

only would I say as much. But no one living, not even papa, must know my secret—that I do love Daniel Courtney. I did not know how much until I knew that he was so ill. Oh, mamma, I am very unhappy.

"Do not fear that I will speak of it to your father, my dear. I had no intention of doing so until you had seen Daniel. There is no doubt he asked to see you alone in order to make you an offer of marriage."

"I think so, mamma, and now—"

"It is only postponed, my dear."

"I must conceal my feelings, mamma, and play the part of a miserably wretched man. How can I do it? What a comedy life is!"

"And, of course, what a tragedy!" said Mrs. Crawford. "I suppose Vivie will bear her heart out."

"There is no fear of that. She owned to me before she saw Mr. Courtney that she was engaged to her second cousin, but that she did not mean to keep it if she saw a better chance; a 'better chance' were the words, mamma."

"Ah! I need not waste my sympathy, then on silly Vivie."

Emily bathed her face, and no one would have thought that she had been disturbed in mind. Going into Vivie's room, she found her looking over a box of laces, and arranging some Paris flowers for an opera hat.

"You are better?" inquired Emily.

"Oh, yes, my dear. It was only for a moment. Dear me! what would I do if he died? I do love him so much I think it would kill me!"

"Has he ever told you that he loves you, Vivie?"

"Not in those very words; but I know he does, for all that. I'm not afraid; I can catch him. You told me you knew you would not marry him, so I am not taking a lover from you—am I, Emily, dear?"

Emily, who was the personification of truth, looked into Vivie's face in wonder how a woman could tell such a falsehood to her, as Vivie had done, without blushing. She was at the moment speechless with surprise. Vivie felt the gaze. Laying down the box she came over, and putting her arms around Emily's neck, she kissed her several times, saying:

"You dear, sweet, precious creature, you know you told me so."

"I told you that I would not marry Mr. Courtney? Impossible! How could I forget myself so far as to say I would not marry a man who has never asked me?"

"Ah, Emily, you did—indeed you did."

Miss Crawford knew that it was simply a lie, but she could not say so to her guest.

"Well, Vivie, please never repeat that to me again."

"Oh, no, dear, I'll never tell your secrets to anyone, and don't tell mine, you precious."

"Are you well enough to go to the theatre?" asked Emily.

"Yes, I'm getting my hat ready. I mean to have a real flirtation with Major Thompson to-night. And you?"

"I am going with mamma and papa."

"No, stupid, my dear! We would like to have you with us, if Major Thompson had not already engaged a box for you."

"I forgot to tell you that he wrote me this little note—drawing a note from her bosom—in which he asks my consent to take a box for the family, you and me; and then for a separation, in order that Mr. Courtney could get rid of this marriage, which Daniel had the indiscretion to confide to Colonel Donaldson, and to ask him to keep it secret. Why keep it secret, he said, if Courtney is honest in his intentions to his wife? He said the same to Angelina. His stories related to her were invariably of unfaithful lovers, and the fickleness of wicked husbands. They disgusted and sickened Angelina. She often begged him to cease telling her such things, and she told him she only liked what was good."

"But you must be warned," he would reply. "Your very innocence may lead you to ruin some day."

"I am not afraid, Captain. I like my innocence better as a protection. I do not care to know anything of bad people. What can I have to do with them? I shall never be in company with them."

"How do you know that I am good?"

Angelina started and looked at him in wonder. He laughed, and said:

"Suppose now that I should tell you that I am in love with you, what would you do?"

"I'd leave the room, and tell you I'd never see you again!"

"But suppose I should persevere, or force you?"

"I'd stab you!" said Angelina, fiercely, all the violence of her strong nature directed to her aid.

Captain Donaldson was surprised. He had till now only seen in her the gentle, loving wife, so gentle that he thought nothing could disturb the serenity of her temper. He little knew the strength in her character that lay dormant, till the occasion called it into action.

"I only supposed a case, Miss Angelina; you know I am good, and could not do so. I am Mr. Courtney's best friend, and that is why he left you in my care. You are not angry with me, are you, for this joke?"

"I will be, if you ever talk to me again in this way. I do not like it," she said, wiping her face and taking a chair on the other side of the room.

When nearly a week had passed, the Captain called again, and asked:

"Have you had a letter yet from Mr. Courtney, Miss Angelina?"

"Not since the one he wrote me in which he said I could expect him at Christmas."

"Ugh! ugh!" said the Captain, thoughtfully. "Do you not think it strange he could not write you and save you all this pain?"

