knew that he, too, like bad Uncle Baldo, owned a bank.

Over a year ago the signorina Peckham had a tew coat, an event in Vale brook. The little mother had seen it, and Alfo knew that she longed for one like it. She never said so, but he heard the half sigh that secaped her when the signorina displayed it to her, and the little mother stood shivering in her little thin shawl. From Higgins, the stage driver, he found out not only the name of the shop in Boston where it was bought, but that it cost six dollars and ninety-nine conts (C.O.D. The cloth was warm, thick, and dark blue; and there was a collar of fur. He determined that the little mother should have one by next winter just like it. And as if in answer to his thought, a silver half dollar fell at his feet, thrown to him by a beautiful young lady, from the top of a tally ho coach. The laughing girl did not hear the prayer that the boy sent after her.

Then the signorina Peckham gave a party, and Alfio trimmed the table with flowers, and passed little fancy cakes and ice cream to the guests, and helped the signorina wash the dollar.

The snow when it came was remunerative, for there were naths to

dishes. That meant another half dollar.

The snow when it came was remunerative, for there were paths to be shovelled, and they brought another dollar into the bank. And in summer there were boarders from the city, and bullrushes were in domand, at five cents a bunch; and sweet flag, the roots of which he could soll to doll ladies with dyspepsia. Sometimes, the old signora Cowsley, who was too fat and lazy to waddle down the street, would engage him to roll her out in her chair. It was very het work, that, at ten cents an hour. The signora was very rich, and consequently nover had her money on hand; so Alfio haunted the tavern where she lay dormant till he collected seventy cents, the sum of the grandissima signora Cowsley's outler, Miflor at ally stood at eighty cents; but the signora said seventy, and shew more about money than he.

And best of all, there was an artist, and sets, where was the seats, who wanted

but the signora said soventy, and she knew more about money than he.

And best of all, there was an artist, in a brown velvet cost, who wanted Alfio's wild hair and earnest face for a picture; and the artist, being poor himself, gave a whole bright silver dollar to little Alfio for only two sittings—" ger bacco!" The one buotings—" ger bacco!" The one buotings garden went to the hand that gave him the dollar. Errands to be run, meant five and sometimes ten cents. The bank was made of a dried gourd with a sit in its side. It held now over ix dollars; and a year's hopes, dreams, self-renunciations, were rolled together in the round globe of Alfio's gourd. His dear madonna would soon have her warm coat. He had kept his secret well.

Many times he had been tempted to take a faw cants from the bank,

gourd. His does handle gourd as soon have her warm oost. He had kept his secret well.

Many times he had been tempted to take a few cents from the bank, but it was only for a moment. But tonight, here was old Ventura, penniless, friendless, ill. He and Barrabas had hobbled off to bed. Alife and the little mother were alone. A strange light shone in the boy's eyes. He stood before her with the bank clasped in his hands. It was she who must deedde. He placed the gourd in her lap; and kneeling at her feet, he told her of all his dreams of the cost, of how dear the wish of his heart was for her to have it, and how tonight came the thought that poor old Ventura's need was greater than hers. If the madre folt that he was right, then he would bear the disappointment of not being able to do for her as he had planned. The madre caught the sweet, upturned face in her hands; tears fell upon it from her eyes. "My Alfio, my little saint, thou hase done as thy dear father would have done. The goodness is as one of God's angels. The

thought of poor old Ventura on his lame log, walking to Now York, would have taken all the warmth away from my coat. Oh! thou dearest one." They took the money from its hiding-place, and Altio tapped at the old man's door; he was sound asleep, but Altio roused him to put the money in his hand. He seemed too weary to compreliend; but as Alfio closed the door, a sound same to him as if some one had sobbed aloud—it might only have been the storm outside.

The sun came dazzling out of a blue sky the morning of New Year's Day. Ventura's room was empty; he had gone. What did it mean? A great burst of sunlight fell upon the image of the Blessed Lady. Her face seemed radiant, Barrabas sat at her foot, but no longer Barrabas the beggar. A coat was on his back that a prince might have worn, and there were jewels flashing from the gold collar at his neek. Alfio's gourd was by his side, and when Alfio lifted it, it was heavy; a bright twenty-dollar gold piece fell from its overfull mouth. "Madre! Serafina! The Madonna has wrought a miracle. Come! See!"

full mouth. "Madre! Serafina! The Madonna hae wrought a miracle. Come! See!"

