

What do you mean, then, you mean anything at all? She marries Percy Fitzroy in three weeks, so if I mean that, I mean that I am not to be tempted to another man's sweet-foolish attachment to another man's heart and in a vicious attachment to another man's wife."

Once more was the Colonel staggered for a moment, and, oh—as the ladies say—is it not momentary to find that where honest reasons are given, humbug can obtain a moment's hearing? The Colonel admitted there was something in that; but even humbug could not divert him long from his mania.

"The only thing to be done," said he, "is to get him out between this and then. Why, he stands five feet nothing."

"That's the advantage he has over me," suggested Walter; "she is five feet eight or thereabouts, so he is just the height of her heart."

The Colonel burst out laughing.

"You are no fool," said he; "that's the second good thing you have said these three years. I forget what the other was, but I remember it started me at the time. You are a wit, and you will cut out that manikin or you are no son of mine."

"Don't say that, father," said Walter; "and cutting out, why, that's a naval operation, not military. I am not the son of an admiral."

"No equivocation, sir; the forces assist one another at a pinch."

"How can I cut him out?—there's no room for him in her apron strings."

"Utah him, then."

At this moment, whether because Hope attracted everybody in the course of the day, or because talking about people draws them to the place by some subtle agency, who should appear in sight but Miss Julia Clifford, and little Fitzroy wooing her so closely that really he did seem tied to her apron strings.

"There," said Walter, "now use your eyes, father; look at this amorous pair. Do you really think it is possible for a fellow to utter those two?"

"Quite possible," said the Colonel. "Walter," said he, sentimentally, "there's a little word in the English language which is one of the biggest. I will spell it to you, T-R-Y. Nobody knows what he can do till he gives that word a fair trial. It was far more impossible to scale the rock of Gibraltar; more impossible did it; and there we are, with all Europe grinding their teeth at us. What a woman compared with Gibraltar! forever, as you seem to be a bit of a miff, I'll stand sentinel while you cut him out."

The Colonel then retired into a sort of am-buscade at least he mingled with a small clump of three Scotch firs, and stood amongst them so reclinable he might have passed for the fourth stump. Walter awaited the arrival of the foe, but in a spirit which has seldom conducted men to conquest and glory, for if the English infantry had deviated so far from their insular habits as to admire the Spaniards, you may be sure that Gibraltar rock at this day would be a part of the Continent, and not a detached fragment of Great Britain. In a word, Walter, at sight of the lovers, was suddenly seized with sentimental sympathy; they both seemed to him so beautiful in their way. The man was small, but his heart was not; he stuck to the woman like a man, and poured hot love into her ears, and almost lost the impediment in his speech. The woman pretended to be cooler, but she half turned her head toward him, and her half-closed eyes and heightened color showed she was drinking every word. Her very gaiety, though it affected nonchalance, revealed happiness to such as can read below the surface of her sex. The Colonel's treacherous ally, after gazing at them with marked approval, and saying, "I couldn't do it better myself," which is surely a good admission for a lover to make, slipped quietly into Hope's workshop not to spoil sport—a juvenile idea which we recommend to older persons, and to such old maids as have turned sour. The great majority of old maids are match-makers, whatever cant may keep writing and saying to the contrary.

"No wonder at all," said Percy, who was evidently in the middle of some amorous speech, "you are the goddess of my idolatry."

"What ancient expressions you do use!" said Julia, smiling.

"Of course I do; I'm over head and ears in love."

Julia surveyed his proportions, and said: "That's not very deep."

But Percy had got used to this kind of wit, and did not mind it now. He replied with dignity.

"It is as deep as the ocean, and as impenetrable as the blue. Confound it! There's your cousin."

"You are not jealous of him, Mr. Imper-turbable?" asked Julia, slyly.

"Jealous?" said Percy, changing color rather suspiciously; "certainly not. Hang him!"

Walter, finding he was discovered, and feeling himself in the way, came out at the back behind them, and said:

"Never mind me, you two; far be it from me to deprive the young of their innocent amusements."

