A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.........

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Tempus fugit." If Solomon be right, and there is indeed a time for everything, there is surely a time to rejoice as well as a time to mourn over this truism,—to mourn when good days come to an unfruitful end, to rejoice when in the dim future happiness may loom. To Kitty alone, perhaps, the thought brings neither pain nor pleasure. It is a matter of indifference to her whether the hours haste or tarry.

Sunny August and golden September have fled, and October reigns,—bleak month, full of sad thoughts, ushered in by blinding rain and passionate storm.

To-day the wind is dancing mad dances round the chimney pots and gables of Laxton, drowning the song of birds, dashing itself wildly against window-panes, rushing through shrubberies and across lawns, to pass on with an angry shriek through the gaunt trees that grow each minute more naked beneath its rude touch.

The leaves from the avenue are drifting helplessly hither and thither falling thick as snow-flakes, and glancing forlornly in at drawing-room and boudoir, as though to crave some sympathy for their untimely fate.

The sky is gray and overcast. The earth is a dull green. Nature has ceased to be mirthful. Below in the bay, the ocean, full of furious rage, dashes itself against rock and boulder, whilst ever and anon the noise of its wrath creeping up from the harbor bar, overwhelms and puts to silence the wild laughter of the wintry wind.

Inside the house a deep calm asserts itself. In the halls huge fires crackle and burn fiercely; but the sound of the pine logs as they flare and sparkle is almost the only thing that disturbs the strange quiet of room and corridor.

Up-stairs, too, all is still. The very servants go softly and on tiptoe, and—— Hush ! If you will enter this particular room, why, take care, then, you do it with finger on lip and slowest, quietest footsteps.

The blinds are all lowered. The storm seems miles away. A small but brilliant fire burns calmly,—politely,—as though it fully understands the importance of the occasion, and how necessary is perfect tranquility, and how unpardonable a crime would be even a falling cinder.

On the hearth-rug stands a tall, plump, motherly-looking woman of about forty, who sweeps the room at intervals with her ox-like eyes, and, letting them fall upon the bed in the distance, allows them to linger on it contentedly, as though she considers herself "monarch of all she surveys" there.

There is a serenity about this woman not to be surpassed,—an extreme repose it must have taken years to perfect. She appears quite mistress of the situation; and as even gentle Gretchen enters, with soft movement and suspended breath, she lays her finger on her lip, and shakes her head mysteriously, as though to enforce still further caution.

Gretchen nods sweetly to her, and, passing on to the side of the bed, bends over it and looks down upon Kitty. Such a fair fragile Kitty ! but a Kitty lovelier than she has ever been before. Upon her arm rests a little pink flannel bundle, from which it seems a difficult matter for her to remove her eyes. Gretchen, stooping over the pink bundle, opens it carefully, and gazes lovingly at its contents.

"He is asleep," murmurs Kitty, glancing up for a moment, with a divine smile.

"He always is, isn't he ? Darling !" whispers Gretchen, in a tone of passionate admiration, intended for the pink bundle.

Kitty, raising one of her hands, touches the cheek of the sleeping infant, as though to assure herself again for the hundredth time that he is really flesh and blood and her very own.

"Isn't he pretty ?" she says, flushing softly.

"Pretty ! He is the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life. Pretty ! What a word !" says Gretchen, in a tone that borders on offense.

On this the first "lady of the bedchamber" sees cause to interfere. She sails across the room and looks down with scrutiny upon the unconscious infant.

"Yes, he is a beauty, bless him," she says, warmly. "But he'll catch cold if you uncover his nose."

With this she wraps the baby up again so closely that Kitty suffers mental agonies in the fear that he will die of suffocation, and surreptitiously puts a small white finger on his mouth every now and then, to try if he still breathes.

"He mustn't be interfered with, you know ; he won't like it," says nurse, in an obscure tone, nodding her head in a dark fashion, as though she could say more "an she would."

"Oh, no, of course not," says Gretchen, hastily, who is plainly very much afraid of her.

"There's never any knowing what turn a baby may take," goes on nurse, who clearly wishes it to be understood that though mother and aunt may possibly feel some faint interest in the little one, she, and she alone, is the sole proprietor.

"And I wouldn't talk, you know," she goes on, still uncomfortably full of mystery. "It's fever,—that's what it means. And what will your ma and the doctor say ?" addressing Lady Blunden. "There's nothing so bad as talking. It sets one's brain afire. I never talk,—never ! It's poison. Why, I knew two as lovely young women as ever I met in my life, and they had friends—as they called themselves—who would talk to 'em; and what came of it ? Why, they went out like the snuff of a candle. 'Save me from my friends,' says I, as King David said long before me."

