formerly of Toronto, now of Buffalo, on the ground of adultery. This is the fourth divorce case which the Senate will have to A Forgetful Boy. Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful goot of which window in a painfully oughtful sort of way.

What makes you so serious, Bobby?' asked his aunt.
"Why, ma told me that I must remem
ber not to ask for anything to eat, and I'm trying to remember it.

All the big hotels in this city are run under the strictest discipline. The regu-lations require that the help shall be attended by a physician employed by the hotel. Under this system Dr. Sargent, for the Windsor Hotel, yesterday vaccinated the 287 employees of that house. It was an all day's job.—N. Y. Sun.

Joseph Clark, a boy sent from Kingston to Penetanguishene some years ago, escaped and arrived at his home yesterday, having

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, life-less, and indescribably miserable, both physi-cally and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "gone-ness," or emptiness of stomach in the morn-ness," or emptiness of stomach in the morn-

had a perfectly splendid time every minute, and —"" "So did I; but isn't it lovely to be at home again?" "Perfectly lovely." "I think so, too; I've had a lovely season of it, but then—" "So have I, but, as you say—" "There's no place like home, after all." "No, indeed; do come soon and tell me all about your season, and I—" "I will, for I have had the loveliest—" "So have I—perfectly splendid!" They separate.—Tid-Bits.

Properly Rebuked.

I was told the richest thing about a Minneapolis girl. A certain Swedish baron of fine family and education came to this country and, the old story, found himself obliged to obtain any situation to keep from absolute want, so he entered the clothing store of M— as clerk. Well, this young lady, hearing he was a noble, must have his autograph, so she came into the store one day and requested it, leaving her album. It puzzled him greatly. Why should she want his autograph, a complete stranger? Suddenly the truth struck him and he wrote his name, and beneath, "Clerk

CURES ALL HUMORS.

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE " Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

hich is **Scrotula of the Lungs**, is arrested id cured by this remedy, if taken in the riier stages of the disease. From its mar-clous power over this terribly fatal disease, earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, after, i've or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y. D C N L, 43 87.

CURE FITS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

CONSUMPTION

ould ever bring myself to love a gambler, orier tell a long story about me, as he did Dove and Prince Merrydew lived

eggar?"
"What of that" she replied, cheerfully:

you have a profession; every one says how clever you are—what a splendid barrister you will make. You can take pupils; success and money will come to you in 'Too late," he muttered; "I cannot free

ayself." Then, with a sudden change cone, "Crystal, if I do this—if I leave Bel grave House, will you give me a hope of rinning you in the future?"
She shook her head; "I cannot give you

that hope."
"Why not?" he demanded, fiercely. "Because I belong to another," she answered, slowly, and there came a wonderful light in her eyes; "and for his sake I will live as I am to my life's end."

They had reached Beulah Place by this me, and Mrs. Watkins' shop was in sight.

answer, "but my horse is fresh;" and Crystal drew into a corner and tried to curb mentor," he returned, a little sulkily; for

would get into trouble."
"I can't help that," was the indifferent

last.
There were two passengers in this com-

arctime to speak of my own feelings; but how can you expect me to take interest in another fellow when I am so utterly miserable myself?"

"Mr. Trafford," she said, trying to control her impatience, "I wish you would let me speak to you for once, as though I were your friend," she would have substituted the word sister, but she feared to provoke one of his outbursts of indignant pleading.

Miss Merriman nodded and smiled her

and a little sadder, but the mouth was as beautiful as ever.

Once he looked up as hasty footsteps brushed him, as though he would move aside, but a girlish figure interposed between him and the loaded truck, and again

the little hand guided him to safety.

"It is all right—the man says he is waiting for Mr. Ferrers," observed Miss Merriould have knocked you, only the young

lady led you away."
"What! a young lady!" asked Raby, you?"
"He has robbed me of my rightful "Oh, only a tall young lady in brown, who seemed to notice you wanted help. She has gone now—probably a passenger for the

own-train."
"I think all young ladies are good to me," returned Raby with grave courtesy, hold-ing out his hand. "I know I have met with a very kind fellow-passenger;" and then, as he took the footman's arm and entered the carriage, Miss Merriman saw the tall young lady in brown walk quickly out of the station, and as she passed her there were tears running down her cheeks.

CHAPTER XXVII. FLUFF GOES TO SEE GRANDPAPA.

Thou, like a little curious fly.
That fusses through the air,
Dost pry and pry
With thy keen inquisitive eye. And with many questions, ever Rippling like a restless river, Tuzzing many an older brain, Tuzzing many and older from the store of marvellous lore.