"I do, but I do not blame him."

"What you suppose is the cause?"

"I am sure Mr. Courtney is not to blame!"

"I can't excuse him so easily as you do. He can write to me, and, of course, to you."

"I do not think he would write to you, when he did not to me, Captain."

"I am afraid—" answered the Captain, and paused.

"Afraid of what?" inquired Angelina, coming nearer to him to hear what he was going to say. He seized her hand, and before she could withdraw it, said:

"I'm afraid that those fine ladies will keep him in Washington, poor little wif!"

Angelina snatched away her hand, folded her arms across her chest, and with the dignity and defiant air of an offended queen, she said in a loud and stern voice:

"How dare you say to me such a thing, or to anyone! How dare you express your vile insinuations!" She trembled so violently with anger she could say no more, but fell back into the chair near her and sobbed bitterly. The Captain was alarmed, and tried to persuade her that she had no cause for anger against him.

"If you were able to hear me I could show you now what reason I have for saying what I did," he said, "and the sooner you know the truth, the better."

Angelina raised her head from hands that had covered her face, and answered:

"Say all that you have to say, but take care that you say the truth, or—"

(To be continued.)

not reach New Orleans in time to prevent a great disappointment at the Hall on Christmas, where the warmest welcome had been prepared for him. In those days the mail coach travelled slowly in the severe winter of the North, till it reached the borders of the far Southern States, and then it met with the dilatory habits of the Southerners to delay it. Half hours, and sometimes hours, were not counted as lost when a blacksmith was needed, and took his own time to supply horseshoes or mend a coach.

Christmas Eve had come.

Angelina was nearly wild with the joy of her young heart. Little Para was told a hundred times, though she did not understand it, that "papa was coming." The lace curtains at the cottage windows had been taken down and put up again fresh as ever. Flowers were put in every possible place, so that the rooms looked like a blooming garden. Angelina, the loveliest of all, was all aglow with expectancy. At every sound her heart beat rapidly; again and again she went to the window, and each time she grew more and more impatient for the coming of the only one, in all the world, except Para, that she loved devotedly, and him she almost worshipped. She tried to sing, but her mind wandered, and she looked on the music-sheet without seeing it. She wished Para would wake and chatter to her in her own baby language. She had dressed herself for Daniel. He liked a light blue silk that she wore the first time he saw her, and she put it on for his coming; a white blonde scarf in her neck, fastened by a bunch of forget-me-nots and white roses, were the only ornaments she wore. "How lovely Miss Angelina looks," said Marie to one of the maids. "Somehow I think Master won't come now, it is so late. I wish Miss Angelina would give him up to-night and go to bed. She will be sick."

But no, it was not easy for the young wife to believe that she must be disappointed. One, two, and three o'clock came and she was still expecting him! At last she sank into a chair and fell asleep from exhaustion.

Marie did not like to waken her, and set down to her feet to wait till she moved, and then to go with her to her bedroom and assist her to undress. In an hour Angelina started up and inquired anxiously:

"Did I sleep? Did he come?"

"No, Missus Angelina. Master will certainly come to-day, and you will look fresh then if you will go to your room now."

"Yes, Marie," answered Angelina, in a low tone of one too exhausted to resist longer. "I'll lie down now and wait patiently."

The next day, and the next, and another day passed without his coming. Poor Angelina could scarcely keep up so great was her anxiety. A terrible fear of what? She dared not say, nor define it. A dread was falling upon her that chilled her very soul. He was her world, her life, she said again and again, and if anything befell him that would part them while she loved him so much, it would kill her. A thousand wild imaginations flitted across her mind, each sending a sharp pain through her heart. Colonel Donaldson had for some time past been teaching her what he called *knowledge of the world*, through recitals of his own experience and confidences entrusted to him. His plot was, if possible, to prepare the way, first for discontent between the husband and wife, and then for a separation, in order that Mr. Courtney could get rid of this marriage, which Daniel had the indiscretion to confide to Colonel Donaldson, and to ask him to keep it secret. Why keep it secret, he said, if Courtney is honest in his intentions to his wife? He said the same to Angelina. His stories related to her were invariably of unfaithful lovers, and the fickleness of wicked husbands. They disgusted and sickened Angelina. She often begged him to cease telling her such things, and she told him she only liked what was good.

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(To be continued.)

KING ALFONSO'S DEATH.

THE PATHETIC SCENES AT THE DEATH BED.

