A VERT "FAREY" STORY.

grin. What's the matter?" I asked.

""What's the matter?" I asked.
""That darn brakeman!" he said.
""He's the only agreeable thing I've seen around here,' I put in, in defense of my friend. "He said those men would be here until the next train comes."
"And they will,' said the man.
""Well, where are they,' I asked, with considerable asperity.
""The sandy-hair man stood up and tapped himself on the chest.
""Them's me,' he smiled; 'come in and set down with us."
"And I did for four mortal hours."—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing More to be Learned. Nothing More to be Learned.

With figure swathed in white cloths and face covered with lather, it was difficult to form a correct notion of the appearance of the man who occupied the first chair in the corner barber shop. To the most casual observer it was obvious that the man in the first chair was laboring under intense of citement. He was breathing in short gases, his bosom heaved under the white towel, and his hands nervously clutched the cushion seat.

the man in the first chair resumed a re-cumbent posture.—Detroit Free Press.

Is Marrying Unfashionable? It is estimated that there are 3,000,000

It is estimated that there are 3,000,000 young men of marriageable age in the United States who obstinately neglect to provide themselves with wives, and this implies the existence of at least an equal number of young women of marriageable age who are waiting for proposals that never come. The fact is important as indicating one of the social tendencies of the period. It cannot/be doubted that the popularity of matrimony has materially popularity of matrimony has materiall declined in recent years and that a kind of popularity of matrimony has materially declined in recent years and that a kind of general hesitancy seems to prevail respecting the negotiation of such alliances. There was a time when the young people of the country hastened to pair themselves with bird-like eagerness and delight, as soon as they were out of school; and society not only encouraged them, but practically commanded them to take that course. They were considered superfluous and burdensome until they got married. The true work of life could not begin with them, they were taught, so long as they remained single; it was their duty to become yoked, without unnecessary delay, and it was a diagrace to miss reasonable opportunities in that relation. But it is decidedly different at the present day. The practice of wedlock is no longer imperative nor does discredit attend the unmated state, even when prolonged into the thirties. There is as much advice given against marriage as in favor of it by the wise and experienced of both sexes, and the result is a steady decrease in the proportion of actual weddings to possible ones.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A question of Age.

It was on a Third street car yesterday, says the Gincinatit Times-Star, that a woman had a little spat with the conductor in which, though she lost her nickel, she came out ahead in the argument. She had with her two half-bushel baskets and a girl who looked to be about 12 years of age. She passed up a quarter and received back 16 cents. "An" where is the other nickel?" says she. "Why, there are two of you," replied the conductor. "An' it's two of unthere is, is there? "says she. "There is," says he. "An' how do yez make that out," says she. "It is," says she that out," says she. "It is," says she there's two of you," says she. "An' to year girl," says he. "It is," says as the "Well, there's two of you," says she. "She's over 9 years old," says he. "She's not," says she. "She is," says he. "Well, I ought to know. I've known her longer than you," says she. "An' I've known her 9 years myself," says he. "An' I've known her 9 years myself," says he. "An' I've known her 19 years myself," says he. "An' I've known her ten," says she, "an she's been a-riding on the street cars with me all those years an' I never paids cent for her yet." And the old lady glared furiously at the lumilisted conductor, wondering why the passengers giggled a little bit.

Cool and Collected, "How cool poor Smithereens was before the dynamite exploded."
"And he was collected afterward."

Old Nick—I hope the World's Fair will-be closed on Sundays. Imp.—Why, sire? Old Nick—What would be the use of our making a special exhibit at Chicago if the people had no chance to take it in?

Husband—How much did you spend to-day? Wile—Seventy-six dollars and seven-teen cents. Husband (tronically)—Was that all? Wile (with an injured air)—That was all I had.

