A Subscriber's Lament.

Oh, thou newspaper carrier boy
so coy,
It would give me abundance of joy
to toy
For a minute or two
or three,
With the toe of my shoe
on thee,
Upon the seat of thy pants,
what fun!
If I but get the chance,
'tis done.

Last night and the night before,
and more,
I have listened at the front door
and swore—
For no paper was seen,
'taint fair,
For it never has been
put there.
Now, young man, I just wish to say
to-day,
That for my newspaper I pay,
or may.

And I give you fair warning now,
if
I catch you (I think I know how)
Biff!
Your career will be o'er
I fear,
You will peddle papers no more
down here.
So take warning my lad
and why,
Because I am mad,
Good-bye!

—*Brantford Expositor.*

THE SISTERS

The story, as told by himself for the information of his children (who, as children ever do, came in time to have interests of their own that transcended in importance those that were merely personal to their parents), was much more brief and bald than this, and the reading of it did not take many minutes. When he had finished it, in dead silence, the lawyer took from the packet of papers a third and smaller document, which he also proceeded to read aloud to those whom it concerned. This proved to be a certificate of the marriage of Kingscote Yelverton and Elizabeth Leigh, celebrated in an obscure London parish by a curate who had been the bridegroom's Eton and Oxford chum, and witnessed by a pair of humble folk who had had great difficulty in composing their respective signatures, on the 25th of November, in the year 1849. And, finally, half-folded round the packet, there was a slip of paper, on which was written—"Not to be opened until my death."

"And it might never have been opened until you were all dead!" exclaimed the lawyer, holding up his hands. "He must have meant to give it to you at the last, and did not reckon on being struck helpless in a moment when his time came."

"Oh, poor father!" sobbed Elizabeth, whose head lay on the table, crushed down in her handkerchief. And the other sisters put their arms about her, Patty with a set white face and Eleanor whimpering a little. But Mr. Brion and Paul were incensed with the dead man, and could not pity him at present.

It was late before the two friendly advisers, summoned to dinner by their landlady, went back to No. 7, and they did not like going. It did not seem to them at all right that the three girls should be left alone under present circumstances. Mr. Brion wanted to summon Mrs. Duff-Scott, or even Mrs. McIntyre, to bear them company and see that they did not faint, or have hysterics, or otherwise "give way," under the exceptional strain upon their nervous systems. Then he wanted them to come next door for that dinner which he felt they must certainly stand much in need of, and for which they did not seem to have adequate materials; or let him take them to the nearest hotel, or to Mrs. Duff-Scott's; or, at least, to permit him to give them some brandy and water; and he was genuinely distressed because they refused to be nourished and comforted and appropriately cared for in any of these ways.

"We want to be quiet for a little, dear Mr. Brion, that we may talk things over by ourselves—if you don't mind," Elizabeth said; and the tone of her voice silenced all his protests. The old man kissed them, for the first time in his life, uttering a few broken words of congratulation on the wonderful change in their fortunes; and Paul shook hands with great gravity and without saying anything at all, even though Patty, looking up into his inscrutable face, mutely asked for his sympathy with her wistful, wet eyes. And they went away.

As they were letting themselves out of the house, assisted by the ground-floor domestic, who, scenting mystery in the air, politely volunteered to open the hall door in order that she might investigate the countenances of the Misses King's visitors and perchance gather some enlightenment therefrom, Patty, dry-eyed and excited, came flying downstairs, and pounced upon the old man.

"Mr. Brion, Mr. Brion, Elizabeth says she hopes you will be sure not to divulge what we have discovered to anybody," she panted breathlessly (at the same time glancing at her lover's back as he stood on the door-step). "It is of the utmost consequence to her to keep it quiet for a little longer."

"But, my dear, what object can Elizabeth have in waiting now? Surely it is better to have it over at once, and settled. I thought of walking up to the club by-and-bye, with the papers, and having a word with Mr. Yelverton."

"Of course it is better to have it over," assented Patty. "I know your time is precious, and I myself am simply frantic till I can tell Mrs. Duff-Scott. So is Elizabeth. But there is something she must do first—I can't tell you the particulars—but she must have a few hours' start—say till to-morrow evening—before you speak to Mr. Yelverton or take any steps. I am sure she will do whatever you wish, after that."

The lawyer hesitated, suspicious of the wisdom of the delay, but not seeing how much harm could happen, seeing that he had all the precious documents in his own breast pocket; then he reluctantly granted Patty's request, and the girl went upstairs again with feet not quite so light as those that had carried her down. Upstairs, however, she subordinated her own interests to the consideration of her sister's more pressing affairs.

"Elizabeth," she said, with fervid and portentous solemnity, "this is a crisis for you, and you must be bold and brave. It is no time for shilly-shallying—you have twenty-four hours before you, and you must act. If you don't, you will see that he will just throw up everything, and be too proud too take it back. He will lose all his money and the influence for good that it gives him, and you will lose him."

"How shall I act?" asked Elizabeth, leaning instinctively upon this more courageous spirit.

"How?" echoed Patty, looking at her sister with brilliant eyes. "Oh!" drawing a long breath, and speaking with a yearning passion that it was beyond the power of good grammar to express—"oh, if it was only me!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AN ASSIGNATION.

That evening Mr. Yelverton was leisurely finishing his dinner at the club when a note was brought to him. He thought he knew the writing, though he had never seen it before, and put it into his pocket until he could politely detach himself from three semi-hosts, semi-guests, with whom he was dining. Then he went upstairs rather quickly, tearing open his letter as he went, and, arrived at the reading-room, sat down at a table, took pen in hand and dashed off an immediate reply. "I will certainly be there," he wrote, in a hand more vigorous than elegant. "I will wait for you in the German picture gallery. Come as early as possible, while the place is quiet." And, having closed his missive and consigned it to the bag, he remained in a comfortable arm-chair in the quiet room, all by himself, meditating. He felt he had a great deal to think about, and it indisposed him for convivialities. The week since his parting with Elizabeth, long as it had seemed to him, had not quite run out, and she had made an assignation which, though it might have appeared unequivocal to the casual eye, was to him extremely perplexing. She had come back, and she wanted to see him, and she wanted to see him alone, and she asked him if he would meet her at the Exhibition in the morning. And she addressed him as her dearest friend, and signed herself affectionately his. He tried very hard, but he could not extract his expected comfort from such a communication, made under such circumstances.

