Superior, row, papa?"

delight. "I don't believe we can pos-

Fire!

[By Albert Lee.]

And a chorus of firemen's yells,

With a banging and a clanging of

With a sounding and bounding and pounding of hoofs, And a bawling and calling from win-

dows and roofs—
With a jumping and thumping of

And a binding and grinding

steels, ... With screaming and howling of whis-

tles and shouts,
With a swishing and swashing and

The horses exhorting, All smoking and choking the engine

Through the dull, quiet streets—there's

The Poets.

Myself and I.

Sometimes we're friends, yes, very good

When we've worked very well and then

Some right good fun and play, At night quite peaceful, there we lie And love each other, Myself and I.

Sometimes we're foes, the awfullest

When we've left undone just scores of

foes, When everything's gone amiss;

And think with regret of this,

At night, in wakeful strife we lie, And hate each other, Myself and I.

Outbound.

The voyage is far on the trackless tide,

The watch is long, and the seas are

The headlands blue in the sinking day

Kiss me a hand on the outward way.

The fading gulls, as they dip and veer Lift me a voice that is good to hear.

The great winds come, and the heav-

The cry of her heart is lone and wild,

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear,

the stream

lets run

vest moon,

have begun.

tear.

migh:

My

June:

Through

From bourne to bourne of the dusk I

Swept on in the wake of the stars, in

Of a roving tide, from dream to dream.

The Lore of Love.

When do I love thee? When the brook-

When horns of huntsmen greet the har-

And mellow autumn's vintaging is

When spring's triumphant marches

When winter's winds through hag-

At solemn midnight and at silvery

At blush of morning and at set of sun;

Thy youthful splendor unto me is dear.

flits by,
I love thee when thy eyes know not a

And love thee when disaster hovers

And still be loyal through eternity.

shall love thee still when youth

soul shall crave thee when the

-Walter Malone, in the Bookman.

MONTREAL AGAIN.

This Time It Is Rheumatism

That Dodd's Kidney Pills

Have Cured.

Rheumatism Is Kidney Disease-The

Reason That Dodd's Kidney Pills

Cure It and Why Other Medi-

cines Don't.

Montreal, Nov. 17.-There are few

people in Montreal who do not under-

stand that Rheumatism is Kidney Dis-

ease. That Uric Acid in the blood is

At one time it used to be considered

disease of the joints and the bones.

This crude idea, however, has long been exploded. The reason why Rheu-

the Uric Acid left in the blood by dis-

ordered kidneys generally lodges and

Dodd's Kidney Pills, by curing the

Kidney trouble cuts away the roots

of Rheumatism. The kidneys once

healthy strain the Uric Acid out of the

system and Rheumatism is cured. The

reason other medicines cannot cure

Rheumatism is that Dodd's Kidney

Pills is the only medicine that works

Mr. M. Mullin, of 4 Elgin street,

Montreal, says:
"I have had Rheumatism for some

time and could get nothing to cure me

until I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. I

Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a

Beattle, Kan., had a fire the other

night, and the next morning, after it was all over, the town suddenly re-membered that it had a fire outfit that

have now taken three boxes, and am

accumulates in the joints.

Rheumatism has not been disputed in

this city for years.

on the kidneys.

cured.

gard branches croon;

Dark draws near,

dandelion meadows of the

Searching the night for her wandered

The restless mother is calling me.

A lonely sail in the vast sea-room,

I have put out for the port of gloom.

-Clara Myers Knowlton.

When all has gone out way;

spraying of spouts,

fire in the town!

tears down

friends:

mixed in

things

With a snorting, cavorting,



Walter Baker & Co.'s

Mass., put up one of the few really pure cocoas, and physicians are quite safe in specifying their brand."

copy of Miss Parloa's "Choice Receipts" will be mailed free upon application

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Branch House, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

## The Strange Metamorphosis.

"So I perceive, sulky because they left you out of all this, eh? Thought you'd turn up in the middle of the banquet, like the specter bridegroom worms they crawled in, and the worms they crowled out,' eh? Well, I like your pluck, but, ahem-I'm afraid you'll find they've rather an unpleas-ant way of laying your kind of appa-

"Never mind about that," said Paul, hurriedly; "I have something I must tell you—I've no time to lose—I'm a desperate man!"

