AIN-KILLER INE ON RAPPH is so efficacious for Colte, Canadia,

fantum and all Bowel Complain

Jhills, Diarrhosa, Dysentery, Cholers

cious and over ezalous collector at tha

The corner stone of the new St. John's French Presbyterian church, St. Catharine street, Montreal, was laid by Rev. Dr. Chiniquy in the presence of the congregation and friends. The building vill cost \$13,000.

The Province of Quebec Rifle Association matches were concluded on Thursday. The Carslake trophy was won by the Thirteenth battalion of Hamilton while the Twelfth York Rangers won the aggregate team match.

Scandinavian woman who landed at A Scandinavian Halifax from the Gothia died on Saturday on the train en route for Mon. She was going to join her hustreal. band at Winnipeg, and it is said heart disease was the cause of her sudder death.

Protestants in Quebec, and especially the adherents of those chapels mobber by the French-Canadians, are much pleased with Laurier's vigorous denuncia tion, in a letter to Mr. Duval, of the treatment the French Protestants received at the hands of the roughs.

The homing pigeon owned by James Gardner, sen., of Toronto, liberated at Montreal at 5.30 a. m. on Saturday, reached Gardner's loft at 4.30 p.m. the same day, making the 333 miles eleven hours. These are the first birds to make this journey in one day. The Winnipeg Retail Lumbermen's as-

sociation decided a few days ago to reduce the price of coarse dimension lumber about \$3 a thousand. This reduction s due to the recent change in the tariff. The price of the better class of lumber has not been affected.

The local press having attacked the Montreal detective force, Lieut.-Colonel Hughes, superintendent of police, has asked Mayor Villeneuve to order an investigation. His worship has complied. Over one hundred robberies have taken place in the last year and no clues have discovered.

A. Kelly & Co.'s extensive flouring mills at Brandon were burned. The fire is supposed to have originated from a spark that fell from a smokestack into the dust room of the mill. damage is estimated at \$50,000. insurance is as follows: tock, \$9,000: building and machinery, \$24,000.

Long & Bisby, wool dealers of Hamilton, have over a million pounds of wool in stock in their warehouses here, which will be shipped to the States when the new tariff becomes law. A Toronto diamond exporter saved \$3500 in duty by shipping \$25,000 worth of precious stones to the States before the new tariff was put in operation.

Archibald Stewart, a young Scotchman of an adventurous turn of mind, who i visiting this country for sport, accompanied only by an Indian guide, has just completed in safety the entire trip from Lake St. John to Lake Mistassini, great mysterious inland sea in the far north, by one route and returning by another, a feat which he is the first white man to perform. He brought back with him an interesting account of legendary lore, tribal superstition of peculiar aborigines of the far northern country, and reports having found a very large area of merchantable timber and very large agricultural lands in what have hitherto been supposed to be nothing

HAWAII CONGRATULATED.

House Committee on Foreign Affairs Adopts a Joint Resolution.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 17.-After a spirited session of the house committee on foreign affairs yesterday, a congratulatory joint resolution from the United States to the republic of Hawaii was adopted, and it was presented to the house for adoption at the earliest opportunity. The resolution is as follows: "Resolved, that the senate and house of representatives of the United States do congratulate the president of Hawaii on the peaceful assumption of the duties and responsibilities of self-government as indicated by the recent adopotion of a republican form of government.

THE ROYAL CITY.

Lynn, the Savary Island Murderer, Maintaining a Cheerful Demeanor.

New Westminster, Aug. 17.-The Indians who mutined on the sealing schooner C. D. Rand, and who since their commitment have been lying in the provincial jail, were brought before Mr. Pittendrigh at eight o'clock last night, and on order of Judge Bole admitted to bail in the sum of \$500 each, their own recognizances being accepted.

Hugh Lynn, sentenced to be hanged this day week for the murder of Green and Taylor at Savery island last October, maintains a cheerful demeanor in the provincial jail. He eats and sleeps well, and although displaying anxiety at times does not lose hope. He is confident that the petition sent to Ottawa praying for the commutation of his sentence will be successful, but as vet Sheriff Armstrong has not been notified of the decision of the minister of justice in the matter. Lynn has been visited frequently by his mother, who naturally is terrigrieved over the situation of the condemned man. A message which means life or death for Lynn is expected from Ottawa not later than Wednesday

Ah Sue, a Chinaman, who supering tends the removal of the bones of dead Celestials to the Flowery Kingdom, applied to Government Agent Warwick today for permission to exhume the remains of over one hundred Chinamen for the purpose of removing them to China. The permission sought granted and the work will be undertaken at once. The graves to be opened are scattered along the line of the C. P. all the way from Port Moody to Kamloops, and are those of Chinamen who have died within the last two or three

Rheumatism cured in a day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose generally benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Gee. Morrison.

