The Professor and the White Violet.

The Professor:

Tell me, little violet white,
If you will be so polite,
Tell me how it came that you
Lost your pretty purple hue?
Were you blanched with sudden fears?
Were you bleached with fairies' tears?
Or was Dame nature out of blue,
Violet, when she came to you?

The Violet:

Tell me, silly mortal, first,
Ere I satisfy your thirst
For the truth concerning me—
Why are you not like a tree?
Tell me why you move around,
Trying different kinds of ground,
With your funny legs and boots,
In the place of proper roots?

Tell me, mortal, why your head,
Where green branches ought to spread,
Is a shiny smooth a glass,
With just a fringe of frosty grass?
Tell me—why he's gone away!
Wonder why he wouldn't stay!
Can he be well, I declare!
Sensitive about his hair?

—*Oliver Herford, in St. Nicholas for May.*

A Fish Story.

Young Dobson, with a mind to fish,
Is quite too fond of playing hookey;
So off he slyly go and scale
The fence, and down beside the brook he
Will sit, and sit, and sit, and sit,
His patience not at all a-bit-ed,
Though not a bite he gets to show
For all the wasted time he's waited.

Once perched upon the bank he sat,
In hopes to catch enough for one dish.
His father stole upon the scene
And saw his inefficient sun-fish,
And when his son came home at night
He took a rod from off the cupboard:
"We'l have a fish-bawl now," said he,
And whaled the youngster till he blubbered.

Old saws in Rhyme.

Actions speak louder than words ever do;
You can't eat your cake and hold on to it to.

When the cat is away, then the little mice play
Where there is a will there is always a way.

There's no use crying o'er milk that is spilt;
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire wherever is smoke;
The pitcher goes oft to the well till it's broke.

By rogues falling out honest men get their due
Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.

A half-loaf is better than no bread at all;
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.

Fast bind and fast find, have two strings to your bow;
Contentment is better than riches, we know.

The devil finds work for hands idle to do;
A miss is as good as a mile is to you.

You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear;
You can't make a silk purse from out of sow's ear.

A man by his company always is known;
Who lives in a glass house should not throw a stone.

Speech may be silver, but silence is gold;
There's never a fool like the fool who is old.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Old Cow-bell.

Bossy, it's spring—you'll soon be free,
Six mouths of gladness are yours, I hope;
All winter you've been a care to me,
And now I'm cutting your well-worn rope.
But round your neck a circle I twine,
You cannot hide—you are always mine,
At home or down on the dim side-line
I'll hear the cow-bell.

The boys will search when the evening falls,
Barelegged they'll trail through briar and weed
They know the time when the night-hawk calls
And the place where the straying cattle feed.
The children will hunt at the close of day,
And listen, listen, amid their play;
Oh, Bossy, Bossy, what gives you away—
The cow-bell!

The mother stands with her wooden pail,
And shadows her anxious eyes;
Lo, out of the swamp with a muddy tail
See the family cow arise!
She's milked—and maiden and robin bird
Wink at each other and say no word,
And down in the swamp the song is heard
Of the cow-bell.

—The Khan.

THE : DOCTOR.

Letty thought it was strang the cool way in which she was stared at every time she chanced to look away from them, and her cheeks began to grow under the inspection. She did not know the difference, and supposed it was the way in high life so to regard ladies, but it seemed a very unpleasant way in her eyes, and for one moment, before she remembered that she was angry with him, she was thankful that Paul Lennard had escaped this finish.

Ernest Devereux and Charles Temple had acquired this habit in an atmosphere where the women were not so averse to being stared at as Letty Leigh The greater number of them, being far better looking, took such observation as a natural tribute to their charms; and what the rest lacked in good looks, they made up in impudence. These young men were gentlemen, if being educated at Oxford and belonging to a good family made them so. But they were needy gentlemen.

"A fellah must live, you know," Devereux was wont to say, when the conscience of his more sensitive friend cried out at some pet scheme; "and, hang it, in these days it is so deuced hard we can't afford to let luck slip." And, unlike many preachers, he worked out his own words.

Luck seldom did slip from between the fingers of the Honorable Ernest. If that luck was sometimes detained by what commoner men would call "dodges," what matter? He continued to live in the style, and to dress in the style; and his valet had little more than his perquisities in return for services none of the lightest.

The same habit of "dodging" gradually but surely brings down those who practise it, and it had done so with this young man. Through all his polish a little of the brazen effrontery of hand to mouth life had engendered cropped out; and it was a specimen of this that was embarrassing Letty.

Ernest's father had been a friend of Mr. Leigh's in the good old days when "George the Third was king." The son was invited to Fenmore in the hope of something warmer than friendship springing up between him and Letty. That he was poor for his position Mr. Leigh knew; he knew, too, that if he had not been poor, his project would not have been feasible. He was a gentlemen of ancient family and good connections, and if the money of his daughter might win him for a husband, he would be well content; for, as we have said before, he was no miser; it was a gentleman, and not a rich man, he wanted for Letty.

So the old man plotted and talked; the young one smiled and crawled; and Letty, sitting at the end of the table in her chair as lady of the feast felt utterly weary.

The dinner was ended, and Dr. Lennard had not come, and Letty sat wondering why he had stayed away, till, meeting Mrs. Atherton's eye, and learning it was time to go, she rose in a tremble of nervousness, and with many blushes and some little awkwardness, managed to get out of the room.

Charles Temple held open the door for Letty, and she thought, as she made her little bow, that she had never seen a sweeter mouth or more sorrowful eyes in her life. She did not know (how should she?) that the curves of the delicate scarlet lips were carefully studied, and that the deep blue eyes were well drilled into their expression of eloquent melancholy.

Ernest Devereux used sometimes to say to him, when in one of his patronizing humors: "I wonder at you, my dear boy; I really do. With your eyes and teeth, not to say figure, you might go in for a round sum any day, and have your pick as to the complexion of the incumbrance to boot."

Letty, foreseeing some sarcastic speeches as to her awkwardness from Mrs. Atherton, wisely escaped them by going out in the garden, and their she unwisely began to think about Dr. Lennard.

"He knows that I love him, and he as much as told me I need not," she thought, as she leaned against the cold wall of the garden, and busied herself in plucking the leaves off the rose bush that grew close to it. Not a very pleasant thought for a proud girl; and Letty was proud, and, worse still, loving; so it was not much wonder that the big, bright tears should roll down her cheeks, or that the roses, as well as the leaves, should be ruthlessly scattered by her cruel fingers.

