

Floral Hints and Helps.

Interesting Indispensables in the Flower Garden.

FOR A SHADY SITUATION.

Among annuals the following are suitable: Adonis, godetia, myosotis, mimulus, nemophila, pansy. The pansy is very easy of cultivation and grows readily from seed. Sown in the spring they bloom all summer and until Jack Frost nips them. They require a very rich soil, and a bed should be prepared for the seedlings in a shady spot, sheltered from the mid-day and afternoon sun; mix plenty of well-rotted manure in the bed and give each plant sufficient room and large flowers will reward your trouble. Ferns also love shade. A few of these gathered from the woods and planted in some shady nook among a rockery or other suitable surroundings will make a lovely picture. They are also most useful in making up bouquets, their light graceful forms taking off the stiffness from an otherwise awkward-looking nosegay. The myosotis, or forget-me-not, is a gem for rock work or any out of the way place. It is also most useful as a border plant. There is the annual and the perennial variety. The perennial variety comes up year after year, and increases very fast; it needs thinning out every two or three years.

Tuberous-rooted begonias if used for bedding purposes should be planted in a shady position, also verbenas.

FOR A SUNNY POSITION

We have nasturtiums, portulaca, single and double, petunias, phlox, drummondii and marigold. These will stand all the sun they can get. Seeds may be started in pots or boxes indoors about March and transplanted when large enough to handle into other pots or boxes, and by planting-out time they will, with care and attention, be strong, stocky plants which will soon be doing well and in bloom. By understanding what plants need sun and what need shade and laying out our gardens accordingly we save ourselves much disappointment, which is sure to happen if we neglect to observe these points.

EVENING BLOOMERS.

This is a class of plants that should have a place in every garden however small. They bloom after the sun has set in the evening and in the early morning before the sun has attained full power. They are very fragrant and to visit them in the evening twilight or while the dew is fresh upon them in the morning will give real pleasure and prove most fascinating.

At the head of these I should certainly place "nicotiana glauca" or sweet-scented tobacco plant. It grows as easily as a weed, and seed sown in April will commence to bloom about June and continue until November, and if potted and taken indoors will bloom all through the winter. Its long, tubular, star-pointed flowers are pure white, exceedingly fragrant and profusely borne. It is described in some catalogues as being one of the few plants that will flower well without a single ray of direct sunshine, and for shady grounds and north windows is invaluable.

"Mirabilis" known as marvel of Peru and four o'clock, is another most popular and easily grown plant of this class. The plants are crowded for months with numerous silk-like flowers of most beautiful colors and exhaling a delicious perfume. The celebrated "Jockey Club" perfume is made from one variety of this flower. If the plants are pinched backed in the early growth they will make large bushy specimens that will be an ornament to any garden.

"Datura," or sweet nightingale, is another twilight beauty, bearing large trumpet-shaped flowers, delightfully fragrant. "Oenothera," or evening primrose, and "matthiola," which is similar to the ten-week stock in appearance, are also evening bloomers.

CLIMBING PLANTS.

These are useful on verandas or to cover an unsightly fence, or train over an arbor. One of the best is "cobaea," of which there are two varieties, viz: "Alba," bearing white flowers, and "seandens" bearing purple ones. It grows very rapidly and blooms freely. The seed is flat and needs careful planting; they must be planted edge-wise and not given too much water until out of the seed leaf. This ought to be better known. The cypress vine, morning glory, tropaeolum (climbing nasturtiums) and ornamental gourds are all well known. "Centrosema grandiflora" is a hardy perennial vine of recent introduction which is well worth a place. Its flowers are much like the sweet pea, but larger and of many different colors. NARCISSUS.

Gerster's Musical Triumph—Reaching the High F.

Melba sang the high C with ease and beauty the other night, and after the excitement and enthusiasm had subsided an old-timer told this anecdote of Gerster:

"It was in the old Academy of Music," he said, "and Gerster was the favorite prima donna. She was in particularly good voice that night, and when she started to sing the house was absolutely silent. In fact, the stillness seemed to increase as she sang, and when she got to the higher notes people seemed to have stopped breathing. Up and up she went until I felt my heart beating violently at the fear that she would be unable to reach the limit she had set for herself. In an

indefinite sort of way I noticed that other people around me seemed impressed with the same fear, but the singer never faltered. Clear as a bell her voice continued to mount, until finally it had struck the high F. It was such a wonderful feat that when she stopped the house seemed silent. People were so overwhelmed that they could not recover in time to applaud. While this deathlike stillness prevailed a German in the top gallery, aroused beyond his self-control, shouted out: "Got in himmel, dot vas der high F!" That broke down the house, broke the spell under which we were enthralled, and a whirlwind of laughter and applause followed. With her face wreathed in smiles she ran off.