In the morning he was amongst the first batch of breakfasters in the club coffee-room, and amongst the first to represent the public at the ticket-windows of the Carlton Palace. When he entered the great building it was in the possession of officials and workmen, and echoed in a hollow manner to his solid foot-fall. Without a glance to right or left, he walked upstairs to the gallery and into that cosiest nook of the whole Exhibition, the German room, and there waited for his mistress. This restful room, with its carpeted floor and velvety settees (so grateful to the weary), its great Meissen vases in the middle, and casts of antique statues all round, was quite empty of visitors, and looked as pleasant and convenient a place of rendezvous as lovers could desire. If only Elizabeth would come quickly, he thought, they might have the most delicious quiet talk, sitting side by side on a semi-circular ottoman opposite to Lindenschmidt's "Death of Adonis"—not regarding that unhappy subject, of course, nor any other object but themselves. He would not sit down until she came, but strolled round and round, pausing now and then to investigate a picture, but thinking of nothing but his beloved, for whose light step he was listening. If his bodily eyes were fixed on the "Cloister Pond" or "Evening," or any other of the tranquil landscapes pictured on the wall, he thought of Elizabeth resting with him under green trees, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," absolutely his own, and in a world that (practically) held nobody but him and her. If he looked at autumnal rain slanting fiercely across the canvas, he thought how he would protect and shield her in all the storms that might visit her life—"My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee!" And visions of a fair morning in Thuringia, of a lake in the Bavarian mountains, of a glacier in the Engadine, and of Venice in four or five aspects of sunlight and moonlight, suggested his wedding journey and how beautiful the world she had so longed to see—the world that he knew so well—would look henceforth—if—if—

There was a step upon the corridor outside, and he turned sharply from his contemplation of a little picture of an Isle of Wight sunrise to meet her as she came in.

"Well, my love," he murmured eagerly, "what is it? Don't keep me in suspense. Is it yes or no, Elizabeth?"

Her embarrassment melted away before the look he bent upon her, as a morning mist before the sun. She lifted her eyes to his—those honest eyes that he could read like a book—and her lips parted in an effort to speak. The next instant, before a word was said, he had her in his arms, and her mouth met his under the red moustache in a long, and close, and breathless kiss; and both of them knew that they were to part no more till their lives' end. While that brief ceremony of betrothal lasted, they might have been in the black grotto where they kissed each other first, so oblivious were they of their surroundings; but they took in presently the meaning of certain sounds in the gallery on the other side of the curtain, and resumed their normal attitudes. "Come and sit down," said Mr. Yelverton, drawing her into the room. "Come and let's have a talk." And he set her down on the velvet ottoman and took a seat beside her—leaning forward with an arm on his knee to barricade her from an invasion of the public as far as possible. His thoughts turned, naturally enough, to their late very important interview in the caves.

"We will go back there," he said, expressing his desire frankly. "When we are married, Elizabeth, we will go to your old home again together, before we set out on longer travels, and you and I will have a picnic to the caves all alone by ourselves, in that little buggy that we drove the other day. Shall we?"

"We might tumble into one of those terrible black holes," she replied, "if we went there again."

"True—we might. And when we are married we must not run any unnecessary risks. We will live together as long as we possibly can, Elizabeth."

She had drawn off her right glove, and now slipped her hand into his. He grasped it fervently, and kneaded it like a lump of stiff dough (excuse the homely simile, dear reader—it has the merit of appropriateness, which is more than you can say for the lilies and jewellery) between his two strong palms. How he did long for that dark cave!—for any nook or corner that would have hidden him and her from sight for the next half hour.

"Why couldn't you have told me a week ago?" he demanded, with a thrill in his deep voice. "You must have known you wou would take me then, or you would not have come to me like this to-day. Why didn't you give yourself to me at first? Then we should have been together all this time—all these precious days that we have wasted—and we should have been by the sea at this moment, sitting under those big rocks, or wandering away into the bush, where nobody could interfere with us."

As he spoke, a party of ladies strolled into the court, and he leaned back upon his cushioned seat to wait until they were gone again. They looked at the pictures, with one eye on him, dawdled up and down for five minutes, trying to assert their right to be there if they chose; and then, too uncomfortably conscious of being *de trop*, departed. After which the lovers were alone again for a little while. Mr. Yelverton resumed possession of Elizabeth's hand, and repeated his rather cruel question.

"Didn't you know all along that it must come to this?"

"A week ago I did not know what I know now," she replied.

"Ah, my dear, you knew it in your heart, but you would not listen to your heart."

"Mr. Yelverton—"

She was beginning to speak seriously, but he stopped her. "No," he said, "I am not going to be called Mr. Yelverton by you. Never again, remember. My name is Kingscote, if you wish to know. My people at home, when I had any people, called me King. I think you might as well call me King; it will keep your dear name alive in the family when you no longer answer to it yourself. Now"—as she paused, and was looking at him rather strangely—"what were you going to say?"

"I was going to say that I have not wasted this week since you went away. A great deal has happened—a great many changes—and I was helped by something outside myself to make up my mind."

"I don't believe it—I don't believe it, Elizabeth. You know you love me, and you know that, whatever your religious sentiments may be, you would not do violence to them for anything less than that. You are taking me because you love me too well to give me up—for any consideration whatever. So don't say you are not."

She touched his shoulder for a moment with her cheek. "Oh, I do love you, I do love you!" she murmured, drawing a long, sighing breath.

He knew it well, and he did not know how to bear to sit there, unable to respond to her touching confession. He could only knead her hand between his palms.

"And you are going to trust me, my love—me and yourself? You are not afraid now?"

"I will trust you—I will trust you," she went on, leaning towards him as he sat beside her. "You are doing more good in the world than I had even thought of until I knew you. It is I who will not be up the mark—not you. But I will help you as much as you will let me—I am going to give my life to helping you. And at least—at least—you believe in God," she concluded, yearning for some tangible and definite evidence of faith, as she had understood faith, wherewith to comfort her conscientious soul. "We are together in that—the chief thing of all—are we not?"

He was a scrupulously truthful man, and he hesitated for a moment. "Yes, my dear," he said, gravely. "I believe in God—that is to say, I feel him—I lean my littleness on a greatness that I know is all around me and upholding me, which is Something that even God seems a word too mean for. I think," he added, "that God, to me, is not what he has been taught to seem to you."

