South African Affairs.

Alleged Scheme to Keep Delagoa Bay Out of British Hands.

Dr. Leyds Hurriedly Sent For by President Kruger—Resumption of the Rand Raid Inquiry.

London, July 3.—The Berlin correspondent of the Daily Mail asserts that Dr. W. J. Leyds, the Transvaal secretary of state, has engineered a syndicate ostensibly French, in order to conceal its political nature, which has bought up all the available shares of the Mozambique Company. The money is actually contributed, according to the correspondent, by the Transvaal government and several German financial houses, and the syndicate will pay Portugal a large sum for a new charter to the Mozambique Company, including the whole of Delagoa Bay, with its port, customs, and entire administration. "Thus," continued the correspondent, "Unless England acts quickly the Delagoa region will fall within the control of a Boer German group."

London, July 3.—A dispatch to the Times from Cape Town says that President Kruger has telegraphed Dr. Leyds to return to Pretoria immediately, giving as his reason his own illness and important matters of state.

London, July 3.—At the resumption today of the sittings of the parliament committee appointed to inquire into the Transvaal raid, four telegrams exchanged between Miss Flora Shaw, the colonial editor of the Times, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes, then premier of Cape Colony, were produced. The first, from Miss Shaw, asks for the date of the commencement of plans, owing to the necessity of instructing European correspondents of the London Times, so that they might use their influence in favor of Mr. Rhodes. The second dispatch points out the danger of delay, as the European situation was considered serious, and a protest from the other powers might paralyze the government. The third message says Mr. Chamberlain (the secretary of state for the colonies) "is sound in case of the interference of European powers. But for special reasons, believed he wished you to act immediately." One dispatch from Mr. Rhodes to Miss Shaw says: "Inform Mr. Chamberlain I shall get through all right, if he supports me. But he must not send cables like the one he sent to the high commissioner. I'll win, and South Africa will belong to England."

Mr. Chamberlain, replying to a question of the chairman, Mr. Wm. L. Jackson, said there has been so much baseless chatter that he had better state exactly what happened.

At the colonial office, in discussing the possibility of a rising, Under Secretary Fairfield remarked: "If the Johannesburgers are going to rise, it is to be hoped they will do it soon," having special knowledge of the subject, "I think this remark gave the ground for saying it was wished the rising would occur immediately."

Replying to a question from Mr. Henry Labouchere relative to Under Secretary Fairfield's remarks, Mr. Chamberlain said it was a "casual observation," and, he added, it was possible Mr. Fairfield was laughing at Miss Shaw.

A FORBIDDEN CITY.

How a Traveler Managed to Spend Two Hours in It.

A Shanghai letter says: Some curious details are given in letters from missionaries in regard to the visit of a German traveler, Dr. Wolfe, to Chang Sha, the capital of Hunan, which never before had been entered by a foreigner. It seems that the doctor gained his point and entered the forbidden city, but his visit was a mere farce, as he was not permitted to go about in the city or to see any of its features. He simply was carried in a closed chair to the prefect's room in one of the government halls, where he was entertained with refreshments, and an hour later he was taken back swiftly in the same way.

Hunan is the province of China which has gained notoriety as the most bitterly anti-foreign and anti-Christian of any in the empire. For years the mandarin in charge of the telegraph service endeavored to connect Chang Sha with the other large cities of China, but he was forced to give up, as the people burned his poles and threw his workmen into the nearest river or pond. Only three years ago an effort was made to run the telegraph line to Siberia through one corner of Hunan, but native prejudice was still so strong that the wire and poles were destroyed and the workmen were driven beyond the boundary of the province and warned under pain of death not to return. It is only within the last year that an imperial decree was issued ordering the Hunanese not to molest the builders of the telegraph. It is expected that Chang Sha in a few months will be connected with the rest of the world by telegraph.