MADRID, Nov. 26.—Cardinal Benavides heard King Alfonso's confession at 7.30 a.m. on Wednesday and administered to him the last sacraments in presence of Queen Christina, ex-Queen Isabella and other members of the royal family and several members of the household. The King begged to see his daughters, who were in Madrid at the time. They were telegraphed for, but arrived too late to see their father alive. The King died in the arms of Queen Christina, all present being profoundly affected. The Cardinal covered the body with flowers and for a long time refused to leave the chamber.

BAYONA, Nov. 26.—Letters received from Madrid attribute the death of King Alfonso to various causes. One attributes his death to pulmonary phthisis, another to tuberculosis of the intestines, and another to general anæmia and long failing health. It is stated that in the midst of his indisposition and extreme depression the King painted his cheeks to give him an artificial appearance of health, and he constantly persisted in disregarding the requests of his physicians that he should remain at his hunting seat at El Pardo, declaring that there were political reasons for his presence at the capital.

THE NEW QUEEN.

MADRID, Nov. 26.—Princess Mercedes, the five year old daughter of Alfonso, will be Queen under the regency of her mother, Christina. Senor Sagasta will form a new cabinet. The streets are crowded with people, eagerly discussing the situation, but the city is tranquil. The body of Alfonso has been embalmed.

MADRID, Nov. 27.—On Monday afternoon, King Alfonso, in spite of the damp weather, accompanied the Duc de Montpensier, in a closed carriage, part of the distance, from El Pardo to Madrid. On returning to El Pardo he complained of feeling unwell and of a difficulty in breathing, which alarmed the attending physician, Dr. Casanove. At 11 o'clock on Monday night the King had another attack of difficult breathing of the greatest intensity. He was unwilling, however, to alarm the Royal family and delayed sending for the Prime Minister until the next morning, when the Duc de Serto arrived. The latter immediately informed the ministers and members of the Royal family, who were in Madrid. Queen Christina, the Infanta Eulalia, the Duke de Montpensier, ex-Queen Isabella and others hurried to El Pardo, where they found the King sitting in an arm chair in an exhausted condition, but conscious. The King embraced his wife, mother and sisters, and spoke a few hopeful words to them. Meanwhile the feeling of alarm had spread through-out Madrid, and there was an endless succession of carriages passing by the city gates. The doctors who had been summoned to the King's bedside, conferred until late in the afternoon. Alfonso was then able to take a little nourishment. He slept during the night. Early in the morning he had another fit of gasping, followed by a still more difficult respiration, which lasted until his death. When the laughter of the King arrived from Madrid there was a terrible scene of grief.

The Queen has summoned Senor Sagasta to form a cabinet. King Alfonso absolutely refused to allow the doctors to hold a consultation. His mother and wife were obliged to implore him to permit the doctors to attend him. Hypocritical objections were made in order to induce the monarch to send for the Cardinal, who was by the King's bedside throughout the night. The scene when the last sacrament was administered was deeply impressive. Tears coursed down the cheeks of all present. When the King expired, Queen Christina, who was tearful with a wail of anguish, cried: "Alfonso! Oh, God, he answers! Alfonso!" Queen Isabella knelt, crying: "Holy Virgin, have mercy."

The population here is orderly. The first reserve force, consisting of 100,000 men will probably be summoned in order to overcome the various factions. The troops in Catalonia, Castile and Biscay will be reinforced.

FEELING AT EUROPEAN CAPITALS.

LONDON, Nov. 27.—The death of King Alfonso has made a profound impression in all the European capitals. The Emperor of Austria-Hungary, the Emperor of Germany and the King of Italy will send representatives to attend the funeral. A despatch from Madrid says Senor Sagasta, the new Prime Minister, is confident of the support of the left, and that Senor Dominguez, with the assistance of the Royalists, will retain the monarchy and regency of Queen Christina, although the ex-Queen Isabella is more popular than Christina, who is considered proud and cold.

VIENNA, Nov. 27.—Members of the Imperial family were attending a theatrical performance when the news of King Alfonso's death arrived. They immediately retired, leaving the theatre empty.

PARIS, Nov. 27.—The Chamber of Deputies refused the motion to adjourn in respect to the memory of King Alfonso on the ground that King Alfonso would probably have paid such a tribute to the Emperor William.

LOYAL TO THE QUEEN.