Thus a squirpel, darting deftly, Up and down autumnal trees, Sees its hoard of chestnuts growing swiftly In a heap upon the leaf-strewn leas.

Claude Lake.

rincess Dove herself."
" I really think you do, Fluff, though you remember her dress was a curious embroid-ery of rainbowd and dewdrops sewn all over with peacocks eyes; but I assure you this is true."
"You would hate me all the more, I suplike your white frock much better: and the new hat is very pretty." pose," in a defiant voice.
"Indeed I do not hate you, my poor poy;

was a great starcase with carve oblustraces and dark slippery stairs, and the doors were all shut, and there was not a sound in the house, except the singing of some birds. Fluff began to feel giddy.

But it was babyish to feel frightened in

"It would not be stolen or lost, it would be strayed, like the sheep in the turnip-field, when the shepherd turned them all out because they had no business there. Supposing I strayed on purpose, Fern, you must send a crier covered allover with gold

Fluff?"
"Never mind the senses; I saw them all five in china in Mrs. Watkins' left hand

"Oh Fluff, Fluff, do becareful, and mindyou do not go too far: come back soon, like a good child."

What did they do to Ananias and Sapphira, Fern ?"
"Dear me, what an odd question

time, and Mrs. Watkins' shop was in sight.

There were few passers-by, so no one noticed why Percy stood still and seized his companion's hands.

"You love another man? You dare to tell me this?"

"I tell you this for your own good, and that you may never speak to me again that you may never speak to me again that you may never speak to me again the companion's the beat me, Fluffy!"

"Never mind that; in the Sunday school the teacher always answers the children's questions directly; she is a very nice teacher though she has red hair, but she cannot help that."

"Oh, indeed! so I must tell you about the teacher always answers the children's questions directly; she is a very nice teacher though she has red hair, but she cannot help that."

Crystal direw into a corner and tried to curb her impatience by watching the passers by; but her fear of being too late kept her restless and miserable.

As they drove into Victoria Station a handsome barouche, with a pair of fine bays, attracted Crystal's attention. The footman had got down and was making inquiries of a porter. "Singleton train just due," Crystal heard the man say, as she handed the cabman his fare; and as she handed the cabman his fare; and as she process the station of the station. The station is the station of the stati

There were two passengers in this compartment; a young lady, with a good natured freekled face, was speaking to a very tall man who was standing in the centre of the carriage. "You must let me help you out," Crystal heard her say in a pleasant countryfied voice, "and wait with you until your friends find you;" and then came the answer in the deep tones Crystal and the standard of the walk with much lead to the could be called which had in its sidelong movements the similar of the s

"I thought some one touched me," he returned, with a puzzled look, "and you were on my other side, so I suppose it was some kind stranger."

"Yes, a young lady," as Crystal moved away rather suddenly. "Ah, there is a footman; he seems in search of some one. I will ask him if he belooking for you," and Miss Merriman darted away.

Raby stood quietly waiting, but he little knew that the girl he had come to London to seek was standing a few yards from him, trying to see him through the tears that blinded her.

Many people turned to look after the tall, striking-looking man in clerical dress. The felt hat just shaded the pale, massively cut features. He looked older, Crystal thought, and a little sadder, but the mouth was as beautiful as ever.

Once he looked up as hasty footsteps brushed him, as though he would move

Once he looked up as hasty footsteps brushed him, as though he would move aside, but a girlish figure interposed between him and the loaded truck, and again the little hand guided him to safety.

"It is all right—the man says he is waiting for Mr. Ferrers," observed Miss Merriman briskly at this moment. "What horrid things those trucks are; I was afraid one would have knocked you, only the young

her drooping spirits by a dab of hot brown bread, scooped skilfully out of the side of a loaf which, as he said, would never

show.

After that they got facetious, and admired a Punch and Judy show together, and parted with deep regret, when a policeman desired them to move on.

Fluff began to feel rather lonely after

this. It was getting late, she was afraid, and those little legs of hers ached dread-

ing the old crier after her. She wondered how she was to get back. She was very thirsty, and felt half inclined to cry; and then it struck her that the large splendid-looking building opposite might be Belgrave House, and she ran up to a workman just

l green on it. But she felt as though her troubles were his white head surmounted by a child's

A SKETCH

Of a Little Child, an August Rose and Answered Prayer. The following literary sunbeam is from

the pen of Carrie McAyval in Good Cheer:
Flirting with the girls, sir? No, indeed!
That's something I never do; and as to
that lily of a girl just throwing kisses to me, why, bless you, that's my daughter May. And she's the dearest thing on earth

something special about her makes me have a different feeling toward her from anybody else I ever knew, and if you'd like, sir, I'll tell you about something that hap-pened when she was a wee baby, twelve

lisped to me about the rose that morning.

