A Dream of the Fields.

You fellers from the country—you keep away
from town,
If you don't want to unsettle things and get us
upside down!
For you always leave a memory of the meadows
and the streams,
As' I straightway get to wishin' an' to fishin'
in my dreams!
You fellers from the country—when you strike
me at my desk
The room begins to blossom an' the street looks
picturesque!
And the roarin' of the city, with its engines an'
its bells,
Seems to melt into the music of the mountains
and the dells!
You fellers from the country—you get so much
of life,
So little of its sorrows, of its tears and of its
strife,
That I want to get off with you and just rest in
your joy,
And wade in your cool branches like I used to
when a boy!

The Advent of Summer.

The tennis blazer soon will come
To brighten up the emerald lawn,
And in his fishing togs we'll see
The fisherman steal forth at dawn.

In yachting suit, with buttons big,
The youth the quarter deck will strut;
And thus arrayed in colors bright,
A dashing figure he will cut.

We'll see him walk along the beach
In outing suit of nobby style;
Or else arrayed for mountain climbs,
The summer hours away he'll while.

And as the summer girl he seeks
With suits unnumbered, far away
His tailor will remain at home,
And wonder when he'll get his way.

The Philosophical Cockroach.

A NEW FABLE FOR CRITICS.

A cockroach sat on an editor's desk,
With a cynical smile on his face,
And watched the editor make grotesque
Black marks on a clean, white place.
"Dear me!" said the cockroach, "I can't see
Why he should labor so constantly
For he doesn't accomplish a single thing
With all his writing and scissoring.
Paste and scissors,
Scissors and paste—
Think of the energy going to waste!"

The editor listened, but didn't reply,
For he had too much to do;
But he said to himself: "The can't deny
There's much in the point of view;
One cannot measure his neighbor's worth
By the gash he makes in the face of the earth,
And I strongly suspect that he may be
Perfectly right in his judgment of me.
Paste and scissors,
Scissors and paste—
Think of the energy going to waste!"

Then the editor smashed the cockroach flat
With his scissors, and buried him deep
In the pot of paste, and remarked: "Now that
I consider it getting off cheap.
The critical faculty, as we know,
Is a dangerous thing to have, and so
I've forwarded you to a better land,
For the sake of society, understand,"
Then the editor took up his pen and said,
As he looked at the cockroach lying dead:
"Paste and scissors,
Scissors and paste—
Think of the energy going to waste!"

SPLINTERS' NOVEL.

He Didn't Write it, But it Caused Him Plenty of Trouble.

THE most odd part of the whole affair was that John Haverstraw Splinter had not the remotest thing to do with his sudden leap into fame.

He had left the London suburb in which he resided early in June, a very ordinary little doctor intent on building up a practice, and ever since, except for two short—and too short—weeks at Brighton, he had been buried in a little fishing village away down on the coast of Dorsetshire.

He had gone there to study, and therefore he left newspapers, story books and correspondence behind.

So far as the story books went it cost him no self-denial to forego them. Splinter didn't believe in them; he consirered them very useless if not absolutely pernicious.

A novel had lately dawned upon the literary horizon with the somewhat singular title of "The Girl with the Psyche Knot."

It was an effusion in a paper cover, and it had a picture of the heroine with her hair screwed up into a Psyche knot adorning the front page.

Just below it large red letters announced that its author was J. Haverstraw Splinter. Now, in the train the previous night, Splinter had read a criticism of this novel in one of the evening papers. This paper spoke in the highest terms of its undeniable cleverness and brought its article to a close with the following little eulogy:

"To readers jaded with the recent glut of effeminate effusions 'The Girl with the Psyche Knot' will come like a whiff of sea breeze. There is an unmistakable smack of masculinity about this little book which unconsciously proclaims its author to be a thorough man of the world. Mr. J. Haverstraw Splinter possesses the virtue, so rare in our day, of writing of what he knows."

Now, when Splinter saw his name so unexpectedly in print it gave him quite a little start, but never for one instant did he realize that it was to his identical self that the article referred.

It was not till he had reached his lodgings and had perused a few of the scores of letters which he found awaiting him that the full significance of the situation dawned upon his bewildered mind.

Two or three of them were from publishers, offering liberal terms for his next novel.

At last he found a letter, the hand-writing of which was familiar. Continuing his search until the bottom of the pile was reached, he found in all four letters which he laid aside.