"Tales of Ten Travelers" Series. BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

chief difficulty with Aunt Mirandy, a ady of exceeding vigor and eccen was the repression which es had placed upon her natural This was intensified by her pos what might be properly termed ermanently dormant means. who was in the manufacturnd who was also Aunt Mirandy's often remarked to his good

vould make the wheles of afwould make the wheres of the round with a hum."

nob Trigtidy, I wish she was; for wouldn't be here and all over min the house the same minlady would respond with such

feeling that her husband was temporazing apology and dejust admit she's a remarkable

With tremendous powers?" Tremendous.
And keen and penetrating insight into 'Keen and penetrating."

"Keen and penetrating." "A great factor in the church?" 'A most original thinker?" "Always."
'And she's got lots of money?" "Oh, I suppose so."
"Which we'll get?"

"When! "Why, when Aunt Mirandy's through with tinge of humiliation mantled Aunt Mir-"When'll that be?"

Clara, she's past sixty." And we're only just past forty, but "While she has already ruled this house

for twenty years; ever since a year after we were married, Triplebob?" "And brought our children into the world, and took 'em out of it?"

"Gracious, Clara!" "And worried those that lived until we had to send them away?"
"Don't put it that way, wife!" "And engaged our servants, and selected ir clothing and decided on our food and sen our friends and made our enemies? "Dear, dear!-not so bad as that." "And owned this house and made me a slave instead of a wife, and you a groveling instead of a man—all for a few paltry dol-lars you hope to some time get?"

Oh Triplebob Trigtidy, isn't a real home or those you love, while you and they are the living, more than a possible inheritance n every thing dear is gone and the e is all there is left to long for?" Trigtidy was astounded and confused. His good wife had never rose up to this of protest until this moment, when, he was about to leave for his office at a our of the morning, the unfortunate ject of Aunt Mirandy had again been

Like most men of affairs, he had only ken the business view of his erratic elder ster. "Give me a home, Triplebob," she hen I'm gone I'll leave you a million! had seemed an easy way, a good and way, to become rich and powerful. had only thought of that; and, like so y other well meaning men, had never man and can stir things up. This very mehended or had always ignored the minute I'll start the stirrin'!" any other well meaning men, had never st sacred duty of the husband to preserve She scampered up the stairs with unus-te home intact from whimsical and offen-re influences, which the wife and the street attire and with a heavy face disapfirst sacred duty of the husband to preserve ren almost solely suffer, from irresonsible or tryannical relatives.

They were coming up from the breakfast

oom together. "There she is, now—berating the clergy—reflectively and yet compassionately to his man!" whispered Mrs. Trigtidy, as she wife, "we've stood it so long now, I hope rushed a few hopeless tears from her and the two heard a shrill voice adancing from the reception room into the allway with bland, protestive tones and egular footfalls preceding it.

Mr. Trigtidy peered through the banisters He saw the gaunt but ect form of Aunt Mirandy advancing upbacking, pursy figure of the clergyn of their own church. Her eyes flash arms whirled wildly as her hands ne together in resounding whacks in phasis of her words, and her grizzled disarranged from the violence lignant head-shakings, whipped threatabout her scrawny neck and head,
"snorted Aunt Mirandy. "You'll

t get a penny!' But my dear Miss Trigtidy," gasped the tonished clergyman, dodging the newelcleverly.

'Don't 'but' me, sir! I won't have it. tryin' to outdo other churches? Why you stop your everlastin' beggin'?" mber your means, your years!" eaded the clergyman, executing a dexous right-about-face, during which he rehis hat and umbrella. 'My means and my years, eh?' retorted irate maiden lady. "Hain't t' blame for

y years—you better look to home!—and I ouldn't have any means left in a week, your kind had your way!" beg of you, Miss Trigtidy!" course you do! It's all in the name Oh, what hasn't He had to It's all in the name of religion! Oh, ame of charity! Oh, what hasn't it had to

"I am pained and surprised-!" be you? So is everybody else. Ask you don't believe it. Comin' carriage to beg, beg, beg for while thousands are around us! Beg, plead, scheme church politics like an alder body bein' helped or saved!' ing, Miss-!"

rse 'tis! Thought so, forty year. hat's religion for? Palace building? Not What's charity for? Gettin' your papers? Not much! Churches and charity have got to quit their heads so high, eatin' up tance, and givin' nothing but nd words sham, or everybody'll turn and religion-hater, 'fore long! Oh, she continued in a frenzy denuncia-

ergyman had managed to get into tibule. Clinging to the door knob side, while Aunt Mirandy held fast ner, he was gently endeavoring to door and bow himself out. Being on the outer and safe side of ent, he ventured with some little

Miss Trigtidy had her way, how prove matters?" gan improving them by giving the pushes, which her reverend from sight behind. ently returned, and, between these enings and measured closings, var-

up church mortgages; drink.