"You are," Paradine assented with a loud laugh; "oh, you are indeed! 'a desperate man.' Capital! a stern chase, eh? the schoolmaster close behind you with the birch? It's quite exciting, you know, but, seriously, I'm very much afraid you'll catch it!" "If," began Mr. Bultitude in great embarrassment, "if I was to tell you that I was not myself at all—but

somebody else, a-in fact, an entirely different person from what I seem to be-I suppose you would

"I beg your pardon," said his bro-then-in-law, politely, "I don't think I quite catch the idea?" "When I assure you now, solemnly, as I stand here before you, that I am not the miserable boy whose form I am condemned to—to wear, you'll say

it is incredible?" "Not at all—by no means, I quite believe you. Only (really it's a mere detail). but I should rather like to know, if you're not that particular boy, what other boy you may happen to be? You'll forgive my curiosity?" 'I'm not a boy at all-I'm your un-

happy brother-in-law, Paul! You don't believe me, I see?"
"Oh, pardon me, it's perfectly clear! you're not your own son but your own father—that's a little confusing at first, but no doubt common enough. I'm glad you mentioned it, though."

"Go on," said Paul, bitterly, light of it; you fancy you are being very clever, but you will find out the

"Not without external assistance, I am afraid," said Paradine, calmly. A more awful little liar for your age I never saw-don't you think you can lie pretty well yourself?"
"I'm tired of this," said Paul. "Only listen to reason and common sense.'

'Only give me a chance.' protested Paul. "It's the sober, awful truth-I'm not a boy; it's years since I was a boy; I'm a middle-aged man, thrust into this—this humiliating form!" "Don't say that," murmured the her; "it's an excellent fit—very be-

coming, I assure you." "Do you want to drive me mad with your clumsy jeers?" cried Paul. "Look at me. Do I speak, do I behave, like

an ordinary schoolboy?" "I really hope not-for the sake of the rising generation," said Uncle Marmaduke, chuckling at his own powers

of repartee. "You are very jaunty today; you look as if you were well-off," said Paul slowly. "I remember a time poor Maria's sake, and because

when a certain bill was presented to me, drawn by you, and appearing to be accepted (long before I ever saw it) by me I consented to meet it for my have disowned my signature would have ruined you for lite. Do you remember how you went down on your knees in my private room and swore you would reform and be a credit to your family yet? You weren't quite so well off, or so jaunty then, unless I am very much mistaken." These words had an extraordinary

effect upon Uncle Marmaduke; he turned ashy white, and his quick eyes shifted restlessly as he half rose from ing to tell the captain of the barge his chair and threw away his unfinish-'You young hound!" he said, breath-

ing hard, and speaking under his breath. "How did you get hold of that that lying story? Your father must have let it out! Why do you bring up bygones like this? You—you're a confounded, disagreeable little prig-Who told you to play an ill-natured trick of this sort on an uncle, who may have been wild and reckiess in his youth-was in fact-but who never, never misused his relation toward you as—as an uncle?"

"How did I get hold of the story?" raid Paul, observing the impression he had made. "Do you think if I were really a boy of thirteen I should know as much about you as I do? Do you want to know more? Ask, if you dare! Shall I tell you how it was you left your army-coach without going up for examination? Will you have the story of your career in my old friend Parkinson's counting-house, or the real reason of your trip to New York, or what It was that made your father add that codicil, cutting you off with a set of engravings of the 'Rake's Progress,' and a guinea to pay for framing them? I can tell you all about it, if you care

"No!" shrieked Paradine, "I won't listen. When you grow up, ask your father to buy you a society journal. You're cut out for an editor of one. It doesn't interest me."

"Do you believe my story or not?" asked Paul. "I don't know. Who could believe

ft?" said the other sullenly. "How can vou possibly account for it?" "Do you remember giving Maria a little sandal-wood box, with a small

stone in it?" said Paul. "I have some recollection of giving her something of that kind. A curi-

osity, wasn't it?" I wish I had never seen it. That infernal stone. Paradine, has done all this for me. Did no one tell you it was supposed to have any magic power? Why, now I think of it, that old black rascal, Bindabun Doss, did try to humbug me with some such story; said it was believed to be a talisman, but the secret was lost. I thought it was just his stingy way of trying to make the rubbish out as something priceless, as it ought to have been,

lering all I did for the old ruf-

I'll soon convince you, if you will only hear me out."

And then, in white-hot wrath and indignation, Mr. Bultitude began to tell the story I have already attempted to sketch here, dwelling bitterly on Dick's heartless selfishness and cruelty, and piteously on his own incredible sufferings, while Uncle Marmaduke, lolling back in his arm-chair, with an attempt (which was soon

with an attempt (which was soon abandoned) to retain a smile of amus-ed skepticism on his face, heard him out in complete silence and with all

due gravity.