Whilst making this little speech, he was going off on the points of his toes, intending to slip off to Clifford Hall, and tell his father that both cutting out and untying had proved impossible, but, to his horror, the Colonel emerged from his ambuscade and collared him. Then took place two short, contemptuous dialogues:

Julia—"I'd never marry a jealous man."

Percy—"I never could be jealous. I'm love it. Impossible for a nature like mine to be jealous."

Col. Clifford—"Well, why don't you cut him out?"

Walter—"They seem so happy without it."

Col. Clifford—"You are a miff. I'll do it for you. Forward!"

Colonel Clifford then marched down and seated himself in the chair Hope had made for him.

Julia saw him, and whispered Percy:

"Ah! here's Uncle Clifford. He is going to marry me to Walter. Never mind—you are not jealous."

Percy turned yellow.

"Well," said Colonel Clifford to all whom it might concern, "this certainly is the most comfortable chair in England. These fools of the chair long enough, but Mr. Hope has made this to run under a gentleman's knees and support him. He's a clever fellow. Julia, my dear, there's a garden chair for you; come and sit down by me."

Julia gave a sly look at Percy, and went to Colonel Clifford. She kissed him on the forehead to soften the coming negative; and said:

"To tell you the truth, dear uncle, I have promised to go down a coal mine. See, I'm dressed accordingly."

"Go down a coal mine," said the Colonel, contemptuously. "What fool put that idea in your head?"

Fitzroy strutted forward like a butterfly.

"I did, sir. Coal is very interesting. I know all about it."

"To every English gentleman?"

"I disown that imputation for one."

"Of being an English gentleman?"

"There was a general fight at this ally hit."

"No, sir," said the Colonel angrily—"of taking an interest in coal!"

"Well, but," said Percy, with a slight hesitation, "not to take an interest in coal is not to take an interest in the nation, for this nation is great, not by its powerful fleet, nor its little bit of an army."

A snort from the Colonel.

"—nor its raw militia, but by its manufactures; these depend on machines that are driven by steam-power, and the steam-engines are coal-fed, and were made in coal-fed furnaces; our machines do the work of five hundred million hands, and you see coal keeps them going. The machinery will be imitated by other nations, but those nations cannot create coal-fields. Should those ever be exhausted, our ingenuity will be imitated by larger nations, our territory will remain small, and we shall be a second-rate power; so I say that every man who reads and thinks about his own country ought to be able to say, 'I have been down in a coal mine.'"

"Well," said the Colonel, loftily, "and can't you say you have been down a coal mine? I could say that and sit here. Well, sir, you have been reading the newspapers, and learning them off by heart as if they were the Epistle and Gospel; of course you must go down a coal mine; but if you do, have a little mercy on the fair, and go down by yourself. In the meanwhile, Walter, you can take your cousin and give her a walk in the woods, and show her the primroses."

Now Julia was surprised and pleased at Percy's good sense, and she did not care whether he got it from the newspapers or where he got it from; it was there; so she resisted, and said, coldly and firmly:

"Thank you, uncle, but I don't want the primroses, and Walter does not want me. Come, Percy dear."

And so she marched off; but she had not gone many steps before, having a great respect for old age, she ordered Percy, in a whisper, to make some apology to her uncle.

Percy did not much like the commission. However, he went back and said, very civilly:

"This is a free country, but I'm afraid I've been a little too free in expressing my opinion; let me hope you are not annoyed with me."

"I am never annoyed with a fool," said the implacable Colonel.

This was too much for any little man to stand.

"That is why you are always on such good terms with yourself," said Percy, as red as a turkey-cock.

The Colonel literally stared with amazement. Hitherto it had been for him to deliver bayonet thrusts, not to receive them.

Julia pounced on her bantam-cock, and with her left hand literally pulled him off the premises, and shook her right fist at him till she got him out of sight of the foe; then she kissed him on both cheeks, and burst out laughing; and, indeed, she was so tickled that she kept laughing at intervals, whether the immediate subject of the conversation was grave or gay.

It is hard not to laugh when a very little fellow checks a very big one.

