

politeness and kindness towards the old Confederate simply repaid him for the manner in which he had treated his colonel.

Aberer was informed by Major Fleming that he was to take immediate command of the regiment.

He instantly ordered Colonel Mortimer paroled and given the freedom of the camp. He whispered to the beautiful, dark-eyed daughter that she need have no fear on her father's account, that he commanded the men, who held him prisoner. She clung to him and asked so sweetly for him to spare her papa that, had he been a monster, he could not have refused.

The night passed away, and daylight dawned before the dead and wounded had been gathered up. Some lay stark and stiff in some gully, ravine, or behind some trees, among the bushes and between the rocks, and it required time to find them.

The next morning a courier reached Aberer, with an urgent message from a wounded man, who was dying and wished to see him.

"Who is he?" asked Aberer.

"A steward of one of the antlers, who came on this expedition as cook. He was a colored fellow," answered the messenger.

A look of intense interest came over Aberer's face.

"Where is he?" he demanded.

"Follow me and I will show you," said the messenger.

Leaving the affairs, that were engaging his attention, to the management of Major Fleming, Colonel Tompkins hurried away. In one of the lowly huts of the village he found Yellow Steve, the strange negro, lying on a pallet. He had been wounded by a musket ball in the breast, and his life was ebbing away. He had but a few hours to live at most, for the wound was such the surgeon pronounced recovery impossible.

"I am dying, colonel," said the negro, "but I thank God that I have seen you at last to give you this." He put his hand in the breast-pocket of his blouse and drew forth a sealed package. "I could not have died without giving you this. I have hunted for you everywhere since you were captured. I have been in almost every camp in the South. I should have been satisfied to give it to your brother Oleg, had he not shown the same haughty spirit of one who has been the cause of his own ruin as well as mine."

Aberer noticed that the packet had been much worn, as if it had been carried a long time in some one's pocket. It was addressed, in a very plain but evidently unknown hand, to himself.

"You will understand," said the negro, "the seal is not to be broken, nor the contents examined, until I am dead. I want no one, least of all you, to know my dark secret while there is yet life within this poor body. I have suffered enough during my miserable existence without having your curses heaped upon my dying head."

Aberer assured him that the packet should not be opened while he lived, and left, promising to return.

His multitudinous duties demanded his attention, and when he returned to the hut Yellow Steve was dead.

It was late that night when Aberer found time to return to his head-quarters. He drew his chair close to a lighted lamp, and, breaking the seal of the packet, he drew forth the manuscript and read.

CHAPTER XXX.

YELLOW STEVE'S MYSTERIOUS STORY.

My name is Jeff Wiggins, and I was born in the State of South Carolina, a slave owned by Wade Hampton. My father, I have been told, was a Seminole Indian. I have little recollection of my mother, as I was torn from her, when but little more than two years old, and sold to a man in Kentucky. Here I lived until the age of twelve, when, my master dying, his property was divided, and I was taken by a son of his to Missouri, in the county of Pike. I found this man an excellent master, he always treated me kindly, and, as I picked up a little knowledge of books, he encouraged me and furnished me means to improve my mind after my day's work was done.

"It was through his kindness that I, a slave, learned to read and write, which now enables me to read the history of my dark career, far darker than heaven made my face. I lived with him until I was eighteen years of age, and was at that time well known about Bowling Green, Missouri, as Yellow Jeff. Then my master became financially embarrassed, and I, with his other slaves, was sold at a sheriff's sale.

"A professional negro-buyer, one of the most detestable class of men that God ever created, purchased me, and I was taken to North Carolina and sold to Mr. Henry Tompkins."

"Great God!" gasped Aberer, the manuscript falling from his hands. "Was that man connected with my Uncle's murder?" He sprung to his feet and paced the floor, but finally forced himself to pick up the manuscript and resume.

"Mr. Tompkins was a man of very hasty temper and, although he was of Northern birth, he was a harsh master.

"Among the slaves he owned was a beautiful quadroon named Maggie, and at attachment sprang up between us. I loved her with all my heart, and she loved me as earnestly. White people, who think that the tender emotions are only for their own race, are most mistaken in me, who had the blood of the savage nations in my veins, loved as ardently, as any white man that ever lived. Maggie loved me as fervently as I did her. The little education I had picked up from my master in Missouri made me a hero in the negro quarters. Oftentimes, in the balmy southern nights, when the days work was over, have taken my banjo and sat by the side of my pretty quadroon, pretty to me, whatever she may have been to others, and played those old, long forgotten songs.