The sea-breeze came in chill, and Ernest Devereux, smoking his cigar in the porch, thought that this heiress must be little better than a simpleton to stand out there in her low-necked dress; but then he knew nothing of the inward fret and fever that was making the keen air welcome to her.

Presently, when the cigar was smoked, he strolled toward her, not forgetting to make a timely rustling among the branches to give warning of his approach. It was well he did so—well at least for Letty; for just at that moment the pain at her heart was the sorest, and the large tears were standing in her deep gray eyes. She turned at the noise, and, seeing who the intruder was, she smiled. A miserable forced smile she felt it was, but Ernest Devereux did not think so. It was no more forced than some smiles that greeted him daily.

The young man began to talk, and Letty listened, gradually losing the sense of sharp pain, that had just been racking her, until at length her free, girlish nature asserted itself, and she laughed out merrily at his sallies. Dr. Lennard, walking slowly up the lane in the gloaming, heard the laugh, and turning short round walked home again.

"I am a fool," he said to himself, as he went, "to build hopes on a sick girl's delirious fancies. She is as happy with the stranger—a mere fop I dare say—as she knows how to be."

Letty, going back with Ernest Devereux into the lighted drawing-room, felt the smile fading from her stiff face as she looked round and saw that Dr. Lennard was not there. All the evening she was quiet, and Ernest Devereux said to himself that this country girl was wayward as a spoiled town beauty. Perhaps there was a charm for him in these wayward humors; certainly he had not been so attentive to any lady for some years—not since he was "young and silly," as his friend would have expressed.

Charles Temple, for all his sweet smiles and eloquent glances, began to feel out of humor; the game was so evidently marked down by his friend. This dark-faced girl, with her shy eyes, and low, ringing voice, was not to his taste, it is true; but her fortune would have been very much so indeed; and that very night, when the two friends sat up together, smoking their cigars by the open window, he expressed his surprise at the open way Ernest Devereux was commencing an attack.

"You talk and talk," he said, with more animation than was usual to him, "but for all, it seems to me you are not only struck with the fortune, but with the girl herself."

"What if I am?" asked Ernest Devereux, languidly, daintly brushing the ashes of his cigar from off his coat-sleeve with his white jewelled fingers.

"Nothing, of course," was the answer; "only it would appear rather strange if Ernest Devereux should have to come down to this fishing village in search of a *bona fide* attachment."

"Strange, would it?" said Devereux. "Well, what is strange is sometimes true in this world; but as you do not happen to fancy the girl yourself, you need not get rusty over my doing so."

"Fancy her!" said Charles Temple. "No, thank you; I have not come quite so low as to fancy a half-tawdry rustic."

A flush rose to Ernest Devereux's low, square brow.

"You have not risen so high, you mean," he retorted, with an insolent half smile.

Charles Temple raised his eyes sharply, and, for an instant, the two men measured each other through the gauzy clouds of the cigar smoke. Mentally and physically Ernest Devereux was the stronger, as the eyes of the younger man fell before his.

"You have strange ideas of rising," he said; "but you are a strange fellow altogether, and I can't half make you out."

"Thank you," returned Ernest Devereux, sarcastically, as he rose, and flung his cigar out of the window, regardless of the sleeping flowers in the garden below. "Thank you, Charley, my dear boy. If you cannot make me out, I must be deep indeed."

CHAPTER IV.

"MAY DIE LOVING EACH OTHER AND NEVER TELLING OUR LOVE."

The two weeks the young men had been invited to stay by Mr. Leigh passed into three, and then into four; and during that time Dr. Lennard had called only once at the cottage. Mr. Leigh was annoyed. He had counted on Dr. Lennard's amusing his guests, and here he had never come near them. Fenmore was, without a doubt, a dull stop. Mr. Leigh felt it so himself, in contrast to his taste of town life. How much worse then, would it seem in the eyes of his friends—if men, as young and dashing as were Charles Temple and Ernest Devereux could be truly called his friends. Under any circumstances, Dr. Lennard could be, if he chose, a most entertaining companion; in a quiet little place like Fenmore he was invaluable.

"What can have vexed the doctor?" Mr. Leigh would sometimes say to Mrs. Atherton; "he is certainly annoyed about something, or he would look in sometimes."

And poor Letty would inwardly echo the question.

Letty was in a deep and dangerous game, one that she had much better have left unplayed; but she was in love, a little piqued, and very much dazzled by the novelty of her position. In plain English, Miss Letty was flirting. Charles had long since flung jealously to the winds and commenced his attack openly as his friend had.

The nights were balmy, the sea was as still as though it could never toss and tumble, and form itself into a great, yawning, insatiable grave There was a harvest moon, too, and that of itself had much to answer for; altogether, the opportunity was too much for Letty, and, as we have said before, she was flirting—so cleverly that neither of the runners could have given a guess as to which would win.

Ernest Devereux was very much in love for one of his class, perhaps as much as he had ever been before, certainly more than he was likely to be again. The pleasant morning walk and after dinner *tete a tete* were all he could desire; but he was not in a position to waste time in such trifling, sweet though it might be, and he must win or draw out altogether soon, if his Christmas day was to be safely spent in England.

Charles Temple, less needy, more sentimental, less in earnest, perhaps, saw the days slipping by contentedly and gave thanks for the good the present brought; but Devereux could not afford to wait. So one evening when Letty wrapped in her long blue cloak, stood with him watching the tide come in, he made the final venture.

Charles Temple and Mr. Leigh had walked away from them and they were already out of sight, in the dusky light, and they two were alone on the sandy shore—alone in the world, it seemed, with the level marshes stretching out far behind, and the great sea trembling before them.

"I shall be leaving here soon," he said; "before I go there is something I should like to tell you—if I might, that is."

Letty looked up gravely, just enough curiosity in her face and no more.

"Certainly you may tell it to me," she said, "if it is anything necessary for me to hear."

"I don't know that it is necessary that you should hear it," he replied; "but I should like you to listen, if you will, if you care to."

The self-possessed man was getting a little embarrassed, his firm voice had grown tremulous, and no school boy could have uttered the next words more hurriedly, more falteringly than he did.

"Miss Leigh, I have grown to love you"

It was the first time she had ever heard it; the words had a sweet tingle in her ears, though they had not the power to reach her heart, and for a little while she stood silent, her faced dropped, watching the water that was dashing against her feet and wetting the trailing folds of her dress.

Ernest Devereux, one hand resting on a bowlder near, the other playing restlessly with the charms that dangled from his watch chain, stood silent also, and watched her.

