

## My Henner.

feed a score of hens or more.  
Dear henner they are to me—  
The eggs they lay  
Will hardly pay  
The time it takes, you see;  
Some days it takes a dozen hens  
To lay one egg at vast expence.

I cannot herd them in the yard.  
They'd fly above the moon;  
And now that spring  
Is on the wing.

They keep the place in tune—  
"Cut-cut—ca-daw" are the words  
That fit the anthems of my birds.

"Cut-cut—ca-daw!" They scratch and claw.  
They tear the dimpled lawn;  
Flower beds I make.

For them to make,  
They scratch from an early dawn;  
Like surface moles they dig great holes.  
And wallow in their dusty bowls.

Why do I herd this useless bird,  
That cackles, but not lays?  
That wastes her time,  
And much of mine.

In all these busy days,  
Because when I move out of town—I know it,  
I find I somehow thought I ought to do it.

—Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

## THE FALSE VOW.

Lady Hilda started up, her face glowing with a burning blush, her eyes full of indignity; but it was no look of love that met hers; Mr. Fulton's face was utterly sad. She was about to exclaim, when he said, "Hush, my dear, as you value your own happiness be silent. I—I know your mother years ago, and you looked like her then."

Miss Earle returned before Lady Hilda had time to speak. She looked with amazement at the strange expression of that fair young face, but made no remark; she banded the wound carefully and then both ladies withdrew, leaving the perplexed Mr. Fulton to find a way out of his difficulties. "That I should have been so mad!" he cried, "but how could I help it? She looked so fair and winning, so like poor Magdalen; and after all she was my own child. But what shall I do? I must explain all to her, or she will tell Bayneham, and we shall have a scene."

Lady Hilda was dismayed; the secret her mother had kept so well was then known to this handsome stranger, who had made himself universally liked. But she had no time to collect her thoughts; there was a grand dinner-party that evening, and she had much to arrange.

Mr. Fulton wished a thousand times over that he had gone away as he intended; he saw but one way out of his trouble; he must see Lady Hilda, tell her all, and rely upon her fears for observing the secrecy necessary for him. He wrote a note, as follows:

"I pray you to keep silent over the little incident that occurred this afternoon until I see you. I can explain it. The honor of a family—my life almost—depends upon your silence. Will you grant me an interview? I know your parents, and have much to say to you. Will you meet me in the library after dinner this evening? I will not detain you long."

He wrote the note, never thinking that there would be any difficulty in giving it to her, but he found it impossible. In the drawing-room she was surrounded by visitors. Sir Henry Atleigh, of Combe Abbey, took her down to dinner. After dinner she held a little court, and there seemed to be no room for him in the group. He never realized before the difficulty of doing anything underhand.

At last his opportunity came. Sir Henry Atleigh spoke of a photograph he had seen lately from one of Ary Scheffer's finest pictures.

"We have one like it, I believe," said Lady Hilda, rising and moving towards the large table on which books and rare engravings lay scattered.

"Let me assist you in looking for it," said Mr. Fulton, who had long been waiting for this chance. He followed her to the table, and in giving her the photograph she sought laid his note upon it. He read the hesitation in her face as she half threw it from her. "For your own sake," he whispered, "for your husband's sake," and her hands closed over it.

It was adroitly managed, but it happened unfortunately that the Countess of Bayneham witnessed the little transaction, unseen by them. She was seated in her own favorite chair, at some distance from the large table; but she was watching Mr. Fulton as he rose, and saw him plainly offer the folded note to her son's wife. Her first impulse was to rise and demand to see it; her second was to laugh at her own folly. It might be a memorandum, or a thousand other things; why should she suspect anything wrong? She smiled, and blushed herself for her unjust suspicion and folly.

If the countess could have seen the burning indignation on Lady Hilda's face as she read those few lines she would have judged her more charitably hereafter. No, certainly—a thousand times over, she would refuse to meet the stranger who a month ago was unknown to her. Why should she? If he knew anything of the parents, let him tell it to her husband. At least her suspense would be ended then, and she had lived lately with a sword suspended over her head. She tore up the note contemptuously and flung it to the winds.

That night Mr. Fulton sat until late in the library, but Lady Hilda did not come near, and he grew desperate. "I must see her," he said to himself, "she will betray me; how madly I have acted! She must see me and know who I am."

This was more easily said than done. Lady Hilda carefully avoided him next day. She had not decided what course to pursue. She longed to tell her husband all, but dared not. Then Paul Fulton wrote again.

"I must see you," he said; "reasons, both sacred and important, compel me to speak to you. I ask you, for your dear mother's sake, to meet me to-night; not in the house, where I cannot perhaps speak to you alone. Go after dinner to the Lady's Walk, I pray you, and let me see you there."

