had their mid-day dinner at Gunsler's. As he caught sight of them, he was struck by the change in their outward appearance that a few weeks of Melbourne experience had brought about, and pleased himself with thinking how much their distinguished aspect must have impressed that discerning woman of the world, who had so kindly condescended to take them up. They were dressed in their new gowns, and bonneted, booted and gloved in the neatest manner, as little air of the mode pervaded them now, while the primitive purity of their taste was still unadulterated. They had never looked more charming, more obviously "born ladies" than to-day, as he saw them after so long an interval.

The three black figures stood the shock of the unexpected meeting with admirable fortitude. They came on towards him with no faltering of that free and graceful gait that was so noticeable in a city full of starched and whale-boned women, and, as he Mfted his hat, bowed gravely—Elizabeth only giving him a dignified smile, and wishing him a good evening as she went by. He let them pass him, as they scemed to wish to pass him; then he turned sharply and followed them. It was a chance he might not afford to let it slip.

"Miss King," he called, in his imperative what he was so ansous to conceal from what he was so ansous to conceal fro

titude. They came on towards him without the last on any first of a second to a city full of the control of the

"It is in the hall, under my cloak. I do not bring it into this room," he replied.
"Why not?" she persisted. "Go and fetch it, Herr Wullner, and let Mrs. Aarons hear you play it"—suddenly bethinking herself of her hostess—and smiling upon that lady—"if she has never had that treat before."

Mrs. Aarons was eager to hear the violin, and Herr Wullner wen't himself, though reluctantly, to fetch his treasure from the old case that he had hidden away below. When he had tuned up his strings a little, and had tucked the instrument lovingly under his chin, he looked at Mrs. Duff-Scott and said softly, "What?"

door howling at the top of his voice,

Tis my delight
On a Sunday night—

"I'll bet a man can hear that blanketydashed air twenty times in a trip from here
to Fortieth street," the irate man went on.
"From Lake View to Jackson Park, from
the lake to the West Side tracks one's ears
are constantly and forever assailed by a
more or less mutilated rendition of that
blanked lot of dashed nonsense about
Maggie Murphy and her home. I'm not
down on the Irish, but I wish the man who
wrote 'McGinty' was at the bottom of the
sea himself, and that the fiend who slopped
over to a waltz tempo about Annie Rooney
had to marry Annie and live with her in
some sequestered nook very far from where
I have to go, and that wheever evolved
those lines and that aria relating to Mis
Murphy's place of abode could be condemned to two years in solitary confinement
with an automatic hand-organ that played
nothing but his devillish song."

An Emberited Taxing Fower.

An Inherited Taxing Power.

Word comes from West Superior, Wissonsin, that Charles D. Skillings, a newspaper man there, has unexpectedly inherited an estate valued at \$5,000,000. Nearly one hundred years ago, an affector of his leased a tract of land in Maine to somebody else's ancestor, for a term of ninety-nine years. The term having now'expired, Mr. Skillings takes possession as an heir of the former owner. Meantime, the city of Portland has grown up and spread over the tract, and what was a wild and almost valueless section of the earth's surface, has become, on that account, an extremely desirable location—one for the privilege of using which thousands of people are willing to pay handsomely. Mr. Skillings has done nothing to make this land valuable. Nor did his ancestor, nor any of the line through which he derives title. In no sense can he claim pay for any service. His claim rests soly on the power his title gives him of levying taxes on some of the inhabitants of Portland. These taxes they must pay or move. And when they, pay them, the taxes, instead of being used for the benefit of Portland, will be used for the benefit of a lucky newspaper man out West.—N. Y. Standard.

Why She Gets Up.

New York Press. "I suppose you have an easy time of it now that you've got a servant girl. What time do you get up in the morning?" "At 7 o'clock." "And at what time does your girl get up?" "At a quarter past 7." "Gracious! Why do you get up before she does?" "To call her."

A Case in Point. New York Herald: Bond—My dear fel-low, I don't believe in this treating business. How much better it would be to invite a friend in to have a necktie or some article of friend in to have a necessary wearing apparel.

Gallon—All right, my boy; let's step in here and have a nightcap.

It Had Come to a Hard Pass.
Brooklyn Life: "Dear me," said the ummer girl.
"What's the matter?" inquired her nother.

"Oh, nothing—only I haven't heard any me call me dear in so long that I thought I would call myself dear."

Starting Early in Life.

Judge: "Where is Johnny Tivington?" inquired the Sunday school teacher, looking up from the Bible he was reading.
"He went out between the Acts," replied Sammy Brown.

Women may not be deep thinkers, but they are generally clothes observers.

To form an idea of the experiments that take abroad in the way of testing new devices in warfare, the station at Leige, Belgium, consumes nearly 4,000,000 cartridges and 40 tons of powder a year in testing

and to construct powers a year and the since taking freedring.