One was from Miss Fry, a wealthy patient of his; another was from Frank Dexter, his greatest chum, and the other two were from Aunt Samantha and his pretty little cousin Rosie. He opened Miss Fry's letter first.

SIR,—My sisters and myself would be greatly obliged if you would favor us with your account at your earliest convenience. We find ourselves the victims of a confidence wholly misplaced. We had no idea that you combined with your medical practice a capacity for writing novels. My sisters and I have considered you far above the flippancy and worldly tendencies of the average medical student. It is with deep mortification that we now discover that the man whom we trusted is guilty of writing a most obnoxious novel, which is on sale at all the bookstalls.

Then came the signature, "Catharine Fry," and Splinter could see the icicles upon it.

Splinter gave vent to a long, low whistle, and then tore open the letter from Frank. It was a long letter, covering many pages, but when he had finished it Splinter's face was a sight to behold. There was a time, wrote Dexter, when he really flattered himself that he had enjoyed Splinter's full confidence. He had lived to see his mistake.

When, however, for lack of an original idea he had taken the incidents of an affair from real life, which had been confided to him under conditions of the strictest secrecy, and had used them in the most barefaced manner for the plot of his novel, it was about time for somebody to characterize him as an unmitigated cad.

Aunt Samantha's missive was short, but extremely to the point:

John: I didn't believe you had enough in you to write a book of any sort, let alone a novel. I read the book and laughed over it, and thought that old Frump, Lady Thermopylæ, a perfect idiot. And now all my friends here tell me it's a capital portrait of me. That's what I cannot forgive you—making fun of your poor old aunt! Henceforth you are no longer my nephew; I wash my hands of you entirely, and dear little Rosie is now to be my heir. Your aunt that was, but is no longer.

SAMANTHA PLUNKETT.

Splinter lay back in his chair and fairly gasped. If it hadn't been for his misunderstanding with Dexter, Splinter could have felt, comparatively speaking, light-hearted.

He could exist without the patronage of the Misses Fry, and he knew quite well that some of these days Rosie would be putting her hair up or wearing a manly waistcoat or incurring Aunt Samantha's anger in some other peculiar way, and then it would be his turn to be in favor again.

"What on earth does he mean about my betraying his confidence?" groaned Splinter to himself. "I never breathed that affair of his to a living soul."

"And yet—wait a bit, now—I did, too, after a fashion. It was last summer, up at Aunt Samantha's. Rosie was in the hammock half asleep, and she asked me to tell her a story to 'liven her up a bit. And so I began: 'Once upon a time I knew a fellow,' and then, half unconsciously, Frank's story slipped out bit by bit. I changed the surroundings and did not mention any names whatever.

"It's Rosie—that's who is at the bottom of the whole affair!"

Presently, when he grew calmer, he opened Rosie's letter:

MY DEAR OLD JOHN.—Well, old fellow, and how do you take your new honors? Think of you as a novelist! And you have brought it all on yourself, you know. You mustn't blame poor little me, for I wrote and gave you a fair warning that I was going to use your name, and I took your silence for consent. I am sure you ought to feel very grateful towards me. And now, I've just one little favor to ask of you. Don't peach on me, John, dear; at all events not until auntie gets a little more settled down. I was very indiscreet to introduce that little 'Danger Signal.' I never saw auntie in such a rage in all my life, and that's saying a good deal, you know. It is not very much to ask, seeing that you are so far away from the volcano. Your affectionate cousin, ROSIE.

Now, Rosie was a very nice—a most particularly nice—little girl, Splinter used to think, until he paid that memorable visit to Brighton. Even now he would do a great deal for Rose, and of course he must grant her request.

There was a rap at the door, and a note was handed in. It was written from Brighton, and said briefly that mamma and the writer would be in town on the morrow and wouldn't Mr. Splinter come and dine with them.

They had not read "The Girl with the Psyche Knot" yet, for they could not obtain a copy of it at Brighton for love or money. They would get copies as soon as they reached London, however. The letter was signed by "Violet Lansing."

"I suppose it would be as well to read the book myself," he thought. "It would be rather a singular thing for an author to know nothing about his own book."

So he went out to the bookstall and asked for a copy of "The Girl with the Psyche Knot."

