

News Links.

Gossip From Every Land Summarized for Busy Readers.

IN SPITE of her 76 years Florence Nightingale still observes the anniversaries of the victories won in the Crimean war. She always remembers to send a message to the veterans of the Crimea, and at Christmas time she never fails to send some token of remembrance to the workers in the hospital for trained nurses which she founded at St. Thomas' Hospital not long after the close of the war.

"THE Australasians," says L'Illustration Europeenne "utilize the bicycle in the chase. In certain districts the kangaroos commit great depredations, and the local authorities give a large sum for the head of every animal killed. Mounted on their wheels and armed with guns, the hunters assemble in very great numbers to surround the harems and slaughter the animals by hundreds."

SIR HENRY WARDLAW, who has lived at his home in Tullivory, Scotland, inherited the old baronetcy without any of the old estates of Pitreavie, near Dundee, which had long before passed away from the family. The title came to him from a distant relative. In circumstances which might have been embarrassing to many a more humble noble, and has his son something more and better than the title.

The official handbook of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland has just published. It appears from the summary statistics for the United Kingdom that the number of churches is 2,247; chapels, 3,222; sitting accommodation, 1,288,247; membership 390,112; Sunday school teachers, 50,721; scholars, 618,225; local preachers, 4,532; pastors 1,452; baptisms, 16,113. The figures in each department are in advance of those of last year, the most prominent increase being in membership, the additional number of members being 6,145.

HERE is an instructive story and one quite new about Queen Victoria: It was suggested to her the other day that Queen Anne's statue, opposite St. Paul's, should be removed for the jubilee thanksgiving service, in order that the view might not be obstructed. When this proposal was submitted to her Majesty she refused to sanction it. "I am unwilling," she said, "to have my statue removed on a similar occasion."

A SMALL number of women have served as letter carriers in England for many years, and they have given general satisfaction. Only a few months ago, a noted old postwoman died. Outskye, some ten miles from Leeds. From the Queen's letter carrier, in 1857, till 1893, she was the letter carrier in the ancient town of Pontefract, and her duties for nearly half a century. Moncton Milnes, first Lord Alington, took an interest in her career, and was her patron. She received a government pension for her in her declining years.

THE Dowager-Countess of Errol, one of her Majesty's ladies-in-waiting, has now joined the earnest band of temperance advocates. She presided at a recent meeting of the British Women's Temperance Association in Richmond, and enforced the fact that the association stood not merely for temperance, which might mean anything, but for total abstinence. Lady Errol, who frequently attends court as lady-in-waiting to her Majesty, of whom she is an intimate friend, afterwards said she should tell the Queen about the meetings, and expressed the opinion that her Majesty would be interested to hear about them.

MR. MOODY while at Chicago said, concerning a day of rest, what would be wise for many workers in all fields of labor to heed: "The day of rest is a necessity. I looked forward to my Friday. I used to think because I could engage in God's work that I could work seven days a week, and I was older at 29 than I am now at 80. I had not the spring or the vigor I now have." Ignoring the religious aspect of the question altogether, one day's rest in seven seems to be an absolute physical necessity to man. This, of course, at once raises the question: If man's physical nature requires rest from toil, does not his religious nature require opportunity for worship? For man is essentially a religious being.

QUEEN LOUISE of Denmark is next after Queen Victoria the oldest of the sovereign ladies of Europe. She was born in 1827 Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel, and on her father's side is related to the royal family of Denmark. However, in 1842 she married Prince Christian of Denmark, a poor but most excellent gentleman, who later came to the Danish throne under the title of King Charles IX. Through her early married life Queen Louise was rich only in beautiful daughters and handsome sons. It has been purely by her own ambitious efforts that this lady sees herself today the mother of the future Queen of England, the present King of Greece and grandmother of the Czar of Russia. A more contented proud old lady it would be hard to find.

