosette of green and a rosette of black.

A companion dress, which was just as effective, but not in plain white, was of light green muslin. The skirt had three rows of shirring around the hips, the shirring coming a little lower in the front and curving up to the waist in the back. It fell in deep scallops at the bottom, edged with a double ruffle of white Brussels net.

These scallops were slashed quite high on the side and showed an underskirt of the same green muslin, around the bottom of which was a narrow green ruffle, also edged with a white footing. The waist had a small sleeveless bolero jacket of green and white checked taffeta, cut very high in the back and edged all around with a pleating of white footing.

This was worn over a French blouse of accordion-plaited green muslin, which sagged two inches over the belt back and front. The belt was a narrow green ribbon, caught very low in front with a tiny cut steel buckle. The sleeves were narrow and accordion-pleated and strapped with two bands of white satin at the top to hold the puff in place. The collar was of green and white checked taffeta, with a heavy ruching of white footing.

One of the new ideas about white muslin gowns is to button them up the back. This is advocated by some of the smartest dressmakers and is worn by many girls who have brought their gowns from abroad.

This style came out first in the thin silks for spring and is now being adopted for muslins. The reason is that with the fulness of trimmings on the front it easily makes an ugly effect to have to fasten the bodice down the front or side, while fastening it down the back interferes with no artistic drapery. It is not so difficult to button even without the assistance of a maid as one should at first suppose. A few trials will make this accomplishment easy.

The Aureole Hat.

This becoming hat, which frames the face like a halo, is the keynote of coming styles in millinery. The tip-tilted hat is having its last triumphs.

A Special Dress Novelty.

Among the special novelties in dress is the guipure lace blouse without sleeves, to wear over any dress. It has a little basque frill below the belt, and opens a little way in front to show the bodice. Large sailor collars of white linen are a feature of some of the foulard gowns, and they have a two-inch border of black and white striped batiste. Where this joins the plain white appear figures of yellow guipure lace are sewn on a little distance apart. One of the prettiest foulards of the season has one of these collars opening a little in front, to show a narrow vest of cream guipure over white chiffon, down each side of which is a narrow knife-plaited frill of silk, edged with lace. Three little frills trim the skirt, a black taffeta sash ties around the waist, and the pattern is pink on a black and white ground.

The Latest Reefer.

The latest reefer jacket has a short basque, a high standing collar in the back, and wide revers, and is slashed on either side of the front where the belt passes through and fastens over the remaining portion. A simple coat sleeve with wide cuffs completes this stylish, trim little jacket, which requires a very fluffy, much befrilled vest to give it the desired effect.

TEARING THROUGH SPACE.

Trying to Calculate the Time Required for the Earth's Journey.

I have seldom felt a more delicious sense of repose than when, crossing the ocean during the summer months, I sought a place where I could lie alone on the deck, look up at the constellations, with Lyra near the zenith, and while listening to the clank of the engine, try to calculate the hundreds of millions of years which would be required by our ship to reach the star A Lyrae if she could continue her course in that direction without ever stopping. It is a striking example of how easily we may fail to realize our knowledge when I say that I have thought many a time how deliciously one might pass those hundred millions of years in a journey to the star A Lyrae without its occurring to me that we are actually making that very journey at a speed compared with which the motion of a steamship is slow indeed.

Through every year, every hour, every minute of human history, from the first appearance of man on the earth, from the era of the builders of the Pyramids, through the times of Caesar and Hannibal, through the period of every event that history records, not merely our earth, but the sun and the whole solar system with it have been speeding their way toward the star of which I speak on a journey of which we know neither the beginning nor the end. During every clockbeat through which humanity has existed it has moved on this journey by an amount which we cannot specify more exactly than to say that it is probably between five and nine miles per second.

We are at this moment thousands of miles nearer to a Lyrae than we were a few minutes ago when I began this discourse, and through every future moment, for untold thousands of years to come, the earth and all there is on it will be nearer to A Lyrae, or nearer to the place where that star now is, by hundreds of miles for every minute of time come and gone. When shall we get there? Probably in less than a million years, perhaps in half a million. We cannot tell exactly, but get there we must if the laws of nature and the laws of motion continue as they are. To attain to the stars was the seemingly vain wish of the philosopher, but the whole human race is, in a certain sense, realizing this wish as rapidly as a speed of six or eight miles a second can bring it about.

Langtry's Husband.

Prince Galantha. Capt. Ed. Langtry.