"Our overseer was hard on us, and the tasks we accomplished were wonderful—they were impossible now for even negroes to have performed. Yet darkness never found me to tired to take my accustomed place by Maggie's side. When I was twenty-one, I was a strong, athletic man. No one on the plantation could equal me for strength or activity. Two or three times had the overseer tied me to a post and used his whip on me for some very trifling matter. On such occasions I felt the rising anger of that wild thirst for blood, which afterward proved my ruin. I was called 'Indian Jeff,' 'Proud Jeff,' and 'Dandy Jeff,' and the overseer, who seemed to have a special grudge against me, used to declare that he would whip the hide out of me."

"I could have borne all their beatings and ill-treatment, and have lived peaceably the life of a slave, until death or Abraham Lincoln's proclamation had set me free, had not my master given me a blow, that was worse than death. When I was twenty-one, Maggie and I were married, in the sight of heaven, though the law said negroes can not marry, and were as happy as persons in perpetual bondage could be. She sympathized with me and I with her. I can not see now how we could have been so happy then. There was no promise in the future, but slavery, toil and the lash. Our only hope of release was death, yet we were happy in each other's love.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF HABIT.

There is a fairy story of a princess who was shut up in a castle, out of which she must make her escape, or else be starved to death. After a long search, she found the key of the main door, and it was the same that unlocked the gate at the entrance of the grounds. Escape seemed easy enough now. The bright sun shined on the castle walls, and the castle stands, and the princess joyfully hastens to the doors, that she may pass it and be free. Just outside the door a spider's web is hanging from top to bottom. She sweeps it away in a moment, and is going on; when, behold, another spider's web is before her, between the trees of the narrow pathway. It is very easy to sweep that away, and she does it. But there is a third; and when that is removed, a fourth; and when that is removed, a fifth; and when that is removed, a sixth; and so again, and again, and again; and at last the poor princess sits down and weeps bitterly, and feels that, though there is only a spider's web between her and liberty, she shall never be free.

Habit is like these spiders' web. Each single act of a habit—what is easier to be overcome? But it is the constant succession of them, the coming of them one after the other, which, except by God's special assistance, will in the long run overcome us.

MOTHERS!

Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation, its ingredients are published around each bottle. It is pleasant to taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhoea and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mothers' friend. 35 doses, 35 cents.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

She knows silk and satin and French words and Latin, but nothing of practical use, and when with a farmer, whose cows she alarms, she can't tell a hen from a goose. Her "maw" has to call her, and threaten to maul her before she will get out of bed, and then she comes down very mad in a gown, with curl papers stuck on her head. She'll romp at croquet and lawn tennis all day without feeling weary at all, but some how or other, if helping her mother, she's tired and ready to fall.

Her ma mends her clothes and darsu holep her hose and keeps her untidy rooms clean; while she reads romances and in mirror glances, or banges the piano serene. She's cross to her brother and sister and mother and often a temper displays, but sweetness she shows to her father, young because she thinks she's an angel always. She chews gum or candy, or anything handy, like pickles, slates pencils and chalk, and in French-heeled shoes, too little to use, she painfully struggles to walk.

She's stylish and vain and looks with disdain on housework as frightfully low, though she can't make a pie or a cake, she'll eat 'em—in the secret she knows. She is afraid she'll marry an old maid that she thinks of nothing but marriage, she being free, will spend money with glee, and dress and ride out in her carriage.

DONT

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption. Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself. The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people, who have been cured of their coughs, colds, and "know how it is, themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

SECRET OF THE CREMONAS

Concerning discoveries, here is one that will interest the musical world. Everyone knows the extraordinary and special qualities of the old Cremona violins and the wonderful sweetness and charm of their sound. No modern violin maker, no matter how clever, has been able to compete with a real Cremona violin, and thus the fabulous price which have been given for an old Cremona instrument. The secret of these old Cremona violin makers consisted of something that was put into the varnish with which the instrument was covered. But what was this "something"? That is what no one could discover until a short time ago when an old manuscript was discovered, written by Antonio Pavardone, and marked, "Ex Bibliotheca de Cardenas." From this manuscript we learn that the Jesuits, under the guidance of Melchior Pucci, went to evangelize China as early as the sixteenth century, and one of the Order, Father Martino Martini, speaks in 1655 of a varnish that the Chinese used daily on their furniture. This receipt, which Father Martini sent to Italy, was improved upon by a monk of the Order of St. Augustine, Father Eustachio Gametti, who made a varnish even superior to the Chinese varnish, and which was used afterwards by the old violin makers of Cremona. This receipt is fully detailed in the manuscript recently discovered, but it is not to be made public as yet. Italian violin makers will, no doubt, be the first to benefit by the discovery. Ce n'est que trop just.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, is ear-ache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

There is an article going the rounds of the press, entitled "The Pocket." There is nothing in it.

