PART OF THIS PAGE MISSING

THE BATH.

With rosy palms against her bosom pressed,
To stay the shudder that she dreads of old,
Lysidice glides down, till silver-cold
The water girdles half her glowing breast;
A yellow butterfly in flowery quest
Rifles the roses that her tresses hold;
A breeze comes wandering through the fold on fold
Of draperies curtaining her shrine of rest.
Soft beauty, like her kindred petals strewed
Along the crystal coolness, there she lies.
What vision gratifies these gentle eyes?
She dreams she stands where yesterday she stood—
Where, while the whole arena shrieks for blood,
Hot in the sand a gladiator dies.
—E. W. GOSSE.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

I.

"Well, my boy, I must say that I do hope there will be no failure this time," remarked Col. Tudor, to say the truth, rather gloomily, as though failure were by no means to be regarded as out of the question. They had driven about a mile already on the way to Harmsworth station, and this was the old gentleman's first observation. He had held the reins with aggressive firmness, and frowned savagely at the cob, as though he rather thought of shooting him; and the end of his cigar was dreadfully mangled by his teeth. When Arthur had last been driven by his father to catch the up-express at Harmsworth, there had been a cigar for him also; but none was offered to-day, and after he had taken out his own, the case was shut with a hard click and put sternly away by the eagle-visaged old warrior.

The Colonel was really a distinguished man, but he had always been a hard one, and such people are apt to be hardest of all to their own flesh and blood. A great deal had been expected of young Arthur Tudor, and, alas! had been so far expected in vain.

"It's a thousand pities," said the Colonel, "that you have not as many brains as your sister."

Poor Arthur ventured no reply to this dismal criticism. He had heard it about ten times a week during the last five months. The wind whistled coldly in the naked hedgerows, and made the gaunt poplars by the wayside swish their stooping branches against the sullen wintry sky. He felt an inward chill and sullenness creeping about his own heart. "I'm awfully grateful for all your encouragement," he nearly said. For my part, I think it was a pity he did not say it out loud. The Colonel was a martinet—perhaps a bit of a bully—and that sort of a man respects you only if you stand up to him. But Arthur was a sweet-tempered youth, and trained to old-fashioned habits of deference; so he felt sore, but held his tongue.

"It's an extraordinary thing," continued Colonel Tudor, "that you should be so like her in everything else. Height, looks, face, voice, build—everything but brains. And she so clever!"

Arthur and his twin sister were quite as fond of each other as twins are proverbially supposed to be; but he would have had to be an archangel not to resent the manner in which her praises were sung by their father to his own disparagement.

Still, he had so far been a failure; and a failure has to take what is given him of praise or blame.

So poor Arthur smothered a sigh, and thought with relief that while he was up for his examination he should at least be out of earshot of his father's criticisms. It certainly did not occur to the Colonel that he himself was in any way to blame for his son's second failure—for fail we shall see that he did—but it is a fact that the lad's utter discouragement and consequent fluster and nervousness had much to do with it.

The Tudors were a family of soldiers, and there had never been any question in the mind of Colonel Tudor that his three sons should all enter the service. The two elder had already done so, and one was a rather rising artilleryman, while the second was a clever "sapper." They were both naturally suited to their scientific corps. But the third son, our luckless friend Arthur, was not strong in literary directions. A nicer, straighter, handsomer, better-hearted lad you would not find, or one more universally liked. But the truth is he was not clever. And he was, though not really lazy, easy-going. Alas! in these days of competition we cannot afford to go easily.

He had been "up" once, and, as we have heard, failed. Of that failure he had been bitterly ashamed, and his father had not salved his wounds; for, though the rubbing in of salt and vinegar may be healthful, it assuredly is not soothing.

The Colonel had been twice a widower. His enemies said he had dragooned his last wife into the next world. And so Arthur had only his twin sister to go to for the gentle salve of feminine sympathy.

II.

When Arthur came home to Melbourne (the name of the Tudors' beautiful old manor house near Harmsworth) he knew that he had not passed. He had, he told his sister, lost his head altogether, and failed to answer even what he had really known of the papers. He was ... re he had done badly, and in process ... f time he was informed that it was ... ndeed so. Of course the Colonel was ... urious; and, though he had always ... loomily foreboded a second failure, he ... xpressed himself "positively astounded" now that his dismal discouragements had borne fruit. And loudly did he declare ... at there should be no third "shot." ... tell the truth, Arthur had no great ... ging for a third shot. As his father ... wanted him to go into the army, ... acquiesced, his own notion of a ... life was to be a land agent on ... country estate. And he had ... erest in that direction, and ... for ...

... decided that, after all, his ... right, and it was a shame ... such a thickhead when his ... was so clever. But there ... tinge of anything small or ... the lad's nature, and his ... solutely untainted by envy

III.

... ur was being driven to ... to catch the 11.00 express ... this time the Colonel did ... It was meant as a sign ... but it was a real relief ... was saved from further ...