The sweet, tingling sound of the words just spoken was fading away before the dream of words she had hoped to hear one day spoken by another, and, with a vivid blush, she raised her head and met the eager look bent upon her.

"You surprise me," she said, speaking fast in her confusion. "I never thought of such a thing. You—you—I am very sorry," and then speech failed her altogether, and she looked down on the seething waters with a crimson face and tremulous lips that would not perform their office.

Ernest Devereux roused himself, and his face, that had softened into real emotion, grew hard. It was only another disappointment, and there was Boulogne, if the worst came.

"Nay, it is I who am sorry, Miss Leigh," said he—"sorry that I should be so rash and presumptuous. Pray forgive me and forget it."

He gave her his hand as he spoke, to lead her out of the reach of the waves, and, looking at him, she wondered if she had just seen those cold blue eyes alight that passionless face with earnestness. Had she seen it, or was it only a fancy? Perhaps it was only a fancy, for lately she had grown to fancy such things that were impossible; and a sigh rose and was crushed back again in the second's time that she was retreating from the incoming water.

The following morning Ernest Devereux went back to London. Charles Temple did not return with him.

"I shall run over to Ponsonby's, now that I'm so near," said he; "but I shall meet you at Layburns' in November."

"Possibly," said Ernest Devereux, though he knew very well that it was not possible that he should be met at this side of the Channel for some indefinite space of time.

The same day Dr. Lennard called, a more formal visit, and he had not been near for three weeks and more. Letty and Mrs. Atherton were in the drawing room, playing with some fancy work. As the doctor entered Templeton laid the book down, sat toying idly with its leaves as they fluttered to and fro in the breeze, his shapely hands as white as a woman's, his eyes half closed, his scarlet lips curved wearily.

The doctor looked at him and frowned. Undeniably handsome, a perfect gentleman, he yet inwardly stigmatized him as a puppy, and felt vexed, perhaps, that so good a looking puppy should be so much at home in that room.

Poor Letty, sitting pale and silent in the corner of the lounge, felt miserably conscious of the visitor's ill-humor. He seldom spoke to her, or glanced toward her, and addressed himself chiefly to Mrs. Atherton. That lady answered his brief inquiries volubly and pressed him to stay to luncheon, but he declined. He had "a great number of visits to make that morning," he said, "and he could not postpone any of them, as he was shortly leaving Fenmore." Mrs. Atherton looked surprised; and he explained that he was going to the south of England for some time, and might perhaps eventually settle there.

"But your patients, Dr. Lennard—whatever will they do without you?" cried Mrs. Atherton, her blue eyes opening wide at the news.

"Very well, I hope," he replied, smiling. "Doctor Green will take charge of my practice for a couple of months. At the end of that time I shall come back here and either continue it, or dispose of it altogether—I cannot, as yet, decide which."

He glanced at Letty as he spoke. Indeed, the words seemed meant for her more than Mrs. Atherton, and the evident pain stamped on her face somewhat startled him. She kept her eyes bent on her work, but the lips were growing purple with the weight of tears which dare not flow, and her needle made uneven stitches in the delicate cambric she was flowering.

"I should think Fenmore must be very bleak and wild in the winter time," said Charles Temple, looking out on the quiet lane and the sunny sea.

"It is not for any reason of that kind that I think of leaving it," said Dr. Lennard, curtly.

"Mr. Leigh will be so sorry," said Mrs. Atherton. "Do stay a little while and see him. Letty, my dear, where did your papa say he was going this morning?"

The tears very nearly gushed out on this unlooked for necessity of speaking, but she managed to keep them back and answer calmly that she thought her father had said he was going to call on Captain Wrigley.

"Yes, to be sure he did," said Mrs. Atherton. "Well, that is not very far off, doctor. He will be here shortly. Do stay!"

"Very likely I shall call at the captain's as I pass," said he, "and if so I may see Mr. Leigh, but cannot stay longer now."

He took up his hat, and bowing stiffly to Charles Temple took leave of the ladies and went out.

"A curious man," said Mrs. Atherton, with her soft laugh; "a very curious man—and he appears to be out of sorts this morning."

"He seems to be none too courteous," said the young man, smiling.

"Doctor Lennard is always a gentleman," said Letty, her face flushing hotly. "He could not be otherwise."

"You must take care what you say, Mr. Temple," said Mrs. Atherton, laughing again. "Letty is a pet of the doctor's, and you may see he is one of her favorites. When she was ill some time ago, he actually parted with his old servant, and sent her up to mind Letty. Not very complimentary to me but I took it in good part. So you must be careful in what you say against Doctor Lennard."

"I have nothing to say against him," he said, with a covert glance at Letty's hot face. "I only thought him a little brusque that was all."

Letty said no more, and Mrs. Atherton, taking up her reading. He at once complied, but the piece seemed to have lost its flavor, and his musical voice had a weary tone in it. Letty, too, appeared out of humor; it seemed as if the doctor's brief visit had marred the monotony of their morning.

Presently other visitors were announced, and Charles Temple closed the book altogether, and went out into the garden. The young ladies of Fenmore were not very much to his taste; and, fastidious to a fault, he had no scruple in avoiding them. He strode up to the low stone wall, and, lighting a cigar, leaned lazily against it. He stood on the very spot where Letty had stood talking to Ernest Devereux on the first evening of their visit. He was thinking of him now, and wondering whether he had really asked for the hand of the rustic heiress. If he had, had he been accepted or rejected? He would have given much to know, but Ernest Devereux had shown no inclination to satisfy his curiosity; and no one else save Letty could do it. Then he thought of Dr. Lennard, and the effect the news of his leaving Fenmore had on Letty; for, sad and dreamy as Charles Temple's eyes seemed, they were keen to observe, and no quiver of Letty's pale face had escaped them.

"Can it be that she cares for him?" he thought, as he knocked the white ash off his cigar; "it is plain that he cares for her. By Jove, if a country doctor cuts me out I shall feel lowish. Devereux would have been different, but I couldn't stand that."

The young man turned the costly rings round and round his white fingers, and admired their flickering gleams in various colors as he meditated on Miss Leigh, her fortune, and the prospect of one day becoming master of both.

It is not always the cold, cynical man of the world, who gets called such very bad names sometimes, that has the hardest heart or the clearest head in such matters as this. Dreamy-eyed, poetical, sentimental Charles Temple made his calculations with an exactitude and far-sightedness that would have astonished Ernest Devereux, could he have seen into the busy brain working and planning under the perfumed, shining, auburn curls of his friend. Just then Letty came down the garden, talking to two of her young lady visitors. So gay she seemed, so content, that Charles Temple's thoughts took a change.

