

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOYISH ADVENTURES

Some people are so made that human existence is intolerable to them. If they are scattered into offices, they become speculators or originators of business ventures. The English-speaking race is made of such people. That is why sport has so much charm for them. Its uncertainty is its fascination.

terrible hullabaloo of friends and servants and nurses, and a running to and fro between the houses as much joy because I was safe, the lives of which in other forms I have known to happen since.

The Twin Bar Soap advertisement featuring an image of the soap box and text: 'The Twin Bar WITH ITS Twin Benefits Less Labor Greater Comfort'.

THE DOCTOR'S PERIL.

"He was a man who did not know what fear was." We read of this inexperienced individual every day without a thought of cavil.

could ever forget who had once scorned her. She spoke. Her voice had a harsh, vibrant, rasping sound that made my nerves jump at every word.

send help immediately. A man is dead, his wife insane holding me with a pistol. I put signs of drama and ounce at the end of each line to add to the prescription like appearance of the whole.

and our departure was easier than our landing. We were rowed to the mainland, and walked up to the nearest village, where we called on the parson.

The canoe is the natural boat for a boy on a river. You see which way you are going, and you have it all to yourself.

I remember I was settling up an account of a steam which was not more than twenty yards across, but very deep.

As I went over I remember feeling singularly foolish. I lost my paddle, but came up near the overturned boat, which I lay hold of at the end and on to the bottom of which I scrambled.

There was practically no current, and the two banks maintained their distance. My hat floated near me, but just out of reach, and various foot-boards, paddles and other loose objects decorated the neighborhood.

"A few days later, when the floods were out, I was again upset, but close to a shallow place, to which I succeeded in kicking my way rather than swimming, for I was in an ulcer this time.

In these and many other ways, which it would be too tedious to mention, the unexpected met me at home in boyhood.

I don't think I ever fell out of a tree. I only once tumbled through the ice when skating, and then not into deep water.

The best fun that came to me always came in dreams and imaginings, when I voyaged through the air and penetrated to the bowels of the earth and explored the North Pole and the Sahara, and had the best sort of a time generally.

It needs fifty thousand persons to live at St. Peter's. It is believed that at least that number have been present in the church several times within modern memory.

Clearly Slanderous.—"I hardly know whether to feel aggrieved or not," said the AuntOne.—"Mr. Talcott told me I was a true daughter of Eve." "What impudence!" said the Sweet Young Thing.

Half an hour later the great stone was lowered into its place, and pronounced "well and truly laid," and at a signal flags were run up on shore, and the bells of a neighboring church pealed.

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The sea went down with the tide, and the carters picked me up; I can remember his brawny fist, and it seems to me his face was kindly.

"I was so amazed, surprised and overwhelmed that I could not think or act but rose half up from the chair.

"Liar! Murderer! You shall not do it. Restore my husband now, at once, or I will shoot you as you sit there."

"It was four good long steps between us. There, too, was the barricade of the table. Should I rush upon her I must receive at least one and probable two or three shots.

"Several moments were long and the winter was near at hand. With its approach there came a spell of cold times, when I came to a place where there was a wide gap in the trees on both sides, and the wind blew across through the gap instead of up stream as before.

"One raw night I had just returned tired and sleepy from a far visit to an exasperating old woman hoping I might be at peace for the rest of the night when my hopes were shattered by a ring at the door.

"Well, well, be patient and we will try what we can do." "There is a possibility," I said, "that he is in a cataleptic trance.

"Revive him, then," she answered, do your work and do it quickly. Bring him to look at me, to talk to me.

"Ah, me, no one has ever worked such marvel since the gentle Nazarene walked the earth. My panic had gradually worn away, however, but the sense of deadly peril still remained.

"Madame, I will use my utmost skill in spite of the extraordinary situation in which you have placed me. That I would do in any event, and is all I can do.

"No, she replied, you can not leave here. I will call a servant, and you can send for what you wish."

"My despair is only for a moment for her very words were pregnant with a great idea. I would send a message for what I wished, but it would be for help to a living man, not impotent drugs for a dead one.

"She led the way along a hall and into a large bedroom. In the centre was a solid, heavy oaken table and over opposite the door a bed in which lay some one, evidently my patient.

"I felt for the pulse. The hand and wrist were cold as ice. There was no pulse. I hurriedly passed my hand beneath the covers to find if there was any, turned the head toward me.

"Madam, I am too late. Your husband is dead. He must have died four or five hours ago. It is very strange that you should not have known his condition."

"She turned hastily and set the lamp up on the table. Then, going around so as to place the heavy strap between us she faced me leaning forward with her hands resting on the polished surface. The look she turned upon me was one which no man

could ever forget who had once scorned her. She spoke. Her voice had a harsh, vibrant, rasping sound that made my nerves jump at every word.

"Dead! Dead! It is not true you are lying to me. You are one of our enemies. He is yet living and you would bury him. My God! you would bury him alive. You shall not. You shall not."

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TO SATTERLEE & FINK, DUGGISTS. In namine Det. 2 drachms.

There are amusements involving passion and vanity, which dissipate the soul; and there are others, only entered upon with simplicity, for recreation and refreshment.

Capacity of St. Peter's.

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Flax Culture.

Mr. John A. Donaldson writes: Now that spring is at hand we hope the farmers will find it to their interest in Ontario, as well as in the Northwest, to enlarge their acreage in the cultivation of flax.