"Good again;" was the response as the door softly swayed back upon Aunt Mi-

I'd quit gettin' long haired foreigners for organists, operatic singers for choir solo-ists and millionaire nobodys for ushers; unusually vigorous push of the door. "Ah?" floated back with a gentle swing-

ng of the door.
"Yes; 'ah' and 'ah' again, sir; and I'd Trigtidy, if Aunt Mirandy was a take off some of my fine duds; get out of a would make the wheles of af- my carriage; get along with one girl in my carriage; get along with one girl in takable sounds of cufflings and thumpings, the kitchen; and get down alongside them that needs comfortin'; that's what I'd do, "You would certainly be blessed, if you

ould do all that, Miss Trigtidy."
"Would, would I? Yes, I would; and so would you-gettin' right down among the sore and the needy and the lame and the halt and the blind, without any long face, or airs, or I'm-better-than-you-be, about it,

experience, I hope?" "Huh!-from settin' under your pre chin' for twenty year," she retorted flereely:

"and from lookin' around that church and just boilin' over all the time, because-Trigtidy. Good morning!"
"Because all the rest of us were not at that precise moment tolling in the slums, I presume? Very natural, very. We are not far apart in all these matters, Miss

She slammed the door defiantly behind the departing clergyman and rested a moment against the huge carved newel-post to recover her breath. "He's a little right, and I'm more'n'

Inexpresible scorn mingled with a slight

right;" she panted reflectively. "Lord! I wish I was a man and a minister!"

Here Mrs. Trigtidy's hand sought her husband's with a firm pressure of approval. "But 'taint too late! 'Tain't too late. Here I've been holdin' this house and home together for twenty year, with Triplebob a noodle and Clara a ninny. Here l've been holdin' that church togther for twenty year, and that preacher a pesky time server. The rest of my life I'll do some good with my own money to them that's under

my own nose, my own way!"

"That means us, Clara!" whispered Mr.

Trigtidy, gratified at the apparently fortunate outcome and proud of his fine foresight. "I won't wait a day. I won't wait an hour. I'll begin this very minute!"

"Gracious!" whispered Mr. Trigitidy to his spouse. "I'm glad I'm late to business this morning. We'll be right here togther when she's in the humor!"

With this he began craning his neck abouve the banisters and clearing his throat as if to sneak: but his more cantions wife

as if to speak; but his more cautious wife silenced him with a gesture of protest. "This minute!" repeated Aunt Mirandy vehemently. "Among the millions in this great city, I can certainly seek out and succor some of the vicious and distressed." Mr. Trigtidy's luminous face was suddenly clouded with a grimace of disappoint-

ment and chagrin. "I don't care how low they be. I'll lift 'em up by bein' humble; by bein' like 'em; by doin' like 'em; by actin' like 'em; till they're weaned from the downward path. If I only was a man and a minister! But, heaven be praised! I'm a wo-

peared in the street; leaving the perplexed Trigtidys the temporary freedom of their own establishment. "Well, well, Clara," murmured Trigtidy

you'll make the best of it; there's a dear. eyes discouragedly, "we've stood it so long,

It's too much to keep!" But events were already rapidly shaping toward unexpected relief for the Trigtidy ouserold. Aunt Mirandy having gained the street,

gratefully sniffed the fresh morning breeze wafted gently upfr om the great riverand "I feel better, anyhow. Decidin' to do somethin's new life, if you don't even know the somethin' is!"

She wore so bright a face and stepped out with so elated a gait, that many looked up ather with something akin to kindling sympathy. "Lots of good people in the world yet,

ain't they now?" she asked herself in the tone of original discovery and inquiry. hurch Extension' Funds? Huh! Why ! "I should think there was, though!" she on't you stop extendin'? Why don't you as heartily answered. "If we'd all get to gether at doin' common' every-day good, 'stead of turnin' it over to the churches for corporation religion, shuttin' our eyes to the results, mebby runnin' churches be easier for the ministers, and 'twoundn't be so plaguey hard to save sinners. Mebby there wouldn't be so many sinners to

worry over, either!"
With these and similar reflections, Aunt Mirandy passed from the region of aristocratic abodes through the district of prim and tidy homes, passed the doubtful territory of mixed business structures and habins, into the roaring thoroughfares of Gotham; and then, more by instinct than from knowledge, into one of those downtown quarters where great palaces of trade wall in vast areas of squalor, vice and