Indeed, Paul's manner left him no room for further unbelief. His tale, wild and improbable as it was, was too consistent and elaborate for any schoolboy to have invented, and, besides, the imposture would have been

so entirely purposeless.

When his brother-in-law had come to the end of his sad history, Paradine was silent for some time. It was some relief to know that the darkest secrets of his life had not been ferreted out by a phenomenally sharp nephew; but the change in the struction was not without its drawbacks; it remained to be seen how it might affect himself. He already saw his reign in West-bourne Terrace threatened with a speedy determination, unless he played

his cards well.
"Well." he said at last, with a swift, keen glance at Paul, who sat anxiously waiting for his next words, "sup-pose I were to say that I think there may be something in this story of yours, what then? What is it you

want me to do for you?' "Why." said Paul, with all you owe me, now you know the horrible injustice I have had to bear, you surely don't mean to say you won't help me to right myself?"

(To be Continued.)

## Boys and Uirls.

A River That Has Locks.

(By Katherine Grace Hulbert.) Mabel was making her first journey up the great lakes. She and her father and mother and brother Jack were going all the way from Buffalo, on the shores of Lake Erie, to Duluth, away at the western end of Lake Superior. There was no dust nor changing of cars, nor having to stay quietly in one place on this trip, for the two Beautiful, weariless, mother of mine, children could wander as they pleas- In the drift of doom I am here. I am ed from one end of the great steamer

to the other. It was all delightful, but the best of all was going through the locks at the "Soo," Mabel thought. "What does 'Soo" mean?" Mabel ask-

ed when she first heard about it. when she first heard when like "That's orly a nickname, like "The her father answered. 'Jack,' " 'Soo's' real name is Sault Ste. Marie, which means the Rapids of Sainte You'll see the rapids when we go up the St. Marys River."

It was just at twilight of an August day that their steamer reached the rapids. They had spent a lovely afternoon coming slowly up the river. The Saint Mary's winds about so, and the channel, where the river is deep enough for the boats to go is so narrow, that they are obliged to make very slow time here. Mabel and Jack saw a pretty little boat hurrying ahead of them, and asked why that boat could go fast when their big one was not allowed to do so.

"That small craft belongs to the United States Government, and its business is to see that other boats obey orders," Mr. Payson said. see that barge coming round the next The little government boat curve? that he is going too fast, and he'll have to slow up.

On and on, up the beautiful winding river, they had come; past green islands that Mabel and Jack longed for a chance to play upon; and now the could see the rapids, rushing and tumbding over the steep bed of the river, and the white foam shining with the last of the sunlight upon it. "We can't go up there, papa," Mabel

"We're going up the river, though," her father answered. "You must keep your eye open now, and see what hapexclaimed.

The steamer was going more slowly than ever now, and presently there was a high stone wall on either side of it, while in front was what looked like another wall, only this curved outward and was made of iron, and there was more water beyond it. But the water beyond this iron wall came almost to the top of it, very much higher than that in which the steam-The rapids were away off at one side, with a narrow strip of land

between. "Look back, children!" exclaimed mamma. Slowly, slowly, two great iron gates were coming together behind the steamer. They were not gates of fancy openwork, such as we have in our yards, but were solid, that when they were closed no

water could get through. "Why, we're all shut in now," said ck. "There's a stone wall on each Jack. side, and an iron one at each end." "The iron ones at the ends are gates," said Mr. Payson. "Do you see how very high the water is beyond the gate in front of us. We are in the lock now, and the river beyond is twenty feet higher than it is here." "If the gate was opened in front the

water would come pouring into the lock, wouldn't it?" asked Jack. "Yes. But now look over the side of the boat." The two rushed to the rail-

ing. "Oh! oh! See how the water bubbles and moves, just as though it was boiling; and—why, mamma, it's get-ting higher!" Mabel was all excite-

ment.
The water is being let in through holes in the floor of the lock," Mr. Payson explained. After a little it will be as high here as it is up there be-youd the gate." It was great fun to watch the water moving and boiling "You told Maris it was a talisman. up higher and higher; and, of course, was all over, the tow membered that it had a talisman of the deadliest sort. lifted with it, until it was so high

## that the children looked down on the river behind them. "And now we're twenty feet higher

than the part of the river we came over, aren't we?" said Jack, with great satisfaction. "Are we as high as Lake The Garret in Which He Began His Literary Life. "Yes. Do you see the gate in front of us opening? Now we can float through without any trouble, and before very long we shall be in Lake