At the Lansings' hotel, to his dismay, he met Frank Dexter. Splinter came towards him and held his hand out.

"I say, Frank, old man," he exclaimed, "I got that letter of yours. But it's not true what you think of me—really it's not. Trust me just for a day or two, old fellow, and I will then be able to explain everything."

Dexter rose from the piano and stood facing him, with a stern look upon his face.

"It's not one of those things which admit of explanation. But this is no place to discuss this matter. I'll see you again. I'd no idea you were coming here to-night."

The ladies came in presently, and after Mr. Splinter had submitted to effusive compliments from both of them, Mrs. Lansing suddenly exclaimed:

"Dinner won't be ready for half an hour. Mr. Splinter, I leave Viola here to entertain you, and as for you, Frank, do play something like a good fellow. As for me, I want to finish the "Girl." It's perfectly delightful."

Splinter knew that such an opportunity would probably never occur again. While Dexter in his sonorous voice was informing the community at large that he was "O'Donohus," of the Square," John Haverstraw Splinter asked Viola Lansing if she would be his wife.

She blushed of course and hung her head down, but before she could give any definite answer Mrs. Lansing broke in suddenly upon them.

Mrs. Lansing's pleased appearance had undergone a sudden change.

"Mr. Splinter," she exclaimed, "is this true? Are you really a married man?"

"Why, my dear Mrs. Lansing, of course not! What makes you think ——"

"Indeed! Then how does it happen that you have dedicated this novel to your wife? Read that, Viola."

She held the book up so that both of them could see, and pointed with her forefinger to an inscription on the opening page:

"To my wife, whose unwavering love has ever proved my source of inspiration, this little volume is affectionately inscribed by the author."

For one instant Splinter stood there striving vainly to frame some words of excuse. Then, as Viola fell fainting into her mother's arms, he tore into the hall, and seizing his hat, rushed breathlessly from the house.

That night, and the day that followed, seem all a blur to Splinter. He entered a train, he remembers, and after a long journey he reached Rosie's home. The servants said that she was down in the garden, and there he found her curled up in the hammock, looking prettier than ever. There was a bunch of dog roses pinned into her belt, and somehow all of a sudden the charms of Viola began to wane.

And then Splinter sat down and told her of all his troubles from the beginning to the end—all except the Lansing episode, which he omitted for reasons of his own.

"Oh, I'm so awfully, awfully sorry, John!" she said. "And yours was such a lovely long name, John, that I"——

They went up to the house in a little while after that and had an interview with Aunt Samantha. Then a long letter was written to Frank and another to Mrs. Lansing.

It was just about a week later that Splinter remarked:

"I say, Rosie."

"Yes."

"Do you remember what you said about my name being so long?"

"Yes, John."

"I say, Rosie."

"Yes, John—what?"

"Do you think it's long enough for two?"

—*Boston Globe.*

BONNET STRINGS.

To Wear or Not to Wear Them, That is the Question.

"I am getting old," said a pretty woman in a Sixth avenue car the other day. "I realize it this spring when I try on those gauzy, girlish-looking hats. The other day I put on one of those hats with a Tam o' Shanter crown, and it added ten years to my age. I must have fallen into the 'sere and yellow leaf' state, for I used to look well in anything a little rakish. I affected fore and aft caps, saucy little turbans, and looked well even in a billycock hat. Oh, the times that was!" And she heaved a sigh that sounded genuine.

"Speaking of headgear," said her companion, "how much bonnet strings become some women! They cover a scrawny neck, and hide the tell-tale line that is so apt to lurk under one's ear. Some one has said that no woman over 25 should omit them—strings, I mean. "Jo," she said, turning to the third girl, "you ought to have them on this minute."

"Humph," said number three. "If wearing strings is equal to owning that I am over twenty-five, then I am not going to do it. It would advertise my age. If I don't wear them the fact that I am twenty-seven may never dawn on people. See?"

"I have been called Mrs. several times lately," remarked the first speaker. "I wore that little black velvet hat last winter with a matronly strap under the chin. I had occasion to wait in a drug store while a prescription was being filled, and I gave my name without any Miss or Mrs. Presently the clerk called, 'Mrs. Smith, your parcel is ready.' The same thing happened in the Express office one day. I felt quite 'set up' about it, and I charged the dignity to the bonnet strings."—*New York Recorder.*

Couldn't Get Ahead of Alger.

