

HERE AND THERE

CHEAPEST LIGHT IN THE WORLD.

It is said by those who have experimented with them that the light given by the fireflies of Cuba is the "cheapest" in the world, produced, that is to say, with the least expenditure of heat and that a successful imitation of energy, and that it would prove to be a most profitable substitute for gas and electricity. The insects are beetles no inches long and belong to the family of "snapping bugs," so called because when one of them is laid on its back it snaps itself into the air with a clicking sound.

The secret of the light this firefly gives is as yet undiscovered. Apparently it is connected in some way with the mysterious phenomena of life, and chemists and physicians have sought in vain to explain its origin. On each side of the animal's thorax is a luminous membranous spot, and these flash at intervals so that the Cubans put a dozen of the insects in a cage together, and so obtain a continuous illumination accompanied by no perceptible heat, and is seemingly produced with almost no expenditure of energy. How great an improvement it represents upon all known artificial lights can be imagined when it is stated that in candlelight, lamplight or gaslight the waste is more than 99 per cent. In other words, if they could be so obtained as not to throw anything away, they would give nearly one hundred times the illumination which they do afford. Even the electric light is mostly wasted.

"THE EVIL ONE" AS A SEWING-MACHINE.

In the days when the sewing machine was in its earliest infancy an English lady living in India imported one, and for a long time kept its mysterious working hid from the ken of her native servants. One of whom was her tailor and general needle worker. This functionary was the very slowest of his proverbially slow "caste," and wasted no end of time dawdling over him and stitch. One day his mistress came to him with a yard of some fine fabric, and said, "Dizze," says she, "how long will it take you to run these breadths together?"

"Three days, missis," replies Dizze. "Misses, please, plenty too much work."

"Three days? No nonsense. Three hours, you mean. You are a very lazy man, and I'll cut your pay. Give me the stuff; I'll do it myself." Then the lady retires to her boudoir, from the instant penetration of which a sharp and continuous click and whir reaches the tailor's ears. He can't make out what the sound is, and he is much made out to speculate on it. He continues to "chew betel," and yawningly to ply needle and thread.

After an hour or two "misses" comes back, and throwing at Dizze's feet the raw material, now fashioned into a complete skirt, says: "There! See! You wanted three days, you sleepy fellow, to finish this, and I have done it already."

Astonished, Dizze turns over the drapery, examines the seams, scrutinizes the stitch and satisfies himself that all is proper according to tailors' rule. He is confounded. It passes his understanding. There lies the work done and no mistake. But how? He springs from the mat on which he has been squatting, he kicks over the little brass vessel which holds his water; he scatters right and left thread, needles, thimbles; he stops not to put on his sandals or to adjust loosened turban and waistcloth. Scared and bewildered, he runs for very life into the street, shouting, "The evil one! The evil one! The evil one!" He does not stop to think of the mischief he has done, but he does not stop to think of the mischief he has done, but he does not stop to think of the mischief he has done.

A COLD PARADISE.

Would it surprise you to hear that the Lofoten Islands, off Norway, are on their south side a terrestrial paradise? The Gulf Stream warms them all the year round, and the consumption of the cod fish is enormous. According to the latest statistics, the cod fishery of the Lofoten Islands is valued at £1,000,000. The cod fishery of the Lofoten Islands is valued at £1,000,000. The cod fishery of the Lofoten Islands is valued at £1,000,000.

THE PROFIT OF CONDENSATION.

When condensed milk was first introduced, 30 years ago, the idea was laughed at. The inventor carried the entire daily supply for New York City in a ten quart can, delivering it personally to patrons. He died worth \$7,000,000, made out of the business, which has grown to be a gigantic industry.

A TIGER'S LOVE OF PERFUME.