... d have gone with him ... home, but only the day ... one away on a visit to ... The young lady, how- ... ndon, so that Arthur ... soon meet. Arthur ... zled by this visit, ... s hated going to ... ay from home, ... h any girl to ... Nor had ... cared very ... oung lady. ... s before ... had un- ... them. ... n sur- ... im. ... you ... Syd- ...

... ped, her ... turning out to be ...

"Oh, I knew I could ... you to let me come here with ... and I brought it," she said.

Next morning found Arthur in his place ready to be examined; but, in spite of his two former failures, much less despairing-looking than before. He certainly seemed nervous, and even shy, and almost blushed if anyone looked hard at him (after all, very natural in a fellow who is known to have been twice plowed before). But once he got his papers he was all right. He set to work at once; this time there was no aimless reading and re-reading of the questions, no wasting of time with pens or paper, but prompt, quiet application without any fuss or fluster. It seemed as if Threena was right and he was to pass this time.

"He means business this time," a neighbor said to himself—a neighbor who had himself been up before, but once only. "All the same, he need not cut a chap; and I stood him a dinner, the beggar."

This was one of those whose critical stare had made poor Arthur redden on entering. Poor lad, he had come in with his eyes on the floor, as if he felt that every eye was on him, and every tongue was whispering: "That's the fellow who has been spun twice before."

All day long he did well. And, when the papers were given in, he gave his modestly indeed, and not without a blush as became a previous failure, but with a quiet confidence that this time they were all right.

He found his sister in their private sitting-room at the hotel, gazing down with an air of extreme boredom very unusual to Threena, who was never bored, being always well able to occupy her mind and time—gazing down, I say, on the busy river far beneath their feet. Miss Tudor rose from her seat in the window with unwonted awkwardness, and upset a tiny table with her skirts as she did so.

"Confound the silly things," she exclaimed; and this again was very unlike her usual gentle and ladylike way of expressing herself.

"My dear girl," laughed her brother, "I manage much better than you. I even lit a cigarette as I was getting into my hansom just now. And when I wanted to pay the man I went straight to my trousers pocket for the money."

They suddenly burst out into roars of cheery laughter.

"Oh, my dear, your waist!" cried the twin who had come from being examined. "Your hands are all right. They are nearly as small as mine; your waist is a libel."

"And how did you get on?" inquired the awkward lady, sinking her voice with breathless interest.

"Excellently!" replied the young gentleman. "I believe I passed 85 per cent. to-day."

"Thunder!" cried the lady; "don't do that every day. I hope to glory they won't smell a rat."

"Not they! How did you get on?"

"H'm. Pretty well. I did not wake till about 11—I believe you shoved something into my drinks last night—and then I pricked my nose against the pin with which you had fastened your note to my pillow. That awoke me. And first of all I missed my trousers and things—"

"Sh! sh!" cried the gentleman; "I'm ashamed of you."

"Well, I did miss them. And I had to read your note half a dozen times before I could understand why on earth you had taken them. Then I dressed in your affairs and slunk in here. And here I've stuck. I had breakfast here, ard—"

"And smoked here, too, I should imagine."

"Well, yes, I did have a cigarette or two. I thought of going out, but I funked it. If I saw any lady I knew, I knew I should forget and try to take my hat off. And I admit my walk is not graceful. I say, let's swap again. And I'll take you to the play to-night, if you like."

"Certainly. Oh, I forgot to tell you. As I was coming away, two men—Thompson and Church, I think their names are—collared hold of me, and one of them said: 'You are a beauty; I stood you a dinner and now you can't so much as speak to me. I've a good mind to come back with you to your hotel or your diggings and make you stand me one.' I was just going to resent his free and easiness, but saved myself in time. Perhaps you had better really ask them to dinner. Only I will not show. It might be 'complications.'"

"And you really think you—I mean I—will pass?" asked the awkward lady, with incredulous admiration.

"I am cock-sure I shall, I mean you will," replied the gentleman. And in the event he proved to be right. Eighth on the list out of 60 or 70 stood the name of Arthur Pitt Tudor. And for the rest you must draw your own conclusions concerning the "Passing of Arthur."—St. Paul's.

Ram's Horn Wrinkles.

Beauty needs no patching.

Some people are dead before they die.

No one climbs high enough to get above suspicion.

Many church goers, like the little fish, only nibble at the bait.

Cowards are ever dying, but the brave man never dies till his time comes.

The devil don't care how loud a man prays on Sunday, if he can use him the remaining six days of the week.

Cant.

Cant, meaning mock humility, took its name from the Rev. Andrew Cant, a minister in Aberdeenshire, who, during the time of the Covenanters, was famed for his whining and pretending fervor.

The World's Oldest Newspaper.

The oldest newspaper in the world is The Kin Pan, of Pekin. For nearly a thousand years it has been published regularly, first as a monthly, up to the year 1361, when it became a weekly, and for the last 90 years as a daily.

