careless, introubled face; while she, entering the garden, met her excited anny with a torrent of insane jokes and teasing laughter. She would be in earnest about nothing; she would not be have to a repetition of Mr. Jones conversation; she would not be interested in anything concerning him; she would only consent to hear his praises underpress. All through that evening she was in outrageously high spirits, and at last, when her poor sunt, half exhausted with laughter, led her to the piano and almost with teams petitioned for a song, she would only sing her old favorite, "A man who would woo a fair maid," and that with such whimical emphasis and vehemence that it set poor Miss Elizabeth laughing again.

"Bing something soft, love, something soit," the lady begged plaintively.

"Of soft heads or soft hearts, auntie? They are both equally interesting, and they hunt in couples."

"Heash, Helen, hush; do not be so wild. Sing a pretty, gentle, tender love song."

"I couldn't do it, auntie. Love is such a frand; it really is, You may talk of tender beefsteak; but a tender song—pahaw !"

"Heash, that is not right; it is unseemly, love. I am going to bed."

And she went—ti was her usual and effective way of ending an argument.

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"Dust the afternoon of that day which had been fixed for the ball at Newton Hall the Missos Mitford, at Helen's request, had tea early; after which the girl, adjusting her big white hat, and, as a tribute to cussum, fetching her gloveel which she put in Bur pocket instead of upon her hands), set off for her daily walk. She paused a moment at the gate to wave a farewell to her aunt, who was bent double over her carastation bod, the surface soil of which she was loosening with a fork.

"The tide is out this svening, auntie; I am going to the rocks. The distant rock, it's a long walk. I may be late."

"Don't get your feet wet."

"No, auntie."

"Baff an hour later Helen had reached the shore. She loved the sea, the thousand lights and shades that tinged its surface, the restleamess, the eternal variety, the mystery of its troubled life. But that evening she had no time to watch the waves; she walked quickly along the sands, skirting the groups of nursemaids and children with her face turned westward toward the cliffs, which shelved down into a jutting peninsula. Here the low rocks reached far out into the sea, and then, sith a bashful, uncertain, hurried toward the cliffs, which shelved down into a jutting peninsula. Here the low rocks has sentinel behind a long row of curious, the stating peninsula. Here the low rocks has sentinel behind a long row of curious, the

INST BLUES

STATE standing and lawes her."

In the small of the wind, the boat standard on the standard of the s

grow rosac, and oggratified smiles.

Helen was an unsympathetic observer of these soft passages; her lips hardened a little. "They are all making fools of themselves—every one," she thought, and she plumed herself on her superiority to these weaknesses.

whom he quite intended to engage himself for life.

Some time later that evening, Miss Elizabeth Mitford, her spectacles upon her hose, was delicately perambulating her dewy lawn, with her upgathered skirts in one hand and a jam-pot containing a deadly solution of salt and water in the other. The passion of her nationality, the thirst for sport, shone in her eager, downcast eyes.

While she was thus engaged, her niece came out from beneath the embowered porch and stood silently looking across the bay. Helen was sirted, her eyes were languid, her expression was soft and subdued, her vigorous spirits were no longer aggressive, and, contrary to her usual habit, she preserved a lengthy silence. The flower-scented air was warm, the sinking sun, like a ball of fire, lay in the "dappled sky," the clouds, crimson, purple and gold, cast broad shadows upon the indigo background of the sea and were reflected in fainter tints upon the guunt cliffs. Standing against a background of myrtle and rose trees, she watched the wondrous picture of the sea

She hesitated; she had no inclination to see the start, she had no interest in her late companions. Mr. Jones read her silence, to his liking.