"She does not care for him," was his inward comment. "She would not laugh like that if she did, for she is one of those deep in-earnest kind of girls who, when they are in love, cannot help showing it."

He turned and walked along the path to meet them, his pale, clear, cool face softening into a smile as he got nearer. Evidently he looked upon himself as the happy man who had yet to awaken love in the heart of this charming, gray-eyed demoiselle.

When, after some time spent in talking and laughing, the young ladies turned to go in-doors on a signal from their mamma, Charles Temple followed with Letty, and looking down on her sweet, dark face, grave enough, now that she thought herself unnoticed, he made an inward vow that when she was his wife he would carry herself and her money-bags far out of the reach of such dull torments as had just been afflicting him.

That same evening Charles Temple tried his fate, and was rejected, as his friend had been; and when, a few days later Mr. Leigh's new trap carried him to the station, on his way to Ponsonby's, Mr. Leigh showed symptoms of being decidedly cross, and Letty of being decidedly miserable.

A few days after Charles Temple's departure Mr. Leigh received a long private letter from London. A very pleasant letter it appeared to be, judging by its effect upon him. On reading it he grew mysterious and important; he patronised Mrs. Atherton, made much of Letty, and was in good humor with everyone.

"Talent, my girl, is everything," he said, stroking Letty's hand, as it rested on the table near him, with unwonted tenderness; "that is everything next to knowledge in the world. Had it not been for the good use I have made of those two things, you might have lived and died in this poor place, fawned upon because of your few paltry hundreds. As it is,—."

He did not finish the sentence, but his manner plainly told that it was something vastly better that was in store for her.

"I must start for London immediately, without a moment's delay," he continued, glancing again over the first part of his letter; "and, Mrs. Atherton, perhaps you will be kind enough to see after a few things for me to take."

He pushed cup and plate from before him, and, leaning an elbow on the table, began to read the letter over again, and Mrs. Atherton, outwardly placid, inwardly aflame with curiosity, left the room to see after his things, as desired.

Letty sat still, her cup of coffee unfinished, her toast untouched; too weary, too listless, she seemed, to do or care for anything.

The letter finished, Mr. Leigh rose, and for the first time noticed what a poor breakfast Letty was making.

"Why, child," said he, "you are not eating a morsel, and you are as pale as a ghost. This will never do—it will not, really. I cannot have you lose your good looks now, of all times."

"I could not well lose them, father, inasmuch as I never had any," she replied, smilingly.

"Tut, tut, child! A yellow veil can transform a fright into a Venus any day," said her father, and he laughed a little hard, meaning laugh, not particularly pleasant to listen to. Mr. Leigh, was emphatically a man of the world, and the laugh of such men is not beautiful.

"I do not understand you," said Letty, "what yellow veil do you mean?"

"Never mind," said he; "you will know some day. But what is the matter with you? Are you ill or only fretting?"

A bright blush rose to her face at the thought that perhaps her father had guessed about whom she was fretting, but the next instant she saw it was impossible, and she answered, half smiling:

"No, only a little tired, that is all."

"Tired of this place, I suppose," said her father, "and no wonder; but don't despair. You may fly from it sooner than you expect."

He went out of the room as he spoke, and Letty looked after him wonderingly. Then she rose, and kneeling in the window seat pressed her face against the low glass, and looked out wearily. It was November now, and the sea had hanging over it a dull, gray mist that would thicken, most likely into a fog later in the day; the lane looked bare and dreary, and there was not a person to be seen in its whole length. Presently, however, while Letty knelt there some one appeared—a woman carrying a basket, and followed by a large black-and-tan greyhound.

Letty's face flushed and her heart gave a great bound. The dog was Dr. Lennard's. Many a time it walked along the sands with its nose in the palm of her hand, while she and Mrs. Lennard took their afternoon ramble. It must be some one from the brown house on the hill—perhaps a messenger. A few seconds, and, the woman coming a nearer, she saw it was Judith.

There had always been a friendship between Letty and the old woman, and it had been strengthened considerably since the time she had nursed Letty so carefully through her long illness; so tapping on the glass to attract her attention, Letty went to the door to speak to her.

Always pleasant was Letty; a kind word for everybody, and kinder than usual for Judith.

As soon as the dog saw Letty, it bounded forward to be noticed, and in a sudden access of fondness, as it seemed, she bent down and kissed with her soft red lips its cold, pointed nose. Judith, almost too tired to laugh, smiled at her.

(To be Continued.)

THE CENTRAL BANK.

The Directors Sued for Two Million Dollars.

The first move in what promises to be one of the greatest civil suits in Canadian law annals was made yesterday at Osgoode Hall when Mr. Charles Miller, acting for J. B. Henderson and other shareholders of the Central Bank, sued Messrs. David Blain, C. Blackett Robinson, A. McLean Howard, Samuel Trees, H. P. Dwight and Kenneth Chisholm, M. P. P., for $1,954,603. This enormous sum represents the loss sustained through the failure of the Central Bank, of which the defendants were directors when the failure occurred. The only other director, Mr. D. Mitchell Macdonald, is now residing in California and beyond the jurisdiction of Canadian civil law. The claim made on behalf of the shareholders is for the above amount, together with damages for the wrong done the shareholders by reason of the issuing of false reports of the standing and condition of the bank. Another count charges the directors with injuring the shareholders by furnishing to the public and Government these false returns and paying dividends when the bank was in effect insolvent. In addition to this malfeasance in office, gross negligence is charged, the result of which was the failure of the bank and the payment of double liability by the shareholders. It is said that according to recent English decisions the directors are liable.

Ruts We Move In.

Did you ever notice what a rut you will get to moving in unless you exercise the greatest care? Take, for instance, the coming down town in the morning. Some business men have a choice of street car lines, but most of them have only the one line. If it is a cable car, of course he has to alight on the one side; but he will follow the same rule with the street car just as much as though the iron gate was there, too. This is partly because his place of business is on the one side, but mostly from habit. And most men will not wait for a street car to stop. They have a sort of sneaking idea that it is unmanly to have a street car stop to either get on or off. And so they will jump and stumble and fall, and anything rather than stop the car. And this continual alighting with the weight of the body thrown upon one foot has resulted in serious injuries to many men, and probably permanent injury to some. There is always a shock and strain that reaches to every portion of the body, and this repeated daily is bound to have its effect in time. Think on these things, and while you are weighing the matter don't forget to stop the car to alight.—*Cincinnati Times Star.*

Competition.