"Who went out, Nurse ?—was it the friends ?" asks Kitty.

"No, my dear. The young women; they drooped and died, as the song says."

"I should like to talk for a little while," says poor Kitty, who is deadly tired of the enforced silence, and is longing to hear all Gretchen's flattering comments on her first-born.

"I dare say, my dear. I never yet saw a young lady who didn't. But I've told you the consequences."

"But I'm positive Mrs. Dugdale won't snuff me out," persists Kitty, with a faint but amused laugh. Gretchen, however, is too terrified at the awful weight of evidence brought to bear on the case to back her up in her rebellion, and only gazes at her beseechingly.

"You think so, of course," says the worthy woman, with a pitying sigh. "They all thinks that. But I've seed what I've seed, and deaths, and destructions, and motherless babies,—and——"

"Oh, Nurse, I sha'n't say one word to her. You may trust me," interrupts Gretchen, aghast. And true to her word, she declines all Kitty's attempts at conversation, and, sinking into a chair, contents herself with holding the invalid's hand and taking an occasional peep at the little gentleman lying so sweetly in the arms of Morpheus.

* * * * * *

The birth of this little son—this most wonderful child in all the world, as his mother firmly believes him to be—has touched a chord in Kitty's breast hitherto unsounded. His advent has changed and softened her whole nature to an unusual degree. The clutch of baby fingers, the moist pressure of two small lips, the nestling of a helpless head, the crushing of a tender face against one's bosom,—what woman who has ever felt all this but has known what it is to be ennobled and rendered kindlier and purer in heart and soul ?"

Kitty's very face has altered in expression ; and has gained additional beauty. From her lips the coldness and bitterness so long habitual to them have vanished, leaving only love and—naturally, considering the trial she has undergone—some deep regret, while her eyes, though full of uncontrollable melancholy, have lost the fire that at times burned too fiercely in them. Grief has taken the place of anger, and, although unacknowledged even to herself, each day inclines her heart towards forgiveness.

There are moments when, with the child upon her knee, she is almost happy, lost in her love for her present treasure; but these glad moments are paid for heavily by the long hours of terrible depression that inevitably follow on them, and that arise from what she dares not confess even to her own heart, but what is in reality a suppressed longing to show the little one to his father.

She has forbidden Gretchen to put the boy's birth in any of the papers, or to let Sir John know in any way, directly or indirectly, of his existence, to Gretchen's deep but unavailing regret. Perhaps, indeed, the latter might have transgressed the rules laid down by Kitty, had Sir John been within reach of news; but up to this no one has heard any tidings of him or been made aware of his whereabouts.

After that first day when Kitty with vehement tears had demanded a promise from Gretchen that the child's birth should not be advertised, and Gretchen, because of her fear lest agitation in her then weak state should be prejudicial to her sister's health, had given reluctantly the desired promise, Kitty had made no mention of Sir John. But to-day, lying on a couch, in the library, with King Baby sleeping in a bewilderingly beautiful bassinet close to her, she breaks the reserve that for so many weeks she has religiously kept.

Gretchen, sitting in a low chair near the fire, with a letter from Kenneth in her hand, is reading aloud little portions of it.

"It seems so strange," she says presently, laying down the letter, to think that in two weeks I shall again see him. To think that all the time that seemed so interminable has nearly come to an end ; that soon—soon—he will be in this room with me again ; that I shall hear him, speak to him, touch him !"

"How happy the thought makes you," says Kitty, in a curious tone.

"Too happy,"—dreamily ; "I am afraid to think of it. There are yet two whole weeks, and—so many things can happen in fourteen days."

"He is better, dearest. He says so."

"Yes, he says so. I dare say better; but I fear he thought he should get well, and there is no mention here"—touching the letter—"of being able to walk or even to stand, or anything to make me think he is in any wise different from what he was when leaving. His recovery has proved a failure."

"I never quite believed in that myself. Never mind, darling,"—mournfully,—"you have his love, and that is surely worth more than all the world beside. To be able to trust fully in what one loves——" She pauses abruptly, and raising her hand, with a sigh, to her brow, gazes into the fire.

"Oh, that you could try to trust again !" whispers Gretchen, bending forward and flushing warmly. Kitty's face darkens. She lets her hand fall again into her lap and shakes her head.

"I only loved one man in all my life, and he betrayed me," she says, in a low voice, but one full of passion.

