300 Plomain of Woman DO E DO DO DO DO EST.

"Can we have transfers to the Belt ine, east and west?"
"No, ma'am, this is the last car."
Mary looked blankly at me; 12 o'clock m., and each gong different ways, my lockloss self nearly two miles west! You must come home with me, lovees."

Toresa."

"Impossible, my dear, they would go out of their wits at home if I never turned up all night. All kinds of dreadful visions would be conjured up; there is no help for it, I must walk the rest of

"Well, I guess I'll got out before we got to Bloor, Wellesley is the nearer road."

road."

The nearly empty car rattled on, and soon the conductor called "Wellesley."
Mary hastily bede me farewell, and scurried across the road, soon being lost in the gloom of the trees. Wellesley is a badly lighted street and I knew Mary was nervous, so I put up a short petition for her safety; then I faced my own nestion.

position.

"Bloor!" I tumbled out, dropping one of my gloves, the conductor rushed after me with it; and with a rattle and one of my gloves, the conductor rushed after me with it; and with a ratile and clang the car swopt past, and I was alone in Toronto at ten minutes past 12 at night, with a two mile walk before me! Feminine independence is all very well in broad daylight; but in the small hours of the morning, with the world shreaded in inky blackness, save for the all-too-infrequent electric lights, looking like goblin well-o-the-wisps, danning like goblin well-o-the-wisps, danning like goblin well-o-the-wisps, danning like and the standards of the deserted sidewalk, it is—well, not quite so desirable or attractive looking. I am not nervous but I should have felt decidedly more comfortable had thore been six feet or so of masculine humanity beside me on that particular occasion. Not a soul in sight. Well that was no matter, I should not mind if I met no one all. How the loose boards "attled, and what a noise my footsteps made on the wooden walk!

boards' rattled, and what a noise my footsteps made on the wooden walk! The lights swung here and there, and the shadows dauced like imps out for a holiday; a great gleaming eye appeared far down the black vista of road, gradually swelling and widening as it crept nearer, and an empty car tore past at the top of its speed. What a silence and loneliness it left behind it! It was difficult to be live that hundreds of human beings were asleep within a few feet of me. It seemed to be in a deserted city, not a light shone from any of the windows, oven the upper ones were blank and dark.

even the upper ones were observed and action of the control of the

"I feel quite Dickennoussas, ""
splendid thing he would have made out of this."
"Well, so can you, can't you?"
"Of course not, what are you talking about; it will meke some 'stuff' I dare-say, but as for writing like Dickors, its impossible, nobody—— gracious! there are not not the other side of the read!"
"Well, what of it? He won! cat you; don't be a coward, you have got ten naish asven! you, you silly?"
A notion that he might steal across the road and creep up behind, assaled me next, so I tried to walk sideways! like a crab, that being the only way of black void behind at the same time.
But nothing appeared; so I regained confidence and marched on, right about through my beach, and I found myself marching to the time of "The Old Brigade."

rigade."
"Steadily shoulder to shoulder,
Steadily blade by blade,
Marching along, sturdy and strong
Come the boys of the old brigade."

Come the boys of the old brigade. My military meditations were out nort by a stumble over a locae plank. "Bother these wooden aidevalks; sy make one walk as though one had sen indulying in a champage supper." A light bothed for a moment in an per window, then were out. "Some benighted reveiler," per-tage, nurmured the listening citizen, returning from a carouse in a state of

"No, no, upon our word of honer, we "No, no, upon our word of honer, we sook nothing except—let's see, what did we have for surper? Angel cake, jelly, dum cake, sandwich, ice cream and

offee."
"I wanted to try the Charlotte Russe," complained the party inside.
"For shame, you had cuite enough; why didn't you ask for some?"
"Didn't like to—here's Spadina Varence."

Avenue."
"W-what's that crossing the road?"
"Only a dog, stupid, don't be so silly,
you are walking home with me, aint

on ?"
" I wondor who you are ?"
" Why, yourself, of course."
Another verse, Kipling this time

"Robin down the logging road whistles
'come to mo;

Spring has found the maple grove, the
sap is running free;

All the winds of Carada call the plough-

ing rain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again."