To the left is a picture of Paul, Prince Esterhazy de Galantha of Vienna, who is credited in the London cables with an ardent desire to lead this recently divorced Jersey Lily, Mrs. Langtry, to the altar. The prince is fifty-four years old and has been twice married; his second wife, a Princess of Croy, died in 1889. He is of excellent standing at the Austrian court, and is well known in racing circles. His mother was a daughter of the fifth Earl of Jersey. He had a son by each marriage, the elder being in the Austrian army.

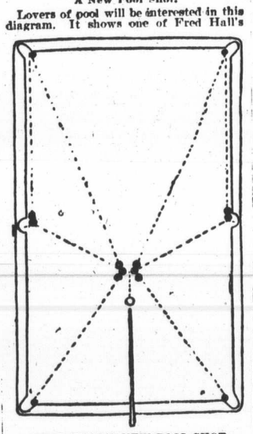
The picture on the right is of the first husband of the Jersey Lily, from whom she recently got a divorce in California.

The Moon's Atmosphere.

As to the question of a lunar atmosphere the eminent astronomers in charge of the Paris observatory, M. Loewy and M. Puseux, appear to hold a somewhat different opinion from that commonly entertained by scientists. Admitting that the determination as to whether there is a very little or none at all is not really necessary, there are evidences, they conclude, that it must be very rare—not more than one nine-hundredth of the density of our own, the reasons why this must be so being as follows, namely: That when the moon detached itself from the equatorial regions of the earth, it must have taken with it as a portion of its materials some of the material chemical elements of the earth, or at least those lighter ones that lay near the surface at the time. It being probable, however, that our planet retained the greater proportion of the gaseous envelope. Such being the case, the weaker provision of free gasses fell to the moon, and this quantity would naturally diminish as the moon material began to solidify—the water would enter into stable combinations with the elements of the soil, and without doubt such minerals as gypsum and lime would be formed, which imprison the water within solid salts that are little affected by the play of natural forces. Reasoning similarly, M. Loewy and M. Puseux declare that what is true of water is true also of the air.—New York Sun.

A New Pool Shot.

Lovers of pool will be interested in this diagram. It shows one of Fred Hall's



FRED HALL'S NEW POOL SHOT.

new plays, putting fourteen balls in the pocket at one shot. He did it recently in New York. Mr. Hall, a leading expert at fancy shots, says this is one of the prettiest plays on the pool table.

Daintily Cooked Cucumbers.

Large, full-grown cucumbers cooked daintily may be digested with ease by the most delicate stomach. Cut them into halves, then into quarters, then into eighths; put them in a baking pan, cover with boiling water; add a teaspoonful of salt and simmer gently twenty minutes. Lift them carefully with a strainer, arrange neatly on slices of toasted bread, and pour over them a sauce made as for asparagus, using for the sauce the water in which the cucumbers were boiled.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Aerial Trip to the Pole.

BEGINNING OF THE VOYAGE.

When the balloon "Orner," containing Andree, Strindberg and Fraenckel, rose on July 11, from Spitzbergen and began its way to the northeast, the guide ropes trailing in the water, several photographs were made by M. Alexis Machuron, representative at Spitzbergen of his uncle, M. Lachambre, constructor of the balloon. This drawing is made from one of M. Machuron's prints.

What Jenny Lind Did for America.

Jenny Lind's sojourn in America was fruitful in many ways. Her progress left a chain of charities through the land by which orphans and sick are still nutured and healed. The rapture of her music created a criterion by which the success of every other artist has been measured from that day to this. The tradition of her pure and noble woman hood has remained to music a bulwark against which the scandal and corruption of the operatic and musical world has broken in vain. In the memory of every human being who heard her, her singing has rung to the hour of death as the one perfect and sublime revelation of the beauty and ecstasy of music itself. This is much.

But America owes Jenny Lind one other and greater debt that has never been recognized. She brought the musical temperament of America to consciousness of itself. Her tour was the supreme moment in our national history when young America, ardent, enthusiastic, impressible, heard and knew its own capacity for musical feeling forever. From that hour it has received or denied the world's great artists who have made pilgrimage hither, supreme in its own consciousness of its artistic needs and temperament.—The Century.

Blurred Shop Windows.

Shopkeepers often find their fine display of goods hidden from the public eye by the frost forming on the inside of the panes. A simple remedy for this is a thin coat of pure glycerine applied to the glass. This will prevent any moisture forming thereon, and last until so much dust collects upon it as to make the window cloudy. Surveyors use it with advantage on their instruments in frosty or foggy weather. In fact, it can be used to prevent moisture forming upon anything, and engine drivers find it particularly useful to keep their windows clear from steam as well as cold or moist.

THE POLAR QUEST.