"We won't see them off. Good-bye's are melancholy duties, you are quite right. Come along down this path, it's not far," and he led the way through the bracken, "but such a ripping place when you get there. We have plenty of time, I am going to drive you home by the Now Cut round the Great Tor—it is a shorter way than the way you came, but the road isn't safe for coaching. You want a good head and a steady neve to appreciate the view, but you possess both, I know." He went on talking with great case and friendliness. It really was impossible to remember lost parental H's, plebelan progenitors, overbearing sisters, or purse-proud oddities, in company with the sunny mood of this genial comrade. What gratification was to be found in holding aloof from and sulking with a person who is blind to your frigidity, who listens eagerly to your remarks, who understands and responds to your smiles, who meets your thought half way with an answering thought, and who, this last clause is the most effective in the category—should it please you to turn your back upon and leave him, would be quite as happy, content and debonair, with some other young woman beside him. Helen did not argue either with him or with herself, but she forgot his drawbacks, though and enjoyed herself, her face was always dangerously expressive of her feelings, he meant to remember them—and responded to his mood. She became friendly and enjoyed herself, her face was always dangerously expressive of her feelings, he was a none that she was pleased.

Precipitous hills inclosed a wide ravine through which a swift and angry river dashed, striking against impending bowlders with a roar, gushing in shallow cascades over the stones, rushing with silent but mighty force beneath the rocky banks, it is not the same through which a swift and angry river dashed, striking against impending to the water, which lay in deep, dark

To this locality Bertie guided his companion.

"Isnt't this ripping?" said he, leaning against the rock, upon a ledge of which she had seated herself. "I wanted you to see the pools. I knew you would like Rivers Meet. Just look and listen, I won't talk to you. A human voice or a human being is superfluous here. We are too insignificant to assert ourselves; we ought to take back seats and keep quiet."

(To be Continued.)

A Fake Hen Story.

A Fake Hen Stery.

Rochester Herald: The newspapers hostile to ex-President Hayes have for several years had a great deal of fun at his expense over his alleged poultry farming. Now the ex-president quietly punctures the whole business with the atatement made at Atlanta recently to the effect that he had never raised a chicken in his life. "The story of the chickens was started by my friends as a joke," said the ex-president; "they began it for the fun of it, and others who were not friendly to me, wishing perhaps to belittle me in the eyes of the public, published the fake for all it was worth."

LATE SPORTING NOTES.

An Unsatisfactory Witness.

A small Scotch boy was summoned to give evidence against his father who was accused of making a disturbance in the street. Said the baille to him: "Come, my wee mon, speak the truth, and let us know all ye ken about this affair." "Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inveness street?" "I do laddie," replied his Lordship. "Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square and across the square—""Yes, yes," said the baille encouragingly. And when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right and up into High street, and keep on up High street till ye come to a pump." "Quite right, my lad; proceed," said his Worship. "I know the o'd pump well." "Weel," said the boy with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye "Il no pump me." The Tell Tale Evidence.

New York Press: Mother—I think our John is courting some girl.
Father—Hey? I she beginning to have vaseline on his hair?
Mother—No; he is beginning to have it on his shirt bosoms.

New York Heraid: Barkeeper—If some bedy doesn't pay for this round of drinks shall have to call a policeman. De Tanks—You must be rather new a this business; it's dead certain he wouldn'

Out of Practice. New York Sun: Publisher—Is the copy for the book on etiquette ready? Reader—All ready, except "how to de cline politely an invitation to drink." Publisher—Why does that hang fire? Reader—The author is drunk.

If a man who is pretending to be deaf approabhed from behind while standing of a stone floor or sidewalk and a coin idropped so as to ring, he will invariable turn sharply around with a piew to pickin it up.



Canadian borese by therogaphred nire continue to deverantably well in the New Monday of the Nation to deverantably well in the New Monday of the Nation to deverantably well in the New Monday of the Nation to other said of half-brend horses were approached by the price of any other said of half-brend horses were approached by the price of any other said of half-brend horses were soid in America. On the opening day of the National Hores Show, which is zow in progress, the prior of any other said of half-brend horses were soid in America. On the opening day of the National Hores Show, which is zow in progress, the prior of any said the theory of the National Hores Show, which is a few in the the bottom in the late of the best horse were the horses were shown in the last named class. By Mr. John Hendriz, of Hamilton. Forty-ose horses were shown in the last named class. The horses, of which three were soid before the close of the prior of the prior of the prior in the pr

stood at the head of them one day and gave out the long-metre Doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundred," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion, joined in the Doxology:

by company, regiment by regiment, battallon by battallon to the din the Doxology:
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory.