It was at Chang Sha that the atrocious books attacking the Christian religion were published about eight years ago. Chou Han, a literary graduate and a man of means, was the author of these libels on Christianity, which were illustrated with pictures too vile to describe. Dr. Griffith John, a well-known missionary, exposed the authorship of the books and described the publisher who was sending them out. Through Li Hung Chang an imperial decree was secured prohibiting any further publication of the books, and an order was issued for the destruction of the wooden type from which they were printed. This order was evaded by Chou Han removing the type to his country place, 45 miles away, but a curious feature of the matter was a change of heart on the part of Chou Han. Dr. John sent him letters calling his attention to the injustice of attacking a religion of which he knew nothing personally. He also sent Chou Han the Bible in Chinese, with considerable literature which explained the chief tenets of Christianity. Chou Han made no reply, but his publisher, who is now one of Dr. John's friends, assured the missionary that Chou Han had ceased to rail against the Christian religion, though the story of his conversion was without foundation. Chou Han appears to be a man of much nobility of character, for he has given away in charity the greater part of a large fortune, retaining only a small farm sufficient for the support of himself and his son. Formerly when he visited Chang Sha he put up at one of the temples; now he stays at a cheap hotel.

It is a general opinion that Dr. Wolfe's persistence in entering Chang Sha has aroused the enmity of the people, and that his conduct will make it more difficult for any other traveler to penetrate into the interior of Hunan. Dr. Wolfe waited fifteen days for permission to enter Chang Sha, and on March 19 this was granted. In a closed chair he was taken through he was brought out in the same way, his chair curtains being let down all round so that he was in absolute darkness, unable to see anything. After leaving Chang Sha, he went to Heng Chou, where a street mob hooted at him and pelted him with clods of earth. They tried to pull him down to the water to drown him, but he escaped and reached Lyntang. There his three bearers became alarmed at the violence of the people and deserted him. Left alone, with no knowledge of the language, Dr. Wolfe was forced to make his way by water back to Handtow.

Ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy. Purest and Best

Working Men Speak.

A Tribute to the Premier of Ontario by a Representative Body.

At the regular meeting of the Toronto Trades and Labor Council, held a few days since, the legislative committee of that organization, which is composed of men of all shades of politics, presented a report which, on being read and spoken to in very favorable terms by several delegates, was unanimously concurred in. We have to thank the secretary for a copy of the report, and we submit below extracts therefrom, which will be of interest to many of our readers. The report proceeds as follows:

Gentlemen,—Your legislative committee, in this, their first report for June, 1897, beg leave to submit that they would not have performed their duty in full to your body, nor would they be according the government of which Hon. A. S. Hardy is now premier and attorney-general, its due meed of commendation and praise, did they neglect reporting upon the legislation of last session of the Ontario Legislature, in so far, at least, as such legislation was of direct interest to the working classes of the province. While not losing sight of the importance and great value of legislation in the interest of the working elements in Ontario, enacted year by year during the political leadership of Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat from 1873 to 1896, yet it is not asserting too much to say that the labor legislation of last session, being the first under the premiership of Hon. Mr. Hardy, will bear more than favorable comparison with any preceding enactments of like character.

Your committee also desire to bear willing testimony that Hon. Premier Hardy, and every one of his colleagues on whom it became their duty to wait, from time to time, always met them most courteously, listened to them with interest and patience, and not without effect in most instances (as legislation evidences), besides always incommoding themselves to meet the convenience of your representatives by invariably meeting them at a suitable hour in the evening, after working hours, and for which courtesy and kindness your committee, through your body, desire to return their most sincere thanks as well as the thanks of the working element generally whom they represented.

The principal acts of the last session and the names of their respective promoters are:

(Here follows the several bills, together with the comments and explanations by the committee.)

Your committee, in conclusion, desire to record, as well, their keen appreciation of the many kindnesses accorded to them from time to time, as occasion offered, by all members of the house and by such committees of legislature as they appeared before. It is also desired to pay a well-merited and special compliment to Messrs. D. Macnish, of West Elgin; J. L. Haycock, of Frontenac; J. Caven, of Prince Edward; and M. Y. McLean, of South Huron, for their special as well as successful efforts in defeating in committee the bill to increase and grant special powers to the Architects' Association in Ontario, as well as rendering other valuable assistance in matters effecting labor interests, when called on by your committee. Respectfully submitted. (Signed)

CHARLES MARSH, Chairman.