Even Walter, though he admired as well as loved his father, hung his head, and his shoulders shook with suppressed risibility.

Colonel Clifford detected him in this posture, and in his wrath gave his chair a whack with his staff, that brought Master Walter to the position of a private soldier when the drill sergeant cries "attention!"

"Did you hear that, sir?" said he.

"I did," said Walter; "cheeky little beggar! But you know, father, you were rather hard upon him before his sweetheart, and 'a little pot is soon hot.'"

"There was nothing to be hot about," said the Colonel, naively; "but that is neither here nor there. You are ten times worse than he is. He is only a prating, petulant puppy, but you are a miff, sir, a most unmitigated miff, to stand there mum-chance and let such an article as that carry off the prize."

"Oh, father, said Walter, "why will you not see that the prize is a living woman, a woman with a will of her own, and not a French eagle, or the figure-head of a ship? Now do listen to reason."

"Not a word," said the Colonel, marching off.

"But excuse me," said Walter, "I have another thing far more important to speak to you about—thus unhappy lawsuit."

"That's no business of yours, and I don't want your opinion of it; there is no more fight in you than there is in a hen sparrow. I decline your pacific twaddle; I have no patience with a miff; and the Colonel marched off, leaving his son planted there, as the French say.

Walter, however, was not long alone; the interview had been watched from a distance by Mary. She now stole noiselessly on the scene, and laid her white hand upon her husband's shoulder before he was aware of her. The sight of her was heaven to him, but her first question clouded his happy face.

"Well, dear, have you propitiated him?"

Walter hung his head sorrowfully, and said hardly anything.

"He has been blustering at me all the time, and insists upon my cutting out Percy whether I can or not, and marrying Julia whether she chooses or not."

"Then we must do what I said. Indeed there is no other course. We must own the truth; concealment and deceit will not mend our folly."

"Oh, hang it, Mary, don't call it folly."

"Forgive me, dear, but it was the height of folly. Not that I mean to throw the blame on you—that would be ungenerous; but the truth is you had no business to marry me, and I had no business to marry you. Only think—me—Mary Bartley—a cadet's daughter, and then our going to the Lakes again, and spending our honeymoon together just like other couples—the recklessness—the audacity! Oh, what happiness it was?"

Walter very naturally pounced upon this unguarded and naive conclusion of Mary's self-reproaches.

"Yes," said he, eagerly; "let us go there again next week."

"Not next week, not next month, not next year, nor ever again until we have told all the world."

"Well," said Walter, "it's for you to command and me to obey. I said so before, and I say so now, if you are not ashamed of me; how can I be ashamed of you; you say the word, and I will tell my father at dinner-time, before Julia, Clifford and John Baker, and request them to tell everybody they know that I am married to a woman I adore, and there is nobody I care for on earth as I do for her, and nothing I value compared with her love and her esteem."

Mary put her arm tenderly around her husband's neck; and now it was with her as it is often with generous and tender-hearted women when all opposition to their wishes is withdrawn, they begin to see the other side of the matter.

"My dearest," said Mary, "I couldn't bear you to sacrifice your prospects for me; but now that you have done so, I will love you with all my heart, and I will be true to you as long as I live."

ure than pain if I gave up friends, kindred, hope, everything that is supposed to make life pleasant for you."

"And so would I for you," said Mary; "oh, Walter, women have presentiments, and something tells me that fate has great trials in store for you or for me, perhaps for both. Yes, you are right, the true measure of love must be self-sacrifice, if there is to be self-sacrifice, oh, let the self-sacrifice fall on me; for I cannot think any man can love a woman quite so deeply as I love you—my darling."

He had only time to draw her sweet forehead to his bosom, whilst her arm encircled his neck, when in came an ordinary love by way of contrast.

Julia Clifford and Percy came in, walking three yards apart. Percy had untied the apron strings without Walter's assistance.

"Ah," said she, "you two are not like us. I am ashamed to interrupt you, but they would not let us go down the mine without an order from Mr. Hope. Really, I think Mr. Hope is king of this country. Not that we have wasted our time, for he has been quarrelling with me all the way there and back."