Every pleasant day when I made my down run at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, my wife and baby used to be sitting out there on the hill and they would wave their hands at me, and the baby would look so

hands at me, and the baby would look so sweet and innocent, waving her little fat arm, I used to have a great longing in my heart that no harm should ever come to her; and I was such a strong healthy young fellow I felt that I should be able to

protect and guard her always.

Almost 3 o'clock and the old forty-nine was puffing and steaming fit to burst as we neared the bend. I was already looking to-

ward the hill and sure enough there wa

ward the hill and sure enough there was the baby's white dress; no, I was mistaken; it was only a piece of newspaper. They were not there. Why, I wondered. Perhaps they would be there before I turned the curve. Somehow it seemed to me I never so longed to have them there as I did that day, and I kept anxiously looking until away in the distance on the track I saw something that made every rules in my

something that made every pulse in my body give a great leap and then stand still. There, just ahead of me, toddling along,

There, just ahead of me, toddling along, with her yellow hair flying and her little arms stretched out to balance herself, was

pened when she was a wee baby, twelve years ago.

It happened right along this very road between Newburyport and Byfield, and I was then the engineer instead of conductor, and was younger looking than I am now with this white head of mine.

Only 36 years old, sir, and you see I haven't a black hair in my head. That belongs to my story, too, as you will find. her own grandpapa's house, so she took courage, and passing the sleepy footman on tiptoe, crept softly up stairs, holding very tightly to the balustrades, for she felt as though she were slipping every step, and presently she came to a sunny landing-place with a conservatory, where some canaries were singing. Hereshe saw a half-

longs to my story, too, as you will find.
You remember that hill with the cottage at
the foot of it, and golden rod and wild
clematis growing along the stone wall?
That's where I've lived ever since I was open door, and pushed it open, and then she thought she was in fairy-land. It was such a large beautiful room, with marble ladies standing in the corners, with wonderful green plants growing in gilded paskets, and satin couches, and lace drapnarried, and it was on that embankment eries, and lovely china; and in an arm-chair a gentleman asleep, for he had his

around the bend that the most terrible event of my life occurred.

It was one day in August, in the first of the month, and I will never forget how the sky looked, as deep and blue as my baby's eyes, nor how sweet and still the air was that morning as I walked over to the station. The golden rod and ferns hung heavy with dew and there were clusters of eyes shut.
Fluff stole in and looked at him; no, he was not asleep, for his cyes opened, and yet he did not seem to see her, perhaps he was thinking. His face looked very nice and kind, and with the unerring instinct of childhood she laid her hand on his knee. heavy with dew, and there were clusters of purple grapes on the vines along the hedge The roses were unusually late that year, and as the fall came on they were deep

"If you please, sir, will you tell me where I can find grandpapa."

The gentleman raised his eyes—as Fluff told her mother afterwards, "he looked at me without seeing me;" and then his hand closed quietly over the child's. Nothing

was a great staircase with carved balustrade

The conditions of failure in peach-grow ng, concisely stated, are:
1. A wet soil, or one that from any caus holds water around the roots of the tree, whether the land is situated high or low.

2. Excessive fertility while the trees are young, whether it be secured in the natural conditions of the soil or by the ingenuity

of man.

3. Severe cutting back of the young growth each year, thus dwarfing the tree and robbing it of much natural vitality. 4. Allowing the tree to overbear and thus exhaust the vitality by a single crop

of fruit.