And what was this roll of papers with red seals? First, on veilum paper, a deed, drawn up by an attor ney, giving back to Angiolina Buldo and her children, the farm. Yes! certifying that it was theirs once more, even to old Gobbo and Tudu in their stalls. And more papers still! Tickets on the steamslip back to Palermo. First cabin tickets, such as only the gentillissime use, all mado out in their names, with the number of their state rooms. And then a letter which had been placed in the hand of the Madonna; it was also who took it from its sacred hidingplace. "The bad Uncle Balthazar asks thy forgiveness for that which he did to thee and to thine. This is his expisation. He came to thee as a beggar. Thou hads compassion for him, as well as his little ape. Both are alike in the sight of the Heavenly Great One. I heard thee and Alfie as highly, when thou thoughtest! I slept. Your hearts are of gold; the gold I have left is as dross beside the gold of your hearts. If to night little Alfito will say an Ave for bad Uncle Balthazar, let him come to the tavern and tell me; but if still de cannot forgive, then I will go away and thou shalt never see me more. My sin towards thee is greater than any atonement I can make. The Blessed Medunna will tell thee of my repentance."

atonement I can make. The Blessed Madonna will tell thee of my repentance."

Well, that was a blessed New Year's Day. Never had Valebrook so great an excitement. To this day the signorina Peckham tells her pupils—she is an old lady now—of that day when she saw little Alifo with his hand clasped in the hand of a fine, handsome gentleman; and Serafina and the little mother all so happy in the village street, and with them a strange, chattering creature, in a spangled velvet coak and cap, and about his neck a jewelled collar. All the town turned out to see the rich uncle who had come to take them back to Palermo. And then the atlas was brought out, and Palermo was found by the pupils.

When Alifo said an Ave that night for Uncle Balthażar, the little brown hand was tight clasped in his. Indeed, the two hands never ceased to clasp one another; and Barrabas tells his friends Gobbo and Tudu, when he pulls their ears, that in all Sicily there are no soule sa happy as they. Barrabas has seen America—he ought to know.

Right Rev. Dr. Howley in Rome.

Right Rev. Dr. Hewley in Rome.

Rome May 25.—The Right Eev.
Michael Howley, D.D. Bishop of St.
John's, Newfoundland, accompanied
by Fathers Donnelly and Saint John,
both former students at Rome, and
two students of the Irish College from
Newfoundland, visited Tivoli on Wedmeday last 20th May. They were accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Mahau,
vice Rector of the Irish College, with
whom they proceeded to the summer
residence of the students. Although
the bishop was a student of the Propaganda in the old Jays before the
Italians had taken possession of Rome,
he had never before visited Tivoli,
though Frascati and its neighbourhood
—where the Propaganda students had
their villeggiatura, in the Villa Montalto—were well known to him.

Weak, Nervous Women.

One to whom a night's rest was unknown. Strength and good health restored.

Strength and good health restored.

I was subject to frequent attacks of nervousness that seemed to sap all my vitality and left me in a state of weakness and misory. I could not rollah food and such a thing as a good night's rest was unknown. Incapable of any oxer tion and with an ever present tired and deepondent feeling. Medicines that took did not do good; it was a case of gradually becoming weaker and weaknet. Hearing of Scoti's Sarsaparila and its success with similiar cases to mine, I used it, and from the first few does began to get better, appetite returned, got natural and refreshing sloop. I grow stronger, in fact life seemed to be fanned into activity.—Luttie Graham, 174 Crawford Street, Toronto.

For any weakness of the nerves, pale and sallow complexion, loss of appetite use the best blood and nerve remedy extant, Scott's Sarsaparilla. Insist on getting Scott's—imitations do not our e

LASSOING

Almost everybody who makes sum me excursions to Maine knows the way to Cauquomgomo Lake. One may go by way of the new railroad to Chesuncook Lake; but the easier and the treatment of the "northeast carry" into the upper West Branch, thence down that river twenty miles, to the head of Chesuncook Lake, and from that place up Cauquomgomo stream twelve miles to the lake.

It is a comparatively easy trip to make, and hence commends itself when one is taking out an inexperienced party, since if they become suddenly homosick, or otherwise disaffected with camp life they can, in a little more than a day's time, be piloted back to eivilization.

Wheshor an inexperienced party of campers will really only themselves, or even agree decently with cach other, when subjueded to the novel and somewhat fatiguing vioristudes of a long camping out junt into the remote wilderness, is something which can never be predicted. Parties, apparently gentlemen, have been known to quarred deplorably in camp, to the great annoyance of their guides.

I recall an experience where a party, of six, three ladies and three gentlemen, late standard the gentlemen, late standard the gentlemen, and the gentlemen, and the gentlement of the ladies and outside, sulking, on a stump in the darkness, wrapped in a waterproof, until past two o'clock in the morning. Moreover, it was raining at intervals.