Unconquerably, men venture on the quest
And seek an ocean amplitude unsalled,
Cold, virgin, awful. Scorning ease and rest,
And heedless of the heroes who have failed;
They face the ice floes with a dauntless zest.

The polar quest! Life's offer to the strong!
To pass beyond the pale, to do and dare,
Leaving a name that stirs as like a song,
And making captive some strange Otherwhere,
Though grim the conquest and the labor long.

Forever courage kindles, faith moves forth
To find the mystic floodway of the North.

—RICHARD BURTON.

A MAN OF MANY WIVES.

A Chicago Man Who Has Eclipsed All Previous Records

Chicago has been deeply interested recently in the case of an alleged bigamist. The polygamous person is named Bates, but it is not his penchant for matrimony that causes him to be viewed with curiosity so much as the phenomenal cheek and brazenness of his methods. The fellow had the impudence simultaneously to carry on three households within almost a stone's throw of each other, without as much as changing his name. But the most remarkable feature of the case is that he did this on a salary of $60 a month. This certainly is an object lesson for the benedicts that find one household a burden on a much larger income. Of the eight alleged wives laid to the account of Bates, only in the instance of one did he give another name, and then he merely altered a single letter of his surname and called himself Gates. By professing to be employed at night work, by alleged absences from town, and by having one of his three contemporaneous wives at a hospital, he managed to give all of them enough of his company to avoid suspicion. Still, one cannot help being struck by the unsuspecting nature of women, who saw and knew so little of their husband as these did, and who appeared to be perfectly satisfied with a condition of affairs which as a rule would be calculated to arouse a consuming curiosity in the average woman. This uncommon complacency undoubtedly helped the grand rascal in leading his many-sided life. A partial solution of the mystery how he could make both ends meet on a salary of $60 a month is afforded by his habit of extensively borrowing from everybody, by living with one of his fathers-in-law, by never giving any of his wives a penny, and by buying everything on credit; he also had no expensive habits, neither drinking nor using tobacco in any form. He was also quite a model young man in other respects, never swearing nor talking above a whisper, which latter trait, with extreme secretiveness, was noted as a characteristic by one of the many Mrs. Bateses. There is nothing in this gay deceiver's appearance to account for his conquest over so many hearts, and, according to all accounts, he is far from being attractive in his manners. So that the conclusion is unavoidable that a large class of women is composed of those who are far from particular in their choice of husbands—as long as it is something in the shape of a man. The victims of Bates were mostly shop girls, and one of them confessed that she married him without any particular liking, save that she might have some one to support her. Of course the fair sex flocked to the preliminary trial to see the man whose admiration for them carried him so far, and many were not chary of uncomplimentary remarks, not a few of which reached the ears of the prisoner, who remained apparently unmoved. His equanimity was, however, disturbed when, leaving the courtroom through a long aisle of feminine spectators, he got a thump over the head with an umbrella in the hands of an irate sister-in-law—of whom there must be an appalling number.

Weights of Royal Women.

The weights of the crowned ladies of Europe have been made the subject of a recent article in a Paris daily. This asserts that Queen Victoria weighed 175 pounds at Nice last winter. The Queen of Italy tips the scales at 155 pounds and Queen Regent Christina of Spain at 150; while Isabella, the ex-Queen of Spain, has more than 200 pounds of avordupois to carry around with her. Less than half of that is the regular weight of Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who by much exercise and careful diet has kept her weight below a hundred pounds. The Empress of Germany weighs 145, the young Czarina only 124 pounds and the aged Queen of Denmark has 142 pounds to her credit.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

Mrs. Amelia Kohler died the other day at Mt. Vernon. She was ninety-two years old. Years ago she lived in London, and was an intimate friend of the poet Moore's sister. One day in his

SHE SUGGESTED A POEM.

garden she picked a rose and said to Moore: "'Tis the last rose of summer; why not write about it, Mr. Moore?" Moore's famous poem was the result of her suggestion.

Washing Lace Veils.

If women will wear white veils completely over the face in such hot weather obviously they will require a fresh one daily or else must clean—or have a supply. Veils now come in washable lace that can be laundered as often as necessary. These will prove a boon to many girls who have essayed to wash their chiffon films with care and seen somewhat ruefully the flimsy appearance after a bath with the best of soap and most careful ironing.

"What's the matter now?" asked the leading actor as the manager tore a letter to shreds and stamped his feet.

"Matter? That performance of yours is so infernally bad that this person demands that his name be stricken from the free list."