With this note carefully folded, he haunted the drawing-rooms, but no Lady Hilda appeared. Fortune, however, favored him again. Going up the grand staircase he met the countess with her daughter-in-law. He passed them with a deep salutation and some jesting words, placing the note in Lady Hilda's hand as he did so, unobserved, he believed, but seen again by the watchful eye of Lady Bayneham. She made no remark, resolving to know soon what this mysterious correspondence meant.

When Lady Hilda read the second note she was almost in despair. What could he know of her parents, this strange man whom she dreaded? Why should he summon her for her dear mother's sake? She must go; there was no help for it. They dined alone that evening, and only Lady Bayneham's watchful eyes saw how worn and anxious was the expression of that young face, on which a new shadow had fallen.

To be continued.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria



THE OLD BANDANA AGAIN.

CHARLIE COURAGE (feeling in his neighbor's pocket by mistake)—"I know it's horribly bad fashion to sneeze in public, but I've paws'tively got to. You'll pardon me, won't you?"

## ON THE BIAS.

FAIRENHEIT.

One warm and pleasant summer eve,  
We sat beneath a tree,  
And she, the silence to relieve,  
This riddle asked of me—

"If thirty-two," she shyly said,  
"Is freezing point, do try  
To tell me what," she hung her head—  
"Is squeezing point?" asked I.

She bowed assent. My arm passed round  
That pretty little maid;  
"I think," I said, "the answer's found;  
It must be two in the shade."

—Brunonian.

Consistency—"Are you an atheist?" "Yes, thank God!"

Some of us fret inwardly and some outwardly. The former is the better plan for our friends, but the worst for ourselves.

That little which man wants here below can always be found by judicious advertising in a newspaper.

The compositor who set up "paint the city," when the editor wrote "paint the city," is looking for a job.

"Have pity," cried a beggar, in mournful accents, on a poor blind man—the father of ten orphans.

Mr. N. Peck—"I never spoke cross to my wife but once." Thompson—"Quite remarkable, that." Mr. N. Peck—"Not so very. See this scar."

"Johnny dirty? Oh, he don't mind being dirty, Johnny don't. He is perfectly indigent to the soil."

The Chicago Globe kindly advises its readers of kleptomaniac tendencies not to indulge in that form of dementia in crowded stores, as the danger of getting caught is too great.

The smallpox in Oklahoma will probably make those boomers break out more rapidly than they broke in.

Spectator (to defendant)—Well, I guess the jury will find for you. The judge's charge was certainly very much in your favor. Don't you think so? Defendant (modestly)—Oh, I knew all along that the judge's charge was all right. It's the lawyer's charge that's worryin' me. —Detroit Free Press.

## SITTING BY THE SEA.

"When the small boy goes in swimming in a costume of the mode."

That was worn by fair Godiva when through the country she rode.

When yachts are fitted out for going on their summer cruise.

And there's a big demand again for low cut tennis shoes.

"This sweet to sit beside the sea and listen to the yell."

That rise when crabs have fastened to the toes of the belles. —Boston Courier.

Young Lady (at bakery)—Give me a dozen Boston kisses, please. Clerk—With pleasure, miss. Just wait one moment until I put a piece of ice in my mouth.

A New York lady won the prize for furnishing the best recipe by which a dinner could be prepared for \$1. As soon as her husband found this out he borrowed the dollar and took his dinner down town.

Bixby—"I say, old boy, I wish you would tell me who this letter's from. The fellow forgot to sign it." Buxby (after adjusting his eyeglasses)—"H'm! It's from our friend Dunkey." Bixby—"Ah, so glad you recognized the writing." Buxby—"But I didn't!" Bixby—"Eh! How'd you tell?" Buxby—"I recognized the spelling."

## HE WILL DIE A BACHELOR.

A Mercer (Pa.) minister will wed the woman "unnamed" indorsed by his congregation. —Indianapolis News.

## IN THE HISTORY CLASS.

Teacher—Now, where was there the most terrible slaughter? Little Lett Cohen (jumping up with alacrity)—At father's store. —American.

## SPOONS.

Somerville Journal.

"Good night, sweetheart!" he softly said.  
And held her tight.

Upon his breast she bowed her head,  
And sighed: "Good night!"

He clasped her close. "Good night!" he said  
In tender tone.

"Good night!" once more responded she,  
"My love! my own!"

And then—"Good night, my own dear love!"  
A soft sigh he.

More softly than a cooling dove—  
"Good night!" said she.

But whether he said so again  
I can not say.

For I got tired of listening then,  
And came away.

## A Model Claim.

We claim that our Torem of Health Remedies have cured more chronic cases of dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, eczema, salt rheum, old sores, kidney troubles, etc., etc., in Ontario during the past six months than all other remedies combined, and we can show the testimonials of people who have been cured to support our claim. It is the cheapest remedy and the best. Ask your druggist for Torem of Health, or address Torem of Health Co., London, Ont. The Griggs House, Medical Lake Toilet Soap for toilet purposes. Travellers, make a note of this.