A Skillful Surgeon.

... he operation for appendicitis ... The doctor got my vermi... ix and all of my money."

In a Hurry.

... arried in haste. Did he re... ... re?" ... epented in haste, too."

Beware.

... man tells you what a wonder... player you are, that man is ... to enjoy life at your expense.

A Youthful Diplomat.

... die—If anybody asked you which ... liked best, papa or mamma, what ... uld you say?

Gracie—If papa was in the room I'd ... I liked him best.

... audie—But if mamma was in the ... n, too?

... racie—I'd say I wasn't old nuff to ...

Unexpected Frankness.

... Quickstep—What part of town ... driving through, Mr. Fibble?

... dy—I haven't the least idea.

... Quickstep—I was aware of that. ... thought it possible you might ... t part of town we are driving ... icago Tribune.

WATER IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.

The Waste and How Best to Dispose of It.

For the convenience of studying this subject, country houses are divided into three classes: 1. Those which have water service and use water closets for the disposal of excreta just as in the city. 2. Those in which the excreta are disposed of by some method of dry closet; sewers not being necessary, but some form of drain for carrying the waste waters from the kitchen sink, bath, etc. 3. Those which have no water service, no bath, etc., a condition found in by far the greater number of houses outside of the cities. In such a house a slop bowl should be put up in some convenient place, either in the house or outside, and connected with a surface or subsoil drain. In England, where much attention has been paid to the subject of draining isolated houses, the general opinion seems to be that some form of surface drain is the better. One described by Professor Poore, consisting of a perforated tin roof gutter suspended over the garden bed, I know from experience, is quite practical. Another way is to dig a gutter about a foot deep and a foot or two in width. This, being properly graded, is lined with round river stones, or cobble stones, such as are used for making street gutters, and connected by a tin or galvanized iron pipe to the slop bowl, kitchen sink or bath. This is probably the cheapest, most durable and most efficient drain that can be made, and as the waste pipe opens into the drain above ground, there is no need of a trap. In some places, however, on account of lack of suitable land, a surface drain may not be practicable, and we have to resort to a subsoil drain, which may be made by digging a trench about two feet deep and twenty feet long, supposing the drain to be from the kitchen sink for a family of four or five. The bottom of the trench must be graded so that there is a fall of something like five inches in the twenty feet, then a narrow board is placed in the bottom and on this tiles are laid with their ends one-half inch apart. Then broken stones or coarse siftings of ashes, etc., are to be thrown in about the tiles and the trench filled with earth. Connect the sink and the drain with a lead pipe at one end, and at the other end a similar pipe lead to the surface and allow a free circulation of air through the drain—a very important point. These subsoil drains, although rarely causing much odor in the room, should be trapped as a precautionary measure. The waste from the bath may be disposed of in the same manner. For the disposal of the bathroom slops a slop bowl connected to the same drain may be placed in the bathroom, or wherever most convenient.

For the disposal of sewage from isolated houses, the only method is some form of surface irrigation modeled after the large city plants. Choose a suitable location, with sufficient slope, and build a shallow tank; from this tank extend a gutter through the field, and from this extend distributing gutters in the direction in which the sewage is desired to flow. The tank, of course, would be managed with an automatic flush and be discharged intermittently. If for any reason a surface tank would not be desirable, one may be constructed under the ground if there is sufficient slope for its outlet.

The absorptive field should be planted with corn and not with vegetables.—Dr. Bashore, in The Medical Journal.

A Large Breeder's Experience.

To have eggs that will hatch strong healthy chicks, the fowls must be healthy and vigorous, neither too fat nor too lean, must be given food that will make rich eggs, must have plenty of exercise and green food and be kept reasonably free from lice and must not be inbred year after year. The male (he is more than half the breeding pen) must be strong and vigorous, the offspring of vigorous parents, and be properly "brought up."

In managing our 500 birds we keep but a small stock in each house. The droppings are picked up regularly three times a week; once a month the roosts and nest boxes are painted with the following: One pint crude carbolic acid; three pints kerosene mixed. Our man will go over our twelve houses with this in an hour. Houses are well ventilated; fresh straw is placed in nest boxes every two weeks; slacked lime is sprinkled over the floors now and then. Result: No mites; very few lice; houses clean and sweet, cool and pleasant; no fowls with scaly legs; no feather pulling; hens do not steal a nest, they could not find nicer nests any place than in those boxes filled with clean straw and free from vermin; and the houses being clean and cool, the fowls stay indoors during the hottest part of the day, dusting themselves in the cool earth or taking a nap, although there is an abundance of shade and grass outside.—L. D. Wright, in Wallace's Farmer.

What Modern Farming Is.