Deschoterian Church

Bloor street Presbyterian Church gleamed white and glostly in the danc-ing light, the great arched doors looking

ilko the outrances to a vast cavern, and the cornors offering possible lurking places to fairies and imps and gen. Nothing sprang out, however, as we i writed past. A sedemn, blue-coated "behby stood at the corner of a street and eyed as in a stern, su-picions," I wonther what you're-up to "sort of manner; but we didn't care, we were nearly home.

" Far and far our homes are the seven seas,
We to us if we forget, we that hold by
these:

these; Unto each his mother beach, bloom, and bird, and land— Masters of the seven seas, O love and understand."

Was that a boy or a man co

Was that a boy or a man coming towards us?

We watched the black figure apprenensively: it grow no taller as it advanced; but we saw it was a man. scarcely up to our shoulder, and dressed up as though he had been a-courting.

"Pool, you little whipper snapper, who would be afraid of you?"

"Porhaps his mother doesn't know he is out," suggested the other party.

"Yory likely not. Here's our street, thank goodness!"
We dream of demon care, and dancing lights, and weird policemen all night; and, oh! didn't we feel proud in the morning, while relating our adventures to an awestruck audience!

Hol for the island! The paddle wheels of the big ferry beats will soon be splashing and churning the limpid waters of the bay, carring their freights of holiday-making humanity to the green lawns, cool grots and silver sands of our pretty watering place. What a splendid beach there is at the Island; plenty of soft sand for the mothers and hables to sit on; plenty of pebbles for the boys to say ducks a water to paddle and splanh about in. We ought to have better and oleaper means of reaching in bisland. At present families living in the extreme northern points of the city have a twofold expunse in their excursions across the bay. They have to pay car fare down to the wharf and a second fare on the ferry. If it could be arranged that only live cents would carry a passenger from the citylinists to the island, a very considerable boon would be conferred upon many poor families whose only chance of getting a breath of fresh air is by taking a trip across the bay. What a splendid promenade could be constructed on the lake front. There are miles of frontage between Island Park and the breakwater; one can almost imagine that one of the walk for the ubiquilous bleydist. The lake shows at its best from the breakwater; one can almost imagine oneself looking across the cas, charge arranged dash a gainst the woodwork. But walking on the breakwater; is by no means pleasant; loose boards, as one's eyes are chiefly ongaged arching dash a gainst the woodwork. But walking on the breakwater; is by no means pleasant; loose boards, as one's eyes are chiefly ongaged arching dash a gainst the woodwork. But walking on the breakwater is by no means pleasant; loose boards apring up every now and then; great spring up every now and then; great spring up every now and then; great spring dash a gainst the woodwork. But walking on the breakwater is by no means pleasant; loose boards apring up every now and then great white elephant. What do nine out of ten people are perfectly satisfied with them. The majority would far rather in the tower

The Legend of Perce Rock.

Miss Barry ("Francoise") has been lecturing before the Montreal Women's Club on the legend of the Rock of Perce. "I give it to you," said Miss Barry, "as it was told to me by an old weather-beaten fieberman, one heautiful August evening, as our boat slowly came in sight of the famous Rock of Perce Many years ago, when the banner of the Fieur de Lis was still floating over our bastlons, a young France, when was estationed at Versailles, was suddenly called to lead his regiment in an expedition to New France, where war was raging between the colonists and the Iroquois. Raymond de Nerac, for that was the fair Blanche de Beaumont, and the sorrowful parting of the lovers, outpendered endorable by mutual vows of fidelity and hope. Time wore on, and the gallant

sorrowful parting of the lovers, only rendered endorable by mutual vows of fidelity and hope.

Time wore on, and the gallant soldier was still detained at Quebee, until at last, weary of waiting, Blanche agreed in spite of all opposition, to join her lover in the New World. So, one fine August morning, Blanche, accempanied by an uncle, boarded avessel bound for New France. But unfortunately, the vessel never reached its destination. When about his way on their journey they were attacked by a Spanish pirate ship. A desperate battle followed but the brave Frenchmen were finally forced to succumb to the overpowering number of their assailants. Blanche proved herself a ministering angel to the wound-

ed and dying, and her uncle, who was mortally wounded, die' in her arms.

