

Brotherly Kindness.

Oh! kindly judge thy erring friend or foe;
We cannot tell the current's undertow;
Which, while he calm and upright seems to stand,
May wash away from him the ebbing sand.

Beneath the surface of a quiet life,
There may be warring of a bitter strife,
Between the ranks of duty onward led,
And those led on by passion's hydra-head.

And we look on the while with careless eyes,
As those who watch the calm of starry skies;
Anon! the veil is drawn from tragedy unseen,
As we behold the drama's closing scene.

We then are quick to shed the friendly tear
Upon the wrecks completed by despair;
With bated breath, we speak the words of praise,
Which we withheld in dark despairing days.

We gladly bring the blossoms rare and sweet,
His deadened senses, as we hope, to greet
And fashioned into cross they gently rest,
A mocking tribute to his pulseless breast.

Ah! better far the smile of kindly cheer,
To lift from living heart its care and fear;
And words of sympathy that quickly fly,
Like angel messengers from on high.

A little leaf, enhanced by generous trust
A rosebud, fragrant in its crumbling dust
By then the funeral gifts are only dross
By them, we ease the spirit's heavy cross.

Extend thy hand with ever ready clasp;
You know not who amid the throng may grasp
Its firm support, to help him bear the load
Of hidden woes along life's rugged road.

Lechardy with countless graces crown,
O'er human weakness, sin and guilt
A vestal virgin, still may she impart
The flame of love to every sinking heart.

So may we charge each glance and word,
And act,
With that sweet, wondrous, magic, nameless tact,
Which peace and comfort yield to those oppressed;
And guide the weary ones to promised rest.

FOR THE OLD LOVE'S SAKE.

Every Sunday the father and son, as neat as two pennies, set out for a walk together. They had been seen in the museum, in the Jardin des Plantes. They had also been seen before dinner in a little cafe in the Quartier, where Tony indulged in the only dissipation of the week, a glass of sherry, which he carried over and sipped slowly, while Adrian, sitting alongside of him, on the leather-covered bench, looked at the picture papers.

"No, medames," said the concierge, who was given to sentimentality, to the gossip, "That widower will never marry again. The other Sunday we ran across another in the Montparnasse Cemetery, it is there his wife is doubtless buried. It makes one sad to see him with his child. He must have loved his dead wife dearly. It is a rare thing, but there are some like that. He is inconsolable."

Alas, yes; Tony Robec had loved his wife tenderly, and would not soon console himself for her loss. But he was not a widower.

His life had been simple and unhappy. He was a conscientious workman, but not an expert at his trade; it had taken him a long time before he had been able to "set type" rapidly and make good wages; and for this reason he had not thought of marrying until after he had passed his thirtieth birthday. He should have chosen a sensible girl, having, like himself, learned the lesson of economy. But love is never conventional. Tony lost his head to the pretty frivolities of an artificial flower-maker.

At once he felt his son press against him and heard him murmur, in a frightened voice, "Mamma!" and some feet away from him, kneeling among a group of cypress trees, he saw his wife, clothed in a poverty-stricken robe and shawl. Oh, so pale! her eyes so sunken! her joined hands extended toward him supplicatingly.

After a shiver, caused more by the anger at the remembrance of the wrong done him than by pity for the condition of his miserable wife, whom he had once passionately loved, he pushed the little one toward her gently.

"Adrien," he said, "go and kiss your mamma."

She seized the child and strained him to her convulsively, kissing him hungrily on his lips, his eyes, his hair, and then rising and turning a beseeching look upon her husband, she murmured:

"How good you are."

But he was already standing near her and replied, his dry mouth emitting a harsh sound:

"Do not speak and give me your arm."

It is not far from the cemetery to the Rue Delambre. They walk the distance quickly. Tony felt Clementine's arm trembling as it rested on his. The child walked beside them, his mind already occupied with his playthings.

The concierge of the house in which Tony lived was standing upon the threshold of her room.