"The boys in blue know how hard that is," he said. "If put on the Republican ticket, the devil himself won't catch him. I followed him up through Michigan a few years ago. At a farm house I met a lovely young girl and asked her if she knew Gen. Alger. "Oh, yes! she replied, 'he has just been here.' Then I took out a stick of candy and gave it to her. 'Did Gen. Alger give you candy?' I asked. 'Oh, yes!' she said, 'he gave me a whole paper full of nice candy.' Not to be outdone, I pulled out a dime and gave it to her. 'Did Gen. Alger give you any money?' I asked. 'Oh, yes!' she answered, 'he gave me whole silver dollar.' Then I thought I would get ahead of Alger. I gathered her right up in my arms—she wasn't over 15 or 16 years old—and kissed her rosy lips. 'Did Gen. Alger kiss you?' I asked. 'Oh!' she said, 'Gen. Alger is such a nice man. He kissed me, and he kissed ma, too!' Then I gave up in despair. I couldn't get ahead of Alger."—*John M. Thurston.*

Lord Melbourne and the Church.

Mr. Gladstone relates an amusing story which gives a very good insight into the prevalent opinion on the uses of theology among a certain class of old-fashioned politicians. He says that on one occasion he attended a country church in company with Lord Melbourne, the celebrated statesman. The minister was rating the congregation soundly upon their personal irreligion. On the way home Lord Melbourne said, after censuring the preacher, "No one has greater respect for the church than I, but when religion invades the province of private life, it is in my opinion, going beyond its limits." In practice, if not in expression, this would be the sentiment of many.

A Wonderful Comedy.

"How did you like the comedy?"

"It's better than any I've seen for a long time. My husband was so carried away with it that he failed to keep his appointment with the 'man.'"

—Seven-eighths of the bread baked in London is made of foreign wheat.

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is an effective advertisement in a journal without circulation.

"GATHERINGS FROM GOTHAM."

The Parks, the Churches and the Proceedings of Decoration Day—No Trolley Wires in the City.

New York never looked more attractive than it does at the present time. The recent rains and warmer weather have developed the foliage. There was a great demand for flowers to supply Memorial Day wants. There were rare displays of roses, spireas, hydrangeas and dentzias, mignonette, heliotropes and pansies. Many floral tributes will be placed over the graves of departed heroes. With the advent of summer, appear gay coaching parties in Central Park. The roads are kept in perfect order and the trees and shrubs show the gardeners' attention. In Madison Square the floral display is limited to pansies and daisies. The fountain in the centre of the square is surrounded with urns of granite, filled with choice flowers. The seats in this park are mostly occupied by the better class of people. The park is a nursery play ground. Union Square, in the centre of the city, is an inviting spot and affords a convenient breathing place for busy shoppers. City Hall Park is a haven of rest from the turmoil of Wall street and the busy commercial centres. To study human nature in its various phases Battery Park should be the objective point. Here the emigrant first sets foot on American soil. All nationalities are represented. A party of Danish and Scandinavian women landed yesterday to join their future husbands in Wisconsin. This park has been much improved. A new sea wall and promenade have been built, from which a good view of the harbor and shipping may be obtained. The Statue of Liberty lifts her enlightening torch and stands in bold relief in the distance. All these parks are well arranged for the comfort of the people. The best of order prevails and the police enforce a strict surveillance.

Decoration Day was observed as a general public holiday. There was a parade of all the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, escorts of regular troops, and the New York regiments of the National Guard. The State troops were the 69th, followed by the 8th, 9th and 22nd regiments, the 7th next; then came the 12th and 71st regiments. The 1st Battery, 4th Naval Reserve Artillery, Torpedo Corps and Signalmen and three battalions of marines, ambulance corps and a battery of artillery, with four guns, completed the military display. The parade was 8,000 strong and was reviewed by Mayor Grant. More than 3,000 veterans passed the stand. The parade formed in Fifth avenue, just below Central Park, and marched down Union Square, and then to Fourth avenue and Fourteenth street where it disbanded. Memorial services were held at General Grant's tomb. General Horace Porter delivered the oration and the Loyal Legion was present. There were also exercises at the Seventh Regiment monument in Central Park. Flags were at half mast and impressive services were held in many of the churches. The statues in the public squares were all decorated. Lincoln's statue in Union Square was decorated with flowers contributed by the school children. On each side of the base of the statue were floral shields bearing the words "loyalty," "prosperity," "charity," "peace," "liberty." The statue of Lafayette was encircled with wreaths and garlands of flowers. The Worth monument and Farragut's statue were decked with flags. At the close of the war, on April the sixth, the first post of the Grand Army of the Republic was organized. The movement met with popular approval and posts were established in every part of the north from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The 13th of May is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers and decorating the graves of comrades who died in the defence of their country.