After plundering the vessel the victors proceeded to massaore all on board the unfortunate vessel, and Blanche de Beaumont, whose exceeding beauty had been noted by the obief of the buccaneers, was the sole survivor. Den Paole, the pirate captain, tried every possible noteement to persuade Blanche to become a wife, but, all in vain, neitlee threats nor entreaties could eause Blanche to falter in her devation and love to her lover, the Count R. 1 more die Nr ac. When driven to the last extremity, Blanche told her cruel captor of her betrothal, and Don Paole, after ascertaming where his rival was stationed, hu upon a diabolical plan which he at once proceeded to put unto effect. He steered for the waters of the St. Law rence, until he was in sight of Quebec, so that he might torture Blanche with the sight of the place where her fond lover was axiously awaiting her, while she was powerless to reach him. Realizing to the full the cruel intent of her tormenter and how completely she was at his mercy, the fair captive in a frenzy of deepair, broke from her guard and threw herself into the sea. The enraged captain made every possible attempt to recover the body of ins victim, but all to no purpose, and at last the fruitless search was abandone?.

The day after the sad occurence the vessel. driven by a fair trong wind, was

nis victim, but ait to no purpose, and at last the fruitless search was abandoned.

The day after the sad occurence the vessel, driven by a strong wind, was approaching the Rock of Perce. While all or board were intently gazing at this freak of nature, the spectral form of Blanche de Beaumont, all clad in white, suddenly appeared. All were transfixed with terror; the steering of the vessel was forgotten, and it had not gone far when, at a motion of the ghost, who let her hands fall on the doomed ship, it was suddenly transformed, with everyone on board, into a solid rock. This strange piece of rock, which retained the appearance of a ship at full sail, stood at the month of the river, near Oap des Rosiere, and has slways been known as "The Phantom Ship," or "The Shiphead Rock." Little by little, the incessant rolling of the water did its work of destruction, piece after prece crumbled away, but there is still enough left today to mark the spot where stood the phantom ship and to recall its legend.

Soon after the death of the fair

legend.

Soon after the death of the fair Blanche the chronicler adds that the gallant Captain de Nerao fell in battle, and thus at last were the lovers reunited At the present day, when the mist gathers on the see, surrounding the Rock of Perce and giving it every fantastical shape, the fishermon delare that they can recognize the forms of the two lovers revisiting this mortal world to make sure that the doom of the tormentors of Blauche de Beaumont has not heen lifted, and that they are condemned to endure it for all time."

Tramped 3,300 Miles Over the Ice

Winnipeo, April 18.—Charles H. Walker, a shipwrecked whaler, arrived at Edmonton last night, having walked from Point Barrow, on the Arctic Ocean, to the town of Edmonton, an approximate distance of 3,800 miles. Walker is the boatheader of whaling steamer Orea of the Paclific Steam Whaling Company of San Francisco. The boat left San Francisco on April 7, 1897, together with the Freeman, Newport and Jennie B. The boats usept in company and after a fairly good whaling season were frozen in. All the vessels were nipped in the ice and wrecked. The crews abandoned the boats on September 21 and took refuge on board the Belvidere, which vessel, together with the Fearless, was also frozen in. These last two ships belonged to other companies. All the vessels ware frozen in off the east coast of Point Barrow, in extreme Northern Alasaka. Walker left the wrecks on November 1, together with two Eskimos, and struck Herschel Island, at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. There he procure, of the condition of the wrecked whalers and toget relief for them. Walker suffered great hardships from cold and exposure, but was able to secure supplies from ports of the Hudson Bay Company. The first point of communication he reached was at Saddle Lake, whence he sent despatches to the whaling company. The frozen-in whalers number about 500 mes. April 18.--Charles H

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continent who could, and who has
presched little scrementes on tae wonderful cures effected by this famed
remedy. What names are more familiar
to Canadians than the R. Rev. A Sweatman, Lord Bishon of Toron-to, and Dr.
Langtry, of the Church of England; the
Rev. Mungo Fraser, of Knox Presbyterian church, Hamilton, or the noted Mothodist preacher-traveller, Dr. W. H.
Withrow, of Toronto. All these men
have proven what is claimed for Dr.
Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and have
given their written testimony to it.