"Never mind," she said, in a low voice, responding to the spirit rather than the letter of his words. "Whatever you believe you are sure to believe thoroughly, and if you believe in God, your God must be a true God. I feel it, though I don't know it.'

"You feel that things will all come right for us if we have faith in our own hearts, and love and trust each other. So do I, Elizabeth." There was nobody looking, and he put his arm round her shoulder for a moment. "And we may consider our religious controversy closed then? We need not trouble ourselves about that any more?"

"I would not say 'closed.' Don't you think we ought to talk of all our thoughts—and especially those that trouble us—to each other?"

"I do—I do, indeed. And so we shall. Ours is going to be a real marriage. We shall be, not two, but one. Only for the present we may put this topic aside, as being no longer an obstruction in the way of our arrangements, mayn't we?"

"Yes," she said. And the die was cast.

"Very well, then." He seemed to pull himself together at this point, and into his fine frame and his vigorous face a new energy was infused, the force of which seemed to be communicated to the air around her, and made her heart beat more strongly to the quicker pulse of his. "Very well, then. Now tell me, Elizabeth—without any formality, while you and I are here together—when shall we be married?"

The question had a tone of masterful command about it, for though he knew how spontaneous and straightforward she was, her natural delicacy unspoiled by artificial sentiment, he yet prepared himself to encounter a certain amount of maidenly reluctance to meet a man's reasonable views upon this matter. But she answered him without delay or hesitation, impelled by the terrors that beset her and thinking of Patty's awful warnings and prophesyings—"I will leave you to say when."

"Will you really? Do you mean you will really?" His deep-set eyes glowed, and his voice had a thrilling tremor in it as he made this incredulous inquiry. "Then I say we will be married soon—very soon—so as not to lose a day more than we can help. Will you agree to that?"

She looked a little frightened, but she stood her ground. "If you wish," she whispered, all the tone shaken out of her voice.

"If I wish!" A palpitating silence held them for a moment. Then "What do you say to to-morrow?" he suggested.

She looked up at him, blushing violently.

"Ah, you are thinking how forward I am," she exclaimed, drawing her hand from his.

"Do you mean that you will?" he exclaimed, the fierceness of his delight tempered by a still evident incredulity.

"I will," she said, "if—"

"Hush—hush! Don't let there be any ifs, Elizabeth!"

"Yes—Listen. If Mrs. Duff-Scott will freely consent and approve—"

"You may consider that settled, anyhow. I know she will."

"And if you will see Mr. Brion to-night—"

"Mr. Brion? What do we want with Mr. Brion? Settlements?"

"No. But he has something to tell you about me—about my family—something that you must know before we can be married."

"What is it? Can't you tell me what it is?" He looked surprised and uneasy. "Don't frighten me, Elizabeth—it is nothing to matter, is it?"

"I don't know. I hope not. I cannot tell you myself. He will explain everything if you will see him this evening. He came back to Melbourne with us, and he is waiting to see you."

"Tell me this much, at any rate," said Mr. Yelverton, anxiously; "it is no just cause or impediment to our being married to-morrow, is it?"

"No. At least, I don't think so. I hope you won't."

"Very well. We will go and have our lunch then. We'll join the *table d'hote* of the Exhibition, Elizabeth—that will give us a foretaste of our continental travels. To-morrow we shall have lunch—where? At Mrs. Duff-Scott's, I suppose—it would be too hard upon her to leave her literally at the church door. Yes, we shall have lunch at Mrs. Duff-Scott's, and I suppose the major will insist on drinking our healths in champagne, and making us a pretty speech. Never mind, we will have our dinner in peace. To-morrow evening we shall be at home, Elizabeth, and you and I will dine tete-a-tete, without even a single parlor-maid to stand behind our chairs. I don't quite know yet where I shall discover those blessed four walls that we shall dine in, nor what sort of dinner it will be—but I will find out before I sleep to-night."

CHAPTER XL.

MRS. DUFF-SCOTT HAS TO BE RECKONED WITH.

Prosaic as were their surroundings and their occupation—sitting at a long table, he at the end and she at the corner on his left hand, amongst a scattered crowd of hungry folk, in the refreshment room of the exhibition, eating sweetbreads and drinking champagne and soda water—it was like a dream to Elizabeth, this foretaste of continental travels. In the background of her consciousness she had a sense of having acted madly if not absurdly, in committing herself to the programme that her audacious lover had drawn out; but the thoughts and fancies floating on the surface of her mind were too absorbing for the present to leave room for serious reflections. Dreaming as she was, she not only enjoyed the homely charm of sitting at meat with him in this informal, independent manner, but she enjoyed her lunch as well, after her rather exhausting emotions. It is commonly supposed, I know, that overpowering happiness takes away the appetite, but experience has taught me that it is not invariably the case. The misery of suspense and dread can make you sicken at the sight of food, but the bliss of rest and security in having got what you want has an invigorating effect, physically as well as spiritually, if you are a healthy person. So I say that Elizabeth was unsentimentally hungry, and enjoyed her sweetbreads. They chatted happily over their meal, like truant children playing on the edge of a precipice. Mr. Yelverton had the lion's share in the conversation, and talked with distracting persistence of the journey to-morrow, and the lighter features of the stupendous scheme that they had so abruptly adopted. Elizabeth smiled and blushed and listened, venturing occasionally upon a gentle repartee. Presently, however, she started a topic on her own account. "Tell me," she said, "do you object to first cousins marrying?"

"Dear child, I don't object to anything to-day," he replied. "As long as I am allowed to marry you, I am quite willing to let other men please themselves."

"But tell me seriously—do you?"

"Must I be serious? Well, let me thing. No, I don't know that I object—there is so very little that I object to, you see, in the way of things that people want to do—but I think, perhaps, that, all things being equal, a man would not choose to marry so near a blood relation."

"You do think it wrong, then?"

"I think it not only wrong but utterly preposterous and indefensible," he said, "that it should be lawful and virtuous for a man to marry his first cousin and wicked and indecent to marry his sister-in-law—or his aunt-in-law for the matter of that—or any free woman who has no connection with him except through other people's marriages. If a legal restriction in such matters can ever be necessary or justifiable, it should be in the way of preventing the union of people of the same blood. Sense and the laws of physiology have something to say to that—they have nothing whatever to say to the relations that are of no kin to each other. Them's my sentiments, Miss King, if you particularly wish to know them."