In order to ascertain the views of chemists throughout Great Britain as to which of the remedies for outward application had the largest sale and greatest popularity "*The Chemist and Druggist*," instituted a post card competition, each dealer to name on a post card the preparation which had the largest sale and was the most popular with customers, and the publisher received 635 of the cards with the following results

St. Jacobs Oil	384
Elliman's Embrocation	172
Holloway's Ointment	32
Allcock's Plasters	19
Bow's Liniment	7
Pain Killer	7
Vaseline	4
Cuticura	2
Scattering	8
Total	635

The Masher.

Did you ever watch a man who considers himself irresistible by the gentler sex? What a study—what an exhibition he is sure to make! You will see him on the elevated, at the theatre, in the parks and in the streets. He stares at every woman, twirls his moustache, primps his scarf and keeps adjusting his coat. He ogles, stares, glances over his newspaper, and ventures a meaning smile or slit of his eyes. It is not once in a hundred times that a woman returns his glances; in fact most of the women are afraid of him or are disgusted. But when a victim who is in the same line of business as himself does give him a full equivalent for his efforts, what a conquest he makes of it. What a wonderful conqueror he thinks himself.—*New York Sun.*

Saved from an Awful Fate.

"Gentlemen," said the Boston judge, "you have done your duty by convicting the prisoner of murder in the first degree, and it remained for me to pass sentence of death upon his head. But, gentlemen," the judge continued, "the enormity of the crime is so great that plain death will not expiate it. I have therefore decided to meet the requirements of the case by a new and effective punishment." A breathless silence hung over the court. "Prisoner," went on the judge, "I hereby sentence you to be confined for life in a silk hat and sack coat." But the dull thud that followed indicated all too plainly that he spoke to a corpse. And a subdued murmur of relief passed over the court room, as the spectators realized that the guilty wretch had passed beyond the terrible power of earthly justice.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

A Word for the Scissors.

Frank Harrison's Shorthand Magazine: Some people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter the easiest work in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work done on a newspaper. If they see the editor with scissors in his hand they are sure to say; "Eh, that's the way you are getting up original matter, eh?" accompanying their new, witty question with an idiotic wink or smile. The facts are that the interest, the variety and the usefulness of a paper depend in no small degree upon the selected matter, and few men are capable for the position who would not themselves be able to write many of the articles they select. A sensible editor desires considerable select matter, because he knows that one mind cannot make so good a paper as five or six.

That was a model lady who left the table because the lettuce appeared undressed.

Mrs. Alexander, the novelist, is a tall, handsome and rather portly woman, with a fresh complexion, fair hair and blue eyes. She is in every way a striking figure.

"IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?"

An Interesting Letter From Helen Gardener, the Author, Her Habits of Life, Variety of Communications she Receives.

Emily S. Bouton, in the *Toledo Blade*, publishes the following entertaining facts about the woman who in her recent novel "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" has created such a genuine sensation by her fearless unmasking of conventional immorality and hypocrisy:

The personality of an author who has won a wide reputation by long-continued and excellent work, or by some sudden and brilliant stroke of genius, always becomes of interest to the great world of readers. They want to know just how this wonderful woman—if it be a woman—carries herself; what is the color of her hair, her eyes; who were her father and mother, her grand-parents, and where is her home—in short, every minutest bit of information is greedily gathered in order to bring up a complete picture before her readers of the person who has so won their admiration.

This is true of the writer, Helen H. Gardener, of that much talked-of book, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" and all sorts of paragraphs have been going the rounds of the papers regarding her, of which the following is a specimen.

Mrs. Helen Gardener, author of the novel "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" is about 30 years old, and is described as a really beautiful woman, a little above medium height, of well-rounded proportions, with an intellectual face, deep brown eyes, full red lips, and high, broad forehead. She is a daughter of Julia Ward Howe, and possesses radical views.

This appeared in *Current Literature*, and it being naturally supposed that that excellent magazine must be correct, it has been widely copied.

Helen H. Gardener is not, however, a daughter of Julia Ward Howe, nor is she even of New England origin. Her ancestors have always lived in Maryland or Virginia, and she, herself, first saw light in the latter State, near Winchester. She traces her family directly from the daughter of Lord Baltimore, Miss Calvert, who married a Mr. Chenoweth, he being the first sheriff of Baltimore County, Maryland. Her own father was Rev. A. G. Chenoweth; her mother a grand-niece of Sir Robert Peel, so that it is evident that she has back of her the culture of generations.

The personal description given in the paragraph quoted is, I think, very nearly correct. Her face is full of intelligence, and the earnestness that is visible in all that she writes looks forth from her dark eyes.

It is easy to see that intense inward conviction points her pen, and it is this quality that makes her novel, with its background of realism, so vitally pregnant with meaning. This book has taken an almost unprecedented hold upon the thinking public, and I learn, has sold to the extent of 25,000 copies in five months. A knowledge of this fact will explain the *raison d'etre* of the following communication from the author, who, I can well believe, is almost submerged by the tide of communications setting towards her:

I have been asked a great many times to write things about myself for the papers. I have always declined. In the first place I dislike the look of anything like personal advertising, and in the second place I did not feel that my personality was of great interest to the public; but I do wish I could—without seeming to advertise myself, my personality—say one or two things.

A great many people write to me or send me little tokens that touch me deeply, and yet I cannot reply to half of them. Each one, doubtless, expects a full reply and feels hurt that none comes. It is not want of appreciation, but want of time and strength that prevents me from sending a kindly recognition and sincere thanks for the attention.

To-day brought me a large mail. It contained strange, beautiful and pathetic things. I appreciate them all, but I cannot reply to all. Let me explain and let me beg my unknown friends to accept my earnest thanks for their interest and warm expressions, whether these expressions take a written or an objective form.

A sample of my mail is the one received today. It was composed of innumerable advertisements, of course, a number of letters from friends, a number from literary and scientific men and women who are known to me by name only; two sermons recently preached upon my last book, with the "compliments" of their authors; several books with a request to "read and give your opinion"; two MSS. of aspiring authors with the same request—one a novel, the other a "new system of geometry"; the latter MS. to be read with sufficient care to enable me to recommend it to a publisher! A pile of newspapers, with notices more or less personal and interesting, marked for me to read; a box of gold ore from a miner in New Mexico; a *live* horned toad from a miner in old Mexico; with a letter saying it was his desire to send me something no one else in this climate would own, and a very queer and amusing little fellow Bildad (that is the toad's name) is, too; a silver filagree bracelet, a most beautiful thing, of spanish workmanship, from Central America; another box of ore and lava from Oregon, and last, most pathetic and touching, an intensely religious 'Easter card' of the usual sort, with this written message on the *outside* of the envelope:

"God will bless your footsteps, wherever you go, my light-footed angel.