"Oh, Mr. Fitzroy!" said Mary Bartley.

"Miss Bartley," said Percy, very civilly, "I never quarrel, I merely dis-tinguish—guished between right and wrong. I shall make you the judge. I gave her a di-rect—mood—her bracelet which came down from my ancestors; she did me the honor to accept it, and she said it should never leave her day nor night."

"Oh," cried Julia, "that I never did. I cannot afford to stop my circulation altogether; it's much too little." Then she flew at him suddenly. "Your ancestors were pigmies."

Percy drew himself up to his full height, and defied the insinuation.

"They were giants, in chain armor," said he.

"What," said Julia, without a moment's hesitation, "the ladies? Or was it the knights that wore bracelets?"

Some French writer says, "the tongue of a woman is her sword," and Percy Fitzroy found it so. He could no more answer this sudden thrust than he could win the high leap at Lillie Bridge. He stood quivering as if a polished rapier had been puffed clean through him.

Mary was too kind-hearted to laugh in his face, but couldn't help turning her head away and giggling a little.

At last Percy recovered himself enough to say:

"The truth is you have gone and given it to somebody else."

"Oh, you wicked—had-hearted—you that couldn't be jealous."

By this time Percy was himself again, and said, with some reason, that "inventions were not arguments. Produce the bracelet."

"And so I can," said Julia, stoutly. "Give me time."

"Oh," said Percy, "if it's a mere question of time, there is no more to be said. You'll find the bracelet in time, and in time I shall feel once more that confidence in you which induced me to confide in you, as to another self, that precious family relic, which I value more than any other material object in the world."

Then Percy, whose character seemed to have changed, retired with still dignity and an air of indomitable resolution.

Neither Julia nor Mary had ever seen him like that before. Julia was unaffectedly distressed and annoyed.

"Oh, Mary, why did I ever lend it to you?"

"Now, Mary knew very well where the bracelet was, but she was ashamed to say. She stammered and said:

"You know, dear, it is too small, much too small, and my arm is bigger than yours."

"There!" said Julia. "You have broken the clasp!"

Mary colored up to the eyes at her own disingenuousness, and said, hastily:

"But I'll have it mended directly; I'll return it to-morrow at the latest."

"I shall be wretched till you do," said Julia, eagerly. "I suppose you know what I want it for now?"

"Why," said Mary, "of course I do; to soothe his wounded feelings."

"Soothe his feelings!" cried Julia scornfully; "and how about mine? No; the only thing I want it for is to fling it in his face. His soul is as small as his body; he's a little, mean, suspicious, jealous fellow, and I'm very, very glad to have lost him."

And she flounced off all on fire, looking six feet high, and got quite out of sight before she began to cry.

Then the truth came out. Mary, absorbed in conjugal bliss, had left it at the hotel by the Lakes. She told Walter.

"Oh, hang it!" said Walter; "that's un-lucky; you will never see it again."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said Mary; "they are very honest people at that inn; and I have written about it, and told them to keep it safe, unless they have an opportunity of sending it."

Walter reflected a moment.

"Take my advice, Mary," said he. "Let me gallop off this afternoon and get it you."

"Oh, yes, Walter," said Mary. "Thank you so much. That will be the best way."

At this moment loud and angry voices were heard coming round the corner, and Mary uttered a cry of dismay, for her discriminating ear recognized both those voices in a moment. She clutched Walter's shoulder.

"Oh, Walter, it's your father and mine quarrelling. How unfortunate that they should have met! What shall we do?"

"Hide in Hope's office. The French window is open."

"Quick, then," cried Mary, and darted into the office in a moment.

Walter dashed in after her.

Who she got safe into cover she began to complain.

"This comes of concealment—we are always being driven into holes and corners."

"I rather like them with you," said the unabashed Walter.