MADRID, Nov. 27.—The members of the new ministry are Fusionists, with the exception of Rios Martos and Morel, who belong to the dynastic Left. Gen. Martinez Campos to-day convened the superior officers of the army near Madrid, and declared himself ready to obey any ministry or chief the Queen might appoint. All present swore to uphold the constitution and maintain the succession. Soldiers on furlough have been ordered to rejoin their regiments immediately. It is reported that a Carlist rising is imminent in Navarre.

How often do we hear of the sudden fatal termination of a case of croup, when a young life might have been saved by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral! Be wise in time, and keep a bottle of it on hand, ready for instant use.

Comoville, Cal., has forty houses and only one inhabitant, the rest having moved away.

Holliday's Ointment and Pills combine both sanative and anæsthetic powers in a high degree; by the former term is understood their ability to preserve health, by the latter their capability to restore health. These remedies at hand, no invalid need be fatigued to guide himself or herself safely through the many trials to which every one is subjected during our long and often inclement winters. Coughs, colds, ulcerated throats, quinsy, whooping cough, can be successfully treated by well rubbing this Ointment upon the chest, and by taking the Pills. During damp, foggy weather asthmatical sufferers will experience the utmost possible relief from the inunction of the Ointment, and all tender-chested persons will save endless misery by adopting this treatment.

A new town in Russia has been named New York in honor of the American metropolis.

BRONCHITIS.

Bronchitis comes from Colds and irritations of the Throat; Hoarseness, Cough and Sore Throat are its characteristics. These troubles may be remedied by a timely use of Hagar's Pectoral Balm.

An iron pier 3,166 feet in length is being built at Boston. It will be the longest in the world.

CARLETON PLACE, ONT.

(Special Correspondence of The Post.)

It must not be forgotten that though Carleton Place is but a small town in Ontario, surrounded by all the "isms" pertaining to that monster evil, the Orange organization, it has got its quota of true and generous hearted Irish Canadians, who look with longing eyes towards that dear little Isle across the sea. For proof of this we have only to glance at the movement just inaugurated in town to assist the Irish Parliamentary Fund, with our popular and highly esteemed citizen, Mr. Patrick Galvin, at its head. With Mr. Galvin as leader the enterprise is sure to meet with success. We have our French Canadianians here also, who heartily join hands with their fellowmen of Irish descent, and will assist them as far as they can in helping the people of Ireland to fight the battle for Home Rule. At the same time they never forget their duty to their own country. They believe in freedom in the fullest sense of the word, and are always ready to do battle against any enemy of our country. Your correspondent, who is himself a French Canadian, loves his country as truly as did ever the late Sir George Etienne Cartier, and can exclaim with as much sincerity and pride, *O Canada, mon pays mes Amour*. With these two peoples united, as they are, on the subject of the execution of Riel, the movement is sure of success, and when the sum total comes to be made up, we think the contribution by the people of Carleton Place will be equal to that of other towns of the same advantages.

Catholicity is still progressing, and, as time goes on, our congregations grow larger. It has just been found necessary to enlarge the church at Ferguson's Falls, and the work will be performed as speedily as possible. It was thought at first that the change would not be made until next spring, but we are blessed with an energetic pastor who evidently believes that "procrastination is the thief of time," and he is having the work pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

During the Advent season, which is close at hand, an extra priest, probably the Rev. Father Sexton, whose recent visit made a very favorable impression upon our parishioners, will be present to assist the Rev. Father O'Donohue, and the faithful will have an excellent opportunity of performing their religious duties during this holy season.

J. C.

THE STOMACH is the grand central of the living system, the first organ developed in animal life, and the first to suffer from excesses. Regulate its diseased action by Burdock Blood Bitters, which restores health to the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys, and blood.

THE HINDOO CANDIDATE.

DEFERRED BY THE LIBERAL FROM BEING.

LONDON, Nov. 27.—The picturesque of today's election was the struggle at Deptford, where for the first time in history a Hindoo, regardless of his own high caste, claimed the right as a subject of the Empire to contest for a seat in foggy England as a Liberal candidate. Lalulohn Ghose is a Bengalee scholar and one of the three Indian delegates, sent here to propagate native ideas. He had a powerful adversary in Mr. Evelyn, the Conservative candidate, who is popular among the Deptford voters. The seat and solid streets surrounding the great dockyard saw an unwonted sight in the dozens of Hindoos who had come down to support their compatriot. Mr. Ghose, with his wife, a delicate Hindoo lady, dressed in the height of European fashion, paraded the streets in a landau drawn by a dashing pair of horses. They were greeted everywhere with ringing cheers, mingled with groans.