Many small animals can their own weight is feed in a day,

LETTER FROM COBLENTZ

A special despetch from Kingston last sight says: Writing to a friend in Kingston last sight says: Writing to a friend in Kingston and Congregational windings in Townson and the last fewer. But the series of Childra, which are also should be a series of control of the series of the series of the series of Childra, which are series of the series of th

word about not going into Leipzig. Hamburg seems to be the only German city which is

ACTECTED BY THE CHOLERA
and according to the newspapers every precation possible is being taken there to prevent its apread. The Germans are so very stringent, and have so many soldiers to see that their orders are entorced, that I feel much safer here than I would in France. In Holland milk was very cheap—but five Dutch cents, one of our cents, a glass. I got to drinking a great deal of milk, for the water had a nasty sweet taste that was very disagreeable. It was always hot, too, and had not a pure, clear look like that of our Canadian water. Here there are little booths almost every block, where they sell seltzer water for 5 pfennings (a cent and a quarter) a bottle. I have taken to drinking this, though the water here seems pure and good. Last Monday morning we went to Zaandam by boat, to see where Peter the Great worked to learn ship-building. We were shown the little cottage where he lodged and the ship-yard where he worked. On the way we saw hundreds of windmills and a part of

lodged and the ship-yard where he worked. On the way we saw hundreds of windmills and a part of

THE GREAT HOLLAND DYKES.

The land is actually lower than the water, and is protected by great high stone banks, all overgrown with willows to make them doubly strong. I was very anxious to go right out to the sea and have a good view of the largest dykes, so we found out where to go from, and waited a very long time at the wharf, only to learn that the boat went but on Sunday. In the afternoon we went to the zoological gardens, which are second only to those in London. The aquarium is the finest in Europe, far superior to that in London. We saw the coral insects at work, anemones of all kinds, and one of the keepers showed us how he fed them, and fish of almost countless varieties swimming about just as they do in their native waters. To was a glimpse of "life in the water" which I had never seen before, and in which I was greatly interested. Tuesday we visited a very fine picture gallery and museum in the morning, and in the afternoon came on to Germany, staying over light at Oberhauser, near Duesseldorf. There is nothing particularly attractive in the place, but it began to get dark and we did not wish to miss the scenery along the route, so we decoded to wait till morning to continue our journey. Wednesday morning then, we came on to Cologne, or Koeln as the Germans have it. Mr. L. casually heard that there was a case of cholers in the city, and of course he was sure he was getting it. "Nevertheless we greatly enjoyed this beautiful city with its wonderful cathedral, styled by the guide book the grandest monument of Gothio architecture in the world. No description could give you an idea of its vastness which indeed seems altogether beyond comprehension. Its towers rise

FIVE HUNDRED FEET INTO THE AIR

did see bones by the cart load in St. Ursula church. Tradition says that in the 4th century St. Ursula with eleven thousand maidens went on a pilgrimage to Rome. When they were relating they were crueity attacked at Calognaby the Huns and were all ruthlessly murdered. The Church of St. Ursula is built on the spot where the murder was perpetrated, and the bones of St. Ursula and all her attendants exertill shown to confirm the story. We boncs of St. Ursula and all her attendants are still shown to confirm the story. We went in to see the skulls and bones which are contained in glass cases all about the church. On one side a series of paintings portrays the whole scene, and the sexton points out the various cases.

SOME OF THE SKULIS ARE

de introble. On one side a series of paintings portrays the whole scene, and the service points out the various cases.

SOMO OF THE SKULE ARE ADON'ED

with different styles of head-decases, and some are even decked with crowns. All the some and the some are even decked with crowns. All the some are even decked with the some are even decked with crowns. All the some are even decked with crowns and the some are even decked with crowns and the some are even decked with crowns and the some are even decked with a decked and the even decked and the e SOME OF THE SKULLS ARE ADORNED

worship. The rest of the day we have reated, and I have thought I would spend my time writing.

The Rey.