It matters little what had passed out of sight between Bartley and Colonel Clifford, for what the young people heard now was quite enough to make what Sir Lucian O'Trigger calls a very pretty quarrel. Bartley, hitherto known to Mary as a very oily speaker, shouted at the top of his voice in arrogant defiance:

"You're not a child, are you? You are old enough to read papers before you sign them."

The Colonel shouted in reply:

"I am old, sir; but I am old in honor. I did not expect that any decent tradesman would slip a clause into a farm lease conveying the minerals below the surface to a farmer. It was a fraud, sir; but there's law for fraud. My lawyer shall be down on you to-morrow. Your chimneys discharge smoke all over my fields. You shall disgorge your dishonest gains. I'll have you off my land, sir; I'll tear you out of the bowels of the earth. You are a sharper and a knave."

At this Bartley roared at him louder still, so that both the young people winced as they crouched in the recess of the window.

"You foul-mouthed slanderer, I'll indict you for defamation, and give you twelve months in one of her Majesty's jails."

"You won't," roared the Colonel. "I know the law, and I'll have you off my land, sir."

are not written and signed like your knavish leases; it's a privileged communication—Villain! there are no witnesses—Sharper! By Jupiter I there are, though!"

He had caught sight of a male figure just visible at the side of the window.

"Who is it? My son?"

"My daughter!" cried Bartley, catching sight of Mary.

"Come out, sir," said the Colonel, no longer loudly, but trembling with emotion.

"Come here, Mary," said Bartley, sternly. "At this moment you should open the back door of the office but William Hope!"

"Walter," said the Colonel, with the quiet sternness more formidable than all his bluster, "have not I forbidden you to court this man's daughter?"

Said Bartley to Mary:

"Haven't I forbidden you to speak to this ruffian's son?"

Then, being a cad who had lost his temper, he took the girl by the wrist and gave her a rough pull across him that sent her effectually away from Walter. She sank into the Colonel's seat, and burst out crying with pain, shame and fright.

"Brute!" said the Colonel.

But the thing was not to end there. Hope strode in amongst them, with a pale cheek and a lowering brow as black as thunder; his first words were:

"Do you call yourself a father?"

"Not one of them had ever seen Hope like that, and they all stood amazed and wondering what would come next."

CHAPTER XVI.

REMINISCENCES—THE FALSE ACCUSER.—THE SECRET EXPLODED.

The secret hung on a thread. Hope, after denouncing Bartley, as we have described, was rushing across to Mary, and what he would have said or done in the first impulse of his wrath, who can tell?

But the quick-witted Bartley took the alarm and literally collared him.

"My good friend," said he, "you don't know the provocation. It is the affront to her that has made me forget myself. Allons to myself from the same quarter I have borne with patience. But now this insolent man has forbidden his son to court her, and that to her face; as if we wanted his son or him. Haven't I forbidden the connection?"

"We are agreed for once," said the Colonel, and he carried his son off bodily, sore against his will.

"Yes," shrieked Bartley after him; "only I did it like a gentleman, and did not insult young the gentleman to his face for insulting my daughter."

"Let me hear what Mary says," was Hope's reply.

"Mr. Hope," said Mary, "did you ever know papa to be hard on me before? He is vexed because he feels I am lowered. We have both been grossly insulted, and he may well be in a passion. But I am very unhappy."

And she began to cry again.

"My poor child," said Bartley, coaxingly, "talk it all over with Mr. Hope. He may be able to comfort you, and, indeed, advise you. For what can I do when a man calls me a sharper, a villain, and a knave, before his son and my daughter?"

"Is it possible," said Hope, beginning to relent a little.

"It is true," replied Mary.

Bartley then drew Hope aside, and said: "See what confidence I place in you. Now show me my trust is not misplaced."

Then he left them together.

Hope came to Mary and said tenderly: "What can I say or do to comfort you?"

Mary shook her head.

(To be Continued.)

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is designed for those who need a medicine to purify their blood, build them up, increase their appetite, and rejuvenate their whole system. No other preparation so well meets this want. It touches the exact spot. Its record of forty years is one of constant triumph over disease.

London has an average of 2,000 births a week.

