## HER LAST PROMOTION.

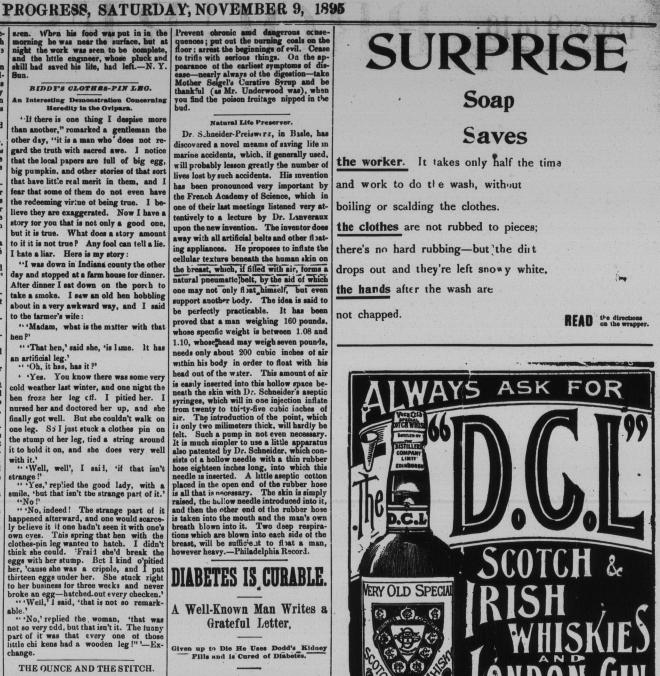
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wom in could, and perceiving Miss Choate's paleness, went himself and got her a glass of wine. "You must go home," said he in tones of authority. 111 get you a carriage." Miss Choate tried to protest, for the accident was all her own tault, and she could not ly, nappy. The clergyman's widow came to the door in alarm at seeing her daughter brought home by her employer and supported by him in a manner which indicated that she must be seriously indisposed. Really a manner uncalled for, considering that it was only a hand that was hurt, and her two handsome feet were intact and as avvince manner inducted for, considering that it handsome feet were intact and as springy as ever. But the ridiculousness of it did not seem to strike Mr. Ormsbee. He half lifted ber along, as if she were mortally in-jured and about to die, and the sorrowful tenderness in his eyes and tone would have led one to think him responsible for her critical state, when in truth, it was wholly and entirely her own fault. When they had explained the circum stances between them," and Mrs. Cheste had dressed the wound, with the know-ledge always possessed by clergymen's wive, she, Mrs. Choste, invited the gentle-man to be seated, and talked with him in the easy, dignified way Mr. Ormsbee had come to know so well in his pertunery giv. He did not hurry, whe seemed to be perfectly comfortable, and to enjoy the

conversation of the placid-faced, spec-tacled lidy who had imparted so much grace to her daughter, for the latter, hs soon saw, was but a later copy. By and by the talk scemed to turn naturally to Fred, and Mr. Ormsbae, feel-ing that it was a good time to express his hopes for his nephew, quietly but clearly expressed them, and signified his intention of making the young man sole heir to his poss solos.

## scen. When his food was put in in the morning he was near the surface, but at night the work was seen to be complete, and the hitle engineer, whose pluck and skill had saved his life, had left.—N. Y. Bun. BIDDY'S OLOTHES-PIN LEO. An Interesting Demonstration Concerning Heredity in the Ovipara.

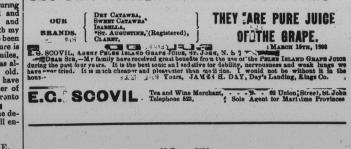
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TATG ral Lesson

Rev. A. V lowing to th you wish to of St. Georg at 15:50 o'c can arrive the ShoreLi no interest dy's fog an may go on s graph line. hearing tells John to St. the St. John ible rapids,[ good deal or "spun" over Chat knows t miles still. miles further by the roads

water and sa George. T to 30 miles; way, especis you may wis strange dista ing. In the glo Therown land tremors! A

and ask for great deal Never mind It is inside faint, weird is no water some at the where the do

accountable seek in your ful wheel. Cobble sto spread over Sand is here plete a cycli mind such to

all about h

tapestry ? brows and w rainbow tint lakes and ha fade with th of lead. At brilliant coa Being a better stop r from St. G of our veters welcome an strength wit speed and sp you. Twen would be pas and be in St

brings one to A little nort never before county as C ware ! A little up quarries. P ment till I g gorge in the furious Thon Fraser. Ta

the gorge. street. Ab, walls of ad hem in and dozen catara the other, an given leave Three Sister others arms. flinty peaks, shrubs in aut beyond the o upper street the canopy o