Modern farming is essentially the restoration to the soil of its ability to sustain itself. It may be exhausted for a time, but every winter's rains and summer's heats, the frosts and snows all tend to develop a new fund of fertility from exhausted latent sources. And to do this is the business as well as the duty of the farmer. It has been proved by unquestioned facts, learned by fifty years of good culture, that an average soil is able to yield an average crop of fourteen bushels of wheat per acre for an indefinite time. And this is above the average of the present yield of this grain on this continent. It is somewhat exceeded in the least well cultivated lands of Europe, and doubled in the well farmed lands of both England and France, and this after two thousand years of culture. After that of course we can easily realize that it may continue as long as there are farms and farmers.

Training Up the Heifer.

Train up a heifer in the way she should go, and when she becomes a cow she will not depart from it. With her first calf the young cow should be kept in milk as long as possible, because that is what she is wanted to do all of her productive life. If she dries up early, the next year the habit will make an effort to repeat itself, and the next also, and also the next, and so on. By careful feeding and encouraging treatment persuade the inexperienced heifer to continue in milk as long as she will agree to, and the next season have her, by similar means, exceed her previous record, until three or four weeks of drought is all she will demand.—Dakota Field and Farm.

Must Be Born to It.

If the cow is not born to make a first-class dairy cow feed or care will never make her one. Breed and individual merit are the things to start with.

The More Valuable Cow.

A cow that will make 300 pounds of butter, remember, is worth a good deal more than one that will make only 200 pounds.

Buried 'Em Wi' 'Am.

A bishop of York tells the following story of a conversation he once overheard between two women:

"Well, Sally," said one, "I hear you wor at t' funeral."

"Yes, I wor," said Sally.

"What kind of a funeral wor it?" asked the other.

"Why, it was a very mean affair. There were nobbut a few biscuits and sich."

"Ah," said Sally's friend, "them's the sort of ways I don't hold to. I've lost five, but thank heaven, I buried 'em all wi' 'am."—Spare Moments.

They Brought Him Home.

Mr. Burkley—Here's a newspaper item that says people's heads have been known to grow, even after they were thirty-five years of age. I wonder if that's so?

Mrs. Burkley—Well, after that experience of yours at your club banquet last week I'm surprised that you can have any doubt about it.—Chicago Record.

A Necessary Measure.

"We had to have little Dick's pretty golden curls cut off."

"That was too bad."

"Yes; but his mother couldn't stand the bad language he used when she combed the tangles out."—Chicago Record.

Something New.

"Those folks next door seem up-to-date."

"Up-to-date? They are so afraid somebody will get ahead of them that they've had red plush handles put on their carving knife and fork."

NEWS TOPICS OF A WEEK.

Important Events in Few Words For Busy People.

The Busy World's Happenings Carefully Compiled and Put Into Handy and Attractive Shape For the Readers of Our Paper—A Solid Hour's Enjoyment in Paragraphed Information.

THE FIRE RECORD.

A $600,000 fire occurred in Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Sunday night.

POLITICS—CANADIAN.

Mr. McDonald, a Patron member, will this week introduce into the Legislature a bill providing that civil servants shall not be exempt from garnishee.

SUICIDES.

M. Rempler, who had charge of the Panama scandal, killed himself in a sudden attack of insanity, by throwing himself from the window of the Palais de Justice.

FOR MEN OF WAR.

Prince Henry of Prussia, who has been appointed to the command of the second German squadron on the coast of China, will visit Pekin, where the Chinese Emperor will receive him as an equal, an unusual honor.

MUNICIPAL MATTERS.

The Niagara Falls elections are being run on the issue of Niagara power developed by Canadians for Canadians.

A Rossland, B.C., by-law to raise $15,000 to be applied towards current expenses and a sewerage system, has been quashed.

The statement by County Treasurer Cochrane that the Wentworth Registry Office owes the county $583 on the past year's account doesn't tally with the figures of the Deputy Registrar and an investigation will be held.

THE AGRICULTURAL WORLD.

A. W. Maybee of Toronto has purchased for John McDonald of St. John the heifer which won the special jubilee prize of $60 in gold at the Fat Stock Show.

Farmers who desire samples of some of the best varieties of seed grain should make the application at once to the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. All letters addressed to the Central Farm at Ottawa may be sent free of postage, and the samples, weighing 3 pounds each, will be sent free to the applicants, through the mail. The distribution will begin early in December.

SPORTING.

Jacob Schaefer, the billiard player, broke the record of the three-cushion game in America Friday night, by making a run of 10 points in an exhibition game with Caton.

A telegram from Kingston dated yesterday says: F. O. Myers, Canadian road king, made a 100-miler on a bicycle on Nov. 15, in 5 hours 2 minutes, beating the best record made in America.

The big schooner yacht designed by George L. Watson, which is building at Henderson's yard, is for Mr. Charles L. Orr-Ewing, member of Parliament for Ayrburgs, and not for the Prince of Wales as supposed.

THE DEAD.

Mrs. Warren, 73 years, died at North Newark, Ont., and two hours later her aged husband, 87, died suddenly in his chair.

