

THE DOMINION IN BRIEF.

WHAT IS GOING ON OF INTEREST TO CANUCKS.

The Happenings of a Week Epitomized Into a Column of Neatly Paragraphs for Interested Readers.

Frost has injured early vegetables and small fruits in parts of Essex County. Another Canadian phosphate company has issued its prospectus in London. A convention of South Huron Conservatives will be held at Exeter on June 10th. The new Roman Catholic Church of St. Helen's, Hamilton, was dedicated Sunday last. The Governor-General has forwarded \$300 to assist the sufferers by the St. Sauveur fire.

Rev. G. H. Sandwell, the new pastor of Zion Church, Toronto, preached his first sermon yesterday.

The W. M. M. Methodists have passed a resolution deprecating unconstituted action on the part of the church.

The Halifax Railway Co. Company is placing 12,000,000 in bonds on the London market.

Nearly the whole of the business portion of Bridge St. was closed by fire this morning.

Nearly 2000 members of the Sons of England came to the Queen's Hall, London, to celebrate the 4th anniversary of the late Queen Victoria.

It is reported that a new order of knighthood will shortly be conferred on several Canadian statesmen.

An examination of the books of Charles Lippincott, the publisher of the Montreal Water Department, shows a shortage of \$5000.

The first of Wednesday night does not appear to have done much damage to cereals. Garden vegetables were the principal sufferers.

A party of 20 boys from England arrived on Tuesday at the Marlborough Hotel, Belleville, and are on their way.

Various Kingston medicals have decided to employ boys as messengers from city letters rather than by the old-fashioned carriers.

The application of Mr. J. J. Laidlaw for a new trial has been refused by the Orangeville Presbytery.

The Toronto Dominion & Farmers' Union has given notice that unless certain conditions are complied with they will go on strike next Monday.

William V. Smith, chief Justice Smith, of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court, attempted to commit suicide while on his way to Jamaica last Thursday.

Two men were arrested with valuable furs at the Montreal docks, and when captured, had more than \$200 in their possession, were on Saturday fined \$10 each.

Large numbers of Mormons from Utah and Idaho are passing to the Canadian North West, where they have purchased extensive tracts of land.

A young woman named Annie Brigham, of Georgetown, suspected of child murder, was arrested at Stratford on Saturday on her way to Detroit.

Five senatorial seats are now vacant, namely, those caused by the death of Senators Ferguson, Plumb, Ferrer and Ryan and the resignation of Dr. Schultz.

Mike H. Smith, a single man, aged 27, was instantly killed on the C.T.R. by three miles east of Paris, by the limited express yesterday morning.

An action of £100,000 has been instituted by Messrs. Dufferin, Bisette & Co., Montreal publishers, against La Justice for printing their publication was immoral.

The amount received by the Dominion Government for licenses issued to American fishermen under the modus vivendi exceeds \$2,000,000, and the amount received during the last year was \$1,000,000.

At a recent trial in Windsor the fact was elicited that Charles Coxey, of Essex County, had sold his wife and two children to his cousin for \$1, and that Mrs. Coxey consented to the sale and lived with her purchaser.

The contractor for the Toronto Harbour improvement is said to have spent \$200,000 in employing and from four to five hundred thousand dollars will be expended, and that the work will take twelve years to complete.

Yesterday was the seventh anniversary of the assassination of Mr. Tupper, Minister of Internal Affairs, in the Capitol, and he was the recipient of many complimentary messages from all parts of the province.

The League of Women was opened yesterday by the Toronto and Shombrugh on Rosedale grounds. The Toronto women easily won the prize. There was a large attendance of about 4,000 spectators being present.

The Deputy Marshal of the Vice-Admiralty Court in Ottawa was ordered to Montreal to serve a warrant at the instance of the Atlantic coast of the ship Cynthia, which vessel is accused of being coasted in the furthest waters by the Polynesian in the recent collision.

It is the undertaker who never fails to carry out what they undertake.

Gen. Bon Barber wears false teeth and chews white rice gum.

If you had a few of us in the street, follow it closely and with much dignity. Some boys do well, but it is for you.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest in life is to have as many of them as possible.