At this hour of the day, the crooked, loathsome street through which her footsteps led, was strangely still. Aunt Mirandy was ignorant of its grewsome and

dreadful night life, and the silence distrac-"Don't wonder they can't get along," she observed with some asperity, "when they don't mosey out in the mornin' and get to work like other folks. Mercy! Why, they

look like the dead!' She had now turned into a bend of the thoroughfares where doors, windows and hallways of the crazy old structures were all wide open. The tottering buildings so close together that it was dark and shadowy between. Festering garbage cov-ered the broken pavement. Foul odors emenated from every nook and cranny. The if I had my way, sir, I'd change all hauseous, appalling presence of putrid death itself seemed to fly at her with pal-

pable and overpowering savagery. In shadowy basements were stretched the revolting forms of humans of strange race and color, their features distorted as if in frightful dreams. Women and crildren half nude and filthy, lay in grotesque heaps upon bare floors, or were dimly visible among piles of wretched rags. At this window or that a bare leg or arm or head hung over the sill, as though the owner's body had been dismembered and had fallen

Every hallway and stairway was heaped gs and measured closings, var-tions of a practical and em-females lay against steps, copings, area ature reached both the suave railings, or were stretched across sidean and the trembling Trigtidys on walks, doubled in gutters, or lay still upon the noisome stones of the street. A get off my high horses; that's what few of all these hideous forms and faces were pinched and thin and drawn and pallways a good thing to do;" returned lid from pain and want; but most were blowsy and bloated from fiery and endless

There was a horrible fascination in the

revolting some which drew Aunt Mirandy on and on. With her skirts instinctively gathered about her and her quaint old vinlagrette clasped tightly to her quivering vanagrette clasped tightly to her quivering nostrils, she picked her was here and there, or leaped gingerly over some sodden bodies, muttering "Marcyl marcyl marcy bodies, muttering "Mercy! mercy! mercy! all the dreadful way.

The recurring sounds of business life, the

clang and clamor of the great trade thoroughfares beyond, finally recalled her to "Huh!" she startlingly exclaimed. "If I ain't doin' just like all the rest; lookin' at these horrors like a play show and leavin' 'em horrors stilk! Mercy me! Where shall

She retraced her steps and stood still for ists and millionaire nobodys for ushers; a little, shook her viniagrette feroclously that's another thing I'd do!" This with an and gazed distractedly up the winding street, loathsome in its sinuous trailing as the discarded skin of a huge snake.

Just then a horrible volley of oaths, oaths from women, too, with the unmisdays hereastern allows the property the street of the street the street of the street the street of the street dark basement stairway almost beneath

Stepping to the iron railing, she peered authously into the darkness below. When cautiously into the darkness below. When her eyes had become accustomed to the shadows of the nauscous pit, she saw in the turn of the passage way a wriggling mass of heads and legs and lists and heels. When the eaths and blows had somewhat stilled from exhaustion, she dimly discerned the forms and faces of three girls; of those girls of the slums with little. The clergyman had by this time got the outer door open, and he could therefore most composedly ask:

"Like all true reformers, you speak from the country of the slums with little, chunky bodies; with strangely symmetric forms and marvelously agile and physical powers; with unconscious and graceful movements, and often with winsomely molded features; of those girls who never knew a girlhood, between whom and mai-denhood lies the impassable gulf, to whom womanhood is never bared; of those girls altogether as cunning as imps of darkness and hard as the pavement stones, from which, for all they know, or the world cares, they have been given luckless birth. Right here's the place to begin!" said

Aunt Mirandy determinedly. Without hesitation she descended the slippery steps, hustled the girls upon treir feet in a corner, tidled their clothing, primed their hair, rubbed their faces with her handkerchief; and all with such a rush of aptitude and unconscious kindly authority, that there was no further show of pro-test than the animal-like gurgles and grunts of curiosity and surprise.

"Come 'long to breakfast now; all of von!" she commanded, herding the rumpled and tousled lot before her. "Need some more myself:" she continued as the girls' eyes opened wide with astonishment. "Got rung away from mine this morning, by a beggar; an audacious beggar, too! Would n't like that, would you, girls?"

"Nope!" they chorused, slyly prodding each other with their nimble elbows while mickering brazenly.
"Here we are. This'll do;" insisted Aunt Mirandy, still herding her lot into an unpretentious restaurant.

But the new patrons were now at the

tables and a waiter, noticing the strange party, stepped forward with a quizzical "Now, no airs, waiter!" said Aunt Mirandy sternly.
"No airs, waiter," echoed the trio, "er

th' old un an' us 'll do ye!—see?''
"Where's your washstand?" Aunt Mirandy demanded unmoved.
"Yes, where's de hydran' plug, corkey?" nimicked the girls uproariously.

The waiter, with solemn ceremoniousness, led the way to a little alcove, turned the water on with a swish into four basins, and retreated to a respectable distance.

'Here, go on an' get me a comb and brush!" She gave him a bank note and an additional command: "While you're at it, bring three tidy chip hats for these three three young friends of mine. Keep the

Then, while the girls rolled up their eyes, unt Mirandy rolled up her sleeves.
'Wash!" she said tersely. "Here, water

and soap, mind!"
She did not stand idly by. She lathered her own hands, and, one by one, soaped those girls' hands and arms and necks and heads, and scored and soused and rinsed an dried; and when the comb and brush an package of hat had come, after general directions to the walter for "a good break-fast for four!" she worked on those girls' It's too much to lose."