Yours truly,
"MARY MAGDALENE."

This came from Cleveland, O., and if I knew how to reach the woman who sent it, I should certainly send her some personal message; but since I do not, I hope I may reach her this way and make her understand how deeply that little message of hers and her signature touched me. The letters I get from women are worth working hard for. They repay me for all I may do, for they are chiefly from those who need help, and who feel that I have given it to them. The letters I get from men are chiefly from scientific, thoughtful men; men who are engaged upon the problems of life in one field or another. They are, as a rule, from calm, earnest, studious men, many of them well known in their fields of thought But the women who write are chiefly mothers who cry out with wild, passionate protest, or with tearful inquiry. I wish that I might reply to all; but if I did so, I should do nothing else—my time and strength would all be consumed. It is for this reason that I should like to say through the press that each and all of these letters and evidences of interest and confidence are not only appreciated by me, but they are helpful and stimulating as well, and I hope my seeming neglect will pain no one, and will be understood, not as an unkindness, but simply as what it is—necessity.

Helen Gardener has a future before her, we devoutly hope and believe, in which she may, with strong, fearless grasp, handle the evils that eat into the heart of a people and bring, unless checked, their glory low in the dust. Everything that she has written shows the keen perceptions of a pure woman who has the courage to do battle for what she believes to be right. She has the literary gift of so choosing her words that they strike home, and hence cannot fail of their ultimate purpose.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

According to Ability.

Buffalo *Express:* Instead of agitating for short hours under the present system, workingmen would do better to demand a new system by which each man is paid for the work he does regardless of whether it takes him a long or a short time. The good workman who can do twice as much in eight hours as the poor workman would not then feel that he was being unjustly treated by receiving no more pay for it.

In France the Government still levies a tax on doors and windows. To the peasant in his small hut this tax amounts to a little more than three francs a year, but in the towns it rises to 17 francs annually for each family.

Herbert Spencer is now a man of 70, though he looks ten years younger. He is of medium stature, and his head is bald, except for a thin fringe of hair. He has an aquiline nose, a ruddy skin and an intellectual face.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE

The first session of the seventh Parliament of Ontario was formally prorogued yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sir Alex. Campbell gave his assent to the Bills passed during the session.

His Honor then delivered the following speech from the Throne:

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

In relieving you from the duties of the session, I desire to express my appreciation of the zeal and attention with which you have considered the various matters submitted to you as a Legislative Assembly. I am glad to perceive that the development of the mineral resources of the Province has been receiving your consideration. The provisions which you have made for regulating the sale of mining lands, subject to such an interest in them being retained as will add to the revenues of the Province without injury to the miner or the capitalist, meet with my hearty approval. I look forward with confidence to the time when the great regions lying to the north and west of the Province, hitherto comparatively unproductive, will yield rich revenues to the Province and abundant employment to labor and capital.

The consolidation of the laws with respect to education will facilitate the working of our school system. The amendments to the Public and High School Acts, and the provisions made for restraining truancy and securing the more regular attendance of pupils at the Public schools, cannot fail to extend more widely than ever before the advantages which our schools afford for a liberal English and commercial education.

I am pleased to observe the measure adopted for removing the great difficulties incident to the administration of the laws respecting drainage.

The improvements which you have made in the law with respect to loan companies to the liabilities of directors, and to the duties, powers and liabilities of trustees, will prove, I have no doubt, to be greatly in the public interest.

The Public Lands Act, the Medical Act, the Act respecting the Public Health, and your amendments to the Municipal and Assessment Acts, will, I am sure, promote the objects for which they were framed.

The private bill legislation has been unusually large, and deals with a great variety of subjects, and will no doubt greatly benefit the interests affected.

I thank you for the liberal appropriations which you have made for the public service. The supplies which you have granted shall be expended with care and in the public interest.

With the usual formality the Provincial Secretary announced "That it is His Honor's will that this assembly be prorogued, and the Legislative Assembly is accordingly prorogued."

His Honor withdrew and the assemblage dispersed.

BUTTERFLY GIRLS.

Young Women Who Spoil Their Chances of Marrying.

People often wonder why some girls with bright young faces, laughing eyes and a congenial flow of spirits, which makes them general favorites everywhere they go, have plenty of beaus yet no marriage proposals. The girls who remind us of bright butterflies are the ones who remain single the longest. Men like to woo girls for themselves and they do not like artfulness. Men want the solid qualities. For instance, few men will entertain a tender regard for young women who try to enliven their visits by telling them of everything detrimental that happens concerning other lady friends. The little mistakes and trying situations of others should be sacred, and never talked over by disinterested parties. Women who speak lightly of absent companions to their callers lose the charm of sincerity that men desire above all other qualities, and merit the opinion of deceit that visitors are certain to carry away with them.—*Olive P. Fairchild in Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar.*

Why Go Fishing?

The false coloring which a morbid condition of the physical man throws upon men and motives hinders much the prompt and efficient discharge of professional duties. A Methodist Bishop who is well-known all over the United States is an enthusiastic fisherman. He says he would have been a hunter too but for being near-sighted in his youth. When his over conscientious friends ask him how he can afford to spend so much time on the river bank he replies "As a means of grace, sir."

Nothing can be compared to field sports in the way or recreation. Of course the same amount of mere physical exertion can be easily had by artificial means, but this is only half, perhaps less. No mind that is trained to close and intense application can suddenly leave off and do nothing. While one swings the dumb bell or takes a constitutional, the tough question, be it a sermon, a brief, or a battle with pneumonia, riots in the brain and will not down. The only show is to give the mind something else upon which to work This is most successfully done in the effort to circumvent a wily trout or make the most of a day's shooting. The intensity with which a genuine sportsman will focus his trained facilities on such problems is refreshing to a degree, and sometimes supremely funny.

These are some of the things I say to my friends who seem surprised to see a preacher and a missionary put on a ducking coat and a slouch hat and "take to the woods." And to myself I say that if ever there was a position in the world which demanded a little communing with nature from time to time it is the one I am trying to fill Even if I thought it interfered a little with my present success in my work, which I no not, I should still not deny myself that which I know to be essential to my properly living the long and laborious life that I believe I am entitled to look forward to.—*Forest and Stream.*

The Queen's Scotch Collie.