"Madame," he said to her, "there is my wife, who has been in the provinces for the last six months, tending to her sick mother, and who has returned now to care for me and the little one."

And as they climbed the staircase he was obliged to partly carry the poor woman, who had burst into tears and was almost fainting from emotion and joy.

On reaching his room, Tony seated his wife in the armchair, placed her child in her arms once more; then he took a bureau drawer, drew forth a common pasteboard box and took Clementine's wedding ring from it, placed it upon her finger without one reproach or bitter word with out a rebuff for the past; and silently and gravely, with the large generosity of simple hearts, he kissed her on the forehead to assure her more completely that he pardoned her.

King Humbert opened the Italian parliament with a ten minutes' speech.

They had soon been consoled by the birth of

Adrian, whom the mother desired to nurse herself. She left the shop and took work home, but made only half her usual wages; she dressed tastily and played the lady in the Luxembourg gardens as she pushed her baby in his wicker carriage in front of her. Tony had to make a greater effort; he took extra work on a night newspaper, the housekeeping was strained. They ran into debt. Then the child grew and went to the infants' school, and the mother, without occupation, naturally a coquette, fell into the habit of dangerous flirtations. Imagine this poor man, old before his time, bowed down with care and work, and this foolish young thing of twenty-five, as pretty as a Grouse! One evening, coming home with the boy whom he had taken from school as he passed by, he had found a letter on the mantel-piece, from which, upon opening it, had fallen Clementine's wedding ring. In this letter the naughty child had said good-by to him and her child, and asked him to forgive her.

Oh! romantic juriesmen, who always acquit the outraged husband, who, seeing things blood color, murders the erring wife and her lover, under the excuse of passionate crime; you are going to find my poor Tony Lucandid very rousers! even a little vile. But he was much less broken than angry. He murmured deeply, and when Adrian said to him, "Where is mamma? Will she return soon?" he would embrace the little one passionately, and reply: "I do not know."

Clementine had gone away in the first part of May. Oh, how perverse the odor of lilacs sometimes is. Tony in the July term had sold nearly all of his furniture in order to liquidate the debts, and had gone to live in the Rue Delambre, trying to economize. This was where he was living so quietly, so honestly, with his little boy and where they took him to be a widower.

Toward the last September the workman had received a letter from his wife, four pages of incoherent, despairing pleadings. She was abandoned, betrayed, in turn the mistress! She was repentant, and she cried out, begging for mercy. This made our poor Tony very unhappy. But reassure yourselves, ferocious juriesmen, with hearts as jealous as the Moor of Venice, and be kind enough to restrain the unhappy man in your good graces for a short time. He was proud, and made no reply to the guilty woman.

He had nothing more from Clementine until Christmas Eve.

On that day for several years he had been in the habit of going with his wife to lay a nosegay on the grave of a friend who, with a rose in the centre—on the grave of their little Felix, their first born, who had died so young and who was buried at Montparnasse.

For the first time since his marriage Tony Robec was obliged to perform this pious pilgrimage alone, but for his little Adrian, and as he passed under the cemetery gateway in the gloomy Winter day—despite him again, you terrible Orpheus of the jury—the image of the absent fugitive came more vividly before his eyes and caused him more pungent sorrow.

"Where is she now?" he thought.

"What has she become?"

But on reaching Felix's grave, which he only found after a long search, he stopped in surprise.

On the first stone lay three or four playthings, such as one would give to the poorest children—a trumpet, a Punchinello and a jack-in-the-box. They had just been laid there evidently, for they were brand new, having been bought that very day.

"Ah, there are some toys!" cried Adrian joyously, on his knees before his treasure-trove.

But the father, spying a piece of paper tied to the playthings, took it up and read these words, the writing of which he recognized: "For Adrian, from his little brother Felix, who is now with the Christ Child."