SCOTT'S Emulsion makes the blood richer and improves the circulation. It corrects diseased action and strengthens the nervous system. In a word, it places the body in the best possible condition for preventing the germs of Consumption from beginning or continuing their work. In that one sentence is the whole secret. Book covering the subject very thoroughly sent free for the asking.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

than Queen Louise, who has achieved all her pet ambitions.

THE hairdressers of Marseilles, France, all of whom are more or less engaged in the chignon trade, are something like 900 in number; of these large houses manufacture among them 55,000 chignons annually for French consumption alone. One Parisian house retains no less than 15,000 chignons annually, at prices averaging from \$2 to \$14 each, although chignons can be purchased as high as \$30 each. Chignons of red or flaxen hair which comes chiefly from Scotland, are the most expensive. When the hair arrives at the manufacturer's, which it does in large sacks holding something like a couple of hundredweight each, it is thoroughly washed in hot water until every particle of grease is removed from it, then has its final bath of potash, and when perfectly dry is passed through common flour. France exports large numbers of chignons to England.

ON FRIDAY morning, says a London correspondent, a quaint old usage, the origin of which is lost in the mists of antiquity, was duly honored at the Priory Church, St. Bartholomew, Great Smithfield. Twenty poor old widows were given a small shilling each, in accordance with the traditional rules of the ancient custom. The aged women were required to pick up the coins from a flat tumbstone, but some of them were too infirm to stoop, and willing hands were ready to place the small gratuity in the trembling hands of the poor ladies. The old ladies were also presented with a hot-corned ham apiece. The strange ceremony took place after morning prayer. Mr. Benjamin Turner, one of the churchwardens, walked to the grave-yard and played the organ to the accompaniment of the crumbling tumbstones. Very few of the public were present to witness the dole.

JAMES ELDERDICE in an article in the New York Voice gives a number of queer samples of old hymns, long ago banished from hymn books. Here is a sample of one which Cromwell's army sang in the year 1645. Why dost thou hold thine hand aback, And hide it in thy lap, O, pluck it out, and be not slack To give thy foes a rap.

Another old favorite, sung by the Covenanters included the following gem:

Thy race is not forever got By him who fastest runs; Nor the battle by the people Who seek the largest gains.

A hymn sung as late as Wesley's time had the following:

Ye monsters of the bubbling deep Your Maker's praises shout Up from the sandy ye coddling peep, And was your tails about.

As Mr. Elderdise says, "one need not go very far back to hear of the Scotchman's love of the bottle. Their piety was better than their poetry." MR. CHARLES COOPER, editor of the Scotchman, has been giving his "Impressions of New Zealand." In one of his articles he says: "In one direction my impressions of New Zealand have had a curious turn. The colony has been the demand for prohibition. To hear the faddists talk you would think the colony was one of the soberest of white countries. I have journeyed from Dunedin in the south to Auckland in the north, and have been six weeks in the colony. I have observed closely and have seen but one drunken man. He was an English wastrel, a remnant in obtaining his call such men here—the men who are sent to the colony with an allowance of £100 a year, and the way they spend the remittance man is commonly drunk, and a nuisance while his money lasts. He is waiting for money. It seems scarcely worth while to apply prohibition to the colony, when the men have not seen a New Zealand drunk or the worse for liquor. Further, I do not think that the colony is any more excessive or even heavy drinking."

The Poets.

O Captain! My Captain!
Abraham Lincoln, died April 15, 1865.
O Captain, my Captain! our fearful
ship has weathered every rack,
The prize we sought is won,
The ship is anchored safe and sound,
Our people all exulting,
While follow even the steady keel,
The ship is anchored safe and sound,
Our people all exulting,
While follow even the steady keel,
The ship is anchored safe and sound,
Our people all exulting,

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and
lead us on;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for
you the bugle trills,
For you the battle's done,
—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass,<
Their heart and hand and voice,
Here Captain, dear father,
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips
are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he
has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound,
Its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes
in with object achieved,
Exult, O shores and rime, O bays!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

HELPLESS FOR SIX MONTHS.