John Dickenson, head of the oldest diamond importing house in New York died on the street of apoplexy at Fort Hamilton, L.I.

D. W. Powers, the banker and owner of the famous Powers block and art gallery at Rochester, N. Y., died Saturday morning. He was 79 years of age.

Richard Stevenson, a wealthy old bachelor of Zone Township, was found lying dead within a few yards of his own door, where he lived alone. The estate may contribute some revenue to the province, as he has no relatives in this country.

POLITICS—FOREIGN.

The Haytian Ministry has resigned.

German National Liberals will further question in the Reichstag the Government's intentions regarding the Standard Oil Co.

President Crespo of Venezuela officially received the British Minister on Saturday. This completes the reconciliation of Great Britain and Venezuela after a 10 years' rupture of diplomatic relations.

The Berlin correspondent of The Daily Mail says he hears that Great Britain agrees not to oppose Germany's occupation of Kiao Chou in return for Germany's promise not to interfere in the Egyptian question.

According to a despatch from Shanghai the Germans are extending the area of occupation at Kiao Chou and now control 400 square miles. They have arranged a German administration and are already collecting duties.

PURELY PERSONAL.

W. J. Bryan is having a triumphant tour through Mexico, where he is being treated as a national guest.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has gone to Laurentides, whither he had been called by the serious illness of his brother, Dr. Laurier.

Anthony Hope, the English novelist, contributes the proceeds of an afternoon's lecture in Toronto to the Victorian Order of Nurses scheme.

Mr. Alfred Stead, son of the author of "If Christ Came to Chicago," and editor of The Review of Reviews, passed through Montreal Sunday for home, having left London 10 months ago for a trip round the world.

Truth protests against the "arrant snobbery" of the Duke of Newcastle in sending hundreds of pheasants to the markets, labelled "Shot by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales."

Rev. R. J. Renison, late curate of the Church of the Messiah, Toronto, son of Rev. Rural Dean Renison of Sault Ste. Marie, is missing, and his father will be glad to hear of any news of him. He has been overworked and is unwell.

CASUALTIES.

William Green was badly hurt by Rev. Father Brady's frisky colt at Hamilton on Saturday.

A freight wreck on the New York Central, five miles north of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., piled 14 freight cars in the cut, but fortunately without loss of life. The Troy express had a narrow escape from running into the wreck.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death in the case of Walter Croot, the English bantam-weight who died from injuries received during the contest for the bantam-weight championship with Jimmy Barry of Chicago at the National Sporting Club, at London, Eng.

John F. Bennett of Bloomingburg, N.Y. and his aged wife were nearly suffocated by their folding bed closing upon them last night.

While William Crampsey, a young man living in Toronto, was working around a piece of machinery in Boeck's brush factory, his clothing was caught and he was thrown around like a shuttlecock. His clothing was left in ruins, but he escaped unhurt.

BUSINESS.

Waterville, Me., has sent $1200 worth of cats and kittens for sale in a Philadelphia department store.

Eastern newspaper mill men will, it is said, meet again this week to consider a scheme of consolidation.

Canadian cattle are said to be sent into Buffalo invoiced at from a tenth to a third of their real value. An investigation is in progress.

The W. Paterson & Son Company of Brantford have written to the Mayor requesting that their establishment be exempted from taxes on account of additions in machinery and plant which they are about to make.

An expedition, under the leadership of Major Helpman, consisting of 13 members, has left Southampton, Eng., for the Northwest Territories of Canada by the steamship St. Paul. The expedition is composed of practical men, all of repute and social standing in England. They are heading for the Klondike.

The Brantford authorities of the Dominion Cotton Co.'s mills here know nothing of the reported removal of the mills to Three Rivers, but Mr. Whitehead said that the works would have to be either enlarged or removed.

UNCLASSIFIED.

Old Sol has 100,000 miles of sun spots on him, according to Prof. Brooks of Geneva, N.Y.

At Proctor, Pa., some tannery hands have contracted anthrax from diseased hides. Two have died.

The coroner's jury has censured the Grand Trunk in the matter of the recent tunnel accident whereby two men were suffocated.

Charles W. Smith of Minneapolis has just secured a patent on a process for converting soft coal into a fuel which is pronounced superior to any anthracite.

The libel suit brought by William Morgan against The Hamilton Herald newspaper, was dismissed on Saturday before Judge Snider, the plaintiff failing to appear.

On Dec. 15, Henry Meahl of Niagara Falls, N. Y., will begin the task of eating a quail a day for thirty consecutive days. $100 is wagered by him on the successful result.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

Robert W. Wood has been committed for a year and a half to Central Prison for attempting to swindle workmen at Ottawa.

Police Magistrate O'Gara of Ottawa suspended Constable McLaughlin for shooting Xavier Daoust, a supposed thief, while the latter was trying to escape arrest.

A man named Alfred Nebs got into Thos. May & Co.'s warehouse at Montreal and stole $600 worth of silks and ribbons, after which he was arrested and locked up. Nebs pleaded drunkenness.