Harmony did not, I grieve to say, return during the entire trip of ten days. Yet, under the ordinary circumstances of home life in the city, these people would have disdained to quarrel over such trides.

But to return to Cauquomgomo Lake. It is a very pretty sheet of water, seron miles in length by from two to three miles wide. Forest clad mountains overshadow it on the northly send the standard the pretty of the day of the day of the standard the pretty of the standar

jack-light could be brought close to them.

Claypole believed that he could lasso them by using a jack-light; and one reason why he wished to secure our co-operation was to obtain the use of our jack for this purpose.

I perceive that I have got into a difficulty by admitting the fact that we were in possession of a jack light, since suspicious folks may inquire why we had taken one to Cauquomeo Lake in September. I shall merely say that we were not certain that we might not remain until the first of October. Besides, deer may be "jacked." without shooting them for fun; and it is rather good sport.

Neither Jim nor I thought well of the project but Claypole was sanguina. His confidence awoke a passing interest in us, and we were willing to oblige him, if possible. He also desired to socure the use of our canoe,

which was much larger and more

which was much larger and more staunch than his own.

No success attended Claypole's first effort to use the jack and rope about Cauquomgomoc Lake, however. For some reason the deer did not come out to the shore that night; and the next day we all accompanied him to Round Pond, which list to the northeast of the lake, and connects with it by a deep, sluggish stream, four miles in length.

As the afternoon advanced, the sky became clouded, the weather became raw and the wind shifted to the northeast.—signs which in this part of the country but too surely indicate the approach of a prolonged storm of wind and rain.

country but too suce, approach of a prolonged storm of wind and rain. It was the season, too, when the squinoctial rains might be expected. To be far from one's camp at such a time is apt to prove an unpleasant experience, and in my character of mente to the party I advised returning down the stream, and recrossing the lake to our comfortable camp on the west shore.

memo to tone party I advised returning down the stream, and recrossing the lake to our comfortable camp on the west shore.

Byrant and Claypole demurred at this at first; and it was not till the sky had darkened at nightfall that misgivings began to affect them, too, and they consented to beat a retreat.

Round Tond Stream is a deep, sluggish brook, easily nevigable; but so dark was the evening whon we entered it, that we could never have made our way down but for the jacklight which we set in the bow of the larger cance to light the way.

A jack light is merely a dark lantern with a good lens for concentrating and projecting the light forward from the cap hole. When placed in the bow of a cance everything back of it is in darkness and invisible, while a single bar of brilliant light is thrown shead.

In feeling our way down Rornd Pond Stream we placed the jack at the nose of the large cance, in which were our guide, Jim, Claypole, Knights and myself. Bryant, and Claypole's guide, a Greenville Indian, followed in a realler cance, which they had tied to cur stern with a bit of line, giving it no more than a couple of yards of slack.

Knights had his own small interest in Claypole's waited beautiful to the care of the care in the care in the serior of the course of the co

to our stern with a bit of ine, group it no more than a couple of yards of slack.

Knights had his own small interest in Claypole's project, being minded to obtain a photograph of the Jerseyman in the act of lassoing deer, by means of a camera and a magnesium flash-light. The device, however, he had now put away in his case, and was sitting low down on the bottom of the cance. In fact, we were making the best of our way home and had no notion of hunting; the jack was mersly to show the way.

Muskrats splashed in the stream ahead, and now and then a sheldrake "quaked" and rose bindly before us. There was something almost eerie about the darkness that night. The two guides were paddling with long, quiet strokes, and none of us were saying much, when Jim surprised us by whispering huskily:

"Sti there's a deer in the bend abead!"

ques skokes, and none of us were saying much, when Jim surprised us by whispering huskily:

"Sti there's a deer in the bend ahead!"

It was a large buck with high anthers: and I never saw a jack light fall more prettily on a deer. Often one can see nothing of the animal except its eyes, shining; but we could see this deer as plainly as by daylight. In fact, we were scarcely a hundred feet from him when Jim whispered. The Indian had seen him, too, and both guides, stopped paddling at the same instant; but the canoes drifted on.

"Now, Claypole, where's your rope?" I whispered, jocosely.

"Yes, Claypole, where's your rope?" I whispered Knights.

The rope which he had designed to use as a lasso was in the stern of the canoe; but Jim, too intent on a practicel joke at Claypole's expense, handed it to him over Knight's shoulder. It was coiled after a manner, and on gaining possession of it Claypole rose slowly to his feet.

The canoe had drifted within perhaps fifty feet of where the buck stood, staring at the light, as if dazzled, seeing nothing else. If he had been an earthenware buck on a lawn he could not have stood more quietly. Once only he etamped his foot fitfully, where he stood kneed-deep in the mud and water.