Let us bac from there as Yonder are t that help to -and all Car of blocks has and poured of a slow-wo How bright a the boulders

to her height. They rolled away amid a shower of rice and old shoes, and Frad stood sulkily to one side and muttered with infinite scorn: "Be a good boy!"—Minneapolis Tri-bure

ENGINEERING BY A MOUSE. The Skilful Plan by Which He Got Himsell Out of a Deep Hole.

A "While digging holes for telegraph poles at Byron, Me.," said a Western Union man, "I became interested in watching the

ingenuity and perseverance of a mouse. He fell into one of the holes, which was four and a half feet deep and twenty inches across. The first day he ran around the bottom of the whole, trying to find

some means of escape, but could not climb out. The second day he settled down to business. He began steadily and systematically to dig a spiral groove round and round the inner surface of the hole with a uniformly ascending grade. He worked night and day, and as he got further from the bottom he dug little pockets where he could either lie or sit and rest.

where he could either lie or sit and test. Interested witnesses threw in food. "At the end of two weeks the mouse struck a rock. This puzzled him. For nearly a day he tried to get under, around, or over the obstruction, but without suc-cess. With unfinching patience he re-versed his spiral and went on tunnelling his way in the opposite direction. At the end of four weeks he reached the top, and probably sped away (to enjoy his well-earned freedom. His escape was not

eau in receiver are like gold leaf; they are hammered from the wisdom of ages-the experience of generations. The ounce of prevention and the stitch in time !

her about my trouble. She istened to my account of my symptoms—loss of appetite, sciences, and all my aches and distresses— and then said: 'You are suffering from indigestion and dyspesia.' ''She concluded by mentioning a medi-cine which, she stid, would cure me. I got a bottle, and after taking it for a few days, all pain left me; my appetite return-ed, and strength and ambition returned with it. Since that time I have enjoyed the best of heidth. My ailment was nip-ped iu the bud by the remedy the lady in-duced me to use.—(Signed) William Un-derwood. Rosemary Farm, Castle Heding-ham, March 30, 1893." We beg to congratulate Mr. i/inder-wood. He is a lucky man. Although he may not have fully realised his condition, he was, nevertheless, on the direr' reafto ing. For when the bud oi tingestion de-velops into the ripe fruit of chronic dypop-sis, it runs into rheumatism, gout, kidney, and heart troubles, and may easily set up bronchitis, pneumonia, or consumption. Thorosande and thourands die every month in England of the maladies last named, who at first had onthing worse than what is carelessly called 'a little tonch of indigestion is like the j burning coals on the floor, the secret lask m the ship's bottom, the first ton." This little tonch of indigestion is like the j burning coals on the floor, the secret set and neaking set and may easily set up bronchitis, pneumonia, or consumption. Thoresande and thourands die every month hesecret lask m the ship's bottom, the first stiches that give way in the seam, the un-heed di reached, and pain and life vanish to algeplasmess and fear; the hopeless ap-peals to friends and hyprisons; the gradut ally but certain wasting away, until the ed is reached, and pain and life vanish to-stand watches the chickens make a run-ning jump, strike the board, and rears and grums were, up to the send of the sights of alse plasemess and fear; the hopeless ap-paras to friends and hyprisons; the gradut and watches the chickens make a run-ning jump, strike the board, and rait

Artificial flowars were invented by num. In the Italian convents the altars an shrines were, up to the end of the suptreent combury decorated with artificial flowers laboriously put insether



ages are cov moss. They moral and sp bright once w the disintegra have during beauty and to open a libils of truththink that it some moss at that glorious Westminster would open a granite for th Some peop that others h ago. They r appreciate wi