The elder Balzac, severely practical, dreamed no dreams, and was horrified by dreamed no dreams, and was horrified by his son's refusal to pursue the profession appointed for him. He foretold speedy starvation, and—perhaps to prepare Honore for it—allowed him to try his experiment for two years, on a hundred francs or less a month. So, the family having to leave Paris early in 1820, a garret—literally—was rented for the young author, and poorly furnished by his mother, a painstaking, hard-working, fussy old lady, who looked on him as a little boy all her life long, who drudged for him to her last days and who felt it to be her duty to discipline him to hardship in these early days. "And now we know what the locks are," remarked Mabel, with a sigh of sibly forget, now that we've seen it for ourselves; do you, Jack?"
"No, indeed. This is lots better than learning it in school."—Outlook.

hardship in these early days.

This attic-room was at the top of the old house No. 7 rue Lesdiguieres, which was swept away by the cutting of broad boule-vard Henri IV. in 1866-67, its site being in the very middle of this new street. To wax sentimental—as has a recent writer over the present No. 9 as Balzac's abode is touching, but hard'y worth while, that house having no interest for us beyond that of being of the style and period of Balzac's house, and serving to show the shabbiness of

his surroundings. These did not touch the young author, whose garret's rental was within his reach, as was the Libraire de Monsieur-he gives it the old Bourbon name—to be near which he had selected his quarters.

In this library by day and in his garret by night, Balzac began that life of terrific toil from which he nover ceased until death stopped his unresting hand. The novels he produced during these years were hardly noticed then, are quite unknown now: showing no art, giving no promise. He never owned them, and put them forth under grotesque pen-names, such as "Horace de Saint-Aubin," "Lord R'hoone"—an anagram of Honore—and others equally absurd, all telling of his fondness for titles.-From "The Paris of Honore de Balzac," by B. G. Martin and Charlotte M. Martin, in the November Scribner's.

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### Questions Answered.

NILESTOWN .- A rents fland to B for next year. After the bargain is made A sells the land. Does B still hold possession of the land, providing that the purchaser of the land wishes to work it himself, or lease it for a term of years to another party? B does not live on the land in question. Ans.—B has a legal right to possession. The purchaser bought subject to his lease for a year. WATERFORD.-A makes a will six years before his death, leaving his property to his children equally, naming each child, but making no provision in case of a child's death. Before his death one daughter died, leaven ing a husband and children, and one son died, leaving a wife and children. Who will receive their share? Ans.— The husband and children of the daughter, and the wife and children of

CIVIL SERVICE.-What time do the examinations for civil servants take place? Where are the applications sent for such, and what is the course applicants are examined in? Ans.— The examinations take place on the second Tuesday in November. The application for examination must be sent one month before the day appointed to the secretary of the board of civil service examiners, Ottawa. The subjects for the preliminary examinations are 1. Penmanship. 2. Orthography. 3. The first four rules of arithmetic. Reading print and manuscript; and for the qualifying (1) penmanship; (2) orthography; (3) arithmetic, including interest, vulgar and decimal fractions; (4) geography, chiefly of the Dominion of Canada; (5) history, British French and Canadian, chiefly the latter; (6) grammar; (7) composition; (8) transscription. The following subjects are optional: 1. Composition in French by candidates who have taken the qualifying examination in English, and in English by those who have taken it in French. 2. Translation from English into French by English candidates and French into English by the French candidates. 3. Precis-writing.
Bookkeeping by double entry.
Shorthand. 6. Typewriting.

NORTH DORCHESTER. - A child had diphtheria and goes to school in six weeks afterwards, without a permit from the doctor. My children and others who sat close to her seat contracted the disease, thereby putting us to great trouble and expense. Who is to blame for allowing this child to go to school, and can we make them responsible for our expenses, as we are not very well supplied with this world's goods. What are the duties of the board of health? Are they responsible? Ans.—The parent of or householder in whose house the first child had the disease was bound by law to notify the teacher of the school and also the secretary of the local board of health within 18 hours. The school teacher, after such notice, or if he otherwise knew of it, should not have allowed the child to attend school until furnished with a written statement from the health officer, or of a physician, that all danger had passed. The duty of the local board of health is to take all necessary precautions against the spread of dangerous contagious diseases. parent or householder is responsible to you in damages, and it may be that school teacher and the officials of the board of health are also responsible if they had knowledge or notice of the facts, as to which you had better consult a lawyer.

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