All at once he felt his son press against him and heard him murmur, in a frightened voice, "Mamma!" and some feet away from him, kneeling among a group of cypress trees, he saw his wife, clothed in a poverty-stricken robe and shawl. Oh, so pale! her eyes so sunken! her joined hands extended toward him supplicatingly.

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BANANA LORE.

Interesting Information Concerning This Popular Fruit.

We all know how cheap and nourishing the banana fruit is, and this accounts for its great popularity. Have you ever heard called "the lazy man's dinner"? Well, this name is no libel on the fruit, for if you ever live in a hot country you will soon learn how appropriate this new name is. We all know how grateful it is to feel a breeze and see the leaves fluttering ever so lightly when the thermometer is in the nineties, and so in the West Indies the long flag-like leaves of the banana flutter and rustle in a most pleasing way. Then, when a storm approaches, they fly out like ship's pennants, and, like them, too, often get split into ribbons.

The blossom, of a peculiar purple-brown color, rises erect on a spike from the centre of the plant, and, as each flower drops off, a tiny bud forms which rapidly increases in size. As the "bunch of green sausages" increases in weight, the flower and fruit spike begins to bend down, next its own weight, and now comes the layman's opportunity. As the negro rests under the shade of the broad leaves he can pick a banana off almost without the exertion of moving; sometimes, indeed, he could catch one by means of his teeth. No wonder, then, the West India negro will not willingly work. He asks the planter, "Why should I?" The sugar, starch and oil contained in the banana are the necessary sustenance of life, and in a hot climate supply the bread and beef of colder climes. Other fruits—the guava, lemon, orange and lime—supply the acids to keep his blood cool, the peppers and other pungent plants act beneficially on the liver, and, when he tires of his banana dinner, sweet potatoes or yams and sugar cane offer variety.

So the planter sadly realizes that plenty of bananas is not an unalloyed blessing for him, even if the crop be a most productive and remunerative one. Neither does the negro find the banana always a good thing. The terrible make of the West Indies, the far-dance, is very fond of eating himself round the stem, and the equally deadly tarantula makes it his favorite resort. Woe to the one who hurriedly picks his fruit in the glare of the sun without carefully examining the stem first. No wonder, in her defence of all creatures alike, in her defence to change its color to that of its surroundings, and often the most watchful eye is deceived.

In Central Africa, especially in the Lake Nyassa district, the tribes regard the banana as a sacred fruit. When one of their number dies the fruit he loved in life is planted over his grave, so that his spirit may enjoy it. These bananas are henceforth sacred to relatives, who hold them in great awe. No one dares to anger the spirits of the departed by picking the fruit, and the stranger who unwittingly does so carries his life in his hand.

Ever since the Indian mutiny, when the British Government received such a bitter lesson for disregarding the superstitious feelings of the natives, a great deal of attention is paid to the Government service to refrain most carefully from a violation of such prejudices and as far as possible to learn of the folk lore of the country.

Every year, when the Government publishes records and are long we shall give the world with a band of knowledge of our fellow-men. The most degraded savage can still help us in our study of the development of the human race, and his inherited sentiments. Surrounding us with a halo, the flowers and fruits of his primitive agriculture are with him "makers of history."

Truly, indeed, "there is nothing too little for so lofty a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible."

"THERE HE IS!"

How Sir Hope Grant was Paid Back in His Own Coin.

Sir Hope Grant was one of those sensible and fortunate men who "know how to take a joke," as the common saying is. While commander-in-chief at Madras he made a pleasure expedition into the country, accompanied by his staff, some members of which like the general himself, were ardent sportsmen. With them were Doctor Mackenzie and his wife. Mrs. Mackenzie was a charming Irish lady, very pretty and very vivacious, and General Grant, as he says, "used to delight in chaffing her."

Meanwhile the talk of the younger officers ran largely upon the shooting of tigers, and other such exploits.