"Dear Kitty, betrayed you !—surely that is too hard a word. I sometimes tell myself there must be misconceptions that may yet be cleared up."

"Outsiders always think that. And w woman can never quite see that a man is to blame. But if you had suffered as I have suffered it would be different,—as I still suffer,"—in a tremulous tone,—"because in spite of everything I love him yet. That is my heaviest misfortune. At times I have felt half mad. Do you remember how, long ago, when we read that quotation,—

'Hell hath no fury like a woman
scorned,'—

we used to laugh at it and say it was a strained sentiment, and that no woman could feel so badly ? I don't laugh at it now. There were moments when, sitting and watching that woman looking into his eyes, and trying her utmost to steal him from me, and succeeding I have felt as though I could gladly have thrust a knife into her heart."

She has grown deadly pale, and is drawing her breath hard.

"Dearest," entreats Gretchen, kneeling down beside her, with tears in her eyes, and slipping an arm round her neck, "do not talk so. It is terrible. My poor darling, try not to think of it."

"I never cease thinking of it. How would you feel if Kenneth were to treat you so ?"

"Oh, Kitty !" says Gretchen, with quick reproach and a pained expression, recoiling a little. "You forget ! Poor Kenneth !"

"Ah, true. You are happy that it is so. He is all your own. You are content, while I—I am utterly stranded. I have lost everything."

Very often Gretchen raises the sleeping infant from his cradle and places him upon Kitty's knees.

"With that child in your arms," she says, gently, bending an adoring face above it, "how can you speak so ? You make me think you do not deserve so great a treasure."

"I had forgotten him. My baby, my beloved," says Kitty; and then she cries silently but bitterly, the tears running down her cheeks unchecked. One falls lightly upon the slumbering child.

"You must not cry, Kitty; I forbid it," says Gretchen, austerely. "If you do, you will make baby ill, and yourself ill, and then I shall inevitably fall sick also with fretting about you two. See, you have let a tear disfigure his forehead ; and tears must be unlucky on so young a creature. A cruel baptism."

She carefully wipes away the sign of grief, while baby growls, and frowns, and shakes his head, and clenches his small fists, and shows in every way the thorough annoyance he feels at the liberty taken with his majesty's pink face.

"See how he sleeps,—so peacefully, sweet darling," goes on Gretchen, giving Kitty time to recover. "I believe honestly I think more of him than you do."

Kitty smiles.

"You have had him for a long time now, Kitty, haven't you? Give him to me for a little bit. Don't be afraid ; I shan't wake him, and I promise faithfully not to drop him."

Taking him in her arms very gently, and with a certain motherly touch that comes naturally to her and sits very sweetly on her, Gretchen walks up and down the room with the little one, crooning a tender old-fashioned cradle song as she goes.

"What lovely little hands he has!" she says, presently, in a caressing whisper. "I think I never saw such tiny hands on any baby before."

"Are they small ?" asks Kitty, rising to examine into this important subject. "Yes: yet I think Mrs. Brooke's baby had hands quite as small."

"Not nearly," says Gretchen, emphatically. "How can you say so ? You don't half appreciate him. He should be my child, a sweet—a darling. Yet I think he will be dark, like his mammy."

"I hope he will not resemble me in any way," says Kitty, quickly, "neither in face, nor form, nor disposition. I hope he will be like you, Gretchen, because then he may be happy."

"That is so likely !" says Gretchen, laughing.

"Why not ? Many a child is more like its aunt than its mother. Why not mine ?"

"I am too fair for a boy. You would surely prefer him darker ?"

"I was not thinking of hair, or eyes, or skin when I spoke. I was only wishing he might have a soul as fair as yours."

"Perhaps he will be like his father," says Gretchen, slowly.

But Kitty makes no reply.

(To Be Continued.)

NEVER BE SECOND CLASS.

A Few Hints Which the Boys Should Read.

You can hardly imagine a boy saying : "I am going to be a second class man. I don't want to be first class, and get the good jobs, the high pay. Second-class jobs are good enough for me."

Such a boy would be regarded as lacking in good sense. You can get to be a second-class man, however, by not trying to be a first-class one. Thousands do that all the time so that second-class men are a drug on the market.

They are taken and used when the better article is scarce, or is too-high-priced for the occasion. For work that really amounts to anything, first-class men are wanted.