A lady correspondent writes that the recent article in this journal on the influence of music upon certain animals reminded her of a visit she had paid four or five years ago to a country manager. She was accompanied by her brother, the late Rev. J. B. Wood, who wished to demonstrate to a party the effect of scent upon the brute creation. "No sooner," she states, "were the cages containing the lions and tigers than they got restless and rubbed themselves against the bars, evidently recognizing a friend in my brother. They recognized his caresses with much pleasure, though apparently with the expectation of something more to come. Upon his taking a small bottle from one pocket and some pieces of thick brown paper from another, their excitement increased. He poured a little lavender water upon the paper, and rubbed each animal by name, presented it upon a stick to the favored one, who, on taking it, rubbed the paper upon paws, cheeks and back, and indulged in other antics, all expressive of extreme delight. When two animals were in one cage, the favored possessor of the scent would lie down upon the paper and roll over and over upon it to keep it from its disappointed mate. The strange part of the matter was that no other scent than lavender water had any attractions for these creatures."

Worms cause feverishness, morning and evening during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and natural. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

THE LATEST POETIC GEMS.

LOST.

We are so courteous and so kind, we two,
There is not a thing in life—
One would not do as another's due,
In the crisis of the strife;
We would fight each other's battles still,
We would stake our trust and truth
On what each averred, as when hearts were
stirred,
In the glory and glow of youth.
Yet I never forget how you went away,
Smiling and careless, that April day!

We keep the sweet old forms, we two,
We treasure each dear old phrase
We made when the dream of love was new,
In the golden summer days;
We would not let one trifle slip,
Of the beautiful fanciful thing,
Which hope and youth once set to truth
For love's happy lips to sing;

Yet, smile, and speak, and act as we may,
I never forget that April day!
When—it was all so natural, dear—
The sweet, fair foolish scheme
Showed, as life and its stubborn facts drew
near.

A very old dream:
When dazzled by spring's smiling skies,
From the fair, false light we had
In youth's bright eyes, youth's gay replies,
You turned and all was glad;
I knew—hush! rain, fond pleas to say!
I knew we had parted that April day!

So we are drifting apart, we two,
And you struck the link in twain;
I well believe that you never knew,
Nor suffered the swift strange pain;
Vaguely you think there is something gone
From the old relationship;

Though the lovely ghost of the fair thing lost
Still glances from eye to eye.
I knew the death pang that April day,
But I held my peace and you went away.

NEW MEN, NEW LIGHTS.

It is not enough to win rights from a king and write them down in a book.
New men, new lights; and the fathers' code
The sons may never break.
What is liberty now were license; then their
freedom our yoke would be;
And each new decade must have new men to
determine its liberty.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE LITTLE OLD STORE.

Oh, the little old store with the bell on the door,
That rang, as you went out or in,
With a ting-a-ling-ling, as it swung on the spring,
And deafened your ears with its din!

Oh, the little old store gave measure and more,
And everything smelled sweet of spice;
Though 'twas dark, to say true, and nothing
was new.

Yet everything sold there was nice.

For a quaint little maid, in muslin arrayed,
Would answer each ring from the door;
And smiles sweet and simple played tag with
the dimple.

In the cheeks of the maid in the store,
I used often to stoop in the little old shop,
And sometimes for nothing at all;
But to just shake the spring and to hear the
bell ring.

For Nellie to answer its call.

Ah! these times are all o'er, the little old store
Has vanished with old-fashioned ways;
Till sometimes it seems as but one of the
dreams.

That we have of our boyhood days,
Though a faint, vague regret comes over me
yet.

As I think of those days now no more,
In my heart I would fain be a glad again,
And with Nell in the little old store.

WITH MASTER MINDS.

Sweet mercy is nobility's truest badge.—
Shakespeare.

Mind is the great lever of all things.—
Daniel Webster.

The use of money is all the advantage
there is in having money.—[Franklin.]

Magnificence cannot be cheap, for what
is cheap cannot be magnificent.—[Johnson.]

An excuse is worse and more terrible
than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded.—
[Pope.]

Mankind seldom resides in a breast that
is not enriched with noble virtues.—[Goldsmith.]

Little minds are tamed and subdued by
misfortune; but great minds rise above it.
—[Washington Irving.]

Precious beyond price are good resolutions.
Valuable beyond price are good feelings.—
[Hugh R. Hawes.]

It is happiness to be nobly descended, it
is not less to have so much merit that no
body inquires whether we are so or no.—
[La Bruyere.]

Books are a guide in youth, and an enter-
taining agent for old age. They support us
under solitude, and keep us from becoming
a burden to ourselves. They help us to
forget our crossness of men and things,
compose our cares and passions, and allay
our disappointments.