One morning, says Sir Hope, we were having a breakfast picnic, and the ladies were getting the meal ready, when a cry was heard from the jungle. "Bight! bight!" that is "Tiger! tiger!" Breakfast was forgotten, and we shouted eagerly for our guns.

Campbell had some awkwardly shaped bullet-proof vest, which he had with him in ramming home, and so excited was that at every stroke of his ramrod he was bedewed with perspiration. Biddulph's man brought up his pony by mistake instead of his gun, which also caused great irritation of temper; but at last we started.

I told Doctor Mackenzie to look after the two ladies, and not to allow them to run any risk, a task which he kindly undertook, and we soon came up to the native who had given the alarm. He looked pale and frightened, and pointed out to us the direction in which the tiger had moved off.

Our head native sportsman took the lead, and we followed into the jungle. Finally the man who had given the alarm pointed with his finger and whispered, "There he is!"

After gazing steadily for some time, I saw a large animal crouching in the jungle, and whispered to my next neighbor that it seemed to be of enormous size. Biddulph and I got behind trees, but Macleod, who had been laughing at for allowing a tiger to escape on a previous occasion, crawled up within thirty yards, took a steady aim and fired.

The tiger did not move, and Campbell, who was a little behind Macleod, rushed up in a state of excitement, exclaiming, "He's dead! He's dead!"

And so he was; for our unspeakable comrade, the "tiger" turned out to be a stuffed-up skin. We returned crestfallen to our breakfast, and to increase our chagrin, found the ladies laughing immoderately. Mrs. Mackenzie had paid us off for all our chaffing.

Making Him Comfortable.

New Boarder (shivering)—"This stove is too small for this room."

Landlady (kindly)—"No it is. I'll have it moved into a smaller room for you."

Household.

The Homemaker.

There is a vast difference between the housekeeper, however near perfect she may be, in the many details and performance of the many duties that devolve on her, and the homemaker. Of course, good housekeeping is an important adjunct of this, the greatest blessing we can enjoy, a happy home. Yet we may enter a home where order reigns supreme, and all the surroundings indicate elegance and refinement to a high degree, there may be all of the comforts and even the luxuries in the way of furnishings of the modern home. And still we may meet with something that seems to chill and depress our spirits the moment we enter the home, we may be unable to understand or analyze the cause of this repression of everything that is like ease or freedom while we sojourn in this home. The host and hostess may exert themselves to have everything pass off pleasantly while the guests are present, but we feel that something is lacking; it is not the true homemaker we miss? In her place is an elegant hostess and a good housekeeper, and while at every turn we may see much that challenges our admiration, we are conscious we are not enjoying the visit and take our departure with a feeling of relief. On the other hand we may enter a home that does not contain one-half the outward attractions the other possesses, but the moment we step inside the door and look into the pleasant face of the one who is the queen, in this her rightful realm, we feel that this is a true home. The wife, or mother or sister, for in either relation a woman can create this oasis in the desert of life, a happy home. Is it a gift or talent that few possess? I believe, sisters, we may all be homemakers in the best sense of the word, if we cultivate a cheerful spirit and try to have that unselfish regard for others that springs from a kind heart. Let us not imagine that elegance of manner, beauty, intellect or talents can take the place of this gift we may all possess of making a true home. It will render the humblest abode a home of peace and happiness and beauty, and adorn the most luxurious home. The husband of such a wife, or mother or sister, will not fail to perceive to whom the blessing of a happy home is due, and the children of such a mother can never forget in later years the unselfish love and the endeavor to promote their highest good and well-being they experienced in that home. "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her, and when the stranger within the gates" will at his departure, carry with him pleasant memories of this peaceful, happy home.

Simple Toilet Hints.

Try pumice stone for the callous places that sometimes come on the feet.

As a remedy for redness, once ounce of alum, one ounce of lemon juice and a pint of rosewater is recommended. Apply at night.

A few drops of benzoin in a basin of water will make it look like skim milk and it will smooth the skin of the face. It will cool a sun-burned face and give tone to the skin.