At a later stage of the council's proceedings a resolution was moved, seconded and carried unanimously, instructing the legislative committee to use due diligence in urging upon the government to sustain firmly and give full effect to the "Act respecting shops and places other than factories," and more especially so as to section 40 of the provisions affecting bake shops.

SPANISH SOLDIERS SICK.

Havana, July 2.—There are 1,500 sick soldiers in the hospitals at Manzanillo and sickness prevails at a high ratio through the entire province of Santiago de Cuba, where at least two-fifths of the troops are incapacitated by fever and other disorders.

MURDER ON A WARSHIP.

New York, July 2.—Master-at-Arms Thomas J. Kenny, of the battleship Indiana, incurred the displeasure of Philip F. Carter for reporting him to the officer of the deck. A few hours later Carter, who was under the influence of liquor, plunged a bayonet up to the hilt in his back. Both men were about 27 years old.

PUGILIST SHOT.

Newark, N. J., July 2.—William M. Mitchell, a colored pugilist from Butte, Mont., was shot and perhaps fatally wounded by Emil B. Keenig, a saloonkeeper. Mitchell had a prize fight with "Scaldy Bill" at Philadelphia on New Year's Day. Mitchell was defeated, and as Keenig bet on him he lost his money. Since then Keenig, it is stated, has been very bitter against the western pugilist. Wednesday night he called Mitchell into his saloon. Soon after a shot was heard. The bullet pierced Mitchell's lungs. Keenig was arrested.

A BIBLE TELEGRAM.

When the great preacher, Spurgeon, was at the heighth of his fame, a well-known lecture agent wrote him, making him the tremendous offer of a hundred thousand dollars for a preaching tour, asking at the same time for a reply by cable.

What was the agent's surprise to receive a cable message, consisting of only the words: "Acts, viii:20." When the agent had finally procured a Bible he opened it and read these lines: "But Peter said unto him, thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money."

This was the last effort made to induce Spurgeon to do what so many eminent clergymen—men, too, of unquestioned piety—have done, namely: Make a show of himself for American gold. The great Nonconformist's scorn for money was always high, and not too common in these days when even the noblest gift of God are not infrequently bought for so many dollars a sentance. In this respect Spurgeon was a good model to follow.

It Pays All Right.

Hon. Mr. Dryden on the Value of the Ontario Agricultural College.

Some Misrepresentations of the Farmers' Institute Corrected.

Guelph, July 3.—At the recent closing exercises in connection with the Ontario Agricultural College, Hon. Mr. Dryden, minister of agriculture, took up the various criticisms leveled against the college by the members of the opposition. It was said that there were too many teachers and that they were getting too much money. He pointed out that in the high schools there are now many teachers more than in the old days, and the teachers at the college were engaged for the same reason, to make it more efficient in all its branches. Then it was said that some of the graduates did not make good farmers. We saw university graduates who turned out to be poor lawyers or doctors or teachers, but no one blamed the university for that. Such a test showed what the boys are worth, not what the college is worth. Then they asked, where are the results, but Mr. Dryden declared that these would be abundantly seen in the future—this was only sowing time. It took time for young men to get settled and achieve success in farming, but give the young men a chance and the results would be seen.

Then they said that the college cost too much. In 1896 the actual cost was $58,574, not $97,000, as some of the opposition said. This $58,000, too, included the traveling dairy, costing $2,000; the special dairy school, costing $2,160; the experimental work in connection with the dairy department, costing $2,000; the experimental plots, costing $6,600; the maintenance of the beautiful lawn in front of the building, costing $2,000. Altogether $14,760 should thus be deducted as not being spent for the college, but for the country generally, leaving the net cost of the educational work of the institution $43,614. The constant aim kept in view in conducting the institution was efficiency. The great fundamental industry of agriculture demanded the expenditure of a portion of our provincial money in order that it might be developed. The opposition said that the farm was not being made to pay, but Mr. Dryden pointed out that the farm is here only as an adjunct to the college, and is intended to give a practical side to the education. He said that if he wanted to make dollars and cents out of the farm he would engage a less expensive man than Mr. Reithe as superintendent, would refuse to keep extra horses to carry on the work of the experimental plots and the college proper, would refuse to keep 25 different kinds of live stock, to supply feed for 40 cows in the dairy department, to keep a number of milch cows for the use of the students, and in other ways reduce the expense, which was now charged to the farm proper. The farm was not there for money-making, but to give farmers' sons a sound education in all that pertained to agriculture. He declared that if St. John would visit the college his criticism of it would cease. The minister concluded his address with an appeal to the students to be faithful in the discharge of whatever duties fell to their lot.