5. By deficient and improper cultivation. On the other hand the conditions of suc tess in peach-growing are:

1. An elevated locality that is not subject o late frosts in the spring or late frosts in

2. A warm and moderately fertile soil that is well drained by nature. Artificia drainage may prove successful, but its utility has not yet been fully demonstrated. 3. Thorough cultivation, without manure, 3. Thorough cultivation, without manure, until the trees come into bearing, then combine the two so as to supply all the depletion produced in the soil by growth of trees and fruit:

4. Never let a tree overbear.

5. Continue cultivation until the close of the dry season every summer, even if it continues until September.

A Clear Case of Predestination. I well remember one fellow, a fine soldier, blanket on a march, and so at night, when he failed to steal one (which was seldom), he sat up by a fire and made night hideous with mock sermons of wonderful theology and doubtful morality. Strange to say, he survived the war, and is now enlisted in the army of the Lord. At Vicksburg in the army of the Lord. At Vicksburg this same preacher was responsible for a ready retort under trying circumstances. He was then a firm Calvinist, and was always ready to do battle in defence of his creed. One day he was sitting with a group in an angle of the works, discussing his favorite dogma of predestination. Just then a shell exploded among them and knocked the predestinarian over without hurting him. When he recovered his breath and legs he darted off for the shelter of a traverse just in front of us. His anof a traverse just in front of us. His antagonist yelled at him and twitted him for want of faith in his own doctrine. He did not pause in the order of his going, but stuttered back: "Ca-ca-can't stop; its pre-predestination that I must get on the other side of the traverse!" and he fulfilled the decree to the letter and with commendable

alacrity.-Philadelphia Times.

The Greatest Known Cold. In his report of his mission to the Lena Delta, Lieut. William H. Schultz says: As we approached Verchoyansk (Northern Siberia), the cold was almost unbearable compelling a stop at nearly every inhabited yours! (native hut), not only on account of ourselves, but more owing to the reindeer, which suffered visibly during the low temperatures. Fortunately these inhabited yourtes are not far apart as one approaches the village. Breathing was at times difficult, and on January 10th and 11th (1886) he temperature sank to 66° Celsius, cor responding to 86.80° Fahrenheit below zero. This is the coldest temperature ever observed, and I afterward had the satisfaction of establishing it beyond a doubt by the agreement of the thermometers at Verchovansk, observed by exiles who furnished with instruments by the Centra Meteorological Observatory at Pavlovsk near St. Petersburg. Verchoyansk thus maintained its reputation of being the pole of the greatest known cold, although its latitude is only 68° north.

A Deserved Thrashing. E. H. McAlpine, referee in equity at St John, N. B., was publicly thrashed the other day by Captain Peters, of Quebec brother in law of Miss Beatrice Hathaway.

One of the attractions at the Boston babyshow is a red-haired negro infant.

No Chinaman would ever have been betrayed into the ridiculous plight of a venerable Japanese whom a friend of mine once saw parading the streets of Tokio, soberly dressed as to coat and trousers, but

-A Little Mormon's Hymn. Though Mr. Spurgeon has denied the story of his probable withdrawal if the Baptist Union failed to punish certain heterodox ministers, the Scotsman returns to the charge with the accusation that Mr. Spurgeon changed his mind. It justifies its statement by quotations from Mr. Spurgeon's magazine. The address of the President of the Union was a reply to Mr. Spurgeon. Though no direct notice was taken of Mr. Spurgeon's attitude, his recent writings are the main topics of conversation among ministers.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council meets in June next. The American Executive Committee has been called to meet on Wednes day, 26th inst., at New York. At the meeting will be representatives from all parts of North America. Among the delegates will be Rev. Principal Caven, of Toronto; Rev. Dr. McVicar, of Montreal; Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford, and

A Sunday school hymn book recently issued at Salt Lake City, "to fill a long felt want" (as the preface declares) in the instruction of good little Mormon children, contains the following edifying

stanza:

The Pope has intrusted all arrangement crimson instead of pink, as they are earlier in the season. I had one in my buttonhole that morning.

Baby had put it there when she kissed ne good-by.
"Pitty 'ose, papa, for 'oo. Dod made it, for Rome for the purpose of offering hor mamma tell me so. Dod live up in 'ky."
My wife was a Christian, and although I
did not believe in her religion then, I have
learned to put my trust in God since baby

Missions for the Northwest, is expected to return to Ontario during the winter nonths and will visit any congregations desiring his services at missionary meetings or otherwise. Those desiring his services should correspond with the convener of the committee, Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford.

things in a truer light they'd say that they couldn't afford to keep.—Mark Guy Pearse. The annual meeting of the Methodist General Conference Sabbath School Board will be held in the parlor of the Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, on Tuesday, October 18th, at 2 p. m.