Only One Standard

You and we may differ as to money standards and out of our very differences good may come. But we won't differ as to the merits of one standard emulsion of cod-liver oil.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has won and held its way for nearly 25 years in the world of medicine until to-day it is almost as much the standard in all cases of lung trouble, and every condition of wasting whether in child or adult as quinine is in malarial fevers.

Differ on the money question if you will, but when it comes to a question of health, perhaps of life and death, get the standard,

Your druggist sells Scott's Emulsion. Two sizes, 50 cts. and $1.00

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

AN AWFUL SPECTACLE.

Farmer Boecker Killed His Family and Then Suicided.

The Family Were Prosperous Germans, and to All Appearances Lived Happily—The Murdered Woman and Her Babe Lay in Their Bed, and the Murderer Beside Them—The Bodies of the Children Found in Different Parts of the House.

Carroll, Iowa, Sept. 27.—John Boecker, a farmer, living eight miles from this place, last night murdered his wife and five children and fatally wounded his 8-year-old son Henry. Afterwards the fiendish or demented man sent a bullet into his own head, inflicting a fatal wound. The family were prosperous Germans, and so far as is known lived happily. No motive for the tragedy has been disclosed. Boecker's victims are his wife and these children: Caroline, aged 4; Christine, aged 9; Henry, aged 8; Lizzie, aged 6; John, aged 3, and an infant, Henry, cannot recover from his wounds.

Boecker had an engagement to help a neighbor thresh to-day, and on his not putting in an appearance his brother Henry went to see why he did not come. The doors of the house were locked and there were no signs of life about. Henry tried to get into the house, but met no response, and finally kicked the door in and came upon the horrible scene. Boecker with his wife and baby slept in a back room, and the three corpses lay on a bed. The wife had been shot in the neck with a shotgun, which stood in the corner; the baby had been shot and its head crushed with the butt of a revolver. The man, still breathing, had a bullet hole in his forehead, and by his side was a six-shooter with two chambers empty. The Boecker home is a storey and a half frame house, and upstairs Henry and Lizzie lay on a bed, with bullet holes in their foreheads, the latter dead, the boy still breathing. In the opposite corner of the same room Caroline, Christine and John lay dead, each shot in the forehead. It is undoubtedly a case of murder and suicide.

BRITAIN'S NAVAL POWER.

A Grand Display of Strength at Hakodate Japan, in Readiness for the Annual Manoeuvres.

Yokohama, Sept. 27.—The British fleet now assembled at Hakodate, Japan, for the annual manoeuvres, is perhaps the most powerful ever brought together under that flag in Eastern waters. Heading the list is the first-class battleship Centurion, bearing the broad pennant of Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Buller, K. C. B., Commander-in-Chief. Then come in order of force the Grafton, Immortalite, Pique, Narcissus, Porpoise, Daphne, Swift, Redpole, Plover, Arches and the torpedo-catcher Handy. The total tonnage of this fine fleet is considerably in excess of that of any two nations represented in these waters. The many friends of Rear-Admiral Oxley, second in command of the British forces in Chinese waters, will be pained to learn of the recent death of Mrs. Oxley, which occurred a short time since at Hong Kong.

WAYS OF WOMEN FAIR

THE SUMMER GIRL HAS A NEW BUT COMMENDABLE FAD.

The Whim for Dabbling in Simple Medicines—The Wooing of a Sioux Maiden—A Daughter of Lola Montez—The Late Jean Ingelow.

Not the least fetching fad of the summer girl is her medicine chest. The large shops that cater to fads are showing handsome leather boxes in tan, green or brown about six by ten inches square

PREPARED FOR AN EMERGENCY.

containing from eight to a dozen clear-cut bottles with ground glass stoppers. Over the ground glass stopper is a silver screw top. The box fastens with leather straps, and when closed has a very professional look.

Inside the cover of the box there are small straps in which are slipped a pair of surgeon's scissors with a flat head on one point, so that the scissors can be slipped under a bandage without piercing the patient. Two rolls of surgeon's bandages ready for use, a pair of tiny steel forceps, and a small lance complete the surgical tools.

This is the "kit" of the summer girl who has the medical fads, and all who come in contact with her claim for her the palm of cleverness over all the other summer girls with their respective fads.

The medicine bottles in the box have a distinct aim in the preservation of health. The box holds a dozen bottles in all. In the first row there are traveling remedies, camphor, lavender water and aromatic spirits of ammonia, the first for a headache, the second for refreshing tired nerves and the third for faintness. In the second row there are simple remedies for common ills, toothache drops, phenacetine and filled prescriptions from home physicians.