UNION.

Farewell Social and Presentation to a Popular Pastor.

Union, July 2.—A farewell social was held at Union on Tuesday evening, June 29, when the following address was read by Miss Ramsay and a purse of money presented through Mr. Daniel Burgess:

Rev. Dr. Aylesworth.

Dear Friend and Pastor,—A few of your friends have assembled tonight, before our present relation of pastor and people is broken, to once more enjoy your friendly intercourse and fellowship. In looking back over the past we can recount many hours which have thus profitably been spent with you and your helpmate. We recall your visits to our homes, when we have been edified by your conversation, warmed by your geniality and inspired by your zeal and hopefulness; and at your departure resumed the wonted common-place duties of life with lighter hearts and with fresh supplies of ardor and cheer, all because of your sympathetic hand-clasp and your hopeful, friendly smile. We have listened to your faithful ministrations of truth, we noted the fearlessness with which that truth was proclaimed, and rejoiced that, though possessing scholarly attainments, you have not—as many do—sought to attract or entertain with eloquence or oratory, nor by theorisms and speculations upon truth. You have not forgotten your "high calling in Christ Jesus." You have realized your business to be that of winning souls, instead of entertaining men, and you have trusted to the plain old Gospel truth, plainly presented, and the magnetism of Christ himself as you uplifted him from the pulpit and in your life to accomplish that work. Your labor will not be in vain. You have faithfully sown and you shall reap. And now we wish you to accept this small gift as a slight token of our appreciation of your worth. We know that the most precious gifts are not tangible, nor visible, nor can they be paid for in "silver or gold." We have received of the former from you, and whilst we in some measure repay with the same invisible, intangible gifts of sympathy and love, we resort to the "sordid silver and gold" to outwardly express our inward emotions. You are about to leave us for a new field of labor. Though you labor not for the approbation of men, but for the glory of God, yet the former lightens the burdens of life, and may this new field be one in which your worth will be appreciated and your labor abundantly blessed.

Union, June 29, 1897.

STENOGRAPHERS' SPEED.

Those in the U. S. Congress Have to Hustle Owing to the Variety of Speakers.

Fred S. Irland, one of the expert stenographers of the House, talked interestingly the other day with a Washington Post reporter regarding the speed with which congressmen talk.

"It has been said in the newspapers," remarked Mr. Irland, "that Representative Lewis, of Washington, talks at the rate of 300 words a minute. He does not. No man could speak in the House at that speed, and be reported. I doubt whether he could be understood. I mean, of course, such words as occur in debates. Of course, in taking routine testimony, where frequently recurring phrases, such as, 'What is your name?' and 'Where do you live?' are expressed by brief arbitrary signs, a stenographer can write as fast as a man can think. It is a different matter when a congressman talks. He uses words with many syllables."

"What is the fastest record in the House?"

"Representative Johnson, of Indiana, once talked for an hour and a half, when discussing a contested election case, at an average rate of 220 words a minute. That is rapid work. If a man talks 250 words a minute he is very swift. I have noticed one thing," added Mr. Irland, "The fast talkers slow up after being in the House a little while. The vastness of the air space they have to fill with their voices gradually make its impression upon them, and, they find, too, that they get more attention when they do not talk so fast."

A RIVAL TO ST. ANNE.

Quebec Claims Another Miracle-Working Shrine — It Is at Cap De La Madeleine, on the St. Lawrence.

Three Rivers (Que.) Correspondent of the New York Post.