Rev. Dr. MacGregor, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, preached at Balmoral on a recent Sunday morning, and had the honor, along with the Empress Eugenie, of dining with the Queen in the evening.

appointed medical missionary to South Arabia, is grandson of Dr. Chalmers' "Missionary of Kilmany" and son of the Church's first medical amissionary to

They Told Each Other All.

arms stretched out to balance herself, was my baby! A moment more and the wheels would be grinding her body and her precious blood would stain the track. I lived ages in that moment of agony. I waved my arms, shouted, rang the bell like waved my arms, shouted, rang the bell like a madman, and as I was pulling the rope the rose fell from my buttonhole on to the seat, and baby's words, "Dod made it. Dod live up in 'ky,'' came to me. For the first time in my life I poured out my soul in prayer. "God save my child." Atthat moment she stumbled and fell down the grassy embankment. As soon as I could I ran back to find her, and there she sat in the grass, lifting her blue eves and dimpled the grass, lifting her blue eyes and dimpled th to me, and as I hugged her to my

neart she lisped:
" I tied to climb on cars, papa, but some-ody pushed me over and I fell down here. Don't ky, papa!"

For I was crying and thanking God at the same time, and when I came alongside of the train, carrying baby on my shoulder, all the men threw up their hats and cheered and most of the women were soboing. That rose is in the locket with on

of her baby curls, and I have never failed to pray for her safety and happiness, as well as for many other things since that day. Isn't she a beauty, too? And you can't blame me for liking this time of year best, and for always wearing an August rose whenever my darling girl pins one in my buttonhole, as she did this one two

ours ago. Old Truths Newly Told. How many readers of the Canada rresugterian see the Standard, the new organ of Henry George? Those who do not miss a good deal, whether they sympathize with Henry George's theories or not. In an age, when many shrewd practical men seem age, when many shrewd practical men seem her fitting away from Christianity altogether, I answered; there's the name and clerk at M——'s is the only title I wear in this How many readers of the Canada Preshuand when the gulf between the rich and the poor seems to be growing more and more impassable, it is refreshing to read such addresses as are weekly reported in that paper—addresses spoken to crowded audiences of workingmen in the city of New York, by such speakers as Dr. Pentecost and the great-hearted Dr. McGlynn—an American Pere Hyacinthe—who has sacrificed his ecclesiastical prospects that he might preach, according to his conscience, the old truths of the Sermon on the Mount. It is truths of the Sermon on the Mount. It is this and no wild socialism that he and others are preaching to the crowds Sun day after Sunday, and that the crowds, too listen to, even as the common people did long ago, when the "Galilean Gospel" was first preached. It is an instance also of the uniting power of the great practical verities of Christianity that Dr. McGlynn has been of Christianity that Dr. McGlynn has been listened to with earnest and sympathetic attention by an assembly of Methodist ministers, as he explained the platform of the Anti-Poverty Society. Has not the Church allowed questions theoretical too-much to interfere with her practical unity? and has she been as fathful to her "message to men of wealth" as she should have been?—Canada Presbyterian.

How to Make a Man Your Enemy. I have often thought that people hadn't of borrowing down to an exact science when Solomon wrote, and that when Pool Richard said, "He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," he must have meant that one fellow did the borrowing and the lender did the sorrowing. I am older now, my children, than I was when I was younger, and I have learned that there is nothing in the world that will make a man

hate you so bitterly as to owe you borrowed money that he cannot pay. "But why should that make him mad at

which he received during the Crimean war The bullet is the size of a marble, and had been in deceased's neck for 33 years.

playing season.

Murat Halstead's mother-in-law, Mrs. Banks, says: "Mr. Halstead is a good man for he is good to his mother in-law, einnati Commercial.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

spurgeon's Orthodoxy—The Pope's Jubilee

With Jesus for the standard, A sure and perfect guide, And Joseph's wise example, What can I need beside? I'll strive from every evil To keep my heart and tongue, I'll be a little Mormon And follow Brigham Young.

in connection with his jubilee celebration to a commission of four cardinals. The Empress of Austria's commemorative gift is a magnificent tiara valued at 70,000 francs. A pilgrimage of French workmen, to the number of 1,200, will shortly set out age to the Pope.

Rev. Mr. Robertson, Superintendent of

Folks often excuse themselves saving they can't afford to give; but if they say

Dr. Alexander Paterson, who has been

They Told Each Other All.

"Why, Mame, is it really you?" "Yes, indeed, Sadie; when did you get home?"