What Toronto's all-known Good Samaritan says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for over 20 years, and have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me as much good as Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure."

CLARA E. PORTER.

Pittsburg has rigorously abolished swinging signs.

WHEN A PERSON IS WEAK AND FAINT, or fatigued and exhausted, there is nothing so refreshing and reviving as a little of Murray & Lyman's Florida Water. Rubbed on the hands and temples, and inhaled freely, it tones and braces the whole system.

Dullest season for many years at Coney Island.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences.

Hotchkiss, the gunmaker, has an income of \$3,000 a day.

ENVY WOUNDED WRITHES IN PAIN, AND DIES AMID HER WORSHIPPERS.

Although rude and violent attacks, based upon envy, jealousy, and greed, have frequently been made upon the well-earned reputation for integrity and fair-dealing in the management of the Louisiana State Lottery, they have all proved fruitless and recoiled upon the authors. The next (the 171st) Grand Monthly Drawing will take place on Tuesday, August 12th, when over \$265,000 will be scattered broadcast. For information apply to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

A factory in Indianapolis makes 40,000,000 butter dishes and 10,000 stop-ladders a year, besides other things too numerous to mention.

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it.

A colored girl at Saratoga wears \$10,000 worth of diamonds when she is dressed up.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Rheumatism and Gout.—These purifying and soothing remedies demand the earnest attention of all persons liable to gout, sciatica, or other painful affections of the muscles, nerves, or joints. The Ointment should be applied after the affected parts have been patiently fomented with warm water, when the unguent should be diligently rubbed upon the adjacent skin, unless the friction should cause pain. Holloway's Pills should be simultaneously taken to reduce inflammation and to purify the blood. This treatment abates the violence, and lessens the frequency of these obnoxious ailments, all spasmodic diseases, which spring from hereditary predisposition, or from any accidental weakness of the constitution. The Ointment checks the local irritation, and the Pills remove the cause of the complaint.

THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1884-5.

Account of the Preparations for the Great Show—Description of the Vast Building—Facts and Figures Regarding the Great Enterprise.

The correspondent of the Mail, Rev. W. H. Withrow, recently visited the site of the proposed World's Fair of 1884-5, and was surprised at the magnitude of the enterprise and the extent of the preparations being made for it. In view of the interest of the subject to Canadians, and of the great advantage which may result from being properly represented in this "Universal Exposition," a brief account of its progress may not be out of place.

THE MAIN BUILDING, now in course of erection, will be the largest ever constructed in the world. It is 1,580 feet long by 950 feet wide, and covers under one roof thirty-five acres of ground. This is thirteen acres more than the area of the main building of the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. The vast size makes it look low, though it is sixty feet high. The front is well broken by projections and towers, some rising 115 feet. There will be 17,000 windows, of which 152,000 lights will be required. The window sashes come from Milwaukee, Wis., and made an enormous pile. They were in process of glazing at the time of my visit. Four thousand kegs of nails made at Wheeling, Va., will be used. Nine million feet of Mississippi lumber will be employed. A grand music hall in the centre of the building will be 304 feet by about 200, and a WILL SEAT 11,000 PERSONS.