At Cap de la Madeleine, a league and a half from here, a new miracle-working shrine, that of the Virgin of Rosary, is, so to say, is process of development. The Cap is one of the most charming spots on the St. Lawrence, and already this year there have been over a dozen pilgrimages, and two, perhaps three, miracles.

There are two churches, the old, one built 180 years ago, and a new one, which, though not nearly finished, has cost a great deal of money. In the former, which looks up the river, there is a statue of the Virgin, touching which the traveler will find in the parish archives, kept by Mr. Duquay, the cure, the following statutory declaration:

"I, Pierre Lacroix, of Three Rivers, solemnly declare that in the month of June, in the year of the great fete at the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Rosary, when they placed on the chief altar the statue of the Virgin, which, up to then, had stood on the side altar, I entered the church toward 7 in the evening alone with the grand Vicaire, Mr. Desilets, and Father Frederic and knelt between them before the chief altar. After praying awhile I looked at the Virgin's statue, which stood right in front of me, and saw quite distinctly that her eyes were open. As she appeared to me, Our Lady was looking toward Three Rivers. I was gazing in silence at the miracle, when the Grand Vicaire rose from his place at my right, and going over to Father Frederic, said: 'Do you notice anything?' 'I do,' said Father Frederic, 'the statue is opening its eyes.' 'But is it really so?' the Grand Vicaire asked, whereupon I told him that I, too, had seen it for some little time. And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing it to be true in accordance with the statute, etc., etc., and I declare also that I am unable to sign."

Lacroix, therefore, signs with a cross. Mr. Desilets is dead, but he believed to the last that the statue, which is about three feet in height and rather better educated than most church statues in Canada, miraculously opened its eyes, and kept them open for the space of ten minutes on the occasion in question. Father Frederic, who is one of the clergy in charge of the shrine says there could have been no mistake about it. The sun was shining through the window upon the Virgin's face, and lit up the altar and the whole of the little church. Her eyes were black, well formed, "et en pleine harmonie avec l'ensemble du visage." The supposition is that Our Lady was expressing pleasure at seeing her statue placed on the main altar. The miracle occurred on June 23, 1888.

On the bank of the river stands a monument known as the Pont des Chapelets, which bears witness to another miracle. When they were building the new church they wished to cart the stone from the south shore of the river, which at this point is two miles wide, during the winter. So every Sunday after grand mass they recited their chaplets before the statue of Our Lady to persuade her to cause the St. Lawrence to freeze and form an ice-bridge. January, February, and part of March came, but the ice did not take. Then Mr. Desilets made a vow to preserve the old church, which the masons were going to demolish, and dedicate it for ever to the cult of the Virgin under the vocable of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary, if she would only grant their prayer. This was on March 14, and the river was still open. That evening a southwest wind broke up the shore ice that always forms, but, lo! on the 16th the river froze, a thing that it had never done before so late in the winter, and for eight days the inhabitants hauled stones across, and no sooner completed the job than the bridge was swept away.

Between the old church and the new one Father Frederic has constructed a Via Dolorosa, with the stations of the cross. He is a Franciscan, and spent some time in the Holy Land. The Via is a reproduction in miniature of the road to Calgary. In front is the village green, containing in the center a bit of crude statuary representing the Virgin bestowing the Holy Rosary upon St. Dominic. The pilgrims march from the new church along the Via to the old one, and then collect on the green. Close by are an ancient seignorial mill and a building erected as a residence by the Jesuits in the seventeenth century. The village itself is no more than a street of squalid wooden dwellings, each with a maypole surmounted by the Gallic cock, which likewise crowns the steeple of the new church. Inns and boarding-houses for the accommodation of pilgrims are being erected, however, and a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been run into the village from Three Rivers, for the Oblats have undertaken to manage the shrine and everything connected with it for Mr. Duquay. The prime object just now is to raise $75,000 to defray the cost of the new church.