"Only yesterday, and—" "Where were you?" "Oh, every place—Newport, Bar Harbor, Long Branch and—but where were you?" "Oh, we went to—" "Did you have a good time?" "Perfectly lovely; did—" "Oh, perfectly lovely; I declare, Mame, I—" "So did I, and —" "I had the best—" "So did I, and oh, Mame—" "Do tell me all abcut it, for I—" "I will, some time: I just Harbor, Long Branch and—but where were you?" "Oh, we went to—"
"Did you have a good time?" "Perfectly lovely; did—" "Oh, perfectly lovely; I declare, Mame, I—" "So did I, and—" "I had the best—" "So did I, and—" "I had the best—" "So did I, and—" "I will, some time; I just had a perfectly splendid time every minute, and—" "So did I; but isn't it lovely to be at home again?" "Perfectly lovely."
"I think so, too; I've had a lovely season of it but them." "Oh, we went to—" again?" "Perfectly lovely."

"I think so, too; I've had a lovely season of it but them." "Common of American metaling; experience a sense of storage and mentality; experience a sense of them." gondeness, or emptiness of stomach in the morn-ness, to engage these, to remptiness of stomach in the morn-ness, to engage the set of the most in the morn-ness, to remptiness of stomach in the morn-ness, to engage the set of the coated, the set of the morn-ness, to engage the set of the eyes, nervous prostration or ex-ness, the eyes nervous prostratio and——" "So did I; but isn't it lovely to be at home again?" "Perfectly lovely." "I think so, too; I've had a lovely season of it, but then——" "So have I, but, as you say——" "There's no place like home, after all." "No, indeed; do come

stranger? Suddenly the truth struck hir

country." -St. Paul Pioneer Pres.

What it Means. To the man or woman who has neve been ill, the word "health" is meaningless But to the one who has suffered and de spaired, health appears as a priceless boon To the thousands of unfortunate women who are suffering from some of the man forms of weaknesses or irregularities pecu-liar to their sex, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-scription holds forth the promise of a speedy restoration of this "priceless boon.

Miss Anna Whitney, the proprietor of the Chequasset kennels, is one of the most successful breeders of the St. Bernard dogs in America. She spent years in Switzer-land studying the dog, and is an authority on the subject. on the subject.

The spooks and goblins that delight
To fill with terror all the night;
That stalk abroad in hideous dreams
With which dyspepsia's fancy teems.
Will never trouble with their ills
The man who trust in Pierce's Pills.
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets The tenth annual convention of th

Ontario Women's Christian Temperance Union concluded its business yesterday and adjourned, to meet next year in Sarnia.

Mrs. Addie Chisholm was re-elected President, and was presented with \$150. Prof. Foster was in attendance, and received

great setting out from Mrs. Youmans. Results Tell.

The proof of the pudding is the eating and the proof of the extraordinary power over pain of Polson's Nerviline is the using it. Polson's Nerviline never fails to perform you?"
I do not know, children; I do not know.

—Burdette.

A coming man—The man for his rent.
There has just died at Kendal, Eng., an old pensioner named Wm Lindsay, from whose neck has been abstracted a bullet which he received during the Crimear was the state of the control of the control

been in deceased's neck for 33 years.

One of the latest achievements of science is the measurement of a snail's pace. It has just been demonstrated that a snail can go a mile in fourteen days. Science should now attempt to discover how long it takes the average messenger boy to go the same distance in marble playing season.

Rev. Adrondack Murray, whoses cialty Rev. Adrondack Murray, whoses cialty and the playing capacity of the French Canada should be considered that the other day and came back crest llen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canada should be considered to the other day and came back crest llen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canada should be considered to the other day and came back crest llen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canada should be considered to the other day and came back crest llen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canada should be considered to the other day and came back crest llen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canada should be considered to the other day and came back crest llen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canada should be considered to the other day and came back crest llen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canada should be considered to the other day and came back crest llen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canada should be considered to the other day and came back crest llen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canada should be considered to the other day and came back crest llen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canada should be considered to the other day and came back crest llen. Of the line into a should be considered to the other day and came back crest llen. Of the other day and came back crest llen. heart; he lifts his eyes upward; he embel lishes his little lie with saintly allusions he lies as if he believed his own lie."

Hidemaro Namboo, of Japan, graduated at Princeton in 1878. He is Court astronomer at Tokio. When he ac and when a man is good to his mother-incepted the court appointment his name law he is good to every one else." Mr. was changed to Hidemaro Okenna. Seeing Halstead is the veteran editor of the Cinstra reminds him of the old college days einnati Commercial.

on a common Blotch, or Eruption to the orst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," aly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseaser used by bad blood are conquered by this werful, purifying, and invigorating medition, or the second sec

CONSUMPTION,

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

Then the nr cents into hours grew; Oh dear! oh year! what should she do Unseen, she glided from the pew, And up the aisle demurely went, On some absorbing mission bent, Her eyes filled with a look intent She stopped and said, in plaintive tonc With hand uplifted toward the dome, "Please, preacher man, can I go hou: The treble voice, bell-like in sound, Disturbed a sermon most profet A titter swelled as it went round

A 5. Church.