Mrs. W. F. Lang, Bethany, Ont., writes:—"I was one of the greatest sufferers for about fifteen months with a disease of my ear similar to ulcers, causing entire deafness. I tried everything that could be done through medical skill, but without relief. As a last resort, I tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and in ten minutes found relief. I continued using it, and in a short time my ear was cured and hearing completely restored. I have used it since that time, and successfully in cases of inflammation of the lungs, sore throat, coughs and colds, cuts and bruises, etc., in fact it is our family medicine."

A writer recommends football for girls. Evidently an enthusiast on the subject of horse.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

He is the best student who has the most fractured bones and wears the most court-plaster.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure, it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

College football teams have been doing a rushing business this fall.

Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in the recent cases it may be said to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Usually it is the meat which gets roasted, but this time it is the Grevy.

COMPANY-KEEPING.

THE DANGERS THEREIN TO YOUNG PEOPLE AND THE DUTIES OF PARENTS.

[From "Marriage," by Charles W. Wood.]

The class of persons who pass through a period of formal company-keeping is numerous, and includes the adults of twenty to thirty. Company-keeping, however serious in its consequences, is often practically considered, in its nature and progress, to be the halcyon time of life, and is frequently referred to, both by the parties concerned, and by their worldly friends, as a matter of supreme levity. The time of youth is the time of vigor, fire, enthusiasm, poetry, inexperience, boisterous mirth, animal spirits, pleasure and indulgence.

The time of company-keeping, therefore, for young people is, necessarily, a time of imminent danger. No passion is so treacherous, so insidious, so powerful, so violent, and so unprovoked as the love of a young man, and at the prospect, who shall wonder at the follies and catastrophes which form the landmarks of the history of company-keeping. Parents will do well to understand their obligations towards their children at this time.

With advantage they may be instructed as to the special reasons which make unchastity in a woman so deserving of the reproaches with which it is commensally visited. They should be taught that "as a moral virtue, chastity is the same in either sex; but as a social virtue, it belongs especially to the woman. Chastity is to her what truth and honesty, as social virtues, are to the man.

Parents need not be reminded that one dangerous root of the evil is the vanity which is the love of dress, ornaments and finery, and the ambition to appear. If it be the girl, she must be "the cynosure of neighboring eyes." If it be the young man, he must pose as the well-known "masher," "lady-killer," or "vanquisher of hearts."

Flirtation, coquetry and the vanity of claiming many admirers will often prove a fatal source of mischief. There is ever a latent desire to display the power of allurements and conquest.

Parents will be reminded of their duties and responsibilities in reference to this insidious temptation of overwhelming vanity, which seeks to please, to court, and to seduce, and to all dangers. They must understand how much the danger is to be dreaded, and how carefully it must be guarded against.

Along with this vanity is often joined an ill-regulated complacency, which regards the only sure proof of the estimate in which the girl is held by her suitors to be the extravagance of words which are directed at her, and the unwarranted liberties which are offered or taken.

From this vanity and complacency will spring the desire to obtain such extravagant words and unwarranted liberties; if for no other reason at least as a pledge for the reality of the professions of devotedness, and as a security for the continuance of the admiration and regard in which she is held.

There may never lurk in her mind the suspicion of a moment, when all considerations for her name and fame and happiness may be discarded, and when she may unexpectedly find herself the unwary victim of violence and passion.

Hence it is that good parents, and particularly a good mother, will lead their children to understand that even society and worldly people affect certain conventionalities which have the appearance at least of preventing crime.

These conventionalities are principally: To avoid solitude; to be seen in the presence of witnesses; to observe good hours, and not to frequent disreputable places. In all intercourse with others to insist upon the observance of mutual respect in work and act, and to admit of no other signs of affection beyond those legitimate and conventional expressions of attachments which may be exhibited in the presence of a good father and a prudent mother.

No solitary walks at night in lonely places; no long solitary sojourn in rooms and houses alone; no solitary visits to hotels and restaurants, nor frequent solitary attendance at places of public amusement, whether theatre or concert, or dancing saloons, will be sanctioned by wise parents. They should insist upon circumstances in which danger lurks and even stalks abroad.