The spectacle of a small boy whom one meets sometimes in the horse-cars, under the wing of his predestinate idiot of a mother, wrings one's very soul. Bilk hat, roffled shirt, silver buckledshees, kid gloves, cane, velvet suit with one two-inch pocket to the patient clittle caricature I Not a spot has he for a top or a marble, or a nail, or a string or a kinie, or a cake, or a nut; but as a bloodless substitute for these on cossities of existence, he has a toy watch that will not go) and an embroidered that will not go) and an embroidered that will not go) and an embroidered and handkerchief with cologne on it.

As to keeping children too clean for any mortal use, I don't suppose anything is more disastrous. The Divine right to be gloriously dirty a portion of the time, when girling in the strategies of the children who have to think of the children who have to think of the chief clothes before playing with the dogs, discipling the small plants the small belong the stablement.

interesting, helpful things, is too clear to be denied. The children who have to think of their clothes before playing with the dogs, digging in the sand, helping the stableman, working in the shed, building a bridge or weeding a garden, never get half their legitimate enjoyment out of life. And in help the stableman of the sta

out disturbing her, though I was three hours later than any time I had got in zince I was married. The next morning Hattie was as bright as a dollar."
"What time did you get in last night, Tom?" she asked at breakfast.
"Oh, along about midnight," I replied, evasively.

vasively.
"Worse than that," she laughed.
"Maybe it was a little later," I con ssed.
"It was about 3, "wasn't it?" she asked, with the air of a person who knew what she was talking about. "Oh, no, not quite so bad as that,"

"Oh, no, not quite so bad as that," I hastily protested.
"It must have been, Tom," she insisted, "for it was half past 2 before I got in, and I was dead asleep when you came.
"It was my time to make a few remarks then, but I didn't make them. I confessed to 3 o'clock, and from that day to this I've been in by 9 o'clock, and I don't know yet whether she was fooling me or not. Good night. It's a quarter to 9;" and the old man walked out.—Deroit Free Press.

She—Are you sure you didn't lose that letter I gave you to mail last week? He—Yes. I knew you'd think so, and I've kept it in my pocket to protect myself.

Rowne de Bout—I caw a remarkable sign in a window when I was in France. Stayatt Holmes—What was it? Rowne de Bout—"American French spoken here."

its wholesomeness. This knowledge comes
by experience, and is far easier of acquisition than knowledge of the cuts of meats.
But the latter may be learned by study and
a practical application thereof on overy visit
to the market.

Good, whalesome meat should be neither
of a pale, rosy or pink color, nor of a deep
purple. The first denotes the diseased coudition; the last proves the animal has died
a natural death. Good meat has more of a
marble look; in consequence of the branching of the veins which surround the adipose
cells. The fat, especially of the inner
organs, is always firm and suety and never
moist, while in general the fat from diseased
cattle is flabby and watery and more often
resembles jelly or boiled parchment. Wholesome meat will always show itself firm and
clastic to the touch and exhibit no dampness, while diseased mest will appear solt
and moist; in fact, often more wet, so that
the liquid substances run ont of the blood
when pressed hard. Good meat has very
little smell, while unsound meat has a disagreeable, coadaverous smell and diffuses a
certain medicinal oder. This can be distinctly proved by cutting the meat through
with a knife and smelling the blade or pouring warm water over it. Bad meat shrinks
couniderably in the boiling; wholesome
meat rather swells and does not lose an
omnee in weight.

For soup, the brinket or plate piece is the
best cut. This can be used meat advantageously for cold cuts. A shin of beef is
more economical buying and better for a
large portion of soup. The finest of roast
beef is the porterhouse cut and prime riba
Beef that has been killed for over a fortnight makes the best eating.

For pot roast, cross ribs and lower sirloin
cuts are desirable. Otnick cuts, above all,
are to be avoided. The choicest beetisteak
is the hip-bone steak, but this is not a
economical cut. A porter-loue steak ha
more meat and less bone than the hip-bone
steak, and is particularly desirable for mall
families. The sirloin or flat-bone steak
come in much larger cuts

sent to the next best-paying publication, and so on until they reach the payers which pay but 50 cents. Such as are then returned the joker considers useless. A professional joker can make about 100 jokes a week, and, as joke-making mast soon become a habit, perhaps the brain is not too greatly tasked in their manufacture.