The zinc-tainin 'process of preparing wood to resist decay is proving a great success. It hardens the wood and makes it much more useful, especially when used for railroad ties. Savannah News: Robert Beck, of Dohl Savannah Netes: Kobert Beck, of Dohl-onega, wanted to get married, but his finances were so low that he could not parade the necessary \$1.50. His brother-in-law, who is 35 years old, went out on the public square, mounted a dry goods box, made such a strong appeal that the crowd chipped in the necessary money, and Robert and Nancy Jane Higgins were married on Saturday.

THE SISTERS

THE S

know not what. And here let me introduce the four young butterfly-hunters of Highfield. Of course, if you ever hear that their mother —your staid editor—joined them in their wild pursuit of Her Majesty, the glorious red-winged, swift-flying "Queen of Spain," or if you hear of her anointing telegraph poles and trees with honey and molasses, and flitting about with others of the staff of "Onward and Upward" at dead of night.

Onward and Upward "at dead of night, with lanterns, capturing unwary, but magnificent moths, who had imbibed the sweet draughts too freely, you will surely not believe such tales! Suffice it to say that a really beautifu ollection of moths and butterflies resulted collection of moths and butterflies resulted from our stay at Highfield, a collection doomed to an untimely end, for during their transit home, they got so battered that it was only left to the two editors to mingle their tears together over their ashes. We must not ask you to linger with us in our lamentations over our broken treasures. We live in hope of replacing them some day, and meanwhile we have other memories of Hamilton which we wish to share with you.

other memories of Hamilton
to share with you.
A hundred years ago Hamilton had bar
begun to exist. But the few who w
then ploughing up the land on which
city now stands, were of the stamp wh makes nations to rejoice over her children.
You will remember that after the war
twhich resulted in the independence of the
United States, a number of American
people who had remained true to the British
at the provide of the transparency
to the

She—Oh, don't you think Miss Browne is the 'nicest girl in the world?

He—Why, yes, of course, if you think so.
She—And her eyes! Oh, don't you think they are pleidid!

He—Ver
She—And hasn't she the cutest little mouth and the kindest, dearest face?

He—Yes, indeed.

She—And such a beautiful complexion!

nd what hair!

He—Very beautiful.

She—And, then, isn't she graceful, and coesn't she waltz divincly?

girl?

He—Yes, indeed.
She—And don't you think she knows an awful lot; and don't you oo ooo oo think—?

She—V-1: I the dag not you have me, Tom.
He—Why, so I do.
She—W-e-1-1, then, how can you bear talk so a-b-o-u-t-th-a-t-h-o-r-r-i-b-l-e, o-l-u-g-l-y Browne girl?—Shefield Palegraph.

A Worse Predicament. New York Press: First Boy—Did you get squeezed in the crowd at the navy drill yesterday? Second Boy—No, but I got caught in the am at home, and that was worse.

Whittier's bodily infirmities have reached a point where he bels obliged to abandon his daily walks, except about his own grounds. He cannot endure the fatigue of driving, and his hearing has so far failed that it is with difficulty he can converse. It also prevents his attending church any more.

The Toronto Police Court was crowded yesterday to hear the case of City Engineer Jennings, who was charged by C. J. Smith, the ex-coal and wood merchant, with having used insulting language. Mr. Osler appeared for Mr. Jenenings, and contended that as only grossly insulting language was prohibited on the street the charge should be dismissed. To call a man "a — fool" was insulting, but could not be characterised as "grossly insulting," he thought. The Magistrate considered the expression out of place unless the parties were well acquainted with one another. He had fined a man for calling another "a — thing." Mr. Smith was the first witness. He said he saw Mr. Jennings going along King street on Monday, and whistled after him. Jennings turned down Leader lane, and witness came up with him near Colborne street, when he touched him on the shoulder. Jennings said, "Do you think I am a dog, you — fool, to answer to your whistle? 'I'll hit you." Although invited by the witness to "wade in," he did not do so. Messrs. E. McKay and George Duncan heard Mr. Jennings use the expression complained of, but the latter explained that he had told Mr. Smith that "if he thought he was going to answer to a whistle, he was a — fool." The case was dismissed, each party paying his own costs. more.

In sandy soil the greatest success is met with in utilizing a stream of water from a hose to bore the way for the sinking of piles. The nozzle is secured to the heel of the pile and the stream turned on. The pile sinks rapidly and the sand packing about it renders it perfectly solid.

One of the New York plus pile a specific productions of the New York plus pile. One of the New York plug-ugly associations gave a mammoth picnic last Sunday One of the New York plug-ugty associations gave a mammoth picnic last Sunday and the managers point with pride to the fact that none of the participants were killed. This is so rare an event as to cal for notice. Potatoes Baked in ashes.