It seems a pity to destroy a good story, but chronology is very despotic. Oliver Cromwell died in 1658. Bishop Ken, who has always been credited with this grand Doxology, was born in 1637, and was then, therefore, only about 21 years old. Hymnologists give 1697 as the year in which Bishop Ken wrote the Doxology as the last verse of his morning and evening hymns. This would place the composition about half a century after Cromwell's last battle in the civil war, and some forty years after his death.—Christian\_Inquirer.

Across the Continent.

Wm. Renwick, M.D., M.R.C.S.E., Victoria, B.C., writes: I have used Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. In cases of indigent patients with the most gratifying results. It does not upset the stomach, is easily assimilated and possesses undoubted power in rebuilding weakened constitutions, where the ordinary form of administering Cod Liver Oil, I not admissable. For the future, whenever I have occasion to prescribe any preparation of Cod Liver Oil, I will give Miller's Emulsion the preference, being perfectly satisfied with its therapeutic efficacy. In big bottles, 50c. and \$1 at all drug stores.

The St. Clair Tunnel.

The St. Clair Tunnel.

The St. Clair Tunnel.

The St. Clair tunnel will be opened for passenger business on December 7. This was decided yesterday at a meeting of Grand Trunk officials held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. Mr. William Edgar, general passenger agent, presiding. Those present were: Superintendants James Stephenson, C. Stiff, Attwater, and W. E. Davis, general passenger agent C. and G. T. R. and D. S. Wagstaff, Michigan, passenger agent G.T. R. In consequence of the new arrangement there will be a great saying of time, which will necessitate the preparing of new time tables and instructions to employees. It was decided to proceed at once with the preparation that all may be in readiness for the new order of things.

Why He is Enlisted.

Why He is Enlisted. Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott: So long as there are women in cities who buy their food by selling their womanhood; so long as there are men in the rich coal fields of Illinois who must stand without, shivering at the door, work, while wealt locks the coal fields up against them and a shivering population; so long as in the iron fields of Pennsylvania men work twelve hours a day, with no time to court their wives or kiss their children, so long my heart and my hand are enlisted in any and every movement that gives fair promise for the emancipation of in lustry.

Temperance and Strife.

Temperance and strife.

Canada Presbyterian: Temperance advocates have exhausted strength enough on each other to have well nigh driven the liquor traffic from this continent. An effort to do any good thing may end in nothing more or better than a wrangle about how it ought to be done. One is often tempted to think that the one-man power is, after all, about as good as self-government provided the one man is a reasonably fair kind of mortal. The working of popular government in either church or State involves an enormous amount of unnecessary friction.

A Good Neighborhood. Epoch: Foley-Have you nice neigh

ors?
Patterson—Elegant. Why, they spend the fall and winter in Florida and the spring and summer in Newport.

Fifty-six men were killed during the building of the Fotth Bridge.

John Morris, a wealthy bachelor of Missouri, who has lately died, left \$50,000 by will to Mrs. Anna Brown, the leader of the Lathrop crusade against saloons two years ago. He had never seen her, but admired her pluck.

## "August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recom-mendation of a friend who had used

your preparations
A worn-out with beneficial re-Stomach. sults, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and com-

diently complains of declining health and strength and speaks of his death as being not far distant.

The Boston Transcript remarks truly that you couldn't make a boy more timhappy than by presenting him with a nice bag of nuts just as he is joyfully starting out for a day's nutting.

Jack—Well, Jim, I proposed to Miss Summer last night. Jim—Did she give you her heart? Jack—No, but I got a piece of her mind.

The garden gate has ceased of late
A load of love to boar,
But double weight is now the fate
Of many a parlor chair. A woman may be headstrong and yet not be strong-minded.

D. C. N. L. 49, 91

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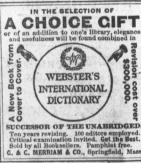
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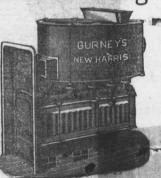








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