A tomahawk, said to have belonged to the famous Indian chief Tecumseb, is now in possession of Mra. Lizzie Skinner, of West Point, Ky. At the battle of the Thames, north of Lake Erie, in Ontario, in which the warrior was slain, a New York soldier, named John Hanes, despoiled the fallen redskin, and subsequently gave the weapon to John R. Bramblue, who died last December. It then passed into the hands of Mrs. Skinner in compliance with the wish of its last owner. The hatchet is said to be half Eriglish, half Indian in its shape. Doubts are evidently entertained as to its genuineness by some of the Western editors who tell the story.—Detroit Free Press. Tecumseh's Tomahawk.

Press. Short Lecture on Mastication. Short Lecture on Mastication.

Dr. Lauder Brunton, in the course of a recent letter on "Mastication," at St. Bartholmew's Hospital, made use of the following remarks: "I think it was a magnificent stroke of genius on the part of the President of the Royal College of Physicians, Sir Andrew Clark, when he informed Mr. Gladstone that he had one mouth and 32 teeth, and that for every mouthful of food he took every tooth should have a chance, so that he should take 32 bites to every mouthful. "And," continued Dr. Brunton, "if the patient has lost some of his teeth he should allow two bites for every missing tooth and even that will not always do if many teeth have gone."

EMPEROR WILLIAM breathes more freely

EMPEROR WILLIAM breathes more freely and his wife is happy. The birth of a princess to the House of Hohenzollern has relieved them of an anxiety caused by an alleged prophecy that the empire would go down under a monarch who would have seven sons in succession. They had already six sons. The Emperor was born Jan. 27th, 1859; the Empress, Oct. 22nd, 1858. They were married in Berlin Feb. 27th, 1881. The children of the Imperial pair are:

Prince William, born at Potsdam, May 6th. 1882. 6th, 1882. Prince Eitel Frederick, born at Potsdan

July 7th, 1883. 14th, 1884. Prince August William, born at Petsdam lan. 26th, 1887. Prince Oscar, born at Potsdam, July

Princess —, born at Potsdam, Sept.

13th, 1892.

"Oh, that star is Mars!" cried the girl, pointing upward. "All right," replied the youth; "she can have it. Give ma the carth."

Chappie (faintly)—Doctah, my-aw-head feels awful. Does grip, evah go to the brain? Doctor—Sometimes. Chappis—I have pains rushin around all ovah, in mearns, and hands, and feel and everywhere. Doctor—That's grip. Chappis—What's it trying to de, doctah? Doctor—Trying to find your brain, I guess.

Reven miles is the greatest height ever reached in a balloon.

them in the ways she has found to suit her best.

The paraphernalia for it all she keeps up and in good order, even before she buys gloves, when there is a question between the two; and as for going downtown without using them thoroughly she would as likely go without her breakfast.

Oh, yes I and, when my lady has once made her tollet she does not think of it again, much less return to it—even so far as to examine a fieger nail in the presence of others.

The People Alarmed Over the Increasing
Boldness of Brigands.

A Rome cable says: It is anundeniable fact
that briganday is a

A Rome cable says: It is an undeniable fact that brigandage is on the increase, not only in Sicily, but upon the mainland. It is well known that brigands live at Viterbese, and that for the past twenty years they have centisting on the proceeds of their orimes. No effort is made to suppress them. Some of the brigands pose as social reformers. One of these thieves has written a letter from Caltanistia, a city of Sicily, to a paper published in Rome, enclosing 5t. which he requests the paper to give to some worthy charity. In writing of his occupation, the brigand says he never robs the poor, only the rich. With rinch unotion he states that he has just sessisted in shooting and rossting Signor Bilottis.