Queen Victoria's most caressed quadruped of the canine species is a Scotch collie. When Prince Albert died he left behind him very few assets, but among his belongings was a Scotch collie. That dog passed many years ago to the happy hunting grounds and was decently buried on the estate of Balmoral. The Queen has ever since been the owner of a series of Scotch collies. The present favorite she obtained in the Highlands, as she did all the others, and it is known by the truly Highland name of Jook. Jook is usually kept at Balmoral, but has been permitted on several occasions to accompany his royal mistress on the road that canny Scotchmen are fond of taking Only once was he known to merit censure, so far as the public know, and that was when he was tempted to desert the royal cortege in a London street by the music of the bagpipe in the hands of a wandering minstrel A reward offered for him called attention to the incident. When recovered Jook was in a disreputable condition and had apparently been in very bad company. Unlike his royal mother, the Prince of Wales does not care for dogs. When a good deal younger he was not above seeing a dog fight, in strict incognito, but he never took kindly to a dog as a companion, and Sandringham is not by any means a resort of the canine species. The Prince's son in-law, the Duke of Fife, is, on the other hand, an enthusiast on dogs, and possesses some of the finest specimens in Great Britain.

What Dundas Missed.

"Knoxonian" in *Canada Presbyterian:* It is a grim commentary on popular election that Dr Marcus Dodds had some difficulty in finding a place to grow in. Dr. Candlish came very near being planted in Dundas. What the great Free Church leader would have ripened into had he come to Dundas is a nice question. Probably he would have spent his days in that beautiful village. Perhaps he would have become principal of Knox College. No doubt he would have ripened into something decidedly useful and influential, but at this time of day there is not much use in guessing at that something.

A Great Success

Buffalo *News:* Husband—How did you get along with your shopping to-day?

Wife—Splendidly! I called at 15 places and didn't buy a thing.

Never Saw Mickey Jones.

New York *World:* President Beach, of the Hudson County Methodist Alliance, says publicly that he never saw a professional baseball player who was a gentleman.

He Could Stand It.

Harper's Bazar: Ethel—Is Jack wealthy?

Maud—He must be. We have been engaged two months, and he seems still to have plenty of money.

—The Wrathful Mamma—He is a shameful flirt. The Tempting Girl—Oh, mamma, be just to him. Any one would flirt with me.

THE TOBACCO DUTY.

A Summary of the Arguments for a Reduction of the Excise.

A deputation of tobacco manufacturers from points in the eastern and western Provinces, with a number of wholesale merchants, waited upon the Ministers of Excise, Finance and Customs at Ottawa subject of excise on tobacco, and also statistics relating thereto. The arguments of the deputation were, briefly: The excise duty in Canada now being 20c per lb., and that of the United States only 6c. per lb., it ceases to be the source of revenue to Canada that it should be. In the Inland Revenue blue book, of June 30th, 1874, when excise in Canada was only 15c per lb and that of the United States 24c, there was a steady increase for four years previous in the manufacture of tobacco, amounting to 418,000 lbs. per annum. If that increase is multiplied by sixteen (the years which have since intervened) it would give $6,688,000 lbs. This added to what was the product at that time, namely, 7,154,182 lbs., would make a total of 13,842,182 lbs., whereas at the present time the average for the last four years in the manufacture of tobacco is only 9,080,269 lbs. One will readily see, even if Canada had only five millions of population, that would not be 2 lbs. per head. According to the blue book of the United States the consumption of tobacco in that country, not including cigars and cigarettes, is actually five pounds per head. In other words, the Government of the United States collects more revenue per head at 8 cents per pound than Canada collects at 20 cents a pound. Another argument used by the deputation to show that high excise did not mean large revenue was this: During the years 1883 and 1884 the excise was lowered to 12 cents per lb. in Canada. The output immediately jumped up to 10,000,000 lbs. in the year ending 1884, and 11,000,000 in the year ending 1885 But when, in the beginning of 1886, the excise was increased to 20 cents per lb., the products fell back to 8,500,000 lbs. These are startling figures, as it cannot be gainsaid that Canadians use the pipe as freely as their neighbors across the border, and the difference of 14 cents per pound in the price is such a strong inducement that there must be some five or six million pounds annually smuggled into this country. Canada's consumption is three pounds per head as compared with the United States' five pounds per head. Then (taking a basis of five million population for Canada) there should be 15,000,000 lbs. of tobacco imported or manufactured annually in Canada as against a little over nine million now.

The deputation did not ask for a reduction of the customs duty on manufactured tobacco, but wanted the excise duty reduced from 20 cents to 10 cents per pound. The duty in the United States is now 6 cents per pound.

These for the Girls.

The summer girl's parasol in pure white is as charming as of yore.

New fans are of crepe, embroidered with chrysanthemums and huge pansies.

It is hinted from across the water that there is to be a return to white hosiery.

Egyptian red underwear is shown in the shops, but is very little bought.

Glass enameling has succeeded china painting as a fashionable industry.

In Amsterdam now it is the fashion to announce a broken engagement of marriage.

An excellent lotion for the face and neck when sunburned is a mixture of two parts Jamaica rum to one of lemon juice.

Gowns are being treated with plaster applique work, something of the sort walls are accustomed to. It doesn't sound well, but it is very effective and much cheaper than embroidery.

Neatness and Dispatch.

Rochester *Herald:* A correspondent the New York *Herald* calls attention to a case of swift justice in Canada, where a man who murdered his wife on March 23rd was sentenced to be hanged on May 21st, just two months between the two points. The *Herald* makes a comparison with convictions for murder in this state, showing that instead of two months elapsing between crime and punishment, from two to three years is the more probable limit. There ought to be an improvement in the administration of criminal justice.

Next Best.

Boston *Sunday Herald:* Next to going to church to-day the best thing the dwellers in the city can do is to make a journey into the suburbs. They are clad in all the glory of springtime, and there are sermons in the blossoming trees, the verdant meadows and the sweet breath with which they load the atmosphere. There is time enough to take in both the sermons in the pulpit and the sermons in the fields.