A physician says: "Girls in feeble health should take a tramp through the woods on fields every day. But suppose a tramp should object to being taken through the woods or fields every day by girls in feeble health?"

Sarah Bernhardt, who has always smoked cigarettes, has now taken to sniffing cigars. She is said to find of newspaper puff.

Mrs. Frances Holburn Burnett recently remarked that if she had known the penalty of fame she would never have written a line.

If the wall about the stove has been smoked by the stove, cover the black patches with gun-sellex, and they will not strike through either point of kalamene.

If a bedstead creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the ends of each in old newspapers. This will prove a complete silencer.

Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first, and then on the right side, after which they may be removed by the use of hot-gel or ammonia and water.

When hair-dressed walls have been kalamened, the soiled coats should be washed or scraped off before a new one is put on. This is the most disagreeable part of the process.

I saw a cow slip through the fence. A house-fly in a store. I saw a wood-chuck up the road. And a stone pick on the floor.

A SET OF SAPHIRES.

"John," pretty Mrs. Cecil Morgan looked at her husband's chair with a somewhat hesitating look and manner—"you let me have some money?"

John, the head book-keeper in the business-house of Murray & Co., looked at his wife with a somewhat hesitating look and manner—"you let me have some money?"

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looking so bright and fresh in her walk—insight of Quaker drab that many admirer eyes followed the graceful figure.

"Poor delectable Cecil never thought of the consequences of her foolish act, although she expected John would rebuke her severely for spending the money; but she trusted to his leniency and her own powers of persuasion to soften his wrath."

"He had never, as he said, refused her anything in reason, and if this was an apparently useless purchase, she could easily turn the jewels into money, if the rainy day John was always predicting ever arrived."

On her return from Raby & Co., with the jewel casket safely stowed away in her pocket, she was brought to a sudden standstill by meeting her husband coming out of the dining-room with a perturbed and anxious countenance.

"John," she said hurriedly, "I have lost my pocket-book. Did you find it?"

"Lost your pocket-book?" asked Mr. Morgan, looking great surprise and anxiety flashed quickly over his face, but she meant to deny finding it, but the confusion required more moral courage than she could muster at present.

"Yes, lost my pocket-book," repeated Mr. Morgan in a troubled voice, "and the money in it is still closed, and Cecil's heart stood still with astonishment, and she grew white to the lips."

"John," she gasped, "as if something was choking her, 'tell me—how it was?'"

"It was this way, Macray gave me two hundred dollars yesterday evening to pay a bill for me, and I was leaving the jewel casket in the room."

"I had reached our office, Cecil, are you sure it's not in the house?"

"I—I am sure I don't know," stammered Cecil, too overwhelmed with fear and mortification to think rationally.

"Not John's money?" she felt amazed and cried, "it's not John's money, but it's my own money, and I don't know where it is."

"My own money?" Mrs. Morgan, with a subdued wail, she put her handskerchief to her eyes and burst into sudden tears—a weak woman's best defence.

"That's always the cry—my extravagance,"

"No, Cecil," he said sadly, as he laid his hand on the golden head, "you must say that I often reproach you with extravagance. But I am tired of living on faro only fit for a hermit, and an ever-lasting pinching in everything."

"You do not need this jewelry, and it would not be advisable to wear it if you had it; for men with only moderate salaries must put up with moderate luxuries. I will deny you nothing in reason, but you cannot have those sapphires."

There was a ring of unmistakable decision in his voice. He slowly drew out his pocket-handkerchief, evidently expecting some reply from his wife. But he made none, and sullenly refused to look up as she stooped to kiss her.

"Don't let us quarrel over such baubles, Cecil," he said gently, as she stroked his hair, "life is too short to be wasted in foolish bickerings."

"Then the clerks in my office, and Mrs. Morgan burst into a passion of angry tears, for she had set her irascible heart on the sapphires, and it was not often she did not obtain her heart's desire."

"She was a blonde, of the most attractive type—very lovely, with a flower-like face, and a graceful figure that she loved to array in costly raiment. Her husband's forced economy was often a sore trial to her, and was the cause of many unmeaning differences. Had she possessed one atom of financial judgment she would have seen that their present style of living taxed her husband's salary to the utmost. But she had been a spoiled and pretty child, educated under fashionable influences, and when, by one of those strange freaks of fancy, John Morgan—grave, matter-of-fact John—proposed, Cecil, after the manner of too many of her sex, married him, with the expectation that her married life would be one long dream of satisfied wants."