All that has been said on the subject of company-keeping will apply with still greater force to the case of those girls who receive attentions, flattery, offers of presents, and overtures from men of great wealth, and who may in some instances be masters and employers.

Special caution is needed here. Nor can it be conceded that, even when the advances made are honorable, and the promises are likely to be fulfilled, such marriages are favorable to happiness.

The sense of inequality will be continuous, and the fact of inferiority will invariably be made apparent, and will be necessarily commensured upon by displeased relatives and disappointed acquaintances.

Exceptional successes may not be considered to be a contradiction to the general rule.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders, gringres, astringents, or any similar application, because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who have for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict, testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

FOR THE SUPERSTITIOUS ONLY.

It is unlucky to be discharged from a good situation on Friday.

It is unlucky to leave a house on Saturday without paying the rent (for the landlord).

Never begin work on a Friday, especially if your father provides you a sufficient income.

To pass a churn and not give a helping hand is unlucky (to the person who is churning).

It is unlucky to pass under a hempen rope, especially if there is a loop at one end toying with your Adam's apple.

Never pay bills on the first Monday of the year, or at any other time if you can help it.

It is lucky to breakfast by candle light on Christmas morning, provided there is plenty to eat.

It is the palm of the hand itches it is a sign of untimely irritation.

A broken nose is a sign of language. It indicates that its owner has had "words" with some one.

It is bad luck to call a man a liar on Wednesday, especially if the callee be bigger than the caller.

To knock over the salt-cellar at the dinner table is a sign of awkwardness.

If a man with gray hair falls in love with a young girl he will die.

A man's name on an umbrella is a sign it belongs to him (the name, not the umbrella).

—*Tid-Bits.*

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyppeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyppepsia for a number of years, and I tried every remedy, but of no avail, until I tried this celebrated Dyppeptic Cure." For all impurities of the Blood, Sick Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Constipation, etc., it is the best medicine known.

"A THREE-TIME WINNER."

HAS MANLON LOST HIS GRIP?—PHILOSOPHICAL TRAINING DEMANDED.

The defeat of "Ne." Manlan by Teemer at Toronto in August indicates the "end of the glory" of the old champion.

He has sustained his record with admirable pluck and success, but the tremendous strain of years of training must certainly some day find its limit.

Apropos of this we recall the following interesting reminiscence of aquatic annals:—

On a fine bright day in August, 1871, an excited multitude of 15,000 or 20,000 persons lined the shores of the beautiful Kenosha basin, near St. John, N.B., attracted by a four-armed race between the famous Paris crew of that city and a picked English crew, for \$5,000 and the championship of the world. Wallace Ross, the present renowned oarsman, pulled stroke for the Blue Nose crew, and "Jim" Renforth, youth of our fairer and swifter of England and of the world, was stroke in the English shell. Excitement was at fever heat.

But 300 yards of the course had been covered when the Englishmen noticed that their rivals were creeping away.

"Give us a dozen, Jim," said the veteran Harry Kelly, ex-champion of England, who was pulling No. 3, and said Renforth, and with these words he fell forward an inanimate heap in the boat.

"He has been poisoned by the bookmakers!" was the cry and belief.

Everything that science and skill could suggest for his restoration was tried; but after terrible struggles of agony the strong man, the flower of the athletes and pride of his countrymen, passed away.

The stomach was analyzed, but no sign or trace of poison could be found there, though general examination showed a very strange condition of the blood and the life-giving and health-preserving organs caused by years of unwise training. While the muscular development was perfect the heart and kidneys were congested.

The whole system was, therefore, in just that state when the most simple departure from ordinary living and exertion was of momentous consequence. His wonderful strength only made his dying paroxysms more dreadful and more certain.

Manlan is now in Australia. Beach, champion of that country, is a powerful fellow, who probably understands the liability of athletes to death from over-training, the effect thereof being very serious to the heart, blood and kidneys, as shown by poor Renforth's sudden death.

"It is his own fault," says the English trainer of athletes, who continues himself to be one of the finest of specimens of manhood and one of the most successful of trainers, writes over his own signature to the English *Sporting Life*, Sept. 5, saying:—"I consider Warner's safe cure invaluable for all training purposes and outdoor exercise. I have been in the habit of using it for a long time. I am sure that it will help me through when nothing else would, and it is always a three-time winner!"

Beach's and Wyatt's method of training is sound, and should be followed by all.

PIN THIS UP IN THE KITCHEN.