Triplebob," she returned, closing her this one's locks, converting into a handsome knot that one's tangled tresses, and deftly winding over her fingers the other one's curls; until anyone would have thought her a travelling hair dresser; and when the three neat little chip hats were on their heads, and they had worked over each other's not ungainly apparel with wisp-broom in barbarously playful vim, Aunt Mirandy sat down in a chair before them in gratified admiration with the en-thusiastic remark: "There ain't no three finer on Fifth Avenue!" which brought shame-dazed but proud light into their snapping eyes, the quick flush of emulation into their cheeks, and to their lips the grateful tribute to their unaccountable

"Hully gee! Git on ter w'at de fairy's Upon which they went awkwardly, be ise now somewhat consciously, to their table and ate like ravanous beasts, while Aunt Mirandy could scarcely watch outlandish actions closely enough, for the mists were constantly gathering in her old

and happy eyes. "Now girls-you ain't goin' to be pester ed about any livin- thing-but what's your names anyhow?" asked Aunt Mirandy en-

"De right one, er de ones us sashays "Oh, just your short, common every-day "She's Mame, de Terror," said one, jerkng her had toward the one with the Grecian knot, "kase she's de slugger of de combination;" at which Mame stole a glance

'Mame's a nice name;" she responded reflectively.
"An' she's Sal Smuggs," retorted young woman of local prowess, viciously weaking the nose of the girl with crinkly ringlets. Kase her nose is de best part of

Here the girls laughed heartly and Aunt Mirandy perplexedly joined.
"Dis 'ere side partner," continued Mame roun' de Bow'ry, kase dere ain't no free lunch layout kin stan' up agin her. It's a sorrer ter keep this kitten in chuck. I'm givin' ye it straight. Don' yer see she's

lungry an' holler, after dis stunnin' banket? The girls laughed at this pleasantry and Aunt Mirandy laughed in an amazed, pity-ing way, as she wondered what manner of language she had stumbled upon.
"Well, Mame and Sal and Chub," she be

gan briskly as she arose from the table. 'you're just goin' to have the happiest day you ever had in all your life, if you never get another!" 'Look out fur de trac's an' de chapel, whispered Sal to her companions,

who at once began looking glum and sol-"Not a bit of it!" rejoined Aunt Mirandy whose quick ears had caught the lugubrious prophesy. "It's a boat-ride; an out-

"Lord—it's de Tombs, an' thirty days on de Island!" whispered Chub Slivers nervously, wriggling and dodging like a young partridge ready to break for cover. "Not a bit of it!" stoutly reasserted Aunt Mirandy in alarm. "Now, you poor little fools, do I look like a detective policeman, or a mission ooliceman, or a missionary?"
"Nope!" shouted Mame heartily.

"You're de plush jay of de town!" added Chub Silvers in tones of reassurance and approval.
"De easiest angel dat's lit on our route!" gurgled Sal Smuggs, with a smile at the earnest old lady and a wicked leer at her

companious.
"I should think so!" ejaculated Aunt
Mirandy with swelling pride, "No airs,
neither. We're just all goin' to be friends together. Come on, now, for an outing; all day, mind you, down by the seashore. And you're just goin' to be free and happy and natural and yourselves, and do what you like and say what you like and have what you like, every ble this livelong day.'

Poor old Aunt Mirandy! To keep these hopeful pledges will at least temporarily trail your banners of practical religion in the dust. A half hour later the four were wedged in among the masses of humanity throng-

ing the great pleasure boats which daily ply between the seething city and the soothing sea. Aunt Mirandy, already wearled from her unusual mental and physical exertions of the morning, nodded and started and gulpped and snorted, all of which drew untranhave their way. They recounted the adventage of the country of t statable saying from her outlandish charges for a time; but the gentle influence of the to them wondrous experience soon subdued them, stilled them, perhaps awed them; for to these waifs, whose farthest onfines of observation had been the outlying towering walls surrounding the readful quarter where they prowled like

The islands in the bay, with their sinu-The islands in the bay, with their sinu-glee.

Those of the ravens' ilk who soddenly

Those of the ravens' old woman The islands in the bay, with their sinuous shores, their glowing coves rimmed by emerald verture and the cameo-like villas above; the forests, the parks, the home-bundled along the loathsome alleys where she had that morning come with such standard and sturdy purpose, by these savage where the fair sand-dimes and waters meet; the Long Island coast, the boundless ocean, bringing the first faint consciousness of measureless immensity they had ever known;—all toned and touched and tenderly tinted by the impalpable, breeze-swung pendulums of the sea's ever changing lights and shades;—wrought upon their souls so deep a spell that they at last sat mute and still, long after the thousands had scrambled from the steamer's decks; and only when Aunt Mirandy, scourged from the land of Nod by the stern hand of Silence, awakened with a snort which diverted the deck porter from a surly relike merciless imps to the summer day pleasures of the shore.