The ministerial vacations are now in order and many of the prominent pastors go abroad for the summer months. The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst preached an effective sermon in the Madison Square Presbyterian church, on Sunday morning. He chose for his text "There remains a rest." The church was crowded to the doors, and those who went expecting to hear a sensational sermon were disappointed. The doctor read a carefully prepared sermon. His logic is forcible. He is keen of intellect and proclaims the Gospel of the New Testament with no uncertain sound. His sentences are short and crisp. He does not aim at rhetoric. His voice is clear and may be heard distinctly in every part of the church. In his opening remarks he said: "Rest lies in the distance. It is ever before a Christian. To-day we live in expectation. Expectation is the prolific mother of disappointment. The less we expect of life the easier we get along. It is this continual thinking that to-morrow is going to be different that makes the trouble."

Perhaps no clergyman has had so much publicity of late as Dr. Parkhurst. He has not escaped contumely. His friends in the ministry who have expressed adverse views object to his methods and not to the principle. He has succeeded in arousing public sentiment and has the sympathy and confidence of the community. He is President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and did not represent the church or go as a minister. He went to get the facts to prove that the laws were being openly violated. His own congregation did not know of his intentions, so his wife says, and she ought to know. He is a power for good in New York.

Dr. Rainsford, pastor of St. George's Church, is working on the same lines. He would confine vice to certain districts. He believes that every successful movement for cleanliness and order should have its force and strength in the church, politics excepted. He believes that vice should not be licensed. To enforce the present law would be to make the evil stronger. He thinks the evil would then be forced into the tenement houses, boarding houses and hotels. In the course of his sermon he said: "You cannot remove an evil without putting something better in its place. Let us know where vice is and it will be easier to deal with it. We can then be sure that the police cannot blackmail it." He discussed the drink evil, and favors making bar-rooms as good as possible, and keeping them open at certain hours on Sunday.

Rev. John Balcom Shaw, of the West End Presbyterian Church, is preaching "Municipal Reform." He wants to unite all the churches in the crusade against vice. He approves of Dr. Parkhurst's plan. He maintains that a minister is a spiritual physician, and should not refuse to go into the midst of the worst disease if duty calls him there. Christ himself came to this vile earth and moved among publicans and sinners.

The subscriptions to the Grant Memorial fund ensure the building of an appropriate monument. Contribution boxes were placed in public resorts throughout the city. Up to date over three thousand dollars has been subscribed.

The first of a series of concerts was given in Madison Square Amphitheatre on Monday evening. Gilmore's Band was the attraction. The soloists were Signor Raffaylo, Signor Campanini, Miss Ida Klein, Mr. Herbert L. Clarke and Signor Sartori. The roof garden of the same building and the tower were dedicated. This will be an attractive place during the warm season. The performance on the roof was given by a mandolin orchestra, and skirt dancing by Miss Minnie Renwood.

The New York *Herald* is starting a fund to supply the poor with ice during the heated term.

The politicians are organizing for the campaign.

There are to be no trolley wires in New York. The objections are not to the poles but to the wires themselves. New York wants no overhead wires. A syndicate are anxious for the right to build and operate the trolley system under the elevated roads.

A commission has been formed to inquire whether the people of New York and Brooklyn want to be united under one local government for a greater New York.

The warm wave has arrived and the mercury rose to 90° at 3 o'clock yesterday, Wednesday. Two days of summer heat will be followed by cooler weather.

The ways that are dark and tricks that are vain still flourish. Bunco men lie in wait for the unwary. Thefts occur in broad daylight, and the precaution to "look to your watches" and "beware of pickpockets" is impressed on the public mind by conspicuous notices in all public places and street cars. HAMILTON.

Tit for Tat.

Chunley (who is off the track)—Tell me, Pat, do you know where the C. H. & D. depot is?