Many things make second-class men. A man menaced by dissipation, whose understanding is dull and slow, whose growth has been stunted, is a second-class man—if, indeed, he is not third class. A man who, through his amusements in his leisure hours, exhausts his strength and vitality, vitiates his blood, wears his nerves till his limbs tremble like leaves in the wind, is only half a man, and could in no sense be called first class.

Everybody knows the things that make these second-class characteristics. Boys smoke cigarettes to be smart and imitate older boys. Then they keep on because they have created an appetite as unnatural as it is harmful. Dissipation in other forms is pursued because of pleasures to be derived, but the surest consequence is that of becoming second-class, below the standard of the best men for any purpose.

Education of some sort, and even a pretty good sort, is possible to practically everyone in our land. Failure to get the best education available, whether it be in books or in business training, is sure to relegate one to the ranks of the second class.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

For Weak, Sickly and Fretful Children of All Ages.

If the children's digestive organs are all right, the children are all right. They will be hearty, rosy, happy—and hungry. Get the little ones right, and keep them right by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine cures all stomach and bowel troubles, nervousness, irritation while teething, etc. These Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous drugs and mothers who try them once will not be without them while they have little ones. Mrs. D. E. Badgley, Woodmore, Man., says: "When our little girl was about six months old she caught a bad cold, and was much troubled with indigestion and constipation, and very restless both day and night. One of my neighbors brought me some Baby's Own Tablets and in a few days my little one was regular in her bowels and rested well. I found the Tablets so satisfactory that I now always keep them in the house and have since found them valuable when she was teething. I can truly recommend them for the ills of little ones."

Children take these Tablets readily, and crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the smallest infant. The Tablets can be obtained at all drug stores, or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

POISONOUS PARSNIPS.

It is a curious fact that the common edible parsnip—Pastinaca sativa—when allowed to run wild, becomes a skin poison, acting upon the cuticle somewhat after the manner of Rhus toxicodendron, and also that variety of primula known as obconica. Another peculiar fact is that it is especially poisonous when the dew is upon it, though when dry it is said to be perfectly safe. It produces in the former condition quite a smart-rash. Some years ago in a poisoning case which proved fatal, the doctor in attendance kept the parsnips, regarding the identity of which there could be no doubt, as they contained the tooth-marks of those who had eaten them. He subsequently planted them, and they grew to be the real garden parsnip. Just why these transformations from poisonous to non-poisonous should take place has not yet been found out.

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY

Modern chemistry has produced such changes in the colorings of many of our stones and minerals that it is possible to imitate many of them to improve upon nearly all. Any colored onyx can be obtained by simple chemical processes, and the common dull colors of this stone can be converted into brilliant hues, thus greatly increasing the value. Not only can the whole stone be made to change color, but sections and lines of it can be made to assume a red, black, yellow, or white or black. Agates are easily converted into an onyx-like substance and character, which lapidaries use for color, while the rest is pure white cameos and intaglios.

About the ....House

SOME CRANBURY COOKERY.

Sauce—Add 1 cup boiling water to 1 qt carefully picked cranberries and cook slowly until the skins burst, then stir in 2 cups granulated sugar, and simmer 10 minutes longer. Turn into molds and let get cold. Cranberries cooked in this manner will jelly beautifully and are by many preferred with turkey to the strained jelly. Cooking too long develops a more acid taste, and will make the skins tough and indigestible.

Tart—Line a deep perforated pie dish with good paste, and fill it with cranberry sauce cooked as in preceding recipe. Put several strips of puff paste across the top in lattice fashion and bake in a quick oven.

Pudding—Mix together 1 beaten egg, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2½ cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, and 1 cup chopped cranberries. Turn into an oiled mold, cover, and steam for 1 hour. Serve with any sweet liquid sauce.

Cranberry Olives—Spread slices of turkey, veal or roast beef with cranberry sauce cooked as in first recipe, sprinkle with grated crumbs, season lightly, add some little bits of butter, roll up and tie. Dip in melted butter, roll in seasoned crumbs (using salt, pepper, minced onion and celery for seasoning) and brown lightly in a quick oven. Delicious for breakfast, lunch or tea.

CABBAGE RELISHES.

Fried—Chop cabbage fine, place in a frying pan containing 1 cup bacon dripping, 1 pt boiling water, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons sugar, ½ pepper pod, salt to taste. Stir often, cooking until brown.

Foam—Slice a solid cabbage very thin. Season with salt and pepper. Add ½ or 1 cup good cream, according to size of cabbage, 2 teaspoons sugar. Stir vigorously with a fork and just before serving stir in as much cider vinegar as you have used of cream. Keep very cold.