As they left the great iron pier and pas-

sed the long lines of artfully arranged nickle-dreadful dens of fakers and shams, Aunt Mirandy noticed the trio's glistening eyes and craning necks; but she wheedled them past these, and finally, by gentle wiles and promises of future galeties, eniced them to the beach, where thousands, for miles in either direction, were wallowing in the sands or tumbling in the foam-

In a trice she had them among the bathers, while she sat like a contented child in the sand, with smiles of satisfaction playing about her hard old face; thinking wonderful things about pratical piety, snorting and ejaculating by turns, and enjoying their enjoyment with the spirit and fervor of elated youth.

And how those girls of the slums disported in that lashing and foaming surf! that, for this little time, they were pre- 'at a crack of the door. cisely the same human animals, lifted out of taint and stain by the blessed exhilira-tion and abandon of old ocean's impartial disheveled clothing, portentious package breaks open into a sphere like a cluster waves and spume?
This is at least the view that Aunt Mirandy took of the matter, as she sat in the sand, saying precisely this manner of

things, though curtly and sententiously as she occasionally recalled Triplebob Trig- gray and scraggy head protruded. tidy and the minister with scorn, or brushed a tear of overflowing enjoyment from the quivering tip of her wrinkled If the breakfast had been a "stunning" banket," that dinner in the great pavilion, with the melodious rattle and clatter about them, the band playing the most enliven-

ing music, and the soft breezes stealing up

from the sea, was entirely beyond the

powers of Mame and Sal and Chub to fitly But when done, Aunt Mirandy kept her word in other notable respects.
She rode with them the raging toboggan. She had their pictures taken with her grininng charges hovering open-mouthed above and behind her. She raced with them on craggy dankeys' backs. She penetrated with them the lairs of the stuffed serpents. the dens of the stuffy freaks and the jungles of the stuffier fortune tellers. They swayed in charlots of the mighty revolving wheel. They made startling rushes on over-head wire railways. They repeatedly paid homage to that most perennial and most entertaining of all trivalities, the mirthful tragedy of Punch and Judy. It seemed they would never finish the go-rounds. In fact they indulged unstintedly in every grotesque diversion of the seaside Babel; and as the lights began to of conscious pride at the surprised old glare out along this gayest and most cosnopolitan coast of the world can show, they climbed back with the noisy throngs upon the steamer's deck; and, still stirred and enlivened by the music, the songs, the almost Bacchanalian revelries of the ure seekers about them, found the return sail all too short, and the white disks in

the spires and towers pointing the hour of ten, when they again set foot upon the streets of the great city. Babbling and chattering along together with affected compassionate tolerance, as they at last came to a broad thoroughfare, she tugged at the shining braids of the dazzlingly glaring in its innumerable lights other, "is de one as breaks our hearts to and in its pandemonium of sights and ungit along wid. Dey call her Chub Slivers couth sounds, almost an exact night picture, only in greater magnitude, of the distracting aggragation of touters' dens they had left beside the sea.

"Huly gee!" sighed Chub, "nome's de bes' place after all!' mured Sal in sympathy. "You're dead right, pards;" chimed in Mame, "de ol' Bow'ry gits over dem all!"
"Why, is this the Bowery?" stammered Aunt Mirandy, experiencing her first sense

of trepidition of the day. "Tain't no udder!" replied Chub proudly and pettishly. "Say, Aunt M'randy, ye ain't goin' back 'mong de nobs, 'thout settin' up de wet?" Without setting up the wet?" horrifled-

replied the old lady.

"Yes, yes, yes!" they importuned with that there is a certain and blessed percent igly and threatening persistence, pushing Aunt Mirandy toward a dark alley near. 'No Bow'ry ladies parts, 'thout doin' the The instant the waifs had reached the

famous and infamous thoroughfare, the glare of the lights, the sight of their compaulons, the fumes from liquor dens, and all that subtle influence which reaches its develish clutches from the dark realms of vicious familiar association, had rehabilitated these things of the night with their savage nature, and Aunt Mirandy suddenly



To Nursing Mothers

A leading Ottawa Doctor writes:
"During Lactation, when the strength of the mother is deficient, or the secretion of milk scanty, WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT gives most gratifying results." It also improves the quality of the milk.