Elizabeth put her knife and fork together on her plate softly. It was a gestur elaborate caution, meant to cover her conscious agitation. "Then you would not—" it were your own case—marry your cousin?" she asked, after a pause, in a very small and gentle voice. He was studying the menu on her behalf, and wondering if the strawberries and cream would be fresh. Consequently he did not notice how pale she had grown, all of a sudden.

"Well," he said, "you see I have no cousin, to begin with. And if I had I could not possibly want to marry her, since I am going to marry you to-morrow, and a man is only allowed to have one wife at a time. So my own case doesn't come in."

"But if I had been your cousin?" she urged breathlessly, but with her eyes on her plate. "Supposing, for the sake of argument, that I had been of your blood—would you still have had me?"

"Ah," he said, laughing, "that is, indeed, a home question."

"Would you?" she persisted.

"Would I?" he echoed, putting a hand under the table to touch hers. "I really think I would, Elizabeth. I'm afraid that nothing short of your having been my own full sister could have saved you."

After that she regained her color and brightness, and was able to enjoy the early strawberries and cream—which did happen to be fresh.

They did not hurry themselves over their lunch, and when they left the refreshment-room they went and sat down on two chairs by the Brinsmead pianos and listened to a little music (in that worst place that ever was for hearing it). Then Mr. Yelverton took his *fiancee* to get a cup of Indian tea. Then he looked at his watch gravely.

"Do you know," he said, "I really have an immense deal of business to get through before night if we are to be married to-morrow morning."

"There is no reason why we should be married to-morrow morning," was her immediate comment. "Indeed—indeed, it is far too soon."

"It may be soon, Elizabeth, but I deny that it is too soon, reluctant as I am to contradict you. And, whether or no, the date is fixed, irrevocably. We have only to consider"—he broke off, and consulted his watch again, thinking of railway and telegraph arrangements. "Am I obliged to see Mr. Brion to-day?" he asked abruptly. "Can't I put him off till another time? Because, you know, he may say just whatever he likes, and it won't make the smallest particle of difference."

"Oh," she replied earnestly, "you must see him. I can't marry you till he has told you everything. I wish I could!" she added, impulsively.

"Well, if I must I must—though I know it doesn't matter the least bit. Will he keep me long, do you suppose?"

"I think, very likely, he will."

"Then, my darling, we must go. Give me your ring—you shall have it back to-night. Go and pack your portmanteau this afternoon, so that you have a little spare time for Mrs. Duff-Scott. She will be sure to want you in the evening. You need not take much, you know—just enough for a week or two. She will be only too delighted to look after your clothes while you are away, and"—with a smile—"we'll buy the trousseau in Paris on our way home. I am credibly informed that Paris is the proper place to go to for the trousseau of a lady of quality."

"Trousseaus are nonsense," said Elizabeth, who perfectly understood his motives for this proposition, "in these days of rapidly changing fashions, unless the bride cannot trust her husband to give her enough pocket money."

"Precisely. That is just what I think. And I don't want to be deprived of the pleasure of dressing you. But for a week or two, Elizabeth, we are going out of the world just as far as we can get, where you won't want much dressing. Take only what is necessary for comfort, dear, enough for a fortnight—or say three weeks. That will do. And tell me where I shall find Mr. Brion."

They were passing out of the Exhibition building—passing that noble group of listening hounds and huntsman that stood between the front entrance and the gate—and Elizabeth was wondering how she should find Mr. Brion at once and make sure of that evening interview, when she caught sight of the old lawyer himself coming into the flowery enclosure from the street. "Why, there he is!" she exclaimed. "And my sisters are with him."

"We are taking him out for an airing," exclaimed Eleanor, who was glorious in her Cup-day costume, and evidently in an effervescence of good spirits, when she recognized the engaged pair. "Mr. Paul was too busy to attend to him, and he had nobody but us, poor man! So we are going to show him round. Would you believe that he has never seen the exhibition, Elizabeth?"

They had scarcely exchanged greetings with each other when, out of an open carriage at the gate, stepped Mrs. Duff-Scott, on her way to that extensive kettledrum which was held in the exhibition at this hour. When she saw her girls, their festive raiment and their cavaliers, the fairy godmother's face was a study.

"What!" she exclaimed, with heart-rending reproach, "you are back in Melbourne! You are walking about with—with your friends"—hooking on her eye-glass the better to wither poor Mr. Brion, who wasted upon her a bow that would have done credit to Lord Chesterfield—"and I am not told!"

Patty came forward, radiant with suppressed excitement. "She must be told," exclaimed the girl, breathlessly. "Elizabeth, we are all here now. And it is Mrs. Duff-Scott's right to know what we know. And Mr. Yelverton's, too."

"You may tell them now," said Elizabeth, who was as white as the muslin round her chin. "Take them all to Mrs. Duff-Scott's house, and explain everything, and get it over—while I go home."

CHAPTER XLI.

MR. YELVERTON STATES HIS INTENTIONS.

"I don't think you know Mr. Brion," said Mr. Yelverton, first lifting his hat and shaking hands with Mrs. Duff-Scott, and then, with an airy and audacious cheerfulness, introducing the old man (whose name and association with her proteges she immediately recalled to mind); "Mr. Brion—Mrs. Duff-Scott."

The fairy godmother bowed frigidly, nearly shutting her eyes as she did so, and for a moment the little group kept an embarrassed silence, while a sort of electric current of intelligence passed between Patty and her new-found cousin.

"Will you come?" said Patty to him, trying not to look too conscious of the change she saw in him. "It is time to have done with all our secrets now."

"I agree with you," he replied. "And I will come with pleasure." Mrs. Duff-Scott was accordingly made to understand, with some difficulty, that the mystery which puzzled her had a deep significence, and that she was desired to take steps at once whereby she might be made acquainted with it. Much bewildered, but without relaxing her offended air—for she conceived that no explanation would make any difference in the central fact that Mr. Yelverton and Mr. Brion had taken precedence of her in the confidence of her own adopted daughters—she returned to her carriage, all the little party following meekly at her heels. The girls were put in first—even Elizabeth, who, insisting upon detatching herself from the assembling council, had to submit to be conveyed to Myrtle street; and the two men, lifting their hats to the departing vehicle, were left on the footpath together. The lawyer was very grave, and slightly nervous and embarrassed. To his companion he had all the air of a man with a necessary but disagreeable duty to perform.

(To be continued.)

A Railroad Manager.