It was Mr. Ghose—"Cough!" is the way the name is pronounced—at his central committee rooms. He is a tall, strapping and intelligent looking man of forty, with a big, bronzed colored face, a heavy mustache and high cheek bones. He speaks English fluently, and has this week addressed tens of thousands of electors in their own language.

"What is your platform, Mr. Ghose? Are you running as an Indian or an Englishman?" I asked.

"My platform," was the reply, "is that of any English Liberal with the Indian plank added. I came to this country to defend Lord Ripon's policy and to denounce the oppressive policy of Lord Lytton. Hence I naturally associated with the latter party."

"What do you hope for from Lord Ripon's policy?"

"Justice to India and some approach to representative institutions in an Indian Parliament in India."

"But your aims are similar to Mr. Parnell's in Ireland?"

"I would strengthen the bond between India and England and not loosen it. There is no tendency in India toward separation and no wish to help the Russians. We hope simply for progressive liberty. If that is assured us India will continue loyal."

"If Mr. Parnell's great excitement, the result of the election was proclaimed. A surging crowd of workmen waited near the figures, and when it was known that Mr. Evelyn had carried the day by a narrow majority the Conservative shouts of victory were almost drowned in the disappointed hisses of the Hindoo partisans. Mr. Ghose and his wife seemed much pleased for they had like Sir Charles Dillio in Chelsea, looked upon an easy triumph as certain.

YOU INVITE DISEASE WHEN YOU NEGLECT

regular action of the bowels, and incurable disease may result. Regulate the bowels and the entire system with Burdock Blood Bitters, which act upon the Bowels, Stomach, Liver and Blood.

It is said on good authority that just before the outbreak of cholera in Toulon the swallows suddenly disappeared from the locality. An officer in the Bengal cavalry said in reference to this that during a cholera epidemic in India he had noticed that, though many of the dead remained unburied, all of the carrion-eating birds had disappeared.

There are so many cough medicines in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is so pleasant as syrup.

The expression "galvanizing a corpse" has ceased to be exclusively metaphorical. M. Kergovaty, a Frenchman, has discovered a method of preserving bodies by giving them a metallic tinge. We may, according to our means, become silver-plated, nickel-plated, or galvanized with zinc or copper. The process has been thus far tested successfully on eleven human bodies and more than one hundred times on the carcasses of animals.

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

TABLES MADE ENTICING.

Great attention is now being paid to dinner table decorations.

Families in moderate circumstances gather flowers and place them artistically among the plates and dishes.

And what can be more beautiful or enticing; what occupation more worthy for the young ladies of the household?

Simplicity and a faithful copying of nature are the only points to be studied, and there are few families that cannot boast of female talent sufficient to brighten and beautify a table even in the humblest home.

Chrysanthemums, azaleas, rhododendrons or geraniums may be used, and manve and cream flowers, with brown foliage and grasses, are another suggestion, using heliotrope or pansies, or even phlox. If judiciously treated every flower is beautiful in itself and shows all its beauty when properly displayed. Roses are employed in all varieties, with their own foliage and buds; indeed, a great object is to make the blooms look as natural as possible, as though growing. Pure white flowers, intermingled with crimson and brilliant colored leaves, is a very happy combination, especially chrysanthemums and scarlet geraniums, gladioli, double or single daisies, stephanotis and many others. On a black ground bright yellow flowers show to the best advantage.

THE HOME.

It is scarcely to be wondered that we are beginning to rely more and more on ready-made cookery for our meals; and if some new preacher of hygiene could only propagate successfully the theory that hot meat was decidedly hurtful, the modern cook's business in an average establishment would merely be to learn how to open tins and to turn out their contents.

Sardines, potted meat, if *not* *quite* broken fast, to the exclusion of the delicacies of which our grandparents were so proud.

Even dinners can be done with little trouble in the kitchen. Tinned soup only wants warming up; the lobsters or oysters for the sauce only want transferring to some melted butter from their armor plated cases, and we can get all the pastry from the confectioners and the jelly out of bottles. We might go on and mention many things more, but those are enough now to show how very much many people are dependent on others when it can be done.

It may be said it is a good plan to follow, and if it saves trouble why should it not be adopted? At least it would render us independent of the cook and her temper, and this would certainly be a consideration. But we think it is to be regretted on more accounts than one.

Cookery is an art. True, it may not occupy a place in the same rank as painting or music. We scarcely reckon the designer of a carpet on the same level as an academician, but in its own line the designer of our furniture is an artist. The maker of a violin is no less of the sacred fraternity of art.