Potatoes baked in ashes are delicious; nothing is needed but a pinch of salt to flavor them. The person who has never eaten a potato cooked in that way does not know what satisfying qualities there are in that vegetable. Among old-fashioned people in the country, who had an open fireplace or a "fire frame," it used to be quite a common occurrence to bake potatoes in the ashes, says Good Housekeeping. The good wife would clear a space between the andirons, brush the bricks clean with a turkey wing, kept in the corner for that purpose, put down a pile of potatoes and heap the hot ashes over them in a big mound, with live coals on top. When they were done (and she always knew just when), she would bring forward a woollen bag, and having raked them from their bed, put them in, and give them a vigorous shaking to remove the ashes.

## "August Flower"

What is petually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductinually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and agk: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

Children

Palatable as Milk. AS A PREVENTIVE OF CUER OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN SOTH THE GLO AND YOUNG, IT IS UREQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Boine, Belteville, Salmon Wrapper: at all Oruggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

the presently meets a policeman, "Look here," he says, "I've just picked up this baby lying on the doorstep. What's to be done with it? "Take it," says the policeman, "to the station." You now see the beauty of this profession. He pockets the mony, and the baby goes to the workness. The minutes; it is lucrative. There are also many possible variations in the method. You can find the baby on a doorstep while walking along in the presence of a policeman. You can leave the baby on a doorstep while walking along in the presence of a policeman. You can leave the baby on a doorstep while walking along in the presence of a policeman. You can leave the baby on a doorstep while walking along in the presence of a policeman. You can leave the baby on a doorstep while walking along in the presence of a policeman. You can leave the baby on a doorstep while walking along in the presence of a policeman. You can leave the baby on a doorstep while walking along in the presence of a policeman. You can leave the baby on a warm day the walking along the walkin

There is new game which is called tema and which is an adaptation of Japanese polo. This is the way it is played, according to a young woman who claims to be proficient: A screen eight feet high has a circular hole, in the middle eighteen inches in diameter called the goal, and having a net behind it. Twenty feet away is a ropedin arena in which the players stand. They are ranged in sides, the white and the red. At the end of the area farthest from the screen are stores of red and white balls less than two inches in diameter, and it is the business of each side to throw its balls into the goal. This throwing is done by means of an implement called the wand—a slender bamboo 3 feet 9 inches in length, with a tiny net at the end. The balls are picked up in this net and slung toward the goal. This would probably be very tame, but there is another provision, which is that players of one side may, interfere with the others and do all they can to prevent the balls from being thrown. This at once introduces an element of skill, as the ball, once in the net of the wand, can be maniplated and manceuved, and a great variety of throws are open to the players. The picking dip of the ball is a pretty and dexterous action, while it is almost impossible to be ungraceful in throwing it. The externel lightness of the wand (the maximum weight is four ounces) renders the spart much less violent than tennis, which some people think is in its favor.—New York Recorder. oftly. She sells seashells. Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth ister's fifth squirrel's skull. Boston Transcript: Fenderson—Had quite a compliment to-day. Fogg—So? Fenderson—Man told me I looked like—looked like—confound me, if I-can think who it was now. It was a great historical personage. Let me see—Fogg—It wasn't Washington? Napoleon? Wellington? Gen Grant? Demosthenes? Fenderson—Ah! I have got it. He said I looked like the devil. I knew it was some great historical personage. I feel quite lifted up about it—quite lifted up. Mme. Gautlereau, the reigning beauty

ENGINEER JENNINGS "IF."

New Version of "Whistle and I'll Co

The Toronto Police Court was crowde

Potatoes Baked in Ashes.

Preserving the Health.

Rise early and never sit up late.
 Wash the whole body every mornin, by means of a large sponge, and rub it dr. with a rough towel.
 Drink water.
 A voud spirits and fermented liquors of the standard standard.

food be plain.
7. Let your supper be light.—Hygiene.

Pleased Him.

Truth: "Why, Casper, this isn't a bit the kind of a house I supposed you would build."
"No, I'm rather surprised myself, but the architect is very well satisfied."

At Narragansett. "What a modest bathing suit Miss Har

Mme. Gautlereau, the reigning beauty of Paris, has a large nose and prominent chin, while her eyes are too small to be really beautiful. But her figure is magnificent and her complexion lovely.

Mr. Spurgeon, the famous English speaker, has found enough of spare time in his busy life to become a botanist, a floriculturist and a practical landscape gardener, and his Norwood residence has glass houses, cardens and grounds surrounding it which

gardens and grounds surrounding it which are the envy of the neighborhood. He knows every gardener and every choice plant in Kew Gardens.

begin on: Gaze on the gay gray brigades The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us. Say, should such a shapely sash shabby litches show?

Strange strategic statistics.

Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig whip.

Sarah in a shawl shoveled s

A Great Historical Personage

Before marriage the question a girl asks her lover most is: "Do you really love me?" After marriage the query becomes: "Is my hat on straight?"

Of the 498 Confederate general conly 184 are now living. General regard is the only General surviving.

D. C. N. L. 35. 91



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