Ohio and Mississippi Railway, Office of the President and Gen'l Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A., Nov. 15, 1886. Gentlemen: Recently while in the act of alighting from my car I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground with a severely sprained ankle. Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into the car, and my man rubbed me most generously with arnica and kindred remedies, but to no avail. Reaching a station where St. Jacob's Oil could be secured, two bottles of it were bought and the application resulted at once in relief from pain, which had become well nigh unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days. W. W. PEABODY, Pres't and Gen'l Manager.

A Sermon on Dish-Cloths.

Says a writer in the New York *Ledger*: "I think I could preach an excellent sermon with dish-cloth for a text. I have tried all sorts of cloths—linen, cotton and mixtures of these materials—and for a long time could find nothing that exactly pleased me. One day, in a fit of desparation at not being able to lay my hands on just what I wanted, I caught up an empty flour sack. It suited to a T. The soft, fine cotton makes absolutely perfect cloths, and when my supply of these runs short I buy cotton as nearly like the sacking material as I can find, and stitch it up into bags in precisely the same shape."

A Girl's Essay on Boys.

Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by and by. Man was made before women. When God looked at Adam, he said to himself, "Well, I think I can do better if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way half the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.—*St. Andrew's Church Record.*

A Delayed Luncheon.

The old Hadley landlord—Jimmy, run up stairs, quick an' ask your mother fer th' Home Book of Ettiketty.

Jimmy—Whatcher wanter find?

The landlord—That gent has jest asked fer some connysummay an' I want ter find whether it's bird, beast 'r jest napkin.

More Advantageous.

"My husband hasn't treated me very well, lately, but I'll get even with him," said Maude.

"I wouldn't if I were you," returned Estelle. "I'd get ahead of him."

Between Two Fires.

Washington *Star*: "His friends all advised him to go on the stage," said the unsuccessful tragedian's father.

"Yes, I see now; it was his friends egged him on, and the audience egged him off."

If you are suffering from a feeling of constant tiredness, the result of mental worry or overwork, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will promptly cure you. Give them a trial.

Employer—Are you honest? Boy—Yesser. "And faithful?" "Yesser." "Do you sneak out and go to the ball game?" "Yesser." "That's right; so do I."

An old lady of Clinton, Mo., brought suit against the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company for $5,000 for killing her husband and $50 for killing an old sow. When the matter came up she dismissed as to her husband, but refused to fall a cent on the sow.

Dick—Did you know that Harry Clothesfit had entered as a divinity student? Jessie—No, but when I met him on the boulevard yesterday I thought he stared at me harder than usual.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT

The House went into Committee on Mr. Bowell's Bill, providing for the granting of certain railway subsidies.

Mr. Mulock submitted an amendment providing that the Government shall furnish the House at every session with a statement of payments on account of railway subsidies and the amount of work performed, together with copies of contracts and sub-contracts for the construction of railways which have been granted subsidies.

Mr. Bowell suggested that the proposed amendment be allowed to stand as a notice of motion.

The bill was reported.

Mr. Kaulbach, upon the motion to go into Committee of Supply, called the attention of the House to the injustice of the new Bait Act adopted by Newfoundland, which permitted American fishing vessels to procure bait at Newfoundland ports and denied the same privilege to Canadian fishermen. He charged that Mr. Bond had promoted this legislation out of revenge upon Canada for frustrating his plot with respect to the Newfoundland treaty with the United States.

Mr. Laurier—Order.

Mr. Kaulbach, continuing, said that what made the case more aggravating was that the bill had received the royal assent on the distinct understanding that in should not interfere with the privileges of Canadian fishermen. Last year licenses were issued to American fishermen while they were refused Canadians. Canada should treat the Newfoundlanders in the matter of trade in the same manner that they treated the Canadian fishermen. If something were not done to relieve the condition of the Nova Scotia fishermen, who would starve if the disability to procure bait was continued, there would be a revolution amongst them.

Mr. Tupper said that the Government had been most persistent in the discussion of this subject in all its phases with both the Imperial and the Newfoundland Governments. Although he was not at liberty at present to state to the House as he would like to exactly the position of the case, he was at liberty to say that while this matter of necessity required a very long time for its settlement, the correspondence between the three Govornments was now approaching a condition in which the Government expected a satisfactory settlement before the next fishing season. They had no reason to believe that the position of affairs would be changed this year.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell)—What is the position of affairs?

Mr. Tupper replied that at the present time Canadian fishermen were not permitted to buy bait on any terms whatever in the ports of Newfoundland, and the Legislature of that province had professed to clothe the Government with authority to prevent Canadian ships from obtaining bait at their ports. The reason given was that it was necessary in the administration of their Bait Act as far as regarded French fishing vessels.

Mr. Laurier said that he understood from Mr. Tupper that the only motive for the exclusion of our fishermen from purchasing bait in Newfoundland ports was the one that had arisen in consequence of the commercial war between Newfoundland and the French.

Mr. Tupper—In order to prevent French fishing vessels from obtaining bait from the ports of Newfoundland our fishermen are excluded.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) said that Mr. Kaulbach had used very strong language against the Government of Newfoundland, but he thought the Government of Newfoundland puh very strong grounds of complaint against the Government of Canada. It would be remembered that some time ago the Government of Newfoundland, which had no connection with Canada, undertook to negotiate a treaty with Washington. The people of Newfoundland were largely dependent upon their fishing interests. The Government of that colony had made arrangement which were satisfactory to them, by which they expected to secure, and would have secured, the American market for the sale of their fish. But the Government of Canada interfered, and by this interference prevented the treaty from going into operation. It was not at all surprising that the Newfoundland Government and the people of Newfoundland had been greatly irritated by that action. Of course the defence of the Government here was that separate and independent negotiations on the part of Newfoundland were detrimental to the chances of negotiations between Canada and the United States.

Mr. Tupper—More than that.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell), continuing, said that the Canadian Government said that the Government of Newfoundland ought to be compelled in this respect to cast in their fortunes with Canada, and that they ought to be prevented from securing a treaty on their own behalf which did not include Canada. He was not going to say that the Government of Canada did not take so far as the people of Canada were concerned a view that was correct—that was that they were more likely to succeed in negotiations in conjunction with Newfoundland than if Newfoundland were allowed to negotiate alone; but it must be remembered that the British Government allowed Newfoundland to undertake these negotiations in its own behalf, and when these negotiations were successful and satisfactory to the people of Newfoundland, Canada interfered. On account of that interference the condition of the people of Newfoundland had been most seriously affected. It is taking an extremely selfish view to sacrifice the interests of a colony that was separated from us, and whose people were so peculiarly situated, having practically only one means of subsistence. He did not think the world was so situated as that we should do somebody else an injury that we might benefit ourselves.