It is largely prescribed To Assist Digestion, To Improve the Appetite, To Act as a Food for Consumptives. In Nervous Exhaustion, and as a Valuable Tonic. PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE

felt that the tables of power and authority had been turned. Overcome with dread and fear, she dare not resist. With a rush they carried her have their way. They recounted the adven-tures of the day uproariously to the grinscured for the moment by the question of ing frequenters of the place. They drank and sang, and pressed drink vast and absorbing interest that has arisupon their onw terrorized companion. had scarcely before everything seemed to whirl

about her and her veins were on fire. She tried to speak; to plead; but she rats, or the river's edge where they because in the river's edge where they because it is a substitution of the water like fever-taining only some sort of consciousness that impish forms were dancing and cavortine about her, embracing her in ogreish

great Liberty Statue, with extended torch hundreds of feet above the pennants of tallest ships' spars; the frowning forts with their cannon gleaming in the sun and sillest ships' spars; the frowning forts with their cannon gleaming in the sun and sillest ships' spars; the frowning forts with their cannon gleaming in the sun and sillest ships' spars; the frowning forts with the pitting old creature, bare their cannon gleaming in the sun and silent sentries with their solemn, measured march above; the Narrows, where the tides play fiercely; the lofty, luminous Highlands of the Jersey coast, fading into an and shoved and carried her to the corner of indistinguishable line of mist and haze, a respectable street where the ravens waited until they espled an officer and hailed the swaying fog-bells with their dolorous throbs; the lightships rocking lazily with the tide; and then, as the steamer skirted the Long Island coast, the boundless ocean, and the long Island coast, the boundless ocean, but the tide; and then as the steamer skirted the Long Island coast, the boundless ocean, and the long Island coast, the boundless ocean, but the long Island coast, the boundless ocean, and the long Island coast, the boundless ocean, but the long Island coast, the boundless ocean, and the long Island coast, the boundless ocean, but the long Island coast, the long Is angel bunks. Take 'er dere. She'll be wort' a dozen bones to ye, copsy!" With which, and with yells of glee, they disapeared in the darkness whence they came; and an hour later the perspiring po-liceman deposited the limp form of Aunt Mirandy in the arms of the borrified Trip-lebob Trigtidy, who, while his good wife moaned: "Has it come to this?" glared in contemptuous incredulity at the honest offi-

cer's tale and rewarded him for his merciful pains by slamming the door in his face. It might have been the loss of blood, for pearing in public parades dressed up in proof at delay, was the blessed spell and few will admit that it could have been enchantment broken; when they scrambled a twinge of quickened conscience, which, a few hours later, brought Chub Slivers, par-tially sobered, to a sitting posture beside her prostrate companions where, over di-vision of the spoils, in their drunken frenzy ney had tigerishly fought and fell.
"Tain't de dead hunk t'ing-no, 'tain't males appearing in this acknowledged male aftire in our public worship are lithey had tigerishly fought and fell. so!" she sniffed hoarsely.

She staggered to her feet and began and just as lawfully, and just as reason fumbling about the pockets, breast and ably appear in pantaloons, cutaways and clenched hands of Mame and Sal. Then plug hats, parading on the public she cleared her own pockets, and with deft touches went over each articel, iden-tifying it and calling it by name in her own strange jargon.
"She done de gran' act—so she did!"

muttered Chub with a trace of indignation in her lowered tones. Then she made a package of all the booty the modest and graceful cassock as le-"Aunt Mirandy gits dese traps," she said tire" would certainly never have occurfiercely, shaken her swollen fists defiantly

at her snoring companions, "If Chub Slivported in that lashing and foaming surf:
How they ran and scampered, saliled and
retreated, tusselled and strove! How they
jumped and plunged and corvetted and
darted, and blowed like frolicsome porpoises for the time, in their unrestrained
liberty, so little different, so completely
indistinguishable, from the countless ones
indistinguishable, from the countless ones
the strong hour beautiful to the fine Trigitidy
mansion, she hovered about it until the
mansion, she hovered abou around them! And who may know but sive helpmate, showed his head cautiously

> and gashed and bloody face. The bell rang again with more insistive clamor. As he once more furtively opened the door for a cautious distance he heard a window above him go up with a slam. A

> "Who's there?" its voice huskily demand-"Its me-Chub Slivers, mum!-one o' de mugses as guv ye de knock-out drops on' done ye hunk! Aunt Mirandy, I's come wid

> "Triplebob!-vou there?" "Ye-e-e-s, Mirandy."