IN Scotland children born out of wedlock and illegitimate become legitimate children in the eyes of the law, and possess all the rights of such, upon their parents becoming united in marriage. In England as in Canada the law is different, the illegitimate child retaining all the disabilities and any odium that may attach to the sin of its parents even after they have become husband and wife and the child has become a member of the household along with the younger branches. Following the example of Scotland, the Czar has issued a ukase declaring that hereafter all illegitimate children of Christians are to become legitimate upon the marriage of their parents, on condition of proper announcement made by the latter to the judicial authorities. Even in cases where a marriage is annulled or declared to have been illegal the children are to have all the rights of legitimate offspring. The decree, it is said, affects a vast multitude of children in Russia, where illegitimacy has been extremely common.

RUNAWAYS are so common nowadays and so many people get killed or injured that it remains a great wonder that some kind of an invention has not come into general use whereby a runaway horse could be easily and quickly unharnessed while on its wild career along the streets. We are aware that devices exist by which it is claimed a horse can be unharnessed at a moment's notice or at least detached from the vehicle it may be drawing when it is running away, but for some reason or other they have not come into general use. When one sees how quickly the horses of the fire department can be harnessed and yoked, surely some person with an inventive turn of mind could construct a set of harness which could be as quickly removed. Were this done a runaway would have few terrors for those driving or for those walking on the streets. If the horse could be freed from the shafts by the pulling of a strap or bolt or by pressure on a spring many lives would be saved and many accidents prevented. Such a contrivance should not be hard to make.

The young Emperor of China looks like a well bred youth of 17. He is rather pale and dark, has a well-shaped forehead, black eyebrows and dark eyes. His mouth is sensitive and his chin strong. He is very intelligent and his manners are gentle and unassuming. His face wears an expression of melancholy.

"In Adel, Ga., they sell a beer which is called rice beer," notes the New Orleans *New Delta.* "Its effects are peculiar. A man may drink it and not feel its effects for a week afterwards, when he is liable to suddenly become bilarious. This would be a good thing to load up on just before going to a prohibition town for a stay of a few days."

In Australia the Married Woman's Property Act became law at the beginning of 1891, and wives are now free agents to earn and to hold, to make partnerships and to dissolve them, to hold trusts and to make assurances.

The latest illustration of the inborn tendency of short women to espouse tall husbands is reported from Leeds, England, where a 32 inch lady in a museum has married one of the male exhibits who is six feet one inch in height. It is called a "freak wedding"; but there are lots of freak weddings in which there are far worse disparities than those of feet and inches.

YANKEE HORSES FOR SCOTLAND.

There is Profit in Sending the Animals Across the Water.

Shipping horses to Scotland is the latest innovation in Philadelphia's export trade. Within the last few months 400 horses have been sent to Aberdeen by the Allan Line steamships which ply between that port and Glasgow. John Kinney, a West Philadelphia horse dealer, sent out on the Allan Line steamship Scandinavian last week 38 head of horses, among which were two stallions, all consigned to Adam MacHattie, of Aberdeen, Scotland. The latter has opened large sales stables for the exclusive sale of American horses.

Mr. Kinney accompanied the vessel on her passage to Glasgow, intending to bring back Shetland ponies. Chicago horse dealers expect to ship from this city over a thousand horses within the next six months. The American trotter is preferred to the bulky and awkward running horse seen all through Scotland, and is used as a coach horse and general roadster.

It cost $30 for the transportation of each horse, besides $40 insurance on each animal valued at $200. But notwithstanding these heavy charges, which do not include the expenses to Aberdeen from Glasgow, the shippers realize a profit, and propose to push the trade.

Figs and Thistles.

Not to say no to self means to say yes to the devil.

Patience is the gold we get by going through the fire of trial.

The richest people on earth are those who give away the most.

A good deal of the devil's best work is done by careless people.

The world looks at what a man does, but God looks at what he means.

The man who never prays for anybody else never prays for himself.

The more we do to help others the lighter our own burdens will become.

The hypocrite does an immense amount of work for the devil for very small pay.

There are parents who work for their children too much and talk to them too little.—*Ram's Horn.*

Five Ways to Cure a Cold.

The *Pharmaceutical Review* gives these five ways to cure colds quickly:

1. Bathe the feet in hot water and take a pint of hot lemonade. Then sponge with salt water and remain in a warm room.
2. Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour.
3. Snuff up the nostrils hot salt water every three hours.
4. Inhale ammonia or menthol.
5. Take four hours active exercise in the air.

A ten-grain dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning.

Free to Hope.

Washington *Post:* "May I hope?" he asked, after his seventeenth rejection.

"Yes," she replied, "you may."

"Because——" he said pleadingly.

"Because," she responded earnestly, "this is a free country."

The Rag Baby.

Philadelphia *Record:* They have plenty of money in Argentina. The hungerers for cheap money should go there. With a $20 piece of the coin of the United States they can buy $55 of the paper legal tenders of the South American Republic. Go south, gentlemen, and get rich!

THE British War Secretary announced in Parliament yesterday that British troops were being sent to British Bechuanaland to oppose the proposed occupation of a portion of Mashonaland by the Boers. As the invading party is composed of 20,000 well-armed Boers, the troops will have their work cut out for them. The last war which the British waged against the Boers added little lustre to the British arms. In fact it disgraced them. The Battle of Majuba Hill, where General Colville was killed and his troops routed with great slaughter, added greatly to the prestige of the Boers, and they have been going around with a chip on their shoulder ever since. Colville was considered the greatest tactician in the British army at that time. General Stewart, who lost his life in leading the relief column across the desert to the Nile, was on his staff, and the men under him comprised some of the best material in the army, yet they were beaten on ground of their own choosing. Just at that time the Tories were driven from power, and although the Jingoes cried for revenge and blood Mr. Gladstone refused to continue the war, believing that the Boers were being unjustly attacked. For this he was bitterly assailed, but the Grand Old Man declared England was strong enough and respected enough to dare to do right when she found she was wrong.

A TORONTO SCHOONER.

All winter she lay in the frozen slip,
Held tight by an iron cord,
But lo! a warm smile warmed her lip,
And her old crew went aboard.
The mainsail rattled against the mast
And the gruff mate waved his hand,
The jib was filled by the wind at last
And the schooner left the land.

Who is it stands on the wharf with eyes
Glad, yet troubled and dim?
She watches the whitewing as it flies
And whispers a prayer for him;
She sees her lover go on his way
And she waves her little hand,
There's an aching heart in town to-day
For the schooner has left the land.

—The Khan.

Augustus Birrell recently expressed the opinion that "a child bought up in a house where Chambers' Encyclopedia, Pope's Homer, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Don Quixote,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' Shakespeare, Burns and Scott are upon the shelves, has within his reach enough to make him a man of taste and a lover of good books all the days of his life.

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