The Fan'ulla says the impunity of the recent crimes of the brigands, and the enormous booty they have secured without incurring any penalty whatever, has stimulated the passion for brigandage throughout Italy.

The Evils of Military Service.
(Oudia, in the Fortnightly Review.

(Oudia, in the Fortnightly Review.

There can be nothing worse for the young man than the barrack life; at times very harsh and onerous and cruel, but with long, lasy pauses in it of absolute idleness, when the lad, lying in the sun and on the aton benches, dozes and boozes his hours away, and the vicious rogue can poison at will the ear of the simple fool. Lord Wolseley considers it an admirable machinery for creating citizens; it is not so, because the individual it dreates is a more machine, with no will of his own, with all virility and spirit beaten and cuused out of him, with no ideal set tefore him but to want on the will of his corporal or captain. A soldier is at no time a good "all round" man; the military temper and standard are, and must be, always narrow. In its most odious and offensive forms, as in Germany, it amounts to a brutal and most dangerous tyranny, overbearing in its intolerable vanity, and holding olvillan life of no more account than dust.

Lord Wolseley assems to impoine that (Oudia, in the Fortnightly Review.

to a crucia and mose assertous vyranny, overbearing in its intolerable vanity, and holding oivilian life of no more account than dust.

Lord Wolseley seems to imagine that where conscription exists every man serves. In no country does every man serves. In no country does every man serves, through yoluntary mutilation or emigration. It is fortunate that it is so, for I can concieve nothing so appalling to the world as would be the forcing of the military temper down the throats of its entire mititudes. Militariam is the negation of individuality, of originality, and of true liberty. Its sombre shadow is spread over Europe; its garditing collar of steel is on the throat of the people. Forty-eight has produced nothing better than the universal rule of the Erench republic has the same correin by bayonets for which the two empires were reviled. Germany is a hell of despotism, prosecution and espionage. Italy has recovered political freedom only to fall prostrate at the feet of her old foe, who had "the double beak to more dewour." This is all that militarism and its offspring, conscription, has done for the three nations who most loudly protested their free principles. In the latter, at least, the whole people, sweat, groan, perish under the burdens laid upon them for the maintenance of the vast battations of young men imprisoned in barrack-yards in enforced idleness and semi starvation, whilst the fruitful lands of the Venetic, of Apulis, of the Emilia, of Sardinia, and of Calabria lie untilled under the blue skies, the soil crying for its sons, the spade and the scythe rusting while the face that large purpose of the fact, that large numbers of

are less numerous, because in France men are more wedded to the native soil, and

may be counted by legions; in France men are less numerous, because in France men are less numerous, because in France men are more wedded to the mative soil, and take to service more gaily and more naturally, but in Italy and Germany thomsands flock to emigrant ships; this choosing-life-long self-expatriation; and every year, as the military and fiscal burdens grow heavier, will lads go away by preference to lands where, however hard be the work, the dreaded voice of the drill-expeant cannot reach them, and they can "call their soul their own." Patriotism is a fine quality, no doubt, but it does not accord with the chill and supercilious apathy which characterizes the general teaching and temper of this age, and a young man may be pardoned if he deem that his country is less a mother worthy of love than a cruef and unworthy stepmother, when she demands three of the fairest years of his life to be spent in a barrack-yard, and wrings his cars till the blood drops from them, or beats him about the head with the butt of a musket, because he does not hold his chin high enou h, or shift his feet quickly enough.

For a hundred years humanity in this generation has been shouting, screaming, fighting, weeping, chaunting, bleeding in search and struggle for various forms of what has been called liberty. The only result hitherto d.da-ible from this is the present fact that the nations of Europe are all watching each other's strength which keeps them from flying at each other's throats. It is not peace which Europe arisons, it is an armed truce, with all the exhausting strain on the body politic and on the exchequer which must accompany such a state of things. Conscription enables this state of tension to exist, and the impatience which conscription excites in the people readers them perpetually thirsty and feverish of war. They fancy that war would end it; would give them something good in return for all their sufferings. "We cannot go on like this," is the universal feeling on the continent; it is the feeling created by

The greatest distance covered by a steam vessel in one hour's run is fixed at twenty six miles.

America is becoming quite exclusive. Both the Chinese and the cholera are now

interdicted.

The human skin is exactly like that of a fish, as it is covered with minute scales overlapping each other.

Won't some one please invent a bicycle which will allow the rider to hold his head high enough to see where he is going?

Tramp—I'm looking for a job. Foreman—We're just killing time these days.

Tramp—Well, I'm a first-class hand at that. According to a calculation published in a London paper, the entire pepulation of the world could stand on a field ten miles

square.

Estelle—He doesn't look old enough to marry. Maizie—But he is worth a million in his own right. Estelle—Then he is old enough.

The men most frequently heard from these days are the ones who have been through the choice years ago.

The source of think of it return to it—wen so say think about suit china-bine eyes, a dimple in either them, was, not only land. It is viterbees, wars they of their them, were the them, were the solore talk of the 0. P. side the L. L. and the first L. E. and the second the solore them, and the them, were the solore talk of the 0. P. side the L. L. and the first L. E. and the second the solore them, were the solore talk of the 0. P. side the L. L. and the first L. E. and the second the solore them, were the core talk of the 0. P. side the L. L. and the first L. E. and the second the solore them, and the word them, and the were the solore talk of the 0. P. side the L. L. and the first L. E. and the second the solore them to the solore them, and the solore them to the solore them, and the second them to the solore them to the solore them to see the solore them to the solore them to see the solore them to

closed Ballion's letter in another envelope, directing it to poor Charley Dresden's address, Poste Restante, Paris, adding a few lines of my own, wherein I endeavored o mingle consolation and philosophy as potly as possible.
"It's an ungracious thing for me to do, sending this letter," wrote I, "but I be-

sending this letter," wrote I, "but I be-lieve it to be the part of a true friend to un-deceive you as promptly as possibly. Bul-lion is a millionaire. Sophy is possible but a fallible mortal after all. Be a man, Dres-den, and remember that she is not the only woman in the world who would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's

slave."
And then I wrote curtly declining to stand up "with old Bullion. IV.

IV.

It was but a few days subsequently that the waiter showed an elegantly dressed young woman into my room at the hotel where I was stopping. I rose in some surprise. Aside from old Aunt Jane Platt and my laundress my lady visitors were few. But the instant she threw up her thick tissue veil I recognized the soft blue eyes and damark-rose cheeks of Sophy Adriance.

"Oh, Mr. Mortimore!" she oried piteously, "I know you won't mind my coming to your hotel because you seem exactly like a lather to me." I winced a little at this. "But I have received such a letter from Charley and as—as you've known him for a long time, I thought perhaps you could explain it for me. Oh, I have been so wretched! And indeed, indeed, I didn't deserva it?"

She gave ms a tear-blotted letter, and then sat down to cry quietly in the corner of the sofa, until such time as I should have finished its perusal.

It was a fit mirror of Charley Dresden's impotnous nature, full of bitter reproaches, dark innuendoes, hurling back her troth, and hinting gloomily at soicide. When I read it I scarcely wondered at poor Sophy's absed Sonhy. "Jaintivale" when he

had goe meddling officiously in affairs that didn't concern me.

"Look here, Miss Adriance, said I; "I will tell you all about it."

So I did. I described old Bullion's letter, my own false deductions therefrom, and the rash deed I had committed in sending the banker's correspondence to Charley Dresden.

"And now," said I, "do you wonder that he is indignant?"

Sophy's face grew radiant.

"But there's no harm done," said she.

"No real harm, I mean. Because I've written him a long letter about memma and Mr. Bullion, which he must have received the next mail after he sent off this cruel, ornel sheet of reproaches. And pray, Mr. Mortimore, don't look so woebegone," she said kindly. "Your mistake was natural anough."