John Cromwell, an old man who has been chasing Beverly people with an ax, under the halucination that he is being cheated out of property, has been committed for examination as a lunatic.

Thomas Linehan, farmer, aged 70, is under arrest at New Ross, Lunenburg County, N. S., charged with trying to kill his wife, whom he struck three times with an ax. The old man was jealous, it is said.

John Arneau of Chapleau has been jailed at Pembroke on a charge of desertion and neglect to support his wife and family. He left them last summer, and Mrs. Arneau only discovered him at Pembroke on Saturday.

The detectives have discovered that the thief who stole a horse and rig from Mr. Dryden of Galt and drove into Guelph to trade horses with William Hogg subsequently traded again with Robert Watson, and finally disposed of Watson's horse and Dryden's rig at Hamilton's Hotel for a silver watch, a ring and $2.

Charles Zanoli, the barber who has collected insurance upon the lives of four wives, a mother-in-law, a daughter and an employe, and who has pleaded guilty of defrauding an insurance company, was again arraigned in court Saturday. He again protested his innocence of having caused the death of any of the insured.

The Governor of Texas has succumbed to the pressure brought to bear by the British Minister at Washington and will not execute Ed. Underwood of Woodstock, Ont., who was extradited a year ago on a murder charge, of which he was acquitted, only to be arrested on two charges of burglary and sentenced to be hanged, in violation of the Treaty of Extradition between Great Britain and the United States.

Burning Women.

The horrible punishment of burning women alive seems to have existed in Saxon England, but perhaps only in the case of slaves. Under the Norman rulers and woman, bond or free, who killed her husband, was burned alive; and the same punishment for this crime, and also for high treason, and even for coining and other minor offenses, continued or arose from time to time through the second and third periods, until it was abolished by Act of Parliament in 1790—the last actual execution of this kind having, however, taken place six years earlier. The whipping of women for various offenses continued even later; public whipping was not abandoned until 1817, and cases of private whipping occur as late as 1820.

Curious.

Oysters have a wonderful knowledge of the times of tides, and if they are taken away from the sea they will open their shells as the tide begins to flow, although they may be miles away. This is the more wonderful because the tide-time changes by an hour every day. Also the long-legged wading-birds, such as redshank and curlew, that haunt salt marches, dart inland, as a rule, when the tide covers their feeding grounds, but always turn up to time when the ebb bares the saltings once more.

WITH THE CHINESE.

The Skill With Which the Chinaman of Shanghai Uses a Wheelbarrow

The wheelbarrow man wears across his shoulders a strap which is attached to the shafts on each side. Boxes, bales of goods, or whatever the load may consist of, are secured to the wheelbarrow by ropes. There are seating accommodations for four people, two on each side, and a cushioned seat is provided for the passenger, who generally sits with one leg resting on the front of the barrow and the other hanging over the side in a rope loop which serves as a foot rest. On the Great Plain wheelbarrows are occasionally seen with a sail set, when a fair wind proves to be a great help to the trundling of the barrow over a level way.

Since the institution of cotton mills at Shanghai, the wheelbarrow has been extensively used as a passenger vehicle, especially for carrying work women to and from the mills. One man can wheel six women for a distance of about three miles, morning and evening, the charge being 1s. 5d. per month. The average earnings of a wheelbarrow man are about 8 1-2d. per day. About 4000 licenses are issued monthly to the same number of wheelbarrows plying for hire in the streets of the foreign settlements at Shanghai, where, being under the municipal regulations, they are perhaps the best in China. Sometimes as many as fifty barrows may be seen in the streets, traveling one behind the other, each carying two barrels of English Portland cement and pushed by one man. Very frequently a load is carried on one side of the barrow only, and it is extraordinary to see a Chinaman skillfully balancing and propelling it. The upsets and accidents, too, are remarkably few when it is considered that about 4000 of these vehicles are in use in the streets in addition to a large traffic of other kinds.—Cassier's Magazine.

Well Children

that are not very robust need a warming, building and fat-forming food—something to be used for two or three months in the fall—that they may not suffer from cold.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda supplies exactly what they want. They will thrive, grow strong and be well all winter on this splendid food tonic. Nearly all of them become very fond of it. For adults who are not very strong, a course of treatment with the Emulsion for a couple of months in the fall will put them through the winter in first-class condition. Ask your doctor about this.

Be sure you ... man an...

BOYHOOD'S RECOLLECTIONS.

How the Old Farmer Identified the Cashier of the Bank.

The old farmer's fingers were full of knots and fence rail splinters, and he had to look over his spectacles for some time before he saw the paying teller at his window, but he managed to hand in the check he had been carrying wrapped in his red handkerchief, and stood waiting for the money.

"You will have to be identified before we can pay this," said the teller.

The farmer stooped a little, stuck his head against the window grating and said explosively:

"Hey?"

The teller repeated his statement.