A hair-brush should be washed often enough to keep it thoroughly cleaned. For this soda water or ammonia water must be used, and then the wet bristles set downward—do not turn it on its back—and left in the sun to dry. A nail or tooth brush should never be left in the holder with the bristles up.

Cornmeal is one of the best cosmetics. After the face has been washed with hot water and pure soap, the meal should be rubbed all over it. Then the meal should be dusted out of the hair and eyebrows, and the face wiped lightly over with a piece of soft linen. This leaves a smooth and satiny skin.

If the gums have become sore from the use of a coarse brush or from too frequent use of a dentifrice, get a soft bristled brush and do not touch the dentifrice for a week. After every meal wash the teeth gently with warm water, but brush long enough to make sure that they are perfectly clean. Then rinse the mouth out with warm water, into which a little myrrh has been dropped.

Dressing a Baby.

One woman's idea of dressing a baby is this: The undergarment should be made of cotton flannel (not very heavy) cut princess shape, about 25 inches long, with sleeves reaching to the wrist. Press all the seams flat and catch them down on either side. The hems at the neck and wrist should be turned on the outside. Fasten with two buttons behind. This is a comfortable and healthy garment, and can be washed without shrinking. It will not chafe the most delicate skin. Make the next garment of flannel, also cut princess shape, half an inch longer than the first, fasten in the back, and without sleeves. The dress may be of any material, from plain light calico to the finest white goods, and should open in the back. Put these garments together, sleeve within sleeve, before dressing. Put them on over the baby's head, slip his arms into the sleeves, button them, and the baby is dressed. Only one pin will be necessary, the one in the diaper. All the weight of the clothing will hang from the shoulders.

A Nice Fruit Pudding.

One cup of sour milk, a tablespoonful of cream, one half teaspoonful saleratus, one-half cup sugar, salt, cinnamon, flour to make a rather stiff batter, add a good handful of raisins or currants, or a cup of berries of almost any kind, or a few stewed prunes, bake from 20 to 30 minutes. Serve warm with sweetened whipped cream, or a sauce like the following: One cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, eleven, three spoonfuls of fruit juice or one of vinegar, one half pint water, boil till thickened and cooked.

A Hard Question.

Teamster—"You're a agent for the S.P. C.A., ain't you?"

Deacon De Good—"Yea."

"And you're a church member, ain't you?"

"Yea."

"Well, if you had a balky horse, what would you do—beat the horse, or just sit down and cuss?"

Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.—Sala.

A Mother's Beautiful Child

Dragged Nearly to Death's Door by Severe Nervous Disease—Suffered Extreme Pain in the Head—Doctors Could Do Nothing—South American Nervine Called in at the Eleventh Hour and Restores to Health Little Annie Joy, of West Toronto Junction—The Great Remedy is Reducing the Death Rate of All Canadian Cities.



MISS ANNIE JOY, WEST TORONTO JUNCTION.

A bright little lad, or golden-haired girl, is the delight of your home. Whether you revel in riches, or know something of the privations of poverty, that child is all the world to you. It is no wonder that mother and father become anxious when sickness overtakes the little one.

The remedy, fathers and mothers, is near by. South American Nervine has been the means of giving back the bloom of youth to thousands of suffering little ones. It is not a medicine that buoys up the parents' hopes, only to have them in a short time dashed down again lower than ever. Whether with child or adult, it promptly gets at the seat of disease, which is the nerve centres. From this fact it is peculiarly efficacious in the treatment of nervous diseases of man, woman or child.

A recent case is that as told by Mrs. M. A. Joy, of West Toronto Junction, whose little daughter Annie, aged 15 years, had been a sufferer from severe nervous depression for about two years. As with all mothers, no trouble and expense was spared in the effort to bring relief to the child. The little one suffered extreme pains in the head, so

distressing at times as to render her completely helpless, sapping all her strength. The best skill of the most skilled physicians was called into request, but little Annie steadily grew worse. Becoming more hopeless and discouraged as the weeks went by, Mrs. Joy decided on trying South American Nervine as almost a last resort. Employing her own words she said: "I determined to give it a trial, although I felt it was useless."