The third row is devoted to summer ills, paregoric, hot drops and Jamaica ginger for the green apple season—for the medicine girl is nothing if not practical. The last row has arnica for bumps, witch hazel and sleeping potions. And tucked in around the bottles are sticking plasters, corn salves and all the known remedies for sunburn, chapped hands and "that tired feeling." The summer girl can fix you up in any circumstance, and if she happens to be stopping at your place by all means cultivate her acquaintance.

A little library of "First Aid for the Wounded" goes with the medicine chest. It consists of three little volumes. One is devoted to bicycle accidents possible and probable, and how to get the patient in shape to reach home with the aid of an ambulance. The second is taken up with drowning resuscitations and mountain accidents, which are both quite different from bicycle falls. The last is a quiet talk about maladies and a hint for their diagnosis. The first symptoms of measles—that common complaint in every summer hotel where children are found—and the initial performances of mumps, whooping cough and chicken-pox are all set forth; so that the man or woman who catches these from the flaxen-haired angel of the house may not die a thousand deaths from fright before realizing that he or she is afflicted merely with chicken-pox instead of some dread scourge. "The Best Thing to Do," is the title of the concluding chapters in each book.

The bicycle medicine girl—and she is legion—has straps fastened to her box which she attaches to the wheel, lightening it as much as possible first. Very small medicine chests that will go in the tool-box come for bicyclists. For camping out there are large square medicine boxes, very complete and very ornamental; and for an ocean voyage or a cruise upon a yacht there is a medicine chest with a distinct set of remedies.

It is a very attractive fad, and one that has a useful end, not always to be discovered in the summer fad.—Grace Hammond Smith, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

KARLEY

—THE—

HARDWARE MAN

KEEPS A FULL STOCK OF

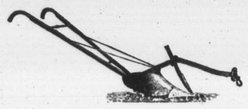
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Rope of all sizes, Builders' Hardware, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Tile, Spades, Scoops, Iron Piping, (all sizes), Tinware, Agate Ware, Lamps and Chimneys, Pressed Ware, &c. Guns and Ammunition.

Groceries, Teas, Sugars and Canned Goods—in short, we have something for everybody that calls.

Agent for the Dominion Express Co.—the cheapest way to send money to all parts of the world. Give me a call.

WM. KARLEY

FARMERS, LOOK HERE!



I am prepared to furnish Points and Repairs for all Popular plows at lowest wholesale rates; also repairs for Oshawa Planet Power, and general job castings at lowest possible prices for first-class work.

My '97

....GIANT ROOT CUTTER..

Has several important improvements, viz.: Heavier Balance-Wheel, Anti-Clog Cylinder, etc., making it the best machine in the market. Warranted as represented.

Send for prices.

GEO. P. McNISH,

Lyn Agricultural Works.

This is the Hat that CRAIG sells.
This is the man that bought the Hat that Craig sells.

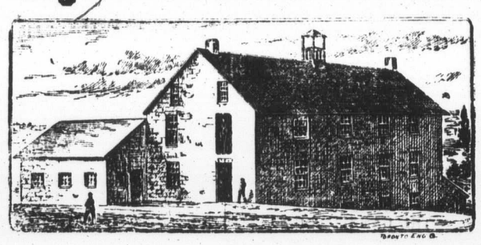
This is the smile we saw on the man
That bought the Hat that Craig sells.

This is the price that caused the smile we saw on the man
Who bought the Hat that Craig sells.

YOU see he bought a cheaper Hat at a cheaper price, and he was mad because he did not get Craig's Hat for the price of the cheaper goods.

Yes, and CRAIG REPAIRS FURS.

Lyn Woolen Mills



Have a good of stock genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth, will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will at all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

R. WALKER.

WEAK, NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

250,000 CURED IN 20 YEARS.

☞ CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

A NERVOUS WRECK.

$1000 IN GOLD FOR A CASE WE CANNOT CURE OF SELF-ABUSE, EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, CONCEALED DRAINS, STRICTURE GLEET SYPHILIS, STUNTED PARTS, LOST MANHOOD, IMPOTENCY, NERVOUS DEBILITY, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, ETC.

The New Method Treatment is the Greatest Discovery of the Age FOR CURING THESE DISEASES

Thousands of young and middle aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through EARLY INDISCRETIONS, EXCESSES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and despondent and gloomy, specks before the eyes with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, dreams and losses, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, lifeless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, weak manhood, stunted organs and premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat etc.

YOU HAVE SEMINAL WEAKNESS!

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT alone can cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. *We will cure you or no pay.*

HERREDITARY BLOOD DISEASE.

HAS YOU