Bess went to church one sultry day;
She kept awake, I'm glad to say,
Till "fourthly" started on its way.

A smile the pastor's face o'erspread— He paused and bent his stately head But give me smiles," the maiden said,
"I like not tears and sobs and sighs;
They silence all life's melodies,
And veil God's sunshine from our eyes;
smiles wake the soul to love divine,
And make the heart leap like old wine,"

"Aye, smiles are best," the matron said,
"My children love them more than toys;
They are the manna of the days;
To all my rouping girls and boys.
And when with sweet words they are given
They blessing straightway bring from heav

Then though you have naught else to give,
Pray give the world a smiling face;
It will forgive your gravest faults
For this one happy act of grace.
It needs no head with world-lore wise
To sunship make with live and

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

Crystal did not answer; perhaps she could not. He was coming up to London, actually to Belgrave House, and on this Crystal did not answer; pernaps sucodid not. He was coming up to London; the was coming up to London the control of the perceivable of the control of the perceivable of the perceivable

Selby. He has no right to make himself so agreeable to your sister; and I think you ought to keep him in better order."

"Oh! I don't pretend to be Erle's

he thought he saw her drift to keep him from talking of his own feelings. 'I never interfere with other fellows.' interfere with other fellows."
"Yes, but Fern is your sister," in a reproachful voice; "and I do think you are to blame in this. Why do you not tell him that he must leave your sister alone, and keep to Miss Selbys Your grandfather world he was recorded to the second of the second would be very angry if he knew of these visits to Beulah Place, and then Mr. Erle

the rest of us; he knows as well as I do the risk he runs." And in spite of her preoccu-pation, Crystal noticed a curious change in Percy's tone.
"Do you mean that he would get into serious trouble? is that what you would imply? I do not think you are doing your duty, Mr. Trafford, if you do not warn him of Mr. Huntington's displeasure. Mr. Erle is weak, he is easily guided, but he has good

principles; you could soon induce him to break off his visits." break off his visits."
"I don't see that I need trouble myself about another fellow's love affair; I have too much in my own mind. Of course you look impatient, Miss Davenport, it is a crime to speak of my own feelings; but how can you expect me to take interest in another fellow when I am so utterly miser-

one of his outbursts of indignant pleading. "You know you may say what you like to me," he returned moved by the gentle-ness of her speech, for she had never been

so gracious to him before. "You have ore influence over me than any one else in the world. If you could make me a bette man, Miss Davenport."
"I would give much to do it," she answered in a low voice that thrilled him strangely. "Mr. Trafford, you will be angry with me if I speak to you very frankly, and earnestly—as earnestly," here

she paused, "as though we were bidding each other good-bye to-night for a long "If you will call me Percy," he replied, rith sudden vehemence, "you shall say what you like to me." well." she answered, with a faint "Very well," she answered, with a faint smile at his boyish insistance, "it shall be Percy then—no, do not interrupt me," as he seemed about to speak. "I am very troubled and unhappy about Mr. Erle's visits; they are doing harm to Fern, and I must tell you, once for all, that you are not doing your duty either to your sister or cousin."

"Erle again," he muttered moodily. "Yes, because the matter lies very close to my heart, for I déarly love your sister. Mr. Trafford—Percy, T mean—you have youth, health, talents—the whole world lies before you; why do you envy your cousin, because he is likely to be a richer man than you?"

inheritance," was the moody answer "It could never be yours," she returned, quickly; "a Trafford will never be Mr. Huntington's heir."
"I would change my name."
"That would avail you little," with a touch of her old scorn, for the speech dis-pleased her. "Mr. Hundindgon would never leave his money to the son of the man he hated, and of the daughter whose disobed-ience embittered his life. Mr. Erle has to

answer for no sins but his own."
"He had better be careful though," was the quick response.
"What, have you done him misch ef "What, have you done him misch et already? Why-why are you not more generous to the poor boy? Why do you encourage these visits that you know will anger Mr. Huntingdon? Why do you tempt him from his duty? Percy, I implore you to be true to yourself and him. Look into your own heart and see if you are acting an honorable part."

Look into your own heart and see if you are acting an honorable part."