A platform is being built for 600 musicians. The building also contains electric lamps and 700 incandescent lamps. Five of the latter will be of 36,000 candle-power each, the largest ever constructed. The engines for working the dynamos aggregate 2,500 horse-power. Six hundred men were at work on the building at the time of my visit. In addition to the main building, there will be a horticultural hall, 560 feet long, and an agricultural hall over 700 feet long. The United States Government has also made a grant of over half a million for the erection of a separate building and the exposition of a very complete national exhibit. The Government also makes a guarantee loan of a million dollars and appoints seven national commissioners. In case of a deficit, which is not unlikely, the promoters will have this loan to fall back upon. The exposition is situated in FINE PUBLIC PARK OF 240 ACRES, between the city of New Orleans and the adjacent suburb of Carrollton, and is connected with the city by six lines of train or steam cars. The park contains some magnificent avenues of live oaks, heavily festooned with pendent Spanish moss. Orange, lemon, palm, cocconut, banana, magnolia, pomegranate and mesquite groves, and experimental gardens are also projected. The groves come right down to the river, and are connected with the general railway system, so that the facilities for receiving and shipping freight are all that can be desired. Only two things seem to me to militate against the success of this enterprise. These are, the one-sided position of New Orleans, in the extreme south, and the difficulty of entertaining the large influx of visitors that may be expected. But the southern city is not more to one-side than Philadelphia, and is far nearer the Great West—it is 120 miles west of the meridian of Chicago—and is connected with the interior by the vast Mississippi system and by numerous railway lines. While I was in New Orleans the executive officers of the chief railways of the country held a council, presided over by Col. Atmore, manager of the Louisville and Nashville railway, the great trunk line of the South, at which arrangements were made for unprecedentedly low rates both for passenger travel and carriage of freight. A bureau of entertainment was organized for providing accommodation for strangers. The city CAN PROVIDE FOR 40,000 VISITORS during the Mardi Gras, so it is likely that ample entertainment can be had during the six months of the exposition. From December 1, 1884, to the end of May, 1885, exhibits are admitted duty free, and are taxed only if sold in the country. Canadian manufacturers, who are now sending machinery to Peru, Chili, Australia and New Zealand, ought to extend their market, especially in Brazil, Venezuela, the Guianas, Mexico and the West Indies, by means of this exhibition. Doubtless many Canadians will make the trip to New Orleans for the double purpose of visiting the exposition and of studying the sunny South under its mild winter aspect. Although the Crescent City is on the same parallel as Cairo in Egypt, it is within sixty hours of Toronto, less than the distance to Winnipeg. The director-general of the enterprise is E. A. Burk, New Orleans, from whom persons interested can obtain further information.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE AS A REFRESHING DRINK IN FEVERS.

Dr. C. H. S. Davis, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as a refreshing and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it."

A new process in shot making will do away with the tall towers. A strong current of air is forced on the lead as it falls into the water.

TRY THE GOLDEN FRUIT BITTERS.—You will never regret it. The judicious use of the Golden Fruit Bitters and Pills will cure every case of Indigestion, Biliousness, Loss of Appetite and all troubles of the Liver and Kidneys. Sold by all Druggists.

Tomahawk pinch is a London mixture of champagne, green tea, and caracoa. As the name would imply it goes straight to the head.

MALADIES MULTIPLY ONE ANOTHER. A simple fit of indigestion may—especially if the constitution is not naturally vigorous—bowl the entire mechanism of the liver and bowels out of gear. Sick headache follows, poisoning of the blood by bile ensues, and there is a grave and serious disturbance of the entire system. Check the threatened dangers at the outset with Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the medicine that drives every impurity from the blood.

The State of Morelos, Mexico, contributes \$2,000 toward the World's Exposition in New Orleans.

Mr. O. P. Brown, Crown Land Agent, Saint Ste. Marie, writes: "Two or three of my friends and myself were recommended to try Northrop and Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, in preference to Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. We prefer your Emulsion, and think it better for the system than the Syrup."

There is a \$1,000,000 of gold coin in the vaults of the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C.

WHAT ATHLETES SHOULD FEED ON TO MAKE MUSCLE—OPINION OF AN EMINENT AMERICAN PHYSICIAN.

Dr. J. H. Baxter, Chief Medical Purveyor of the United States Army, a resident of Washington, who is now at the Caledonia Springs, stated to a representative of the Post that overfeeding with carbonaceous food heats and excites the system and renders it susceptible to disease. He strongly advised people to make their staple diet of the products of the South, especially in hot climates, as the elements of the human system and the elements of the soil taken anywhere on the surface of the earth are identical. Geological evidence is conclusive that man was not made till the whole arrangement of creation was perfected, so that wherever he chooses to live he finds food adapted to his wants. For this reason when one goes to a hot climate care should be taken to diet accordingly, as the natives do. He has given this same advice to many who he has given called them to India and in the majority of cases those who took his advice escaped epidemics that Englishmen who lived on beef, porter and brandy fell victims to. The doctor paid a high compliment to the manly physique of young Canadians who go in for a variety of outdoor sports both in summer and winter.