"That was not the climax, however; for, the enthusiasm being now let loose, the entire audience arose and shouted and insisted upon the singer's return. She came back, flushed with triumph, and started to sing. Again her voice mounted up as it had before, and this time the suspense was even greater, because it seemed impossible that she should accomplish such a wonderful performance twice in the same night; but she was in magnificent voice and never faltered once. In fact, the second trial resulted in a greater triumph than the first, and the second high F was clearer, fuller and more beautiful than the other. It was a memorable night. I do not believe anyone who was there will ever forget it."—[New York Sun.

The Sense of Humor.

The New Age says: I suppose the most difficult people to associate with are those who, apparently, are destitute of any sense of humor. These intellectual cripples deserve our hearty sympathy, but I for one would prefer to sympathize with them afar off. They spoil every joke, paralyze every pleasantries, and tend to reduce conversation to the dull and accurate formality of a lawyer's letter. I remember, two or three years ago, I happened to be dining with a well-known editor, when some one mentioned the Daily Chronicle, and we all agreed in commending the spirit and ability of that popular journal. For some time Mr. Price Hughes had never addressed a public meeting without referring to the Chronicle in the most enthusiastic terms, and urging all his hearers to read it regularly. "The Chronicle," remarked my host, "could not have a better advertisement. They ought to give Hughes £1,000 a year for rendering them such a service." We all laughed at the idea, and I added, jokingly, "I wonder what he would take to do the same for the Young Man!" After dinner a lady came to me and, in severe and freezing tones, said, "I was amazed to hear you speak in that way of Mr. Hughes. He would scorn to make money by such discreditable means." I did not try to explain, and to this day, so far as I know, I am regarded by that lady as a very objectionable young man indeed.

Other instances occur to me of the very unpleasant results which may follow the indulgence in a harmless joke amongst people who fail to understand it. When I was in Switzerland two or three years ago, a London minister asked me to accompany him on a ramble round Lacerne, and we immediately prepared for our walk. Searching for his hat in the corridor of the hotel, he said, with a laugh that should have disarmed suspicion, "I 'ad an 'at." That night a dear old gentleman, with a benevolent smile and gold-rimmed glasses, remarked to me as we went upstairs together in the lift that it was "a great pity Mr. —'s education had apparently been so deficient." I think one of the best stories of a joke being taken in earnest is that of the Scotchman who was praying aloud upon a moor behind a turf dyke. He expressed his opinion that even if it should fall upon him it would be no more than he deserved. A mischievous neighbor heard this prayer, and wickedly pushed the dyke upon him. As the Scotchman scrambled out he was heard to say, "Hech, sirs! it's an awfu' world this; a body canna say a thing in a joke but it's ta'en in earnest." Mr. Payne tells us that he knew a man who nearly lost a fortune through quoting to his aunt with approbation De Quincey's essay on "Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts": "It once a man indulges in murder he very soon comes to think little of robbery, and from robbery he comes next to drinking and Sabbath breaking, and there is but one step from that to incivility and prostration. Once begin upon a downward path you never know where you will stop." "I see nothing to laugh at in that," said the old lady, "The man must be a fool." "But, my dear aunt," remonstrated the nephew, "don't you see he is joking? 'Many a man,' he goes on to say, 'has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time.' That is surely very funny." "It seems to me extremely wicked," replied the old lady, "and I wish to hear no more of your Mr. De Quincey." It must be a terrible thing to have no sense of humor. And yet perhaps it is still more terrible to have the sense well developed and to be compelled to associate with dullards. A sense of humor is an unspeakably precious gift, for which any man ought to be devoutly thankful; it will save him from many mistakes, many follies, many ridiculous conceits and affectations.

About People.

It is reported that Mr. Du Maurier is writing a new novel.

For the last fifteen years, at regular intervals of three months, Alphonse Daudet has received a note, written in pencil, from the same man, who is evidently a great traveler, for his letters bear all the stamps of the world. He informs the great novelist that he trains animals to pronounce his world-famed name and then lets them go.

Count Tolstoi has written a long letter to the London Chronicle to clear himself of being an Anarchist. He would abolish no government; but neither would he have anything to do with one. If each man would only look after the interests of his own soul, says the Russian novelist, governments would disappear of themselves.

A recent visitor to America was struck with the outspokenness both of the press and the pulpit. He mentioned the case of a Boston preacher, who referred to a public character as "the most infernal scoundrel that ever stood at the head of any party," and prefaced this very candid statement by the express declaration that he "was not a partisan."

The Queen has been enjoying excellent health of late—health that most women of her age might well envy. That she suffers occasionally from rheumatism is known; and, of course, she has her "bad days;" rheumatism, as all who have suffered from it know, varying almost barometrically. Otherwise the Queen is well; and certainly her eyesight is excellent.