The Testimonials
Published on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are
as reliable and as worthy your confidence as if
they came from your best and most trusted
neighbor. They state only the simple facts
regard to what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done,
always with truth and reason.

Constipation and all troubles with the
digestive organs and the liver are cured by
Hood's Pills. Unequaled as a dinner pill.

Sweet Girl—Have you any parlor shades
that won't break loose and fly up all of a
sudden when you least expect it? Dealer
—Yes, miss. Sweet Girl—Well, I wish
you'd send a man around and see if he can
talk me into buying some.

A Wonderful Cure.—Mr. David
Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the
benefit of others I wish to say a few
words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE
DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a
very severe cold, had a violent
constipation and general debility. I tried
almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly
and inwardly, to cure the sore but all
to no purpose. I had often thought of try-
ing Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DIS-
COVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had
used about one half the dose showed evi-
dent signs of healing. By the time that
bottle was done it had about disappeared
and my general health was improving fast.
I was always of a very bilious habit and
had used quinine and lemon juice with
very little effect. But since using three
bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the
biliousness is entirely gone and my general
health is excellent. I am 60 years old.
Parties using it should continue it for some
time after they are cured. It is cured. It is
by far the best health restorer I know."

"Why is it that Mr. Hardy proved such a
flat failure in society?" "That's easy
enough to answer. He talked sense when
out at social functions."

Miner's Liniment is the Hair Restorer.

WITH THE FAIR SEX.

COMPRESSED WAIST FORCE.

Frances Willard claims that the amount
of force exerted at a given moment to com-
press the waists of women by artificial
methods would, if aggregated, turn all
the mills between Minneapolis and the
Merrimac, while the condensed force of
their tight shoes, if it could be applied,
would run many trains.

THE BRIDAL VEIL OF A PRINCESS.

Five hundred hands are at work on the
bridal veil of the Princess Margarethe of
Prussia. The veil is made of 500 different
pieces, all the work being done with the
needle, and the pieces, each of which re-
quires ten days for completion, are to be
joined by the most skillful lace makers in a
pattern, which will appear as the work of
the same hand.

WHAT WOMAN SUFFRAGE MEANS.

Let no man or woman be mistaken as to
what this movement for woman's suffrage
really means. We none of us want to turn
the world upside down, or to convert
women into men. We want women, on the
contrary, above all things to continue
womanly women in the highest and best
sense—and to bring their true woman's in-
fluence on behalf of whatsoever things are
true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good
report to bear upon conduct of public af-
fairs.—[Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett.]

THE HONEYMOON ON A WHEEL.

A young couple in the north of England
have set out upon their wedding journey
on a tandem tricycle. The poor pedestrian
will have a sorry time in England if the
fashion spreads, and tricycles and bicycles
are ridden by honeymoon couples with no
thought save for each other. We hear
constantly of feasts accomplished by daring
women on the wheel. One day it is an
American woman that breaks the record
with her bicycle, and another day an
English girl travels on her wheel 100
miles in seven hours. Mrs. William F.
Smith, of Washington, is the first woman to
adopt the lady's safety.

A ROSEBUD COSTUME.

The material used for this is a pale, rose-
colored delaine, the skirt, which fits rather
smoothly in front, having just sufficient full-
ness in the back to make it graceful. The
sleeves are of the French style, with a high
collar, and the bodice is of the "Dainty Even-
ing" costume in the November Ladies'
Home Journal. At the lower edge is a
kilted border of pink chiffon, and over this
is a deeper shade. The bodice is high,
the figure gracefully, and has for its
decoration a plaited rill of chiffon—each
group of plaits being caught with a knot of
ribbon, the whole strip being worn as a
fascia might be, and draped in at the waist,
where it is caught by the waist ribbon.
The full sleeves are of the chiffon,
pleated at the elbows with a band and knot of
ribbon, long gloves of pale, rose-colored un-
dressed kid coming up to meet them.

THE BELLES OF NORTHERN ITALY.