Mr. Foster said that he did not intend to discuss this question, but he thought it would be unfortunate to allow the expression of opinion which had just been placed on record to remain there without noting it at least. He was sorry that the gentleman who had just spoken had chosen to make such a declaration at this particular iuncture.

Mr. Tupper said that the trouble began before Mr. Bond's mission to Washington was contemplated. Newfoundland took the adverse action in regard to Canadian fishing vessels a year before Canada's intervention in the negotiations under the provisions of the Bait Act. Canada's protest had been entered and lodged with the Imperial Government a year before the mission to Washington.

The House went into Committee of Supply.

Mr. Paterson (Brant), on the item of $4,000 for the erection of a postoffice in West Farnham, objected that on the principle which had been laid down last session for the expenditure of public money, West Farnham, in which the total revenue from postoffice and other Government offices was only $1,900, had no claim for a $4,000 public building.

Mr. Landerkin—There's a protest in that county.

Mr. Baker said that he had urged the Government to accede to the petition of the Council of West Farnham, but not because there was an election petition. He would say that the counsel in the election case against him were Mercier, Beausoleil & Choquette, who had made a deposit of $1,000.

Mr. Sutherland said it was difficult to believe that considerations of political expediency did not govern such expenditures as the one under discussion. Woodstock was a more important business centre than West Farnham. The revenue it yielded to the Government was more than ten times as great, but yet, although the Board of Trade and the Municipal Council had made every possible representation for the erection of a public building such as the one proposed for West Farnham, they found it impossible to obtain from the Government the favorable consideration of their request.

Mr. Mills, of Bothwell, protested against the injustice of such expenditures as the one proposed. The end was at hand of the system of corrupting the constituencies with their own money.

Mr. McMullen quoted the statement made last session by Sir John Macdonald to the effect that public moneys should not be expended without good reason, and not for the purpose of helping the friends of the Administration. He had further accepted a resolution moved by Mr. Mills (Bothwell) declaring that buildings should not be erected unless necessitated by the public interest.

Mr. Landerkin charged that the item for the West Farnham post-office had been put in the estimates to appease Mr. Baker and his constituents for his failure to get a seat in the Cabinet. In a similar manner a grant had been made by the Government to the Sherbrooke fair to compensate for the disappointment of Mr. Ives, who was also a candidate for a Cabinet position.

Mr. Speaker took the chair, and the committee arose.

Mr. Bowell moved the adjournment of the House.

Mr. Landerkin, on the motion to adjourn, completed the reading of the article amid a deafening uproar, and said that after its publication the money had been granted to West Farnham and Sherbrooke.

Mr. Bowell, in answer to Mr. McMullen, said that the Intercolonial Railway was in a condition to fulfil its part in furnishing a fast transcontinental mail service all the way from the easternmost point of railway communication at North Sydney, C. B. The question of the advisability of constructing a railway wharf at North Sydney, suitable for the loading of coal, was one for consideration.

Mr. Bowell moved in amendment to the bill authorizing the granting of railway subsidies, that a clause be added providing that within a month after the commencement of each session of Parliament a statement of all moneys paid on account of subsidies, and to whom paid, shall be laid on the table, together with copies of all contracts between the Government and railway companies.

Mr. Mulock moved that a sub-section be added to the amended clause requiring subsidized railway companies to furnish a statement of payments made by them out of subsidies and the consideration thereof.

This amendment was lost.

Sir John Thompson moved that there be inserted in his Bill to further amend the Dominion Controverted Elections Act a clause providing that in case the petitioner against the return of a candidate should be found not to be qualified the petition should not be dismissed on that account, but within the time allowed by the court another petitioner should be allowed to file the petition.

Mr. Barron pointed out the danger of adopting such a clause as this, as it would be an encouragement to worthless people to file fictitious petitions.

Sir John Thompson withdrew the proposed amendment.

After Recess.

The House went into Committee of Supply.

Mr. McMullen, on the item of $5,000 for the post-office at Picton, said that there was a protest against the member for Prince Edward county, and this grant was proposed in order to facilitate his re-election.

Mr. McNeill called attention to the success which is being achieved in the realm of poetry by William Wilfred Campbell, an employee of the Railway Department, who is serving the county for $1.50 per day. He received very flattering criticisms from the highest sources both in Europe and America of the poem "Mother." It was only right and fitting that work such as this should be recognized. He believed that Canada's young poet would rank higher than Longfellow if he were placed in a position that would give him an opportunity for development. He hoped the Government would see its way clear to giving him a position in the library, in charge of Belles Lettres, which would enable Mr. Campbell to follow his inclination and bring further credit upon his native country.

Mr. Laurier said he would gladly endorse the statement to the favorable consideration of the Government. While he did not pretend to be a judge of poetry, in his estimate Mr. Campbell was one of the real living poets to-day of the English language. The poem called "Mother" was certainly something that had not been equalled since the days of Edgar Poe. Mr. Campbell was a young man, and if the Government gave him a position in the Library he would have opportunity to cultivate his talent, and it would be money well applied. Both sides of the House would heartily approve of such action.

On the item of $600 to pay claims connected with the Northwest rebellion, Mr. Laurier asked if anything had been done towards a settlement with Bremner.

Mr. Dewdney said Bremner's claim was now before the Department of Justice, and nothing had been done regarding it.

Mr. Watson complained bitterly respecting this treatment of Bremner, who was literally in poverty. It was certainly a great hardship for him to endure.

Mr. Laurier stated that his information was also that Bremner was in destitution.

Mr. Dewdney—His claim has swelled up greatly since last session.

Mr. Laurier—That may be so, but the Government ought to give him what was right.

Mr. Dewdney—The Government will take up the matter at an early date.

The item passed.

Mr. Laurier, on the item of $775 as extra pay and allowance to Dr. Bergin, while Surgeon-General in 1885, moved, seconded by Col. Tyrwhitt, that the item be struck out. He said that the Surgeon-General had no more right to be paid in accordance with Imperial regulations than the other officers. He understood this sum was the difference between what was paid him and hat allowed by the Queen's regulations.

The item was carried by 25 yeas to 20 nays.

The committee rose and reported progress.