To-day it is all happiness around that home, for before one bottle of the medicine had been taken, the mother tells us Annie commenced to show decided signs of improvement. The child has taken three bottles and has practically regained her natural health and vigor. There is nothing surprising in the fact that Mrs. Joy cannot speak too highly of South American Nervine.

Much was at stake, but this wonderful discovery proved equal to the emergency, and so it does in every case. Thousands of letters on file from well-known citizens prove that for nervous diseases of young or old from whatever cause, it is an absolutely infallible cure.

G. H. Hinch and J. E. Richards, Agents for Aylmer.

JAPANESE BATH HOUSES.

A Lesson in Cleanliness from the Land of the Rising Sun.

Japan has learned much in matters of practical utility from the Western World, and it has in its turn opened up a commerce of the richest kind in things aesthetic. Science also, in which, if anything, we may claim to have shown a certain mastery, has reaped no small advantage from the originality of our eastern neighbors. Even sanitation has gained somewhat. Scrupulousness, it is well-known, is a Japanese virtue, and one which has arrived at a degree of excellence in practice unknown among ourselves. How many of our artisans are in the habit of daily changing their working clothes? Many, indeed, bathe daily, and one which has arrived at a degree of excellence in practice unknown among ourselves. How many of our artisans are in the habit of daily changing their working clothes? Many, indeed, bathe daily, and one which has arrived at a degree of excellence in practice unknown among ourselves. How many of our artisans are in the habit of daily changing their working clothes? Many, indeed, bathe daily, and one which has arrived at a degree of excellence in practice unknown among ourselves.

CRUEL DECEPTION

By Which a Liniment Peddler is Making Big Money.

An enterprising fakir has been working a cunning trick on a number of unfortunate in different parts of the county. He travels about peddling a liniment that promises to cure many ailments, deafness being one of them, and when he finds a person afflicted with partial deafness he asks permission to try, free of charge, his "lightning liniment." He carries two watches, one a very low tucker and the other a very weak ticking one. Before applying his remedy he holds the weak ticking to the ear of his patient, who, of course, can hear no sound. Putting it back in his pocket, he rubs the ear with his liniment a while, then holds the loud ticking watch to his victim's head, and asks if he can hear it tick. Deceived by the similarity of the watches, and able to detect the sounds of the last one to which he listens, the deluded person imagines his hearing has been benefited, if not restored, and at once buys several bottles at a big price. The trickster has been quite successful with his scheme in several localities, and is making money by his deception of the gullibility and misfortune of others.

Sympathetic Painter.

The language of hints is Greek to children, as a rule, and they interpret it after a simple fashion of their own.

"Where have you been all the morning, Dick?" inquired Mrs. Sampson of her ten-year-old son.

"I've been down by the old sawmill, watching a man paint a picture," replied Dick, whose chubby countenance was decorated with paint of various colors.

"I am afraid you must have bothered him," said Mrs. Sampson, as she began to scrub her son's besmudged features.

"No! I didn't bother him a bit," said Dick in a moment's intermission between the applications of soap and water. "He was real interested in me; I could tell by the way he talked."

"What did he say?" inquired Mrs. Sampson.

"He looked at his watch," replied Dick, "and told me he knew it was 'most my dinner-time. He knew a boy of my age must be hungry, he said, for he'd been a gey himself!"

CONFEDERATI

Newfoundland Fought on T

ANOTHER CRISIS

The Disability Bill F But Imperial As Royal Commission Banks Denounced Press By The Fair

St. John's, Nfld., papers are filled with the management of here. One firm alone drew its account \$2 the greater part of listed. This firm ex for \$70,000, but the registered. Another steamer with the n the banks. The stea gaged to repay the i