Cold Slaw—Slice a solid head very thin. Season with salt, pepper and sugar. Stir in enough cider vinegar to have it real sharp.

Cream Slaw—Slice a solid head very thin. Place in the pan 1 tablespoon butter. When hot, put in the cabbage, with a very little water. Let simmer until thoroughly done. Beat 1 egg very light and stir in slowly, then ½ cup sour cream. Salt and pepper to taste.

Warm Slaw—Boil together the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons each sugar and sour cream, 1 tablespoon butter, and 1 cup vinegar. Pour this over finely cut cabbage that has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Serve at once.

FANCY CAKES.

Sublime Cake—Beat the white of 11 eggs to a stiff froth, add to them the yolks of 3 eggs well beaten and 1½ cups powdered sugar well sifted, 1 teaspoon lemon extract and 1 cup flour sifted five times, with 1 teaspoon cream tartar. Bake in a moderate oven in an ungreased pan. Place the pan upside down for cake to cool slightly lifted on one side, and it will drop out or can be easily removed by slipping a knife around the edges when cold.

Rose Cake—Two cups powdered sugar, 3 cups sifted flour, whites of 6 eggs beaten stiff, ½ cup butter, 1 cup water, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Color part of the dough pink, flavor with rose, and bake in layers, two white, the middle one pink. Make a filling of icing, and put with same. Ornament the top with three roses made as follows : While the icing is still wet, arrange candied rose leaves in circles, letting them overlap a little. Three layers make them about right. Leave a small circle in the center, into which drop the yolk of hard-boiled egg pulverized. It will stick while frosting is wet and a little care will make the imitation of roses perfect.

VARIOUS RECIPES.

Green Corn Pudding—Draw a sharp knife through each row of corn lengthwise, then scrape out the pulp. To one pint of this corn add one pint of milk and one pint of cream, three eggs, thoroughly beaten, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half tablespoonful of flour. Bake for one hour, stirring occasionally until it thickens.

Foamy Pudding Sauce—Cream half a cupful of butter, add a cupful of powdered sugar and flavor with vanilla. Set aside until just before serving, then add a fourth of a cupful of hot milk and the white of an egg beaten to a foam. Beat till light and foamy.

Spiced Grapes—Take seven pounds of fruit, three and a half pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, and one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and grated nutmeg. Pulp the fruit, boil in the vinegar until soft, press through a colander, add the skins, sugar and spices ; then boil until thick.

Canning Grapes Whole—Pick only sound grapes off the stem, being very careful not to break the skins. Fill cans with grapes, then cover with cold water, put into a kettle or boiler packed with hay and water, and keep the cans from breaking. Cover up and let them cook until grapes are heated through. Carefully turn off all juice and fill with hot syrup as thick as molasses. Seal at once. They are delicious. Jelly may be made by taking the same proportions of juice as are used for crab apple jelly.

HOW TO PRESERVE FERNS.

Gather, during a walk through the woods, an armful of ferns, selecting perfect ones ; lay smoothly between newspapers and put to press under a trunk. These may so remain until returning to the city. Fill rose bowls half of sand and stick these preserved ferns in them, placing them about your rooms, making a woodsy spot all winter. If the ferns become dusty wash gently and return to place. The smallest ferns may be used with fresh flowers for the table, or bouquet for the dress, says Harper's Bazar.

To make a pretty table fernery, make a birch-box six inches wide, nine long—or round if you prefer it—and three inches deep. Paste cloth around the edges to prevent bits of earth from finding their way out. Plant in the box roots of small ferns, filling the spaces with green moss or "running pine." Sprinkle every day and keep in a cool place at night, and your table fernery will keep fresh and green all summer.

KNITTING AS A MEDICINE.

Knitting is declared by specialists in the treatment of rheumatism to be a most helpful exercise for hands liable to become stiff from the complaint, and it is being prescribed by physicians because of its efficiency in limbering up the hand of such sufferers. For persons liable to cramp, paralysis or any other affection of the fingers of that character, knitting is regarded as a most beneficial exercise. Besides, the simple work is said to be an excellent diversion for the nerves, and is recommended to women suffering from insomnia and depression. In certain sanitariums patients are encouraged to make use of bright steels, and the work is so pleasant that it is much enjoyed by them.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

It is said that two ounces of permanganate of potash thrown into a cistern where the water has become foul will purify it completely.

Rusty iron articles if left over night in a bath of sour whey can be cleansed more easily than in any other way, according to an exchange.