"The prettiest women in the world are
those of Northern Italy," says Henry G.
Bartow to a St. Louis reporter. "Pretty"
is not exactly the word to be used in
describing them. A wax doll may be
pretty.

"The women of Northern Italy are
gloriously, madly beautiful. They are
a mixture of the French and the Italian,
of the French nobility, and inherit the vivacity
of one country, and the voluptuous, half
Oriental beauty of the other.

"If you want to understand what the
poet meant by the 'dark eyes' splendor' go,
not to the Vale of Cashmere, nor to Cadiz,
but to Milan, Greece, in her palmist
figures, could not produce such perfect
figures, nor Spain such coquettes.

"Add to unrivaled beauty of face and
figure the sweet cadences of the Italian
tongue, and I defy any youngster to get
away from Milan without regret.

"Some one has said that Italian is the
mother tongue of the Goddess of Love;
certainly there is nothing sweeter—it is
melody itself."

PRACTICAL HOME TRAINING.

When manual training with its domestic
department of cooking and sewing
was being urged as a necessary part of
public school training, teachers and wise
men brought forward the argument "That
it is not needful for mothers to teach these
things." From every corner the answer
came, "Mothers do not teach these things,
and our girls are being brought up without
practical household training." One summer
a lady had 200 girls from offices, stores and
factories to board during two weeks vaca-
tion. At the end of the summer she found
that her girls of the number knew how to
make a bed, and many of them made it a
beast that they "never made a bed in their
lives." Some did not even know whether
sheet or blanket should be put on first.
And these were not destitute girls, but
such as represent our self-respecting wage-
earners—girls who were boarders, paying a
fair price, and yet who were expected to
make their own beds. Mothers had not
trained them. There are hundreds of
bright, intelligent girls, fit, honest, in-
dependent, and do not know whether a thimble
should go on their thumb or forefinger.
What kind of wives and mothers are they
to make?

THEY ALL ACCEPT WOMAN'S AID.

The value of woman's services in a
political campaign is receiving sturdy but
increasing recognition. Through the
Farmers' Alliance, the first political body
to take advantage of woman's talent in this
direction, a number of women have de-
veloped into efficient political workers.
These are Mrs. Emory, editor of St.
Louis paper; Mrs. Lease of Kansas; Mrs.
Gay, of Texas, and Mrs. Valesh, of Min-
nesota, also a journalist; Mrs. Diggs, Mrs.
Foster, and Mary Frost Ormsby, all de-
voted to the cause, and many instances
prove themselves valuable co-operators
and dangerous opponents. In 1888 Mrs.
Foster organized the Republican Women's
Association, which has now a large mem-
bership, and in the Minneapolis convention
the services of the association were ac-
cepted for the coming campaign. At the
Buffalo convention, to which the association
was invited by the Republican League, a
mass meeting was held under the auspices
of the women, where addresses were given
by both men and women. The Republican
party seem to accept with more gracious-
ness than their opponents the services of
the women. Indeed, provided the women
do not bother too much about a woman's
suffrage plank, the G. O. P. is quite willing
to allow them to solicit funds and distribute
circulars for the expelling party principles
and the inspiration of indifferent sup-
porters.

Itch on humans or animals cured in 30
minutes by Willard's Sanitary Lotion.
Warranted by John Willard, druggist.

The Children's Corner.

ELSIE'S MORNING GLORIES.

Such a queer place as it was that Elsie
woke up in that morning; not a bit like her
own little bed in her own little room, with
the lace curtains at the windows and the
morning glories looking in. But there were
plenty of morning glories here; more than
Elsie had ever seen before. They ran riot
over the mossy bank she lay on, dropped
from the branches of the trees above her
and nestled at their roots.