- Ten common sized eggs weigh one pound.
- Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.
- One pint of coffee A sugar weighs twelve ounces.
- One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) one pound.
- One pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.
- Two teaspoons (well heaped) of coffee A sugar weigh one pound.
- Two teaspoons (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.
- Two teaspoons of soft butter (well packed) weigh one pound.
- One and one-third pints of powdered sugar weigh one pound.
- Two tablespoons of powdered sugar or flour weigh one ounce.
- One tablespoon (well rounded) of soft butter weighs one ounce.
- One pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs fourteen ounces.
- Four teaspoons are equal to one tablespoon.
- Two and one-half cups (level) of the best brown sugar weigh one pound.
- Two and three-fourths cups (level) of powdered sugar weigh one pound.
- One tablespoonful (well heaped) of granulated, coffee A, or best brown sugar, equals one ounce.

Miss Parlos says one generous pint of liquid, or one pint of finely-chopped meat packed solidly, weighs one pound, which it would be very convenient to remember.

Teaspoons vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an old-fashioned spoon of thirty years ago. A medium-sized teaspoon contains about a dram.

The wife who bears her part in the burden of life—even though it be the larger part—bravely, cheerfully, never dreaming that she is a heroine, much less a martyr, who bears with the task of a husband not altogether congenial, with loving patience and a large charity, and with noble discretion hiding them from the world—who makes no confidants and asks no confidence, who refrains from brooding over shortcomings in sympathy and sentiment, and from seeking perilous "affinities;" who does not build high tragedy sorrows on the inevitable, nor feel an earthquake in every family jar; who sees her husband united with herself indissolubly and eternally in their children—she, the wife in every truth, in the inward as in the outward, is a heroine, though of rather an unfashionable type.

Where, oh where, has the young man gone who graduation clothes put on, some time along the last of May, and owned the whole wide world for a day? And where is the sweet girl, who graduated, who chanted an essay on duty, and started out with a giggling frown to turn the old world upside down? And where is last year's candidate, who had things fixed for this year's slate? Who carried around, as you'd believe, a couple of courtesies in his sleeve? And where is the scribe with the vaulting will, who tried a long-felt want to fill, and courted shekels and renown with a mingled paper in a bourgeois town? The lad has divided the world up fair and owns but his own eight-billionth share; the sweet girl grad, is a grand surprise, and conquers the world with well-made pies; the candidate with the deathless "gall" is fixing himself for another fall; while the journalist with the naughty crest has gone the way of last year's nest. So year by year and day by day the world runs on in the same old way; the balloon that's the biggest round about, is the flabbiest rat when the gas is out.

Just think of it, ladies! Not only every conceivable coloring for textile fabrics but wood stains, shoe dressing, laundry blue, liquid art colors, can be made at a nominal cost from Diamond Dyes. 32 beautiful colors, each 10 cents, by mail, or at your druggists.

Unlooked for—The sack you pick up with your foot.

A MATTER OF ECONOMY.

As a matter of economy B. B. B. is the cheapest medicine in use, for it takes less to cure chronic diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys and blood, than of any other known remedy. B. B. B. is only One Dollar a bottle.

FROM ALMONTE.

PROGRESS OF THE FATHER MATHEW TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION—HOW THE GOOD WORK IS BEING CARRIED ON.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

Since the establishment in this town of the Father Mathew Temperance Association, by Provincial charter, some fifteen years ago, much good work has been accomplished, but perhaps during the whole of its long and useful career no greater triumph has been achieved by the Society than that of a week or so ago, when twenty-one new members, who were made aware of the benefits and advantages to be derived from the protecting influence of the Association, enrolled their names on its list. Five others followed this noble example a few days later, increasing the number of new members to twenty-six, with prospects of some ten or twelve others joining very soon. It was an edifying sight to witness one after another of those twenty-one new members kneel before the spiritual director to receive the pledge of total abstinence; it was an example to which each and every one of them may look back with pride, with pleasure, and with true Christian piety, an example to which their children and their friends may revert with feelings of true Catholic and unswerving believers in the doctrines taught by the great temperance Apostle himself, whose name our Association is helping to perpetuate, whose memory is ever fresh and green in the minds of all lovers of the temperance principles which he advocated, and whose works will go down to all posterity, loved, honored and revered as those of a man whose lot it was to become a public benefactor and a brilliant star in the history of Mother Church. Our worthy pastor, at the close of the happy ceremony, addressed kind words of encouragement to the little group, and dwelt upon the creditable work of the association in the cause of temperance, and the frequent assistance lent the Church by its members. But the crowning victory was reserved for Sunday last, when, in compliance with an established rule of the association, which provides that the members receive Holy Communion in a body the first Sunday in Advent and the first Sunday in Lent, the members mustered almost to a man and approached the altar railing at Grand Mass in St. Mary's church and partook of the Eucharistic banquet. It was a pious spectacle for the large congregation to look upon, a noble and worthy example with which to open the new ecclesiastical year, and justly drew from the pastor in the sermon of the day words of praise and encouragement, while he assured the members of the association that the blessings of Heaven would attend them in their efforts to lead good and holy lives.