Tomatoes may be canned at home by paring them without scalding or cutting, putting them in a kettle on the back of the stove and letting the juice draw out slowly. When there is sufficient juice so they will not burn, let them cook till done, then can in the usual fashion. Use no water in them, or they will spoil.

Very few people dry sweet corn these days. But it is good for a change in midwinter, for it seems to have a different flavor from the canned.

Babies' knitted hoods, crocheted and knitted wool shawls, etc., can be nicely cleaned by rubbing them in dry flour.

A nice way to use hard pears is to "ginger" them. To two pounds of fruit allow two pounds of sugar and a pint of water, with one ounce of tincture of ginger or its equivalent in fresh ginger root. Make a syrup of the sugar and water and cook the pears in it until transparent, but not until they break. The pears should be chipped into small pieces. Apples may be put up in the same way.

CANADIAN TOURS.

Sir Alfred Jones Working Out Details of Scheme.

The latest development in the tourist direction is a scheme for circular tours at an inclusive price between Great Britain and Canada. Sir Alfred Jones, of London, is interesting himself in the matter, and is working out the details of the arrangements that have to be made. Railway interests on both sides of the Atlantic have to be approached to ensure the perfect working of the idea. Sir Alfred's main basis is that a passenger ought to be able to go to a tourist agency and pay for a ticket which would cover all expenses, including those by sea and land, both traveling and hotel. This, in Sir Alfred's opinion, would greatly stimulate travel between the two countries. It is his firm belief that Englishmen have everything to gain by a journey through the vigorous lands of the West and by a study of their methods of life. He recently sent out a number of working men to study trade conditions in Canada and the United States.

It is to give the same advantages to people in a better position that he is evolving the present scheme, which, it may be stated, would affect a considerable reduction in the expenses at present necessarily incidental to a tour in the New World.

The principal cities and resorts in Canada will be embraced in the arrangements. No details are yet settled, and the scheme could not be brought into working order before next season.

SUCCESSFUL ELSEWHERE.

Sir Alfred Jones, who has an Imperial motive in everything he does, has found that by making similar provision for through booking to the West Indies and the Canary Islands, travel to these places has been steadily on the increase.

"At present," said Sir Alfred Jones, "through a scheme similar to the one I am developing for Canada it is possible to go to the Canary Islands and back for £15, which includes both hotel and traveling expenses. No less than 3,000 people availed themselves of this opportunity last season, and this year people are going out in the summer for the sake of the sea voyage. Jamaica will soon become very popular as a New Riviera resort. It is one of the countries of the future."

Regarding the new Canadian and South African service, Sir Alfred said that it was opening a totally new market to Canada, and as such would bring a prosperity to the two colonies which would react favorably on the empire.

PIERPONT MORGAN.

What the Great Financier Looks Like.

Imagine a face which combines the chief characteristics of Bismarck, Cecil Rhodes and Lord Roberts, and you can get an idea of what Mr. Pierpont Morgan is like. There is not another face like it in the wide world. Like the two historical giants first mentioned, he is tall, being over six feet in height, and fairly heavy. One's first impression of Morgan's countenance is that it is a fierce one, but a subsequent glance reveals an underlying good nature. It has enormous powers of expression, and is marked by strong lines.

Life has written a great story upon Pierpont Morgan's countenance, which tells of battles, hopeless, hard-fought, but won openhanded without dissimulation or subterfuge. Written in his countenance are his life secrets, hard work, indomitable will, tremendous powers of observation, and assimilation, elephantine toughness tempered by flexibility, and enormous, volcanic vital force.

Morgan does not conceal his emotions, nor does he attempt to do so. When pleased he signifies his pleasure by emphatic approval, if of a humorous kind by the heartiest of laughs. To look at him is to almost catch the infection of his intensely energetic nature, and he infuses all with whom he comes in contact with his spirit.

Like most Americans, he smokes incessantly, large strong cigars. He eats much, drinks moderately, works hard, and sleeps hard.

The only sign of failing about him is his hair, which is growing thin. What remains, however, is crisp, bright, and silvery.

He is one of those huge masses of vitality which every now and again, as in cases of Napoleon, Bismarck, Gladstone, and Cecil Rhodes, affect the destinies of their generation, and there is no living personality possessed of so much gigantic energy backed up by such colossal wealth.

The longest funeral procession ever seen was that which followed the great Duke of Wellington in 1852. It was between three and four miles long.