A monthly publication, the Annales du T. S. Rosaire, is issued, which gives an account of the cures worked from time to time in the old church. Near the door a lot of sticks and crutches have been left by those who, as Mr. Duquay says, "have not come in vain," but thus far, only comparatively trifling ailments have been cured. The other day a child threatened with blindness was led in front of the statue, and on thrice exclaiming, "Notre Dame du Saint Rosaire, guerissez-moi donc!" was healed. In another case where the doctors were going to amputate a child's finger, a cure was affected by applying a leaf from the roses benites on the altar.

HEART PAINS LEAVE IN A DAY.

Unable to Attend to Her Daily Duties—And a Great Sufferer from Heart Trouble — Induced to Try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and It Proved a Wonder Worker.

These are the words of Mr. W. T. Rundle, of Dundalk, Ont.: "I was a great sufferer with severe pain in the region of my heart. For a time I was quite unable to attend to my household duties. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and I must say the result was wonderful. The pain immediately left me, and after the first day I have had no pain or trouble since."

For sale by C. McCallum and B. M. Mitchell.

Geology at Springbank.

Mr. John Law's Rambles and Meditations at the Resort.

Reminiscences of Byron's Early Busy Business Days.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

Your readers will enjoy a Springbank outing when they know how to take it in. We don't join with the old lady in saying "Them horrid trolley cars!" It is a good way to get there, and two tickets will take you from any part of the city, and two more distribute you to any part of the city. I was, unfortunate enough to be distributed full length in front of the Tecumseh House, because the motorman was looking ahead, as he should do, and the other man nowhere. A spoiled elbow and a bruised hip and a limp on the left side was what I got. I will come back by the boat next time. The trolley man said they did not stop for transfers. But the outing: Well, they are likely to stop at the west end gravel pit station. If your readers are inclined to geology, it is perhaps the best place, for they will be in the Devonian drift, which has come from all other parts for their edification; and if their botanical friends are with them (of course, no ladies bother with these healthy but tiring scientific investigations) they will right face to the north and come to the bank near the carriage road between Glen Woolverton and O'Meara Rest, east of Point Cowan and west of Point Judd. In the ramble above Colville's Springs, at Cedar View, is a lovely shade and rest. If a stray seat were placed there by the commissioners it would be appreciated—have forms which are movable. Continue on the high bank, and enjoy the many glimpses of the river. The north high bank is wooded from top to bottom, where you will hear a child's voice singing at its highest pitch, "I've got my rocking chair." Why, the voice is heard so plainly on the other side of the river it would surprise Mr. Brock. It surprised me. Follow the north river, the river and look northeast. When you reach Alderman Retreat there is a view for a painter of Bell-Smith's stamp. The west end of the ramble leaves you at Slabtown, the sawmill that rests from its labors having gone up, and will fall down soon. Byron exists near the flour mill—all the industry left of Byron, which is older than London, the forward city. It had two woolen mills, a hames factory and shingle mill, and a wood turning place at one time. Its first effort was wood clothespins, which were sold through the country. On the return you will go up to the entrance gate at Byron Corners. They have two blacksmith shops; one has had too much light, and they have walled up the windows. On the way you will hear a rush of water, and may see a fine stream of spring water, but it rushes to waste till the finish of the game between the city and the woolen factory owner. He lost the value of the water, and the city lost the water, which shows that all foolish people are not in company with Dr. Bucke. But the spindles are idle, and the operatives are gone. On the return by the cedar bush carriage way, close to the southwest corner of the park, there is a proper piece of property for an old men's home. Should Byron wake up and press the county fathers to put up some share of the funds to build it, and not try to crowd the old people on to the city, it would be a good work for the jubilee year 1897. Your botanical friend will do well to cross over once more to O'Meara Rest and down the east carriage way to Colville's Pond. It will pay him to take it in on his way east. Then take either side of the carriage way close by the river, or south on the meadow below the high bank. Before he reaches Treasure Island he will pass the best fishing on the river perhaps, and Fishermen's Retreat and Idle Men's Cove. When the geological friend has laid by numerous treasures, for a tenth addition cross over the meadows even with Treasure Island, east, and get an easy ascent from the ramble on the top of the bank, about the baseball grounds. Turn west along Little Picnic Grounds, where the seats which have done duty in the city hall for twenty years would be in place if they were distributed along the bank. There is a new driving park in which they could be stored when winter comes. The old pump could pine amongst the master plumbers of London, to help it out of its infirmities. Its screeching and gurgling can be heard as clear as the guns at Carling's Heights can be heard when they fire a salute in honor of Dominion Day. The old house would be better for windows and whitewash. You pass Moore's View to Cameron's Plain, and the western ramble is over, as, tired, your load is deposited on the seat at Gravel Pit station ready to return to the city.