But even while the chief objects of the society are directed in the cause of temperance and Catholicity, it has other advantages to offer the youth of the town, as well as those who are well advanced in years and learning. The former have splendid opportunities of becoming proficient in public speaking from the numerous debates on leading subjects, while the latter have a chance of increasing their knowledge of the various questions brought up for discussion, and it is gratifying to be able to say that in the ranks of the society there are many who are not only posted in any subject that may be brought up, but whose fluency of speech has caused them to be regarded as orators of no small degree. In fact it often happens that the neat and comfortable hall of the society resounds with the eloquence of more than one member. And, adding to all this the fact that the society possesses a library of some four or five hundred books, it may fairly be said that it has many advantages to offer new members, and that the unbounded success with which it has met in the past, and is still meeting, is well merited.

WET NURSES are no longer the fashion. There is hardly an instance in which an infant deprived of its own mother's milk will not thrive better upon Lactated Food than by having a wet nurse. It should always be tried before resorting to any other method.

A man the other day was complaining to his butcher that the piece of meat sent him was so tough that his mother could not even chew the gravy.

A CLAIM VERIFIED. B. B. B. claims to cure all curable diseases of the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and blood. That it actually performs all it claims, is proven by testimonials from parties which none can dispute. Send for testimonials of remarkable cures.

A troupe of Persian female dancers is en route for Paris.

A POSTMASTER'S OPINION. "I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagar's Yellow Oil," writes D. Kavanagh, postmaster of Umraville, Ont. "Having used it for soreness of the throat, burn, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it."

Business in San Francisco was never better than it is now.

"Then let the moon usurp the rule of day, And winking tapers show the sun his way; For what my senses can perceive, I need no revelation to believe."

Ladies suffering from any of the weaknesses or ailments peculiar to their sex, and who will use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription according to directions, will experience a genuine revelation in the benefit they will receive. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, female weakness, "the womb, weak back, female weakness, anteverision, retroversion, barling-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

Knows the ropes—The hangman.

SOME THINGS TO TEACH YOUR GIRLS.

We have no long bookful programme to suggest in educating our girls. It may be well to cram one woman in ten thousand; we write for the 9,997.

To say our girls should be taught all that conduces to exemplary habits would be a general way of putting it; what we would now lay stress upon is the domestic training of the girl in the management of home affairs.

A good housewife, whose literacy never went beyond the three R's, is preferable to anything in the shape of a college graduate that is ignorant of baking, cooking and the rest of house-keeping.

Slavishly homes send a vast number of the working class to the saloon; and even where the means permit hired labor, the absence of skilled and industrious housekeeping weakens the ties of home and sends men to one or other resort of entertainment.

The best manner of hangings, though even admiring blue-stocking stanzas, could not find it in his stomach to prefer a burned dinner to a meal appetizingly prepared. And the transition of displeasure from the irresponsible dinner to the responsible cook is as easy as natural.

Yet although good housekeeping is a potent element of domestic happiness, to make home a paradise habit of thoughtfulness should be inculcated in addition.

Thoughtful habit is joined to good house-keeping and the domestic virtues, the man who can not then be happy must either be a colossal curmudgeon or a Job in afflictions.

Here we emphasize that even where one is not naturally of a considerate disposition, thoughtfulness can be inculcated.

The little girl that is taught to run mess papa on his return, not to badger him with questions if he feels weary, to kindly soothe his aching hand, to hasten for his slippers and gown, knows precisely what to do years after—when her husband is at home.

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St. Theresa suffered eighteen years from dryness of spirit. That was the work of God, who thus treats great souls in order to make their virtue take deeper root.—[Ven. Anthony of the Blessed Sacrament.]

It hurts us when we hear that others have spoken ill of us. Should we not then remember this when an inclination prompts us to belittle our neighbor? We may defend ourselves from the aspersions of others, and often this is necessary and commendable. We do not offend against charity when we protect our character and property in a manly, honest and lawful manner.

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