The old farmer took the check, folded it carefully with his big fingers, and then rubbed his gray chin whiskers thoughtfully.

"Have to be indemnified, do I?" he said, thoughtfully. "Lemme see; who knows me? Thar's Jim Patterson, but he lives 'way up town. Why, say! this here's Carrin'ton's bank, ain't it?"

"This is the First National Bank," said the teller, "and Mr. Carrington is the cashier."

"Whar is he?"

"Second window to your right."

The old man stepped over to the cashier's window and rapped on it with his whipstock. The cashier, smooth, cool, distant, gray side-whiskered, confronted him.

"I want to git the money on this here check, and that slick young feller in the other pen said I would have to be indemnified."

"That is the rule," said the cashier. "You will have to bring someone in who knows you to vouch for your identity."

"Couldn't you do it?" asked the old man.

"Certainly not; unless I were acquainted with you."

The old farmer laughed so loudly that everybody in the bank looked around and listened.

"Why, smash all potato bugs! don't you remember 'Lias Crowder? I went to school with ye; lived next door to ye when you was plain Pete Carrin'ton 'stead of P. Ellin'ton Carrin'ton, Esquire. I kin indemnify you if ye can't indemnify me. 'Member that day when they had your pa up for stealin' wood, and me and you and Sam Piper chunked the constable with seed pertaters? 'Member how yer ma used to lock you up on Saturdays when she used to go out to do the section gang's washin' and you—"

"It is all right, Mr. Crowder," said the cashier, turning a little red on his smoothly shaven cheeks; "I did not recognize you at first. It has been a good many years since I have seen you. Step over to the teller's window and your check will be paid."

"In a minute," said the old farmer, beaming with pleasure as he recalled the scenes of his youth. "Why, I could ov indemnified you if I'd a met ye in Afriky. You never could look a feller straight in the face, and you've got that scar on your ear yet that old man Phipps gave ye when he caught ye tryin' to steal his best turkey."

"Yes, yes," said the cashier, hurriedly, as he stirred things about on his deck and frowned deeply at some old envelopes; "those old times—yes, certainly—boyhood's days, childish sports, and all that sort of thing, to be sure—quite so, indeed. The teller is waiting to pay your check."

"I'm goin' in a minute. Why, talk about indemnifyin' Pete Carrin'ton, you want to hear me do it. Now, I bet you don't 'member that day when—"

"You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Crowder," said the cashier, prancing up and down in his cage and pretending to be looking for something, "I am very busy to-day."

"Yes, I'll excuse you," said the old farmer, leaning his elbows on the window. "I jest wanted to see how good I could indemnify you if I tried. Guess you find this kind ov work easier than peddlin' fertilizer in an ox cart, like you did the year your uncle Dick got mixed up in that train robbery, don't you?"

The cashier left his desk suddenly with an important looking batch of papers in his hand and walked back into the private office. The old man stumped over to the teller again and handed his check between the bars.

"Pete says ye can pay it," he said. "Mr. P. Ellin'ton Carrin'ton's indemnified me, and I've indemnified Pete. I could go on indemnifyin' him for two hours and a half if I wanted to, clean on down to the time he left Cedar Creek with that Punch and Judy show. Gimme five ov it in silver."

Were Needed Badly.

Landlady (to new roomer)—You must not be careless in leaving the front door open when you came in at night. About a year ago burglars got in and cleaned out every room in the building.

New Roomer—For heaven's sake, madam! fire your chambermaid and leave the front door open every night.

Marriage of Divorced Persons in Britain.

London, Dec. 13.—Extraordinary agitation has been evoked by the marriage on Nov. 24, of Miss Leila Bayard Crooke, a niece of Mr. Thomas F. Bayard, the former United States Ambassador here, to Mr. Lyon, who has been divorced, which caused the clerical party to interfere and make them get married in a church other than the one first selected. It has brought out a pronouncement from the Primate to the effect that he disapproves of such marriages, and that his Vicar-General hereafter will not license them.

The Bishop of Bristol and others have also forbidden their chancellors to license the marriage of divorced people, whether innocent or guilty.

Want of Tact.

Never say too much. Manners go a great way, and delicate matters managed with tact can be carried out without the slightest blow to the sensitive feelings of the parties concerned. It is not tact to rush up to a person and say: "How ill you are looking." Anyone who is not feeling well generally knows all about it, and does not like to be reminded of the fact. On the contrary, in meeting anybody who is looking particularly well or handsome, then is the time to speak. To be able to keep people in good humor and never rub them the wrong way shows a wonderful amount of tact, but how many people there are always doing or saying the wrong thing. Two old school friends who had not seen each other in years met again a short time ago, and almost immediately after the first words of greeting had been exchanged, the one exclaimed to other: "Why, you look as if you had been crying for years; your face is so wrinkled." Now that remark, to say the least, did not show tact, and in a measure it destroyed the old feeling of affection which had existed for so many years. People do not like to be told disagreeable facts, but when an unpleasant truth must be told, to use a little tact in the telling of it will make the hurt less deep. Say and do pleasant things in this world whenever it is possible, but if disagreeable ones come to the surface handle them as gently as possible to spare the feelings of others.