Evidently he had never seen a jack before. It fassinated him. His eyes did not even blink. Deer will some times stand, spellbound, till a canoe can be brought near enough to poke them with a paddle. It has actually been done.

As Claypole rose, Jim gave the canoe a little more headway with a single silent twirt of his paddle deep in the water. Then Claypole threw the noose.

in the water. Then Olaypole threw the noose.

I surmise that we were even closer to the animal than he calculated. It was a fair cast, I should think; but the coil fell not about the buck's antiers, but beyond them, on his rump.

Jim's expectation was that he could turn the jack-light round quickly, so that the back would wheel and bound away, when lassoed, but when that rope slapped down on his back, he gave one mighty bound into the air and came plump aboard of our cance.

Deer when hit, but not disabled, or when frightened by men behind a jacklight, usually run straight for it unless it is instantly turned away. Jim knew the buck would bound away, lassoed, and jork, fileypale out of the cance.

There were many versions after-

There were many versions after-ward as to what followed! To me, who sat forward of Claypole, just back of the jack-light, there seemed to be

for the next few seconds a frightfully confused medley of deer s hoofs, tails, hair, paddles, jack-lights, tinware,

for the next few seconds a frightfully confused medley of deer shoots, tails, hair, paddles, jack-lights, tinware, men's arms, yolfs—all terminating abruptly in water!

For though the brook was no more than eight or ten yards wide, the water was from five to seven feet deep, with a bottom of mud and old, sunken trees. In a jiffy we were all in the stream and all trying to get out at once! A two hundred-pound buck, scared to fronzy, is not a desirable companion under such circumstances. One of his fore hoofs went through the thin cedar lining and the canvas of the ance bottom, as if it had been paper. Then he gave a flounder, and we all went over together, upsetting also the smaller cance tied to our stern.

At one moment f was under the

smaller cance tied to our stern.
At one moment I was under the
buck, and heard the jingle of breaking
glass and crushed tin as his hin
hoofs come in contact with the jack!
Inen water, hair, Claypole and myself seemed to be mingled promiseuusly—till I felt the bottom of the
stream and scrambled out half choked.
But this is meraly we account of it

ously—till I felt the bottom of the stream and scrambled out half choked. But this is morely my account of it. The others told different stories I did not even know how the deer escaped; but he got out somehow on the opposite the bank of the brook. I heard him "blow" twice over there, just as I gained the shore, and then heard him run of; and by the crashes he made one would have said he had started for Hudson Bay, and had but ten minutes to get there!

By good lusk we all got out with nothing more serious than a few scratches and bruises; but I do not believe that ever a party of campers found themselves in a worse plight. The jack-light was gone; and both canoes, with everything they contained in the way of guns and outfit were either on the bottom of the brook or had floated away. We had all of us been in the water, and there was not a dry match in anybody's pocket.

The darkness was Stygian. One

a dry match in anybody governThe darkness was Stygian. One
could not see his hand before his face;
yet if our camp had been on the hither side of the lake, we might, perhaps, have felt our way through the
woods along the stream, and come to
it. But the camp was on the far side
of Lake Cauquomgomoe.

Withal the same and cold. Our

of Lake Cauquomgomoo.

Viithal it was raw and cold. Our teeth were chattering, and it will not, perhaps, be thought odd that certain observations found expression that might not otherwise have been indulged in.

ed in.

The guide at length waded into the stream, and succeeded in raising the large cance and hauling it sehore. The other one could not be found, and we soon ascertained that the large one had a hole as big as a hat in the bottom of it, and could not be kept aflost.

nad a note as nig as a nat in the obttom of it, and could not be kept affoat.

Nothing now remained but to sit
down in our wet clothes on the bank
of the stream, and wait for daylight.
I do not think that I ever felt more
wretched. By twelve o'clock the
wind rose, and a cold, driving rain
began to fall. Although we were as
wet as we could be before, it yet addad to our discomfort. All efforts at
joking failed. The two guides sat
and execrated everything with remarkable assiduity. Ages seemed to drag
by before it finally grew light, and
even then we were in wretched condition.

The other cance was at length dis-

even then we were in wretched condition.

The other cance was at length discovered, at a distance down-stream, By much chilly wading the guns and most of our other property were recovered; and after an hour or more of vexatious pottering we contrived to patch up the hole in the large cance. A start was then made in the down-pouring rain, to descend the brook and go to our camp. On emerging upon the lake, however, there was found to be so heavy a sea running, that to cross over in our cances would be hazardous. We were compelled to coast around the entire northerly shore, a distance of seven miles. It was near noon when we finally reach-camp, where dry under clothing, fire and warm drink and food could be had.

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