"You are always hard on me," he returned, sullenly. "Who has been blackening my name to you?"

"No one, no one," she answered, quickly; "but you are a feckless talker, and I have gathered much from my own observation. You have told me more than once that you are in debt; sometimes I fear you gamble. Oh!" as a dark flush mounted to his fore. Oh!" as a dark flush mounted to his fore. head, "I should be grieved to think that

" And now, I look almost as smart as the

over when she stood in front of Belgrave House, its many windows shining like

could ever bring myself to love a gambler, or one who tried to rob another of his inheritance—one who was so afraid of poverty that he deserted his mother for the loaves and fishes of the man who was her worst enemy."

"The old story," in a despairing voice; "will you never give me the benefit of an excuse—will you never give me the benefit of an who was her worst enemy."

"I am not your judge," was the cold "I am not your judge," was the cold that mysterious look mean? you are very that the deserted his mother for the loaves and fishes of the man who was her would stand and listen to him and try not to laugh. 'Lost, stolen, or strayed, a little witch girl in a clean white frock, rather too much starched; a frilled cape that crackles when she moves, and a pretty bread-ther was a beautiful scent of flowers as the crackles when she moves, and a pretty bread-ther was a beautiful scent of flowers as the crackles when she moves, and a pretty bread-ther was a beautiful scent of flowers as the crackles that mysterious look mean? you are very that the valence of the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the shout the dog when we were down by the door was open!

The footman had just run out to the pillar box, and another footman had just run out to the pillar box, and another footman had just run out to the pillar box, and another footman had just run out to the pillar box, and anot

excuse—will you never allow me to detend myself?"

"I am not your judge," was the cold reply; and then, as she saw the misery of his face, she relented. "Indeed it is not too late to retrieve the past. If you have debts, if you are in trouble, own it frankly to your grandfather."

"And be turned out of the house a house affect when the shepherd turned them all out because they had no business there. agaciously.
"It would not be stolen or lost, it would

ace to find me."

"Indeed! have you lost your senses, 'luff'?"

orner cupboard, china images she called hem, and I thought them so pretty. Give-me the four pence half-penny for buns, Fern —one Bath, two plain, and a half-penny to the sweeper that takes me best over the

"Of course I am good on my birthday.

fourpence was to be expended in buns—so she and her mother had arranged, but Fluff had secretly intended to put it to another

she quickly passed through the station, the train slowly drew up at the platform.

Only just in time! Crystal pressed eagerly forward, scanning the occupants of all the carriages until she came to the last.

pleasant countryled voice, "and wait with you until your friends find you;" and then it could be called which had in its sidelong movements the similitude of a crab. First knew so well. knew so well.

"Thank you, you are very kind. My unfortunate infirmity gains new friends for me everywhere;" so after all, you see, even blindness has its alleviations, Miss Merriman."

she went into every baker's snop sne passeu, and, shaking her head sorrowfully at the fresh current buns on the counters, asked in a confidential whisper the quickest and shortest way to Belgravia; and when they wished to know what part, or asked lier wished wished to know what part, or asked lier wished wish

placed him in safety.

Miss Merriman nodded and smiled her thanks.

"There, you are all right now. What is the matter, Mr. Ferrers?"

"I thought some one touched me," he obliged to him, and trotted confidingly at his

fully; but she fell in at the park gates with a playful flower girl, who ran a race with her, basket and all, and then stood with her, basket and all, and then stood and jeered in broad Irish because she was beaten, while Fluff sat down, sulky and exhausted, on a bench under the trees. It was nearly tea time now, she thought: in another hour or so Fern would be send-ing the discussed for her. She woodward

passing and asked him.

"No," he said, eyeing her wondering, "that was not Belgrave House, it was in the next square;" and when she heard that she clapped her hands joyfully, and went and drank out of a little iron bowl in com pany with a sweep. She asked him if she might drink first, and he said, "Oh, laws, yes! you aint near so smutty as me," which speech Fluff took as a compliment. But she had fallen down twice, and her nice white frock had got unsightly patches

but you make me very angry sometimes.

"But Fluff!—"

But Fluff!—"

But Fluff!—"

But Fluff!—"

But Fluff!—"

Do you know me so little as to think I lost, you know—would the funny old town—the Crystal Ball Palace where Princess

The temperance people of the County of Renfrew have subscribed \$1,000 with which to fight the repeal of the Scott Act.

of St. John, for persisting in annoying attentions to that young lady after he had been asked to stop them.

sailor hat with floating blue streamers .-