Rheumatism Held Him in Chains—Suffered Utterly Torture—The Great South American Rheumatic Cure Wrought Him a Complete Victory—Relief in a Few Hours.

I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism for six months. I was helpless for over six months. I tried all kinds of remedies but got no relief. I have noticed some notices published of the cures effected by South American Rheumatic Cure. I obtained a bottle of it, and received relief from pain from the first dose, and in an incredibly short time I was enabled to pursue my usual life. Jas. K. Cole, Almonte, Ont.

Sold by C. McCallum and B. A. Mitchell.

Of the \$569,000,000 worth of goods exported from the United States last year, \$200,000,000 worth were agricultural produce.

Mitard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

For Boys And Girls

In April.
By Alice Thorne.

Little baskets lightly swinging
As they went their happy way,
Flock the children gaily trooping
On a sunny April day.
Out across the level meadows,
Down the narrow, winding lane
High upon the breezy uplands
To the pinny woods again.

Push aside the tender mosses
And the fallen leaves so sere,
So they hide the shy anemones,
Earliest flowers of the year.
Blushing pink, and ever pinker,
As the snowdrops in the spring,
Breathing odors of the woodland,
Such a wealth of blossoming!

Crawling close to rugged boulders,
Creeping to a fallen tree,
Starry faces ever lifting
For the little ones to see.
Yet reluctant young lingers,
Wandering snowflakes flutter down
Fondling the drooping branches,
And the fields all bare and brown.

Wildly blow the wayward breezes,
Peeps the sun through giant trees—
Surely 'tis a time of gladness,
Never hours so sweet as these!
Hear the bluebirds calling, calling:
Singing low, a brook runs by,
And above the woods the wind
Smiles the arching April sky.

The Story of the Silver Fox.

By Frances Margaret Fox.

The shadows of the trees grew longer
and longer as they fell upon the
open ground in the forest. It was
a special treat to be taken in this play-
ground, and the little ones scampered
about in high glee. There was nothing
near to harm them, for the proud fox
mother was very careful of her babies,
and never let them leave the safety
of their cozy home when danger was
near.

It was no wonder she was proud of
her family, for they were very cunning
little foxes, with sharp, bright
eyes, bristling ears, and bushy
tails, and so fat and round that their
sometimes laughed until her sides fairly
ached when she watched them play their
leap-frog.

Their bushy, white-tipped
tails were her special pride, and she
loved to bury her nose in their soft,
silken fur when they lay cuddled to-
gether in the burrow.

These were Silver Foxes, and the
ones within many, many miles of
their home. Long ago the Silver Foxes
were quite numerous, but their be-
havior had made them very scarce, and
the hunters and trappers
gave them no rest, but shot them and
caught them until they have almost
disappeared.

The five little foxes not only had no
cousins, nor uncles, nor aunts, but
their handsome father went away one
evening and never came home. Their
mother guessed his fate, she knew
there were plenty of people in the
world who coveted his rich coat, and
well understood that she and her lit-
tle ones would never see him again.
With five hungry children to provide for,
the mother fox was forced to mourn the
loss of their father.

When the babies had played as long
as they could, they lay down and
fox obediently answered her call, and
soon five little forms were snuggled
together in the hole beneath the old
tree trunk. The mother fox waited
and mother had made of old leaves and
grass the fall before they were born.

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for the hungry little ones; for herself
she had no thought. She listened in-
tently to the conversation of the trap-
pers, however, for with the agility
common to her kind, she meant to
escape, even then, if possible.

A famous ridge club intended giving
a fox chase that very day; fifty hounds
were in readiness for the chase; but
the fox the sportsman had secured was
ill; this, then, the trappers agreed,
was their chance to make some money;
they would sell their prisoner to the club.

This matter was arranged very easily,
and not a member of the club
knew that the fox in question was a
beautiful silver fox worth many times
the sum they agreed to pay the trap-
pers at the close of the chase.