Cycling M.P.'s.

It is curious how even in that stronghold of tradition and prejudice, the English Parliament, the bicycle has brought about a complete overthrow of the unwritten laws in regard to dress. Many of the memwbers, either for health or pleasure, have taken up bicycling, and use their wheels instead of broughams or riding horses. A costume adapted to the latter means of locomotion would be manifestly absurd in the former; so soft felts or the democratic derby have replaced the tall silk hats which used to be de rigeur, and short coats are now seen on the rotund figures of the lords and commoners who ten years ago would have felt that they had committed a solecism if they had worn anything but the conventional frock coat. Even the once-abhorred yellow shoes are now tolerated, and it is predicted that if the present bicycle craze continues woolen hose and knickerbockers will not be con... ... infra dig., for an Englishman ... eaks bounds never stops ... merican instinctively ... limits; he has the ... tions a...

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My '97

....GIANT ROOT CUTTER..

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Send for prices.

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CHRISTMAS GIFT SENSE

A gift for your lady friends? One that will be appreciated, enjoyed, and which will prove a lasting source of comfort and pleasure? Some little article in Fur wear. Ladies like Furs. Perhaps it is because men admire them. The cost of it? Well, not much—just as much as you wish to spend and the most for your money.

RUFFS, in almost every kind of suitable Fur, from $2 50

MUFFS AND GAUNTLETS—These warm the heart as well as the hands—they are so beautiful and pleasant. Muffs from $1 50

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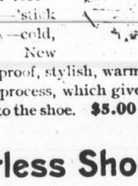

'Hate to wear 'em—'hurt your feet—'injure your eyes—'feel clammy—'stick in the mud—'fill with snow—cold, clammy, needless (Rubbers). New leather shoe—wet-proof, snow-proof, stylish, warm. Made by the famous Goodyear Welt process, which gives elasticity to the sole, and durability to the shoe. $5.00 per pair

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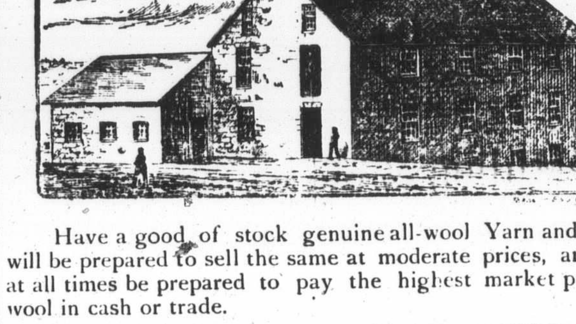

Have a good of stock genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth, will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will at all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

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GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY
DISEASED MEN CURED

THOUSANDS of young men, middle aged men and old men can look back at their boyhood days or early manhood with a sigh of remorse. The ignorance of early youth, or later on a misspent life as "one of the boys" has sown the seeds for future suffering. **SELF ABUSE** is a terrible sin against nature and will bring a rich harvest. Blood and Private Diseases sap the very life and vitality of the victim. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure all the following diseases:

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, SYPHILIS, STRICTURE, GLEET, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, PIMPLES, LOST MANHOOD, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES.

ARE YOU? NERVOUS and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back, bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—*WE CAN CURE YOU OR ASK NO PAY.*

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY—CONFIDENTIAL

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE. A Warning from the Living. "At 15 I learned a bad habit. Tried four doctors and nerve tonics by the score without benefit; emissions and drains increased. I became a nervous wreck. A friend who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan of a similar disease, advised me to try them. I did so and in two months was positively cured. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children."—C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw.

VARICOCELE CURED. "Varicocele made life miserable. I was weak and nervous, eyes sunken, bashful in society, hair thin, no ambition. The 'Golden Monitor' opened my eyes. The New Method Treatment of Drs. Kennedy and Kergan cured me in a few weeks.—I. L. PETERSON, Ionia.

EMISSIONS CURED. J. P. EMERSON relates his experience. "I lived on a farm. At school I learned an early habit, which weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. Family doctors said I was going into 'decline' (consumption). Finally 'The Golden Monitor,' edited by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, fell into my hands. I learned the TRUTH and the CAUSE. Self-abuse had sapped my vitality. I took the New Method Treatment and was cured. My friends think I was cured of consumption. I have sent them many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood."

SYPHILIS CURED. "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight years. Had taken mercury for two years, but the disease returned. Eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the mouth and on tongue, bone pains, falling out of hair, weakness, etc. My brother, who had been cured of Gleet and Stricture by Drs. Kennedy and Kergan, recommended them. They cured me in a few weeks, and I thank God I consulted them. No return of the disease in six years."—W. P. M., Jackson.

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