In the Commons the speaker announced that he had issued his warrant for a writ for a new election in Quebec West to fill the vacancy caused by the expulsion of Mr. McGreevy. In reply to an interrogation Sir John Thompson said that the question of issuing a writ for it was not considered. Some time ago he mentioned to Mr. Laurier that he himself was favorable to the view that no election should take place until the new lists were prepared.

Mr. Foster then moved the adoption of the trades relations address to the Queen, praying for the abrogation of certain clauses in the treaties between Great Britain and Belgium and the German Zollverein, which would exempt Canada from the provisions of the treaties. He said that the existence of these clauses prevented Canada from making preferential trade relations between herself and her sister colonies or between Canada or other countries. Many also believed that the clauses prevented, or if not prevented, at any rate hampered the negotiations of a treaty between Canada and other countries. A plea for the Imperial Trade League was vaguely inserted in the address. It also concluded with an argument that Britain in future should take such a course owing to the governing spirit of protection that would permit Canada to have full control of her fiscal tariff, as it might be necessary to retaliate against the adverse tariff of other nations.

Mr. Laurier said that this was an argument in favor of what the Opposition always declared for, and that was that Canada should have a right to negotiate her own treaties. He objected to the vague state meents about the Imperial Trade League and moved an amendment to that part of the address which instructs Britain to keep herself free from any negotiations which would prevent herself and the colonies from some day entering into a trade league.

An act to reduce the representation of the Northwest Territories in Assembly from 26 to 25, was thrown out.

The Government Frauds Bill was amended so as to make it a misdemeanor for Government contractors to contribute funds towards elections. The bill was read the third time.

This concluded the business of the House.

Another Variation of an Old Joke.

"I own a thousand acres of land," said the heiress.

"How delightful!"

"And there are twenty young men after me."

"For the land's sake!"

"Yes."

Mrs. Lucian Mayberry, of Little Rock, Ark., is the mother of 10 boys, all born within a married life of 39 months. There are two sets of triplets and two pairs of twins. Mrs. Mayberry is a pretty blonde, plump and hearty, of barely 24 years of age.

Michael Davitt says that the next general election will leave Charles Stewart Parnell out of Irish politics.

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SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. Sold by all druggists, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1) by addressing FULFORD & CO. Brockville, Ont.

NEVER FAILS. CURES COLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH

TO CUT SCOTIA IN TWO.

A Great Ship Canal to Slice Her at the Waist.

English and Scotch engineers and shipowners are talking over a scheme for digging a big ship canal clear across Scotland, so that great steamers may be able to sail up the Clyde on the West coast and come down the Firth of Forth into the North Sea on the east. There is actually a canal between these two points at present; it has been there 100 years, but it is only 56 feet wide and 10 feet deep, so that it is of no use for ocean steamers. The plans now under consideration provide for an entirely new canal, two routes for which are suggested.

One of the routes proposes to make use of Loch Lomond and Loch Long, and strike the Clyde near its mouth. On this route, however, the canal would strike a few miles of mountainous country, part of which could be passed by deep cuttings, and about two miles of it by a tunnel 150 feet high through the hill. The length of this route is 69 miles, and the cost of the canal is estimated at $40,000,000.

A more probable and more favorable route is that shown in the map, which is reproduced from *Cassell's Magazine*. This line is very nearly direct between the two termini, and is only twenty-nine miles. It is figured that a canal on this line could be built twenty-six feet deep and 100 feet wide at the bottom, for about $35,000,000, and it is estimated that a low scale of tolls would yield an income of $3,000,000 per annum.

On this route twelve locks would be required, and the canal would cross six railways and the present barge canal. Vessels now bound from a port on the east coast of Scotland to one on the west coast have to go round by the north through dangerous currents and prevailing fogs, or else run down through the crowded English channel, and make a long circuit round the southern end of England.

The proposed Forth-Clyde canal would lessen the dangers and save some hundreds of miles.

SUICIDE OF THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

General Boulanger, who cut a big swath in European affairs a few years ago, and who, some people thought, would, like the little corporal, be one day dictator of France, committed suicide this morning at the grave of his late mistress, Madame Bonnemain. George Ernest Jean Marie Boulanger, general of France and ex-Minister of War, was born at Rennes, in 1837. He received a portion of his education at Brighton, Eng., but, like a good Frenchman, he detested speaking any language but his own. He entered the military college of St. Cyr in 1855; he was made a sublieutenant in 1857. He was sent to Algeria, where he served under Marshal Ranolon in the Kabyle campaign. He served also in the Franco-Italian war, and was wounded at Turbigo. In 1860 he was made a lieutenant. In 1862 he became a captain, the promotion having come as a reward for service in Cochin-China. He was made a major just before the war with Germany in 1870. At Metz he was with Bazaine, but he somehow escaped the fate of Bazaine's army, and turned up in Paris, where he was made a lieutenant-colonel by the government of national defence. This was in October, 1870. From November 30th to December 2nd he fought at Champigny. While leading his troops against the Communists he was wounded. After the suppression of the Commune, his newly attained promotion was quashed by the Grade Revision Committee, but it was restored to him in 1874. (In 1876 he represented France at the centennial exhibition in Philadelphia.) He became a brigadier-general in 1880. Boulanger was appointed to the command of the army of occupation in Tunis, but he was soon recalled because of a disagreement with the resident general. In the De Freycinet Cabinet, formed January 7th, 1886, Boulanger became Minister of War. When Goblet succeeded De Freycinet, Boulanger retained the portfolio, but he went out of office when Rouvier became President of the Council in 1887. But the general was sent to Clermont Ferrand to take command of an army corps, Paris giving him an ovation when he left the city. When the Limousin scandal startled France, Boulanger was thought to be implicated. But he wrote an indignant letter of denial which seemed to satisfy the country. Not content, however, with his denial he made some rather free assertions about Gen. Ferron, the Minister of War. For this act of insubordination he was placed under close arrest at his own headquarters for a period of thirty days. Just before this Jules Ferry, in a public speech, had called "le brav' general" "a cafe concert hero." This brought a challenge from Boulanger, but Ferry, like a sensible man, declined to fight. In March, '88, the Government having decided to cashier the general by placing him on the retired list, Boulanger resolved to take advantage of his growing popularity by beginning a vigorous campaign against the ministry. Vacancies shortly after occurred in the representation for the Dordogne and the Nord. Boulanger declined to stand for the Dordogne, but he was nevertheless elected by 59,500 votes, as against 35,750 for his opponent. In the Nord, where he personally conducted the campaign, he scored 172,528 votes, against 85,548 for two opponents.