Poor mother fox! sometimes she
moaned and cried in a heartrending
fashion; at other times she snarled and
barked, showing her sharp white teeth
in a savage manner. But all that long
the trappers were appointed for the
chase, her heart ached for the hungry
babies.

At the fatal hour came, an un-
looked for occurrence took place. Poor
officers of the Humane Society put in
their appearance, and the trappers
chasing a live fox was nothing less
than extreme cruelty, and they would
never allow the fox to be taken.

Then it was that the officers of the
Humane Society, together with the
beautiful silver fox, and at last her
appeals were heeded. Strangely enough
the trappers, who had been so cruel to
the fox, now showed her a kinder
knew so little of the value of her fur
that they readily agreed to sell her to
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cooking, and if a bit wilted, it im-
proves them for cooking to lie in cold
water for an hour or more. To cook
them in hot water just at the boil-
ing point, with a teaspoonful of salt
to a quart of water, to cook them in.
If the water boils just at the boil-
ing point, with a teaspoonful of salt
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Many a time and oft you hear a
man sighing for the bread his mother
used to bake, and here is the recipe
for one kind, called "salt rising," and
the receipt is that of a good
housewife. Take a pint of milk
and a pint of water, and stir in flour
to make a stiff batter, then roll out
run from the spoon, but drops like
drop-cake batter. Add a teaspoonful
of salt and put in a warm place where
it should stand for at least four hours.
If water rises to the top, stir in more
flour. After it rises, make up just
as you would ordinary bread, using
the "rising" instead of yeast, and add-
ing about a gill of milk or water and
a pinch of salt, and a piece of lard
about the size of an egg to that
quantity. Knead it well, and put at
once in a greased pan to rise. Care
must be exercised not to jar it while
rising, and it should be baked the
same as any other bread.

Care of gloves seems to be some-
thing that the average woman knows
as little about as she knows of par-
liamentary law. No glove that has
been worn half an hour should be put
away without it has been pulled in
to shape and dried. Catching at the
first pulling out, the glove is in the
approved way of removing a
glove, as that strains no portion of
it. If there are any holes, mend them
at once, for which purpose keep
the glove thread, always cotton, and
never silk, a fine needle and a thimble
in your glove box. Turn the finger
wrong side out and whip the rip neat-
ly together, fastening the thread by
sewing back a little; never knot. Then
pull the fingers gently into shape, and
after they have dried thoroughly, fold
them and lay smoothly in the box.
If the gloves are new and light-col-
ored, lay them between folds of white
tissue paper.

Temperance:
What Next?

A Prominent American Divine
on the Outlook.

The recently published volume en-
titled "The Liquor Problem in its
Legislative Aspects," which was very
candidly reviewed in the Independent,
furnishes many valuable facts in re-
gard to the working of laws for the
suppression of the drink traffic. It is
full of instruction to those enthu-
siastic brethren whose main efforts are
confined to shouting the stereotyped
shibboleth, "The saloons must go!"

All lovers of God and humanity are
not perfectly agreed as to the best way
to make them "go." Some would pro-
hibit the sale of intoxicants as a bever-
age; and the other is that prohibitory laws
are not enforceable unless there is a
powerful public sentiment against
both the sale and the use of intoxi-
cants. It has also been clearly de-
monstrated that for the diminution of
the drink traffic, and of the money in
unlimited abundance, etc., etc.

It is a kindred delusion of some of us
thoroughly believe, and of strong
doubters. This preach nothing else, la-
bor for nothing else, and denounce
unsparringly other honest advocates of
temperance who decline to look at
this great question through their
valent idea in our country that legis-
lation is the great panacea for a large
portion of the evils that afflict so-
ciety. The cardinal error of the Popu-
lists is that Government is a parental
institution; that it ought to run all
the railways and telegraphs, that it
ought to loan money to the people,
that it ought to provide a market for
the surplus of the produce of the soil
in unlimited abundance, etc., etc.

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