And if we relegate the preparation of all our food to either a cunning "dug" in Canada or a professional clique in England is it not to be feared that we shall lose some of the little niceties and refinements that should characterize a well arranged table?

In days gone by a lady looked upon her householding as one of her first duties, and it was one of her greatest sources of pride. In the present day a lady goes to a school of cookery, gets a slight, a very slight, smattering of some of the elements of cookery, copies off a few recipes into a neat pocketbook (to which she will probably never refer) gives her hasty orders to the cook, who will execute them as quickly and perfunctorily as possible, and her quick keeping is done. If the meals come up in an outside condition, all right; if not, she will find fault vigorously with the cook, but will generally be quite unable to teach her any better.

We frequently hear the complaint made that there are no good cooks to be found; but those who are still old fashioned enough to have a dash of pardonable conceit in their cuisine often feel inclined to answer with the trite old proverb, "Like master—like man." The opposite of poets' cooks are made, not born; and if mistresses are incapable of teaching, it is surely a little hard to blame the cooks for not learning.

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NEW POST OFFICES.

The following new post offices were established in Canada on the 1st November:—Allaw, Victoria, N. R. O.; Ardpatrick, Marquette, M.; Broomfield Station, Prince, P. E. I.; Brown Hill, York, N. R. O.; Cheney settlement, King's, N. B.; Craigholme (reopened), Wellington, C. R. O.; Dovercourt, York, W. R. O.; Elgin, New Westminster, B. C.; Fair View, Westmoreland, N. B.; Iris, Queen's, P. E. I.; Jaquet River, Restigouche, N. B.; Kenney, Perth, N. R. O.; Littlewood, Middlesex, S. R. O.; Loch Ban, Inverness, NS.; Mink River road, Kings, P. E. I.; Montreal River, Nipissing, O.; Mount Middleton, King's, N. B.; Norwood, York, W. R. O.; Riverdale, Queen's, P. E. I.; Sea Island, New Westminster, B. C.; Vionets, Lunenburg, N. S.; White's Mills, King's, N. B. The following officers have been closed: Brookdale, Selkirk, M.; Broad Cove Mines, Inverness, N. S.; Drynoch, Yale-Kootenay, B. C.; East Magdala, Megantic, Q.; Heron Bay, Algoma, O.; Jackfish Bay, Algoma, O.; Pembina Crossing, Selkirk, M.; Ross More, Prince Edward, O. The following offices have had their names changed: Alexandria, Selkirk, M.; Shadeland; Dundalk Station, Grey E. R. O.; Dundalk; Horse Head, Prince, P. E. I.; Waterford; Mackey's Mills, Nipissing, O.; Eauclair; Pulteney, Selkirk, M.; to Alexander Station.

AD TO PARNELL.

ORILLA IRISHMEN ENDORSE THE HOME RULE CAUSE AND CONTRIBUTE TO THE PARLIAMENTARY FUND.

ORILLA, Ont., Nov. 25.—A large meeting was held here this afternoon of sympathizers with Irish Home Rule, Mr. J. G. Bolster, president of the local branch of the Land League, presiding. Hearty speeches were made by a large number of prominent gentlemen, including Mr. Mahoney, president of the Toronto branch, and resolutions approving of Parnell's policy and fully endorsing the agitation for Irish self-government were enthusiastically adopted and a large sum of money subscribed to the Parliamentary Fund.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Makes a Cooling Drink.

Into half a tumbler of ice water put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate; add sugar to the taste.

Boston is said to be overrun with opium joints and gambling dens.

A CRYING EVIL.—Children are often fretful and ill when worms are the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all worms.

AN ALARMING DISEASE AFFLICTING A NUMEROUS CLASS.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull heavy feeling attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky mucus gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pain in the side and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly coloured, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dread full disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonising disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The sweet and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 17, Farringdon Road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

Market Place, Focklington, York, October 2nd, 1882.

Sir,—Being a sufferer for years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and after spending pounds in medicines, I was at last persuaded by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, which I had bought to say I have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine I ever took, and would advise anyone suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, the results they would soon find out for themselves. If you like to make use of this testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) R. TURNER.

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure constipation.

St. Mary street, Focklington, York, November 29th, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
Mr. A. J. White. William Brent.

Hensington, Whitehaven, Oct. 16th, 1882.

Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—I remain, yours respectfully,
(Signed) John H. Lightfoot.

15th August, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Walker, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe