

"Eh?" he asked again.

"I was speaking of the new soprano," the reverend host explained.

"Oh, yes—well, yes, better get her if possible. I may be wrong about it, but seems to me the room is very warm."

"Why, is it?" inquired the sweet little woman in surprise. "Perhaps you had better open a window, Percy. Are you uncomfortable, Mr. Cummings?" As she said this, the conspirator looked straight into the eyes of a junior trustee. He thought he detected a ghost of a wink in her gaze, and immediately arose to the occasion.

"No," he answered; "on the contrary, I was sure I felt a draught from that window and I was somewhat concerned. I take cold so easily."

"Never mind," hastily interjected Mr. Crowles. "I am perhaps dressed a little too warm for the season."

"Do you use this room as a dining room all the year round?" inquired Mr. Sawyer, fidgeting in his chair.

"Yes, all the year through," returned the minister. "Won't you let me help you to more peas?"

"No, thank you."

"Do let me give you more hot coffee," purred the sweet woman.

"No, thank you, nothing more," said Mr. Sawyer, casting an uneasy glance at the stove which was as fervent as a summer sun. The films of moisture on the window panes were breaking in places into streaky rivulets indicating the departure of the overflow. The water in the kettle bubbled and splashed in its activity. An uncertain, hazy vapor arose from sundry pots and pans on the back of the stove. The minister's dog, which had been snoozing at one side of the furnace, shambled sleepily to his feet; then he went to the door and whined. During pauses in the conversation the low steady humming of the fire rushing beneath the stove lid could be heard. Every damper was open. Presently an odor stole out on the stuffy air. Very much like the burning of a rag it was, and with it a dim suggestion of incinerated cookery.

Mr. Crowles drew forth his handkerchief and mopped his brow. His associate, Mr. Sawyer, sniffed and looked about him, breathing deeply. Then with a startled look the minister's wife sprang up, exclaiming:

"Mercy! my biscuits are burning!"

She hurried to the oven door and flung it wide open. An infernal draught of hot air laden with smoke swept full against the unprotected back of Mr. Crowles. A reserve detachment swooped aside and enveloped Mr. Sawyer. In an instant a thin veil of smoke enveloped the table.

"Oh, dear!" came the voice of the little woman as she clawed and clutched frantically at something within the oven, "they're ruined!"

A blackened mass slid from her hand to the floor, and with it was a small square smoking thing that had once done duty as an iron holder.

"I must have forgotten and left it in the oven when I turned the biscuits," she managed to explain.

Mr. Crowles coughed and passed his hand over his dripping forehead. The upper buttons of his waistcoat were unfastened. He was very warm indeed.

"Shall I open the window?" he asked, half rising.

"Oh, no; please sit still; I can open it easily," she answered. But before doing so she stirred the fire into one final effort. Her face was a study of sweetness and peace as

she again seated herself at the table.

When the meal was ended, the minister and his guests executed an almost pell-mell, retreat into the cool living room. Both Mr. Crowles and Mr. Sawyer bore evidence of the radiating power of the parson's stove. The pride had forsaken Mr. Crowles' collar, which now hung dejectedly about his neck. Mr. Sawyer's celluloid survived the torrid atmosphere shining and placid, but his cuffs were sadly wilted and his linen bosom flat and flabby.

Mr. Cummings opened the front door and peered long and earnestly into the great cool outside world, while he whistled softly, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

The following Sabbath morning the minister made this announcement to his congregation:

"The board of trustees authorize me to state that certain improvements are to be made in the manse, including the erection of a kitchen. This addition has long been needed and will be greatly appreciated by your pastor and his family. And—"

But the minister's wife heard no more. She glanced across the church at Mr. Cummings. He thought he detected the ghost of a wink in her right eye, and rose to the occasion with a squint of his left. The little woman's banner was floating high and triumphant. She laughed like a girl when she told the good news to the frying pan, and declared "There is nothing better than baked trustees except a trustee that needs no baking." —The Interior.

The Last Days of Summer.

BY M. H.

Tread softly, the summer is nearing her end; Let nought that is harsh the sweet stillness rend. The wind has whispered the news with a sigh, "I fear the flowers must soon all die." The sun, as though weary, goes early to bed, When the moon and the stars take his place overhead, Then silently forth, like a thief in the night, King frost hurries out to spy and to blight, Impatient 'twould seem at the summer's long sway.

'Til take now the sceptre, so yield me the day, In the morn when the sun wakes up from his sleep, And o'er a blanket of fleecy clouds takes a first peep,

What change does it see? What cause for affright?

The king of the north has come in the night, And the flowers are all rigid with fright at his mien,

That long have been ruled by summer as Queen, Of their beautiful faces there will soon be no trace,

They'll wither and die though fondly embrace; Lying prone on the breast of the leave strewn earth

Whose motherly bosom has nourished since birth,

The voices of nature seem hushed as in prayer, Befitting the signs of death everywhere.

A Rival of America.

It is not generally known, perhaps that the largest falls in the world are not in America, but in South Africa, on the Zambesi river.

For years the distinction of possessing the greatest waterfall, both in width and volume, was accorded to the River Niagara; and the geographies of forty years ago all gave, in reply to the question, "Where is the largest cataract in the world?" the answer: "Niagara Falls."

The discovery of the Victoria Falls, in South Africa, put an end to this supremacy. For Victoria Falls is double the width of Niagara and more than twice the height,

Baby's First Tooth.

Every mother knows how much baby suffers while cutting teeth. Swollen, tender gums cause a feverish, fretful condition, sometimes seriously affecting baby's health. This can be overcome, and the teething process made easy by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Proof of this is given by Mrs. J. Peckover, New Liskeard, Ont., who says: "I am the mother of six children and I can truthfully say that Baby's Own Tablets is better than any other medicine I have ever used for the ills of little ones. I can especially recommend them for teething children and would advise all mothers to use them."

The Tablets cure all the minor ills from which infants and young children suffer, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

besides surpassing the American cataract in volume. They are a mile wide and from 400 to 420 feet high. Their estimated horsepower is enormously greater than that of Niagara, being 35,000,000, while the horsepower of the American falls is only 7,500,000.

Like Niagara, the Victoria Falls are to be harnessed. It is stated on good authority that steps will be taken at once for the utilizing of this vast power for the production of electricity.

The late Dr. Normah Macleod pleaded for more generous giving. The beadle praised his sermon. "Well, what more will you give, five shillings a year?" asked the doctor. The reply of the beadle was, "Eh, man, that's impossible with my wages, I canna gie that." "Well, what would you say to sixpence a month?" continued Dr. Macleod. "Aweel, sixpence a month wadna brak onybody's back," answered the beadle.

Russia is about to establish an Orthodox bishopric in China. It has for years such a bishopric in Japan; 30,000 natives belong to it.

A small village in Hungary, bearing the name of Szepeshely, has become famous by its being inhabited only by Roman Catholic priest and Protestant ministers.

The Emir of Afghanistan presented the Shah of Persia with the costliest book in the world. It is a copy of the Koran bound in solid gold and studded with pearls, diamonds, and rubies. The binding is valued at \$400,000, the manuscript is of negative value, for it is full of distortions of the truth and questionable morals.

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should be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine, for upon that depends one's life. ALLEN'S LUNG BAL-SAM contains NO OPIUM in any form and is safe, sure, and prompt in cases of CROUP, COLIC, and BRONCHITIS. Try it now, and be convinced.