How came she there? Elsie wondered,
and raised herself on her elbow to look
around, but she could not see far, for a
screen of tangled glory vines seemed to in-
close her on every side. She sank back on
the mossy turf, puzzled and rather fright-
ened, but just then a clear, sweet voice
called "Elsie," and the vines parted like
curtains and a beautiful little lady stood
before the wondering child. Her crown,
which sparkled as no Queen's ever did
before, was composed of morning dewdrops
set in sunbeams; her robe was trimmed
with morning glory flowers and was in fact
woven of the same material. In one hand
she carried a golden wand and in the other
a trail of lovely vines. Floating up to
Elsie, this radiant vision said kindly:

"I am Queen of the Morning Glories. I
have many subjects, but the morning glories
are the most faithful and constant to me.
Therefore I wear their colors, and my mes-
sengers, the fairies of sunrise, take up their
abode in their bells. I have had you
brought here because I know that you
plant and care for a great many of my dear
subjects, and in gratitude for this I am
going to grant you three wishes. But you
must be careful to wish for only such things
as may come to pass in the morning hours,
for my power departs with the dewdrops."

Elsie lay back in her mossy bed and
pondered on the queen's words. Morning
was often a very trying part of the day,
and what a wonderful chance was there
here to rob it of some of its unpleasant
features!

At last she spoke:
"Oh! beautiful Queen, my first wish is
that I may always get up quickly and
cheerfully when mamma calls me."

The Queen smiled.

"A good wish, Elsie; and one which will
do much to make morning pleasant, not
only for you but for every one else in the
house. And now the second."

"Please, your majesty, keep me from be-
ing rude, or careless, or thoughtless during
the early hours, for days will begin always
bid fair to be days well ended."

The Queen smiled again, approvingly,
and said:

"Another good wish, my dear girl, as you
say, as the day is begun it is usually ended.
And now for the third and last. Think
well, my child."

Elsie pondered long.

"Good Queen, I should like always to
come out of my room in the morning as neat
and sweet looking as your subjects, the
morning glories."

The Queen laughed and clapped her
hands.

"The best of all! My child, I am well
pleased with your wishes; farewell." She
waved her wand. Everything seemed to
disappear, and the next thing Elsie knew
she was lying in her own bed in her own room.

"Elsie! Elsie!" a voice called, not
Queen's this time, but mamma's. "It was
time to get up." "How quickly the Queen
has had me taken back," thought Elsie.
"Now I will try if the gifts I asked are
really mine."

She jumped up, and ran out
to tell mamma of her wonderful adventure
with the Queen of the Morning Flowers,
and of the three wishes her majesty had
granted.

Mamma listened attentively to the end,
only smiling now and then. Then she
drew Elsie to her side and kissed her
fondly.

"They are good wishes, my dear. I hope
the Queen's power may not fail. You must
be careful, Elsie, and help her to fulfill her
promises."

Certainly the promises were fulfilled,
whether by the butterfly-like power of the
Queen or Elsie's will I know not; perhaps
both combined.

But whichever it was, the three wishes
have helped to make Elsie the bright,
happy, well-behaved girl she is, and her
mamma always speaks of her little daugh-
ter's habit of punctuality, neatness and
good temper as "Elsie's Morning Glories."

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read phys-
icians now believe that Consump-
tion is a germ disease. In other
words, instead of being in the con-
stitution itself it is caused by innum-
erable small creatures living in the
lungs having no business there and
eating them away as caterpillars do
the leaves of trees.

The phlegm that is
coughed up is those
parts of the lungs
which have been
gnawed off and destroyed. These
little bacilli, as the germs are called,
are too small to be seen with the
naked eye, but they are very much
alive just the same, and enter the
body in our food, in the air we
breathe, and through the pores of
the skin. Thence they get into the
blood and finally arrive at the lungs
where they fasten and increase with
frightful rapidity. Then German
Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills
them, expels them, heals the places
they leave, and so nourish
and soothe that, in a short time consump-
tives become germ-proof and well.

CAUTION!

EACH FLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY

MARKED

T. & B.

IN ERGZE LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

Itch on humans or animals cured in 30
minutes by Willard's Sanitary Lotion.
Warranted by John Willard, druggist.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DANGER.

Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St.,
Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his
little girl fell and struck her knee against
a curbstone. The knee began to swell,
became very painful and terminated in
what doctors call "white swelling." She
was treated by the best medical men, but
grew worse. Finally

ST. JACOBS OIL

was used. The contents of one bottle
completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect!!
Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK
TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.

JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any coloring matter, and contains about
the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investi-
gation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to
rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.R.C., F.R.S.

T. Redwood, F.R.C., F.R.S., 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

Wholesale Representatives for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

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