Before he left England for the United States Charles Dickens received the following note:

Dear Dickens,—As you are going to America and have kindly offered to execute any little commission for me, pray, if it be not too much trouble, try to get me an autograph of Sandy Hook's. I have Theodore's. Yours very truly, THOMAS HOOD.

The chief justice of Wyoming has established the precedent of summoning women as jurors, and is much satisfied with the result. He says: "I have never, in my 25 years' experience in the courts of the country, seen more faithful, intelligent, and resolutely honest jurors than the women who have served in that capacity in my court."

Khama, the South African chief, and our ally during the operations in Matabeleland, is a staunch teetotaler. He is very anxious, too, that intoxicants shall not be admitted to his country, and he has received from Queen Victoria a telegram assuring him that her Majesty will "support him in his righteous efforts to keep the curse of the liquor traffic from entering Khamaland."

The Christian women of Chin are about to present to the Empress Dowager a Chinese Testament, a copy of the so-called "Delegates' Version," made in 1853, bound in solid silver covers elaborately adorned. On each cover is a gold plate, one bearing the name of the empress, the other the words, "Holy Classic of Salvation." The book will be presented in a silver case inclosed in a teak-wood box.

Dr. F. E. Clark is home again, says the Boston Congregationalist, greatly benefited by his European trip, and Christian Endeavorism is correspondingly happy. His two weeks in England were filled to the brim with activity, and every night witnessed a public utterance in behalf of the cause he loves. He reports growing interest in and appreciation of the Christian Endeavor movement in both England and Scotland. In Glasgow he was the guest of Dr. Stalker.

The predilections of the young Empress of Russia are intensely English, and already a marked effect is being produced upon court and public life in St. Petersburg. She has decided to have a swimming bath constructed in the winter palace. It will be made of white marble. It is said that her Majesty is also passionately fond of English sports and exercises. In this she has the sympathy of the Czar, who is much enamored of English manners and customs, and is an enthusiastic bicyclist.

Dr. Edwards Amasa Park, the distinguished theologian and professor emeritus, of sacred rhetoric at Andover, celebrated his 86th birthday recently. Like Francis Parkman, Dr. Park, in his younger days, was afflicted with failure of eyesight, and for a whole year was imprisoned in a dark room. Ever since then he has had to endure duplication of the visual image. He remarked the other day that he had not been to church for some time, as it was very annoying to him to see two ministers preaching at once.

Once Mr. Gladstone had been cutting down a tree in the presence of a large concourse of people, including a number of "cheap trippers." When the tree had fallen, and the Prime Minister and some of his family who were with him were moving away, there was a rush for the chips. One of the trippers secured a big piece, and exclaimed: "Hey, lads, when I die, this shall go in my coffin!" Then

cried his wife, a shrewd, motherly old woman, with a merry twinkle in her eye: "Sam, my lad, if thou' worship God as thou worships Gladstone, thou'd stand a better chance of going where thy chip wouldna burn!"

Find out what God would have you do,
And do that little well;
For what is great and what is small
'Tis only He can tell.

Miss Christina G. Rossetti.

Miss Rossetti died on Saturday morning somewhat unexpectedly. Only her nurse was present. Almost to the last, we are told, her lips moved in silent prayer. Her death means little to the wide public, but in the opinion of not a few competent judges, we have lost in her the greatest of English poetesses, and the chief singer of the Catholic Church. Prophecies about the future of literature are hazardous, but as long as faith remains on the earth we believe Miss Rossetti's poems will comfort believing souls. She was a great artist, austere and pure in style, passionate and tender in feeling beyond almost any other. Perhaps her greatest work is her last—the unspeakably precious collection of "Verses," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. But there is not one of her poems which does not deserve to be treasured, and we hope by-and-by to see them all collected in permanent form. Of her life there is little to say. Its chief earthly devotions were to her mother and her sister Maria Francesca, the author of "A Shadow of Dante." Both of these died before her, and were deeply but religiously mourned. She was with her brother Dante to the last. Miss Rossetti and her sister were most loyal members of the Church of England, and the history of their religious faith. Both, however, had wide literary sympathies. We have not seen it mentioned in any of the obituaries that Miss Rossetti contemplated at one time writing the life of Mrs. Radcliffe, the well-known forgotten author of "The Mysteries of Udolpho." She tried to collect materials, but found them so scanty that she abandoned the undertaking. Among the circle of her brother's friends her poetry was warmly admired. Mr. Swinburne has paid it a worthy tribute, and we are inclined to agree with him in putting the verses, "Passing away, saith the world, passing away," among the greatest she wrote. She was not quite indifferent to the literary fame which came upon her almost in her own despite, but her heart was set on higher things. The story of her life will never be written, for even her left hand hardly knew what her right hand did. Her last years were darkened by bereavements, and were passed in deep shadows of loneliness and pain. Her own sad, beautiful lines come to us constantly as we think of the life now closed.