JOHN LAW.

WHEN VICTORIA WAS LITTLE.

An Episode Concerning the Queen's Child Life and a Beggar.

London Quiver.

Mr. A. T. Story vouches for the truth of the following incident of the Queen's childhood. She was at the time but 7 or 8 years of age, and her heart was set on a certain doll which she had seen in a shop window. She had to wait, however, until she could save the price, 6 shillings, out of her pocket money. At last the day came, and the coveted doll was paid for and received. The story proceeds as follows:

"And now, with the precious treasure upon her arm, the lady bade the shopkeeper good afternoon, and was about to step from the door, when a poor, miserable-looking object of a man met her eye. He was standing but a couple of feet away, and seemed as though he were going to speak to her, attracted doubtless by the innocent kindliness of her expression, and the tenderness of her blue eyes. But though his lips moved, no sound came from them. He stood aside to let her pass—a mute agonizing appeal in his sunken cheeks and quivering chin.

"'Did you wish to speak to me?' asked the little lady, staying her steps.

"Encouraged by her winning voice, the poor tramp—for such he was—said, in trembling accents:

"'I am very hungry. I would not ask for help if I were not ready to sink with hunger.'

"He looked famine from his eyes.

"'I am so sorry; I have no money, or else—'

"His lips trembled forth a humble 'Thank you, lady,' then he shuffled on his way, hunger impersonate.

"'Stay!' murmured the little owner of the new doll. There was a quiver in her childish voice and a moisture in her eyes as she spoke. 'Wait a minute, please.'

"She stepped back into the shop, approached the lady behind the counter, and said:

"'Oh, please, do you mind taking the doll back and keeping it for me for a few days longer?'

"'Certainly, I will,' replied the shopkeeper; 'and you wish me to return you the money?'

"'Yes, if you please.'

"This was done, and the little lady, hurrying out of the shop, placed the whole of the money in the hands of the starving man. He was like one thunderstruck. Never had such bounty rained upon him in such profusion before. . . . The object of her bounty murmured in low tone, though loud enough to reach her ear:

"'If the Almighty made you a queen, it would not be more than your goodness deserves!'

"Then he hobbled away to satisfy his hunger."

The Silent March.

By Margaret E. Sangster, in Chicago Interior.

When the march begins in the morning
And the heart and the foot are light,
When the flags are all a-flutter
And the world is gay and bright,
When the bugles lead the column
And the drums are proud in the van,
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward, march!
Ah! let him lag who can!

For it's easy to march to music
With your comrades all in line,
And you don't get tired, you feel inspired,
And life is a draft divine.

When the march drags on at evening
And the color-bearer's gone,
When the merry strains are silent
That piped so brave in the dawn,
When you miss the dear old fellows
Who started out with you,
When it's stubborn and sturdy, forward, march!
Though the ragged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence,
And the road has lonesome grown,
And life is a bitter cup to drink;
But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shirk,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work.
We must march when the music cheers us,
March when the strains are dumb,
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The strong man keeps the pace,
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Veterinary Surgeons.

J. H. TENNANT—VETERINARY SURGEON—Office, King street, opposite Market House; residence, corner King and Wellington. Telephone.

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DR. JEFFREY N. WOOD—DENTIST—Higgins' Block, over 212 Dundas street.

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L. McDONALD, DENTIST, Office, 183½ Dundas street, London. Telephone 702.

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CL. T. CAMPBELL, M.D., M. C. P. S.—Office and residence, 327 Queen's avenue, London. Office hours, 8 to 9:30 a.m., 1 to 2 p.m. and 6 to 7:30 p.m. Skin diseases a specialty.

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