The longest day of the year at New York is fifteen hours; at London, sixteen and a half; at St. Petersburg, nineteen; at Tornea, Finland, twenty-two; and at Spitzbergen, three months and a half.

BENDING BOTTLES.

A glass that will not break, that can be moulded into any desired form, that can be hammered without catastrophe—in short, a glass that will be as malleable as lead or any other metal is the extraordinary claim that Louis Kauffeld, glass-worker, makes for a new kind of glass he has just discovered. With an ordinary goblet made of the new material he can hammer a nail through a tough board. He can bore a hole into a glass pane, and then patch it with another piece of the same kind of glass. Coffee-pots and tea-kettles can be made of the new substance, and will no more crack, even under the most intense heat, than would steel. While Kauffeld's process is unknown to anybody except himself, he recently volunteered the information that the lime and lead that are used in the manufacture of ordinary glass do not enter into the composition of this. "The secret lies," he said, "in the chemicals that are used in making of this glass, and the proportions in which these chemicals are put into it." There are many legends concerning malleable glass. There is a story that a glassworker in ancient Venice centuries ago discovered the secret. He made glass bottles and jars that he could hammer into flattened strips without breaking them, and rolled the glass into balls, which he could throw against the walls of the town without injuring them.

AT SMITH'S FALLS

A WONDERFUL CURE FOR BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

So Weak He Couldn't Stand—Terribly Broken Up and Unable to Find a Cure — Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Him Well.

Smith's Falls, Sept. 15.—(Special.)—The cure of Mr. Theodore Young of this place is a wonderful example of the progress that medical science has made in the last few years.

Up till a short time ago the doctors claimed that Bright's Disease was absolutely incurable, and in fact there are a few who still adhere to this theory.

But Bright's Disease is not incurable. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure this terrible malady and have done so in thousands of cases.

Those who are skeptical need not go farther than this town to find proof. Mr. Young makes this statement:

"I was afflicted for about two years with Kidney Trouble and chronic Bright's Disease. My urine was very dark and I lost considerable blood, making me so weak I could scarcely stand.

"After using the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I was much better, and when I had used four boxes I was able to resume work which I had not done for some time previous.

"I can conscientiously recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to any one afflicted as I was."

Mr. Young's case is only one of a great many where Dodd's Kidney Pills came to the rescue after everything had failed. They have conquered Bright's Disease and restored to life and health men and women who had not expected to ever again enjoy this great blessing.

Dodd's Kidney Pills having demonstrated their ability to grapple with Kidney Disease in its very worst form—Bright's Disease—can certainly be depended on to cure any of the lesser forms.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine that has ever cured Bright's Disease.

PAPER-MAKING MATERIALS.

The enormous quantity of timber used annually for conversion into paper pulp is making huge inroads into the available forests, and many of the manufacturers think it is none too early to begin experimenting with other material for paper-making to supplement the wood supplies, and even to take their place if we cannot grow timber fast enough to meet the demand. Two materials new to paper-making are now attracting attention. One is bagasse the refuse of the sugar mills, which hitherto has been pure waste, except that a small part is used as fuel. A paper mill is now using bagasse to make paper, and the product is said to be excellent. It is predicted that the day is soon coming when all the bagasse will be another of the materials diverted from the waste-heap and turned into a source of wealth. Another kind of paper material is rice straw, very little of which is now used except to provide bedding for cattle. It has been known for a long time that good paper could be made of this material ; but for some reason it has not been utilized to any extent. There are great possibilities in the manufacture of paper from these two new materials.

HARD ON THE MAJOR.

Among the assembled officers at a recent supper in South Africa was a very pompous, self-opinionated major, whose rank commanded for him a respectful hearing, but whose habit of instructing his brethren in matters military both in and out of season made him rather unpopular. Captain W—— and the major sat side by side at the table, and the martial potentate voiced his opinions in his usual manner. The captain bore the infliction humbly for a season; then, taking advantage of a pause, when the major wanted to take breath, he said, very complacently and irrelevantly:

"Do you know, major, I met a man this morning who would gladly forfeit two hundred and fifty dollars for the pleasure of kicking you."

"Kicking me, sir!" roared the angry major; "kicking me! I must ask you to mention his name immediately."

"But the fact is, major, I am not sure that I ought to tell you," replied the captain, with well-assumed caution.

"But I insist on knowing his name at once, sir!" shouted the truculent officer, now red with rage.

"Well, sir, I suppose I must tell you. It was a poor fellow in the hospital, who has lost both his legs by the bursting of a shell."

While a cow's hide gives 35 lbs. of leather, that of a horse yields only about 20 lbs.