"We think her white brows often ached
Beneath her crown,
Till silvery hair showed in her locks
That used to be so brown.
"We never heard her speak in haste;
Her tones were sweet,
And modulated just so much
As it was meet;
Her heart sat silent through the noise
And concourse of the street.
There was no hurry in her hands,
No hurry in her feet;
There was no bliss drew nigh to her,
That she might run to greet."

"You should have wept her yesterday,
Wasting upon her bed;
But wherefore should you weep today,
That she is dead?
Lo, we who love weep not today,
But crown her royal head."
—The British Weekly.

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes: "I have used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

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AFTER MANY YEARS.

A Strange Tale Told by a Well-Known Minstrel.

The Painful Results of an Injury Received Many Years Ago—Was Treated in the Best Hospitals of Two Continents, But Pronounced Incurable—A Fellow Patient Pointed Out the Road to Recovery.

(From the Owen Sound Times.)

The marvelous efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has again been demonstrated in this town. The Times referred to the astonishing cure of Mr. Wm. Belrose, a well known citizen. This was followed a few weeks ago by the remarkable cure of Mrs. Monnell, of Perth street whose life had been despaired of by herself and family and friends. A few days ago the Times reporter was passing along Division street when it was noticed that a new barber shop had been opened by Mr. Dick Cousby, a member of a family who have lived in Owen Sound for nearly a century. Knowing that Mr. Cousby had been seriously ailing when he came from the city a few months previous, and at that time had little hope of recovering his health, the Times man dropped in to have a chat, and before the conversation proceeded very far it was evident that there had been another miracle performed by the wonder-working Pink Pills.

"Well, let us start at the beginning of my troubles," said Mr. Cousby, when the Times man began probing for particulars. "Twenty-one years ago I left school here and joined a minstrel company. Since that time I have had parts in many of the leading minstrel companies as comedian and dancer. In the spring of 1887 I thought I would try a summer engagement, and took a position with Hall & Bingley's circus, then playing in the Western States. One morning during the rush to put up the circus pole tent, I was giving the men a hand, when the center pole slipped out, and in falling struck me across the small of the back. While I felt sore for a time, I did not pay much attention to it. After working a week I began to feel a pain similar to that of sciatic rheumatism. For a year I gradually grew worse, and finally was laid up. I went to St. Paul and underwent an electric treatment, and thought I was cured. I then took an engagement with Lew Johnston's Minstrels and went as far west as Seattle. About three years ago I made an engagement with Bowes & Farquharson to go on a tour through Europe in the Great American Minstrels. Before sailing from New York I suffered from pains between the shoulders, but paid very little attention to it at the time, but when I reached Glasgow I was scarcely able to walk. I remained in this condition until we reached Manchester, where I obtained temporary relief from a doctor's prescription. For two years the only relief I had was by taking this medicine. In May of 1893, while at Birmingham, I was taken very bad and gradually got worse all summer. An engagement was offered me as stage manager of the Minstrels, and I went out with them, but in three months' time I was so bad that I had to quit. All this time I was consulting a physician who had been recommended as a specialist, but without any relief. Hypnotic baths and other similar treatments were resorted to without avail. Finally there was no help for it and I went to Manchester, and on the 12th inst. went into the Royal Hospital. There the physicians who diagnosed my case pronounced it transverse myelitis, or chronic spinal disease. After being in the hospital for five months I grew worse, until my legs became paralyzed from the hips down. Dr. Newby, the house surgeon, showed me every attention and became quite friendly, and regretfully informed me that I would be an invalid all my life. I was sent to a convalescent hospital, Cheadle, having to be carried from the hospital to the carriage and then on to the train. After a week there a patient told me of a cure effected on himself by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being thoroughly discouraged, I asked for my discharge, and I was sent back to Manchester, where I began taking Pink Pills. After the use of a few boxes I recovered the use of my legs sufficiently to walk several blocks. I then concluded to start for Canada and join my friends here. I continued taking the Pills, constantly getting stronger. I have taken no other medicine since I began the use of the Pink Pills, and I have no doubt as to what cured me. I now feel as well as ever, and I am able to take up the trade of barbering, at which I worked during the summer months. When I remember that the doctors told me I would be helpless all my life, I cannot help looking upon my cure as a miracle." As Mr. Cousby told of the wonderful cure his good-natured countenance fairly shone with gratitude. He is so well known here as a straightforward, respectable citizen, that the Times need say nothing in his behalf. His plain, unvarnished statement would go for a fact with everyone who knows him.

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