This was on the 15th of April, 1888, a date which he declared would be marked in the annals of the country as a date of true deliverance. Boulanger became the hero of demonstrations wherever he went. The populace idolized him as the coming man who was to save France from the blunders of incompetent statesmen and the frauds of immoral political combinations, and who would be, perhaps, the leader in a war of revenge.

Subsequently Boulanger's popularity waned for a while, and his candidate in the Charente, M. Paul Deroulede, was defeated at the polls. Boulanger appeared in the Chamber of Deputies and demanded the dissolution of the Chamber. A stormy scene followed. M. Floquet made a vigorous oratorical attack upon the general, who replied "You lie!" Then came the duel with rapiers on Comte Dillon's estate at Neuilly. Clemenceau and Georges Perin were Floquet's seconds; Laisant and DeHerisse acted for the general, who received a deep wound in the neck. Recovering from the injury thus received, Boulanger stood as a candidate at the bye elections in the Nord, Somme and Charente Inferieure departments, and he was elected by large majorities. Then he stood for Paris, and was elected. For a time he was the idol of France, but stormy days came; the General fled and took refuge in England, and from the date of his flight his downfall commenced. He had gradually disappeared from public view, and the announcement of his death to-day only recalls the fact that such a stormy petrel once lived.

Very Near It.

New York *Herald*: Wool—I came near hiring a girl to-day who could wash, iron, cook, bake, sew, play the piano, write shorthand, play lawn tennis, strum the mandolin and speak Volapuk.

Van Pelt—How did you come to miss her?

Wool—She left on her wedding trip fifteen minutes before I reached the house.

Base is the Slave Who Pays.

Jinks—How did Beate come to recover?

Filkins—Why, Dr. Fourthly tried to console him by speaking of his debt to nature, and Beate said he'd be hanged if he paid it.

William Flemming, of Campbellford, was severely injured by the premature explosion of a blast yesterday.

Aaron Fetterly was killed at Morrisburg yesterday in a collision between two ballast trains on the canal works.

The wages of shop girls in London begin at $35 to $40 a year.

A new infantry drill book is to be issued by the British War Office authorities within the next two or three weeks, and it is said to contain some striking changes and innovations in tactics. The marvelous accuracy of the new weapons has doomed the close order, or "brick-wall formation," and the day of mathematical movements is over.

Lady Harris, wife of the Governor of Bombay, is an excellent cricketer, and was captain of the winning side in a successful cricketing match recently held.

Clara—"I thought you expected your French maid on this steamer?" Maud—"I did. But the steame didn't stop at Queenstown."

The statue of William Ellery Chenning, to be erected in Newport at a cost of $20,000, is given by W. J. Weld, now of that city, but formerly a Bostonian. The granite base will stand ten feet above the ground, and the bronze will run nine feet higher.

"Why did you talk in French to Ethel last night?" "Because I had something to impart to her that I wished no one else to know." "But there was a French lady sitting close behind you." "Yes, but I have since discovered she didn't understand a word was said."

"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to any-one wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to every-one for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure. ®

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

A TAX ON BACHELORS.

A Bill That Will Make Unmarried Georgians Warm.

A bill has passed the Georgia Legislature imposing a tax on bachelors. Under its terms it will cost a Georgian $25 annually to begin the bachelor business at thirty years of age, and on a rising scale of $25 for each five years a man of sixty will be put to the expense of $150 for the privilege of going without a wife.

A more ghastly piece of legislation could hardly be conceived, striking as it does at the very roots of personal liberty.

Government has quite as much right to fine a man for not wearing a beard as for not marrying. Government has also the same moral right to impose a tax on bachelors as it has to fine the poor for the benefit of the rich under the guise of a "protective' tariff.

"Government" is only all of us, and "all of us" can do as we please.—*Pawtucket (R. I.) Tribune.*

Holding Wheat.

Another "hold your wheat" circular has been issued by the alliance. A good many farmers have already held their wheat longer than they wished they had. It is a very good rule to sell, if you want to sell at all, when you can get a good price for a thing. The first circular about holding wheat was based on the facts that wheat at the time was low and the demand was to be large. That demand has not been supplied, but the first movements in that direction brought the price of wheat up to fair valuation. It looks now that while wheat will continue to go across the ocean for the next six months that the amount exported will depend upon the price. One man or any combination of men cannot fix that price. Europe will do without millions of bushels of wheat that she needs and needs badly if an attempt is made to put an exorbitant price upon it. That has been demonstrated in previous years, when the foreign demand almost ceased under fictitious values. It is all right to hold wheat or anything else for a fair price, particularly when the prospect of obtaining a fair price is as promising as it was in July in regard to wheat, but beyond that a holder goes on to the risky ground of speculation, and is liable to suffer.—*Rochester Herald.*

Europe and the Far East.

It has rained only twice in twenty-nine years in Aden, and then only enough to lay the dust.

It is estimated that the treasure lying idle in India in the shape of hoards of ornaments amounts to £250,000,000.

In Corea sheets of paper pass for money; one sheet brings one quart of rice or twenty sheets a piece of hemp cloth.

The accommodations of the Vatican may be imagined when the Pope put 3,200 beds in it at the disposal of the French pilgrims free of charge.

Old French forts are being sold very cheap. A French artist has bought the Fort du Guesclin for about $1,100. They go from a few hundreds to $1,000.

The Funnels of Great Steamers.

Most persons would say that the diameter of the largest steamer funnel is four to six feet, and would want to wager that it is not more than eight feet. How far from the actual size such guesses are may be understood when it is stated that the funnel of the Etruria measures a little over 18 feet in diameter. At even a short distance away this can hardly be believed. It gives an idea of the enormous size of the big steamers.

An Accompaniment Wanted.

Minnie (with novel, to Mamie, at piano)—Please play something pathetic, dear, I have just reached the chapter where the heroine stands weeping on the shore as the hero sails away, perhaps never, never to return.

Inquisitiveness Rebuked.

Puck: Is Tuffy a drinking man?

Bluffy—Yes; an eating man, and a sleeping man, and a dressing man—just like all the rest of us!

—Revenge.—George—The girl I used to go with will sit behind us at the theatre tonight. Ethel—Mamma, do you know where I put my high hat.

D. C. N. L. 42. 91

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