Jupiter is equal to one and a half times all the rest of the planets put together.

HOW SCISSORS ARE MADE.

Though no complexities are involved in the making of scissors, much skill is required, yet the process of manufacture is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel heated to redness, each blade being cut off with sufficient metal to form the shank, or that destined to become the cutting part, and bow, or that which, later on, is fashioned into the holding portion. For the bow a small hole is punched, and this is afterwards expanded to the required size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shank and bow are filed into a more perfect shape, and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet. The blades are next ground, and the handles filed smooth and burnished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working. They are not yet finished, however; they have to undergo hardening and tempering and be again adjusted, after which they are finally put together again and polished for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and scissors, it will be noticed, of course that the latter are not in any way so sharply ground as the former, and that in cutting scissors crush and bruise more than knives.

DENSEST POPULATION.

The Belgian Government has just issued a statistical report showing that the population of Belgium is the densest in Europe, there being 605 persons to every square mile, as against 410 in Holland and 349 in England. There are still over 12 per cent. of Belgian soldiers who can neither read nor write.

$33.00 TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

from Chicago via the Chicago & North-Western R'y every day during September and October. One-way second-class tickets at very low rates from Chicago to points in Colorado, Utah, Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California and various other points. Also special round-trip Homeseekers' tickets on first and third Tuesdays, August, September and October to Pacific Coast and the West. Full particulars from nearest ticket agent or address B. H. Bennett, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont.

Barnes—"I hear your house was broken into t' other night and lots of silver plate and jewelry stolen." Shedd—"Yes; but the rascals entirely overlooked the ten tons of coal in the cellar."

Mrs. Hunter—"Well, Norah, are you a good plain cook?"

Applicant—"Oi'm as good as anny wan, mum; but Oi'll hov yez know there are some as don't considher me so terrible plain, mum."

CROW AS ELECTRICIAN.

A crow has been getting the Calcutta Telephone Company into trouble. It built its nest at the central office where four wires converged, and used tin clippings and bits of wire for the purpose, with the result that it established complete electrical communication between the whole of the four lines. When a subscriber rang up someone he wanted he was answered from four different offices at once.

In 1877 there were forty employes in the German Patent Office; to-day there are 729.

Sir William Gomm, who died in 1875, at the age of 91, had been 81 years in the Army. Count von Urangel joined the German Army in 1802, and was 91 years in its service.

THE MANY ADVANTAGES

offered passengers bound for Buffalo and New York by the Grand Trunk's fast "New York Express," leaving Toronto 6.15 p.m. daily, are seen at a glance when the splendid equipment is considered. A full dining car service until Niagara Falls is reached, a cafe parlor car running through to Buffalo, and one of Pullman's finest sleeping cars from Toronto to New York guarantees patrons comfort and luxury as well as speed. The cafe and dining cars are acknowledged to be the handsomest in America, being electric lighted and equipped with electric fans. City office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

TOO MUCH BRAIN.

An abnormal amount of brain is not necessarily an unmixed blessing. A child of five years has just died of heat apoplexy, and the doctor who made a post-mortem examination stated that the boy's brain weighed 52ozs., that being heavier than the brain of an ordinary man.

A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR TICKET.

Mr. Holmes, the ticket agent at the New York Central Station, has sold a ticket from Pokeepsie to Yokohama and return. This is a very unusual sale. The purchaser was Mr. Paul McCormac of this city who proposes to go to China and Japan on a pleasure trip. The route is by the way of San Francisco and the Pacific. As it takes about three weeks to cross the Pacific, the round trip cannot be made in much less time than three months and if Mr. McCormac takes in all of the interesting sights in the Orient he will prolong his stay much longer than that even. The sale of this ticket calls attention to the fact that travellers can be accommodated in purchasing transportation to any part of the world by applying to the station agents of the greatest American railroad. The ticket cost nearly five hundred dollars.—From the Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) Evening Enterprise.

"Miss Richly," pleaded the kneeling youth, "tell me, is there any hope for me?" "I can't say," replied the poetical girl; "you might consult an insanity expert, however."

Stockings were first worn in Italy about 1100 A. D.

Of 478 ancient and modern translations of the Bible, 456 have been made by missionaries.

Marine insurance is first mentioned in 43 A. D. The Roman Emperor Claudius insured one of his ships.

Paris has 2,600 periodicals, 163 of which are political journals. There are not more than 500 newspapers in London.

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

767½ million tons is the world's yearly coal output at the present date.