"Doctor, what diet would you recommend?" queried The Post representative, "for our young sporting men at this season to give them muscle for lacrosse and other games?"

"I should recommend food," was the answer, "containing the largest amount of nitrates, which produce the most muscle. The following is the proportion of this ingredient in the following articles of food:—

FOR BREAKFAST.

Southern cornmeal	p.c.
Fresh salmon	= 39.6
Mutton chops	= 20.0
Mutton	= 56.0

LUNCH.

A simple hand sandwich = 35.0

DINNER.

Soup, mutton broth	= 56.0
Fish, salmon	= 20.0
Grouse, venison	= 20.0
Game, mutton	= 56.0
Vegetables, parsnips	= 10.0
" " turnips	= 12.0
" " potatoes	= 5.6
Vermicelli	= 47.5
Fruit, hominy	= 39.0
Desert, but little.	
Cheese	= 30.0

SUPPER.

Boiled bones	= 56.0
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"If athletes in training will stick to this bill of fare they will soon find the muscle making power."

"What would you suggest as a bill of fare for making brains and bones?"

Food containing the largest amount of phosphates. The Scotch, who live principally on oatmeal, are noted for their large bones and intelligence. The Southern people, who live largely on corn-bread, have generally fine physiques, and during the war fought bravely for days on a handful of cornmeal. For those who wish to nourish the brain and the bones, I should recommend the following diet, which contains the largest amount of phosphates:

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal porridge	per cent.
Fresh Herring	= 3.0
Ham and eggs	= 5.0
Southern corn bread	= 4.1

LUNCH.

Lobster salad contains six per cent.

DINNER.

Chicken soup with barley	= 3.5
Fish, salmon	= 7.0
Game, pigeon and venison	= 5.0
Meat, lamb	= 6.2
Vegetables, beans	= 3.5
" " sweet potatoes	= 2.9
" " artichokes	= 1.8
" " cauliflower	= 1.0
Dessert, custard pudding	= 2.4
Figs	= 3.1
Prunes	= 4.5
Cheese	= 7.4
Chocolates	= 1.8
Stupper—Welsh rabbit	= 7.4

This diet has been recommended in an endless number of cases and generally with favorable results. A man weighing 154 pounds contains in his body a pound and three-quarters of phosphates and 3 pounds 8 ounces of nitrates. The healthiest condition is when the weight bears the ratio of two pounds to every inch in height, thus a six footer should weigh 144 pounds as he is 72 inches in height. The doctor thinks the Canadian people are a sturdy, long-lived vigorous race, and have an immense amount of timber power.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattville, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

THE HUMBER RELIEF COMMITTEE.

TORONTO, Aug. 7.—The Humber disaster committee met this morning and adopted a report to be submitted to the citizens. It appears that the total amount of subscriptions has been \$14,888, of which \$8,187 has been paid out. The Grand Trunk paid burial expenses amounting to \$1,479. There are now only nine families receiving relief, those injured in the others having fully recovered and gone back to work. The total amount of claims recommended by the committee to be paid was \$84,900, but only in a few cases were the amounts accepted by the Grand Trunk. The total amount paid by the company was \$78,480. In the case of the Widow McDonald, who lost two sons, the company gave \$1,000 more than was recommended.

Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writes: "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief. I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and found it gave instant relief, and since then I have had no attack. I would recommend it to all."

DEMONSTRATION AT BRUSSELS.

BRUSSELS, Aug. 7.—Owing to fears that a further demonstration will be made to-day against the deputies, troops were stationed near the chamber, but the command of the demonstration was not given, and the deputies withdrew. Access to the streets leading to the chamber is now blocked by police. The French played the hose on the shouts of the mob gathered outside the chamber. Several arrests were made. Gendarmes escorted members from the chamber, and the mob finally dispersed. The demonstration was held on Sunday evening against the liberal Government.