"For John was a rising man, and expected a partnership in the firm. But his wife's evident love of display weakened his chances of promotion, and Cecil secretly fretted over the self-denial and economy her circumstances forced her to endure."

"I never wanted anything so bad in my life," she murmured, as she dried her eyes and looked around the breakfast room, with its warmth and sunlight, dimpling her rosy cheeks, "what a lovely blooming plants in the bay window."

"And I think John might let me have them, the utmost. But she had been a spoiled and pretty child, educated under fashionable influences, and when, by one of those strange freaks of fancy, John Morgan—grave, matter-of-fact John—proposed, Cecil, after the manner of too many of her sex, married him, with the expectation that her married life would be one long dream of satisfied wants."

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to say it, it was the identical roll I gave you last evening to pay that bill at Hensby & Sons. Now, did your wife find the pocket-book; or was it ever lost, John?"

John Morgan dropped to the floor like one stricken a heavy blow; and a slight stream of blood issued from his pallid lips.

Mr. Macray hastily telephoned for a physician, and Mrs. Morgan, "Don't be alarmed," John said, faintly, "I have not been long lately, and the shock was too much for me. Oh, Cecil, Cecil!"

Half an hour later Mrs. Morgan entered the office with a white, scared face. Her eyes were blinded by tears, and Mr. Macray and the physician were unnoticed as she hurried to her husband's side.

"John," she cried in great distress, "don't let the loss of that money kill you. I found it, and spent it—I didn't know it belonged to the firm—for that set of sapphires."

She threw the casket into his lap, and John laid his head against the carved back of his chair, his face slowly reddening with shame.

"Speak to me, John," she sobbed hysterically, "I'll never be so wicked again; never spend a dollar without your consent."

Mr. Macray stepped forward, and laid his hand on her arm.

"Don't excite your husband, Mrs. Morgan; he is faint yet. Settle this matter in the future."

But Cecil, in deep humility, went down on her knees, and laid her face on her husband's breast, breathing words of contrition, that so oft-repeated and revised the groined hearts.

Macray, with a gentleness she could not rebel, explained the sin of overreaching her husband's salary, and the folly of useless display; ending the matter by taking the set of sapphires, and promising to keep the whole matter a secret.

John Morgan, in the peaceful days that followed, often blessed the day he lost his employer's money; for it transformed Cecil into a marvel of prudence. And Cecil—well—Cecil never saw a sapphire without a sudden sensation of horror.—Olive Bell.

Faithfully Recommended. In the Spring of 1888, I had inflammation of the lungs, which left my lungs weak. I had a very bad cough, and resolved to try Hagar's Pectoral Balm. It did me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken, and I can faithfully recommend it. Miss Mary Kay, Virginia, Ont.

The Kind of Coughs He led. "There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public and he does not try. He is always ready to help, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers; but a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service. He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor, and look after his affairs for him. I believe he and his wife keep house plants in winter mainly that they may be able to send little bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets, and you'll always see them, climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him in the streets."

Dispensia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature. The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics. But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No dyspepsia without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness at the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents. Cowly

Rapidly of Pulsation. In a new-born child the pulse beats 150 in a minute; at one year, 110; at two, 95; from seven to fourteen, 85; in the adult man, 72, and in the woman, 80. The frequency of the pulse beat is increased by drinking hot water or tea, diminished by drinking cold. A warm water, equal in quantity to the clothing of the body increases the pulse by about ten beats a minute. Mental activity diminishes it more or less.—New York Telegram.

Colic often suffer. From rheumatism, dyspepsia, biliousness, kidney complaint and many other ills, which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics. But Green's August Flower just cures them quickly and permanently just as it always does in every case, from whatever cause arising.

Following His Instructions. "What are you doing, Patrick?" "Wakin' up your husband, ma'am." "But why?" "Because it's tin o'clock, ma'am, when I was to give him the drops to make him shlap."