SAID TO BE SPLENDID—"I am pleased with Burdock Blood Bitters, because it cured my rheumatism completely. My son also, and many other people in this vicinity, have used it and say it is splendid." Mrs. O. Perrault, Rat Portage, Ont.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN NOTES.

The original Boulanger hat was very large, with a curve of brim like the three-cornered riding hats of the last century. It is now much modified both in size and shape. It is hardly more than half the size.

The Matthew Arnold fund now amounts to £7,000, £1,000 of it having come from America. Six hundred guineas will procure a bust for Westminster Abbey, and the remainder will be given to Mrs. Arnold.

Women flogging exists as a punishment in the Transvaal. All the South African press is violently opposed to it, but only recently a woman was sentenced to receive fifteen lashes for using obscene language.

A capitulation of considerable moment has been that of London to French landscape art. The new rage is described as fast and furious. There has never yet been a modern French landscape in the National Gallery.

Donovan, the Duke of Portland's three-year-old, has won the sum of £28,000, and not counting the Two Thousand Guineas, has engagements amounting to £25,000, for the next Derby, for which he is the favorite.

The report that the Berlin court will adopt the dress of Frederick I. (1701) is confirmed. Emperor William will wear that dress at the visit of the King of Italy and the Czar. The costume consists of knee breeches, buckle shoes, a sword, a three-cornered hat, and a petting.

In the future every great ironclad will have its suite, composed of a small fleet. This will consist of two first-class torpedo boats, a fast gunboat ram, generally towed, and a very fast 200-ton "turn about torpedo catcher," fitted with the latest improvements for destroying torpedoes.

The "Nestor of English scholarship," Prof. Kennedy, died at Torquay on April 8. Dr. Kennedy had carried off almost every classical honor at Cambridge, was head master at Shrewsbury, and Professor of Greek at Cambridge. His authority on points of philology was regarded as unrivalled.

A variation of roulette appears under the name of "Sandown." The wheel resembles that of roulette, but the divisions are unequal in size. There are thirty-seven of them, one of which is in favor of the table. They are all named after horses, instead of being numbered. "Bolter" corresponds to zero.

The shortest game on record of first-class raquets was the third in the recent match between Major Spens and Capt. Tower, competitors in the amateur championship contest of this year. Major Spens, after winning the second game with a run of seven aces, served a love game in the third in 2 minutes and 36 seconds, a straight run of 22 aces. His total aces for three games were 45 to 6.

Consumption Curable. It cannot be too often impressed on every one that the much dreaded consumption (which is only lung scrofula), is curable, if attended to at once, and that the primary symptoms, so often mistaken as signs of diseased lungs, are only symptoms of an unhealthy liver. To this organ the system is indebted for pure blood, and to pure blood the lungs are indebted no less than to pure air for healthy action. If the former is polluted, we have the hacking cough, and hectic flush, night-sweats, and a whole train of symptoms resembling consumption. Rouse the liver to healthy action by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, take healthy exercise, live in the open air, and all symptoms of consumption will disappear. For weak, nervous, and bloodless, shortness of breath, chronic nasal catarrhs, bronchitis, asthma, severe coughs, and kindred affections, it is a most wonderful remedy. The "Discovery" is guaranteed to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

The Loss of the Hair Is a great misfortune, and the sight of a bald head should be a warning to you to take the best possible care of your hair. A little of Dr. Dorenwend's "Hair Magic" used occasionally will prevent all chances of its falling out or turning gray, and will remove all traces of dandruff. Every druggist has it in stock. Ask for it.

If the Sufferers From Consumption Scrofula and General Debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes:—"I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable." Sold by Druggists, at 30c and \$1.

OUR VANCOUVER CORRESPONDENT.—From Esquimaux, B. C., Mrs. A. B. Cameron writes that being very much troubled with dyspepsia she tried two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, which gave great relief, and hopes that others may be induced to try it also and receive like benefits.

"PECTORIA" will cure that cough "PECTORIA" is the people's remedy "PECTORIA" loosens the phlegm. "PECTORIA" 25 cents a bottle. "Pectoria

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The Italian newspapers announce the death, at the age of 76, of Felice Varese, one of the great baritones of the past, and the artist for whom Verdi wrote "Rigoletto." By birth Varese was a Frenchman; he was born at Calais.

Mme. Patti, having discarded the niece discovered by her in New Orleans, has transferred her affections to the young daughter of Signor Nicolini, and the niece's new pet has accompanied the prima donna to South America. The songstress on the off nights of Signor Giacchi's season is Signorina Tetrastini, who will be remembered as having sung here in "Otello."

The drama in London has taken a curious turn, which is well worthy of notice. The market now is for "morality." The inquiring manager in search of a new piece no longer inquires the number of felonious crimes which are deftly sandwiched into four acts, but first asks whether the play preaches a new moral lesson, and if it will lift the audience into the realm of superhuman purity it goes into the bill at once.

While Dr. Von Bilow's managers have no cause for dissatisfaction, the pianist himself has reason to be pleased. The attention bestowed upon his work and the applause it has elicited have quite as cheering an influence upon him as they would upon a comparative novice. Aside from this, Dr. Von Bilow derives much pecuniary advantage from his second visit to America. Twelve years ago he received but \$20,000 for four or five months' exertions; this time he will wear away \$12,000 as a substantial remuneration, of his five weeks' sojourn in the United States.

There will be plenty of English opera "on the road" next season. Whether the Hinrichs English Opera Company, which is now doing a most unprofitable business in Philadelphia, will be in the field next fall is not certain, but Miss Emma Abbott, the Boston Ideal, the Bostonians, and a new troupe of considerable strength will endeavor to supply the demand for opera and opera comique sung in the vernacular. The ancient Italian and French repertoire, done into English, still attracts, but the problem of securing competent performers at a reasonable outlay is as remote of solution as ever, and the receipts seldom balance the expenditure when a season is at all protracted.

The players played before the Queen on Friday, Henry Irving doing Malbin in "The Belshazzar" and Shylock, with Miss Terry as Portia, before her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a select few of their guests at Sandringham. The little eighteen-foot stage was a perfect miniature of the one at the Lyceum, scenery and all. At the close the Queen received Mr. Irving and Miss Terry and expressed her delight at the performance. She presented Mr. Irving with a set of diamond shirt studs and Miss Terry with a brooch—two birds designed in diamonds. Supper was served in the big dining room. All the royal persons were in black, the Queen wearing the garter and star on her left shoulder.

Visitors to London and Paris this summer will have an opportunity of attending performances of Italian opera in both cities. In London Mr. Loris will carry on his second season. His prospects this year are uncommonly rosy. In Paris a wealthy Italian publisher, Signor Sanzogna, has taken the cause of opera under his wing, and will give representations for seven or eight weeks with as efficient a company as can be gotten together. Among the people already engaged are two of the best vocalists in American music, Signor Trisolini and Signor Repetto. Trisolini and Signor Sanzogna's leading contralto is Mme. Hasterer. Returning to London again, the tourist may behold, in July, Verdi's "Otello" produced at the Lyceum, with M. Maurel in his original role of Iago, and the orchestra of La Scala, under the direction of Signor Puccini in person. We tentatively state he has not yet been divulged, but it is likely that Signor Oxilia will be chosen. The great scarcity of tenors makes even a second-rate artist an important personage.

H. A. Jones's play, "Wealth," tells the story of Matthew Ruddock, a Sheffield millionaire and London financier, who, when the play opens, is an old man whose life has been spent in one long struggle for money. In the first act he drives his daughter from the house because she refuses to marry John Ruddock, a distant relative of his, whom he has given a share in his business and chosen for his son-in-law to perpetuate his name. In the second act he goes crazy, refuses to see her, and disinherits her. In the third act, during a financial panic, he becomes more crazy, and imagines himself bankrupt, and tells every body so. In the fourth act, six months afterward, he is still crazy, and learning that he really is a millionaire and that John Ruddock has kept the truth from him, he promptly dies. Comedy of a satirical sort is furnished by a lot of relations, but, notwithstanding this, the play is gloomy, morbid, and a heavy draft upon the sympathies of the audience. All the leading characters are so written that they cannot be sympathized with. The audience refused to call for the author at the end, and the play, notwithstanding the very wonderful and entirely admirable acting of Beerbohm Tree as Matthew Ruddock, will be classed as a failure.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Mrs. WINSLOW'S SCOTT'S SYRUP should always be used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea; 25c. a bottle. y

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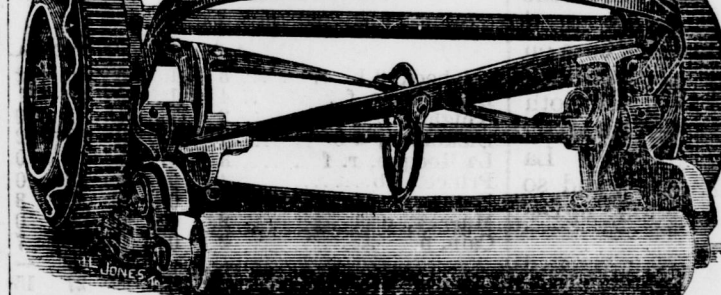
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