Farm and Garden

A few days ago Professor Wright, of the Glasgow Technical College, recorded in a lecture the results of some experiments in the manuring of potatoes carried out in Scotland last some experiments in the manuring of potatoes carried out in Scotland last year. The three essential classes of fertilsers, he explained, being nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potase, it was deeded to supply them in sulphate of ammonia, superphosphate, the sulphate of potash, and to attempt to ascertain the most profitable quantities to uze. Identical trials were carried out on two farms, no farmyard manure being apphied. As a result of the experiments Professor Wright came to the conclusion that the most profitable dressing would be 9 owt of sulphate of aumonia, and 8 owt of the sulphate of potash, basing his opinion, however, on the financial results, and taking the price of potatoes at £5 per ton. When they are much cheaper the extra doses of manure, he thinks, might not pay with the quantities the same as in the experiments he described.

Now is the proper time for sowing seed of many varieties of annuals, in order to bring them into flower early in the season. At this time of year the seed must be sown in boxes in the the seed must be sown in boxes in the house. In sowing flower seeds much depends on the manner in which it is done, as only under favorable conditions will a good proportion of the seeds germinate. Failure in inducing good seed to germinate may be placed ofttimes to either one of two sauses—first, that the soil in which the seed has been sown was allowed to dry out at some time, or the covering on the seeds was too heavy. It is quite essential that the soil be kept most at all times and never allowed to become dry, and also that the covering sifted on the seeds after sowing is merely sufficient to cover the seed. The following method of sowing seed in boxes in the house, if followed closely, will seldom fail, provided the seed is good and fresh: Take an ordinary soap or starch box about 10 inches deep, and say 16 inches long by 12 inches wide, and sew into three parts lengthwise. The top and bottom of the box thus form two shallow boxes about three inches deep. The centre piece may also be used by mailing on a bottom. These flat boxes are what the fiorist terms "flats." In these flat boxes place about two inches of a light, porous soil, and smooth it nicely on the surface. Water the soil well, after which press the surface of the soil down frmly and soildly. Everything is now ready for sowing the seed. In doing this use no more seed than seems necessary, for the seedlings are held to only the seed seed and carefully. After sowing, take a handful of light swamp soil (this should be perfectly dry), or if either of these materials are not he hands, should be evenly sifted though the flugers over the seeds. Pri on just enough of this soil to over the seeds, and no more. This applies mainly to small seeds. Large ones may be covered more without danger and with benefit. After covering the seeds saturate a piece of brown paper (such as bakers and butchers use) with water, and lay it over the surface of the soil. Let this applies mainly to small seeds. Large ones may be covered more without danger and water directly on

F. J. Berry has been telling the members of the Illinois Farmers F. J. Berry has been telling the members of the Illinois Farmers' Institute that good houses will become higher and higher priced for many years to come, as there is an increesing demand and as most all Europe have turned their attention to our American horses, which are giving entire satisfation. It seems to be the gen. al impression that all countries in Europe will want American horses for many years. Breeding is reported to have ceased there, as they can buy American horses much cheaper than they can rase them on their thickly populated and highpriced land. We believe there will be no let-up to the export cemand and that it will increase all the time, for nothing can ever stop the demand unless it should be extreme high prices and the scarcity of good horses.

It should be our main aim now to produce a fixed type of coaci, horse, and when this is accomplished we shall have the most profitable and salable horse the world has ever produced.

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The Archbishop of St. Boniface.

Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, arrived in Montreal on Thursday last. He is on his way to France for the purpose of ascisting at the chapter of the Oblate Order in the election of a new General of the order. Whilst abroad he will also visit Rome and pay his respects to His Holiness the Pope Archbishop Langevin delayed his departure on account of the demise of Oardinal Taschereau.

"What was the peculiarity of Methuselah?" asked the teacher. "He lived to be very old without ever learning to ride a bike." answered the smart boy.

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