"He Never Smiled Again." No "hardly ever" about it. He had an attack of what people call "biliousness," and to smile was impossible. Yet a man may "smile and smile, and be a villain still, still he was no villain, but a plain, blunt, honest man, that needed a remedy such as Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which never fail to cure biliousness and diseased or torpid liver, dyspepsia and chronic constipation. At Druggists.

Mr Dan Moran left Seaforth for Port Folio, Algoma, about two weeks ago. He is now homeward bound, being stranded in Owen Sound. The climate and soil of Algoma did not agree with him, while the people lack the literary tastes congenial to Dan's cultivated mind.

We are pleased to see that Mr Alex McIntosh, teacher in S. S. No. 5, McKillop, is again able to be around after a severe attack of inflammation of the internal ear. He will soon again be able to attend to duties. Miss Tillie Gibbons has taken charge of the school in the meantime.

FAMILTON-ST. MEAT MARKET, WHOLELY BY BROS., Proprietors

Meats of all kinds, fresh and cured, kept constantly on hand. Orders delivered to all parts of the town.

Telephonic communication to all points. Customers can depend on good satisfaction in every particular.

PRELIMINARY WORM POWDERS. Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effective destroyer of worms in CHILDREN or ADULTS.

NEWCOMBE & CO. AWARDED FIRST SILVER MEDAL

WORLD'S EXPOSITION, NEW ORLEANS, U.S.A., 1884-5, in competition with the pianofortes of Europe and America. The only U.S. International Medal ever awarded to a Canadian pianoforte; also Medal and Diploma as the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London, Eng., 1883, with the supreme honor of supplying Her Majesty the Queen with a Newcombe Grand, selected by Sir Arthur Sullivan. For illustrated Catalogue, prices and terms, Address Octavius Newcombe & Co., MANUFACTURERS, WAREHOUSES, 107-108 CHURCH ST., TORONTO. FACTORY, 69 TO 71 HENRY WOODS AVENUE.

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed in no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address: H. O. ROOT, M.D., Branch Office, 164 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

SUMMER MILLINERY JUST ARRIVED

MISSES YATES. A large assortment of the newest styles in Hats and Bonnets. FANCY RIBBONS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS.

Spring---MILLINERY!---Spring MRS. SALKELD

has added a Large Stock of the Latest Novelties in Plushes, Flowers, Ribbons, and every other line for the embellishment of Hats, Bonnets, and every other article in her Millinery Department, which she is selling low.

Her Display this year is Larger and Better than ever before. A Ticket for a chance on a Musical Dressing Case will be given to every purchaser of a hat valued at \$2 or over, and the Gift will be awarded on July 1st.

Also Agent for PARKER'S STEAM DYE WORKS

Spring MILLINERY! MISS CAMERON

Has now received her Spring Stock of the Latest and Best Styles

And is prepared to give her many lady customers the finest City Styles at town rates. Opening to the fact that her stock is increasing, there has not been an opportunity to prepare for a formal spring opening.

All are invited to examine Quality, Styles and Prices.

Weekly Consignments Received During the Busy Season. SHOWROOMS,—Corner of Hamilton and Newgate St. off the Square.

MISS GRAHAM

Has returned from Toronto where she has been making her Selections in

Spring MILLINERY. The Brightest and Best and the Latest in Novelty and Style can be seen at her Show Rooms.

A thorough inspection of goods and prices is cordially invited by all callers at

The CHICAGO HOUSE, West Street

WE HEAD THE PROCESSION.

GEO. BARRY, the Furniture Man, is giving the best of value in all lines of Furniture—from the smallest chair to the largest and best bed-room set, or parlor suite. Call and see his stock and get a bargain.

UNDERTAKING. In all its branches, promptly attended to.

EMBALMING FLUID always kept on hand. PICTURE FRAMING a specialty. GEO. BARRY, Hamilton-St., Goderich

Beauty is skin to joy, and the beauty of heavenly things has the same effect of making us unworshipful. Much of our well-being consists in mental and moral atmosphere; and the beauty of Divine things, bringing with them their own special joy, surrounds us with a supernatural atmosphere, which assimilates our inward life to itself after a time.

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