> "Bring the girl up to my room instanter, or—or I'll cut you off without a penny!" In a moment more the amazed Trigtidy. his wife and the raven stood before Aunt Mirandy, who sat bolt upright in bed. "Fetch the doctor! Bring my lawyer, too!" she shouted after her nimbly departing brother. said I'd bring de duds," said the girl

> doggedly," if I had ter do time; an' her A physician was soon stitching and patching the ugly gashes on Chub Slivers' hands, neck and face; and Aunt Mirandy's lawyer was beside her directly, unquestionably obeying her imperative behests. "Write a check for five thousand, able to the order of the - Church

Extension Fund. I'll sign it in the morn The check was drawn as directed. "Now, Triplebob," she said sternly; "I'm going to cut you off—!" Trigtidy turned pale and his wife wore the first hopeful smile her face had known for years.
"With only one-half of my property!—for

Clara; for she's the one you've let stand my domineerin' all her married life." "Oh, sister!" and "Oh, Mirandy!" came chokingly from their confused lips. "Oh, brother!" she returned stoutly 'That's th' way it'll be. I'll keep the rest. Now, everybody get out—but Chub Slivers. She and I'll get out in the mornin'. You, Chub, go to bed on that sofy. I've had one day of reformin', hit or miss, rather like it. One out of three ain't bad!

Chub, lock the door!"

in true reform.

And as the astonished group stole whisperingly in the hallway and Chub Slivers turned the key in the lock and skulked to the sofa, as bidden, the sturdy old soldier of the cross turned on her pillow, muttered 'One out of three ain't bad!" for a little and finally sank into peaceful sleep. Over against the Bowery, at the edge of Gotham's dreadful No-man's-land, stands a neat stone structure, where the young and the all but lost among women are rescued and saved. At any time of the day and night its welcoming portals are open to the outcast and Godforsaken; and the now gen tle spirit whose heart and purse made all this so, is silver-haired Aunt Mirandy, whose faith in practical piety is still abid

ing, and who steadfastly holds to her orig-

age of consummation in all earnest efforts

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curative powers are possessed by no other
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Ointment. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal.
Wholessie agents.

WAR IN WISCONSIN. Surpliced Young Ladies Sat Down upon by the Bishop.

The strike and the tariff will be ob-

en in the state of Wisconsin. It seems that in some of the "high" churches of Milwaukee the rectors have introduced into their choirs certain charming young ladies chad in fascinating surplices which imparts such an air of antiquity to the conventional boy choirister. To the uninitiated this seems a harmless and innocuous innovation, and one calculated to add greatly to the attractiveness of the service. But the hishop of the dio-cese—who is very probably a bachelor of advanced years and unattractive appearance has violently and decisively sat down upon the practice. He is apparently shocked at the impropriety and se riously doubtful of the legality of young ladies appearing in what he is pleased to denominate "male attire." In all ages, he says, the surplice has been regarded as the proper dress of the male, and so these charming young women may be in danger of arrest and criminal such a matter with becoming seriousness. The good bishop's protest seems to person outside the pale to have about it the aroma of delicate and unconscious humor that is well nigh irresistible. Its astonishing gravity reminds one of the exquisitely funny dignity of the high admiral in Pinafore. Listen to the bishop's words: "We believe there is a law on the statute books of this state, as in all states, forbidding women and girls apmale attire. Nothing is clearer than that the cassock and cotta all along the ages have been a recognized part of ecclesiastidal male attire and nothing else. Our judgment, therefore, would be that feable to arrest. They might just as well,

ably appear in pantaloons, cutaways and streets." Mr. Gilbert never wrote anything funnier than that. The grave legal argument offered by the lord chancellor in Tolanthe as to his right to fall in love with a ward in chancery is almost tame by comparison. To think of gally within the definition of "male atred to one who was not devoid of what Mr. Lowell somewhere calls the "regulative sense of humor."—Rev. John Snyder in Globe Democrat. In the constellation of Hercules there star, but use a telescope of sufficient

is a small dull speck which looks like a power and there is revealed to you one "Murder!" he cried, shutting the door of the most wonderful effects in all the of suns, and they are perfectly symmetrical in arrangement. From centre to circumference an inconceivably vast space is enclosed, and the mighty suns that make that sphere number fourteen thousand, and have a diameter of 45,-000,000,000 of miles. Let us suppose that the distance of each from the other is 9,000,000,000 of miles. Now by analogy each and every one of these stars suns-and it is a fair inference-are all of them the centres of separate systems of worlds like our own solar system.-Dollinger.



Mrs. J. H. HORSNYDER, 152 Pacific

Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal., writes: "When a girl at school, in Reading, Ohio, I had a severe attack of brain fever. On my recovery, I found myself perfectly bald, and, for a long time, I feared I should be permanently so. Friends urged me to use Ayer's Hair

Vigor, and, on doing so, my hair Began to Grow,

and I now have as fine a head of hair as one could wish for, being changed, how ever, from blonde to dark brown."

"After a fit of sickness, my hair came

out in combfulls. I used two bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor and now my hair is over a yard long and very full and heavy. I have recommended this preparation to others with like good effect."-Mrs. Sidney Carr, 1460 Regina st., Harrisburg, Pa.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years and always obtained satisfactory results. I know it is the best preparation for the hair that is made." -C. T. Arnett, Mammoth Spring, Ark.

Ayer's Hair Vigol Prepared by Dr. J.C Ayer & Co., Lowell,