Sophy was a true prophet. There was no

Sophy was a true prophet. There was no "real harm "done. The next mail brought a letter full of entreaties to be pardoned, and a brief, brueque note to me, which told

find that was labering under the white points and the houses beaved under the white points and the house of fine grain. The figure of the house of the grain and the grain and the house of the grain and the grain and the house of the grain and the house of the grain and

conscious imposter who dreads discovery. A man believes thus and so, not necessarily because it is so, but because his head is built on a particular pattern, or has had-a certain class of phenomena filtered through it. The average human head, like an egg, acquires the flavor of its environment: it is chiefly a question of extern." "maditions whether it will adorn the shoulders of Mohammedan or Baddhiet, Protestant or Catholic, Democrat or Republican. Yet we are wonderfully "sot" in our opinions, feel a supreme contempt for people who do not think as we do, even insist that they will be deservedly damed for daring to disagree with us. "Tis a strange world, my masters."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Textures for Stout Women.

It is the stout woman who must make a careful study of textures; in so doing she should find this the season of her content, for now it is that the shops are offering fabrics which fall into the richest and most for low to its the state of the overplus of weight to attain a certain elegance of carriage which her more slende friend can never hope to gain.

werplus of weight to attain a fertain eledeserve it?"

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then sat down to cry quietly in the corner
of the sofa, until such time as I should have
finished its perusal.

I twas a fit mirror of Charley Dresdens,
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prone to this than females.

Mr. Cheekly—I'd like to borrow your umbrella. Mr. Friendly—But you have got one of your own in your hand. Mr. Cheekly—Yes, I know, but it is a new one, and to is going to rain like the very misohisf.

A man obtains his maximum height at 40 years of age, a woman at 50 years.

Shall it be freedom? Whose the pen

She did not light the mart Nor summon from afar, To decimate the human ra The iron dogs of war.

It was not woman dragged the slave From Africa's sunny shore, It was not woman's piracy That drenched the seas with gore.

Charley rough of cut make heatware which the back with the property of the back of the first of the cast for the first of the first of

doing it. Had Mr. Morley been defeated, the position of the Ministry would have been weakened; as it is the Government and its Home Rule policy have had a great increase of atrength. Everybody feels the change which the election has made, not merely in Mr. Morley's position as member for Newcastle, but in the political situation generally. It has inspirited the Liberals and thoroughly disheartened their opponents. They were going to begin winning seats at bye-elections, and they now have reason to asspect that they will go on losing them. There is not much room in the pending elections for Liberal gains, but there is the possibility of increasing the majorities, and we trust that every effort will be made to do this. The autumn will bring a revival of political interest and movement, The certainty that a House Rule Bill will be presented to Parlament in the coming session will again bring the Lirish question to the front; and the public recollection of the incidents of Coerolon will need to be refreshed. As it has been at a Newcastle, so it will be all over the kingdom. Where the issue is put clearly before any great popular constituency, the answer will be in favor of a generous measure of self-government for the sister kingdom. any great popular constituency, the ans will be in favor of a generous measure self-government for the sister kingdom.

An up-country Woman's Foreign Mis-sionary Society was in executive session. A huge box for a feminine teacher and preacher in Africa was being packed. Into it had been bundled all the things that the

minator.

The new Cunard steamer Campania, launched at Glasgow on Saturday, is the biggest ship in the world, now that the Great Eastern is out of the count, her length being 600 feet and breadth 75 feet.

Edwin—Do you think your father approves of me! Angelina—Oh, yes! He said he thought perhaps, after all, I might do worse.

Quericus—Is the author of that new book well known? Cynicus—He should be. He introduces himself to the readers in every chapter.

"Are you married or single;" asked the cannus taker of the lady of the house. "Well," I hardly know," she replied, "you not the jury disagreed."