Patrick—Shure, how did yes know me name was Pat?

Chunley—Oh, I guessed it, dear boy.

Pat—Well, then, yes can just guess where the depot is.

—An after-dinner speech: "Check, please."

Women make good light housekeepers. They know when the buoys are all right.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Armstrong, moving that it is expedient that power be given to the Legislative Assembly of the Northwest territories, after the next general election of members of the said Assembly, to deal with all matters pertaining to education and the use of dual languages in the courts and in the proceedings of the said Assembly, providing, however, that no school section, as at present constituted, shall be interfered with without the consent of the parties composing such section, said he was not moving this resolution at the bid of any party or set of men. He had not been asked by any member to get up and move it. He thought the settlement of the case could be reached if the people went earnestly to work and dealt with it.

Mr. Clarke Wallace said that the resolution did not bear out the speech of the hon. member. He begged to move as an amendment that all the words after "that" be erased and the following inserted: "In the opinion of this House the Legislative Assemblies of the Northwest Territories should be empowered to deal with all matters relating to education in the said Territories."

Mr. McMillan said that at the present day we were giving in too much to secularism. If we had a little more religious instruction in our Common schools it would be better for our rising population, and it would undoubtedly be in the interests of our schools that they should be opened with prayer, and rather than have no religious exercises in our schools, by reason of the objections by his Roman Catholic friends, he would consent to Separate schools.

Mr. McCarthy moved in amendment; "It is expedient that the limitation and restriction upon the authority of the Assembly of the Northwest Territories in the matter of education, and the enactment respecting the use of the French language in the courts and compulsory publication of its ordinances in that language, should be repealed."

Mr. Mills said he held on this subject the same views he had expressed two years ago in the House. The last speaker had said the dual language question was a national question, whereas the establishment of schools was a purely Provincial question.

AFTER RECESS.

Mr. Charlton said on a previous occasion he had moved the House in committee on a bill to secure better observance of the Lord's day. It was assassinated in committee, but through the indulgence of the House he was allowed to again make the motion. He therefore moved that the House go into committee on the said bill.

Cries of "Lost" and "Carried."

Mr. Dupont—Call in the members.

Mr. Speaker—Will five members rise?

Messrs. Dupont, Denison, Coatsworth, Chapleau, Desjardines and Christie rose, and the members were called in.

The motion was put and carried on the following division: Ayes, 77; nays, 50.

Sir John Thompson, replying to Mr. McMillan (Huron), said the report of the English farmer delegates to the Maritime Provinces had been received and would be submitted to the house.

Sir John Thompson moved the second reading of the Bill to readjust the representation in the House of Commons.

A division on Mr. Laurier's amendment resulted as follows: Ayes 58, nays 109; majority 51.

Mr. Desaulniers, St. Maurice, (Conservative) voted for the amendment.

Mr. Speaker said the vote was on the main motion.

Mr. McCarthy moved the adjournment of the debate.

Sir John Thompson said the House would to-morrow (Friday) take up the Voters' list, the Indian Lands Act, and the Criminal law.

Mr. Tisdale introduced a bill respecting the Midland railway of Canada.

A bill to relieve Hattie Adele Anderson, and a bill to relieve Jas. Wright, passed their first reading on division.

Mr. Parkhurst, Secretary of State, moved the second reading of the bill respecting the Voters' Lists of 1891.

The Bill was read a second time.

A Bill to amend the Dominion Lands Act was read a second time, and the House went into committee upon it.

Clause 3 provides that a settler shall be entitled to a patent for his pre-emption entry (on payment of the price fixed) at the same time that he is entitled to the patent on homestead entry, but the pre-emption right, if not exercised and the price paid within six months after the right of purchase is acquired, shall be forfeited.

Mr. Mills thought this a harsh provision and suggested that the time should be extended for five years, interest being charged.

Mr. Dewdney said that the forfeiture had never been insisted upon and that practically time had been given. He agreed that the law should be changed in accordance with the practice.

After a long discussion the clause was allowed to stand.

The House went into committee on the bill respecting the criminal code. The clauses dealing with bodily injuries and Acts and omissions causing danger to persons and assaults were passed.

AFTER RECESS.

Clause 285 says that defamatory libel is matter published likely to injure the reputation of any person by exposing him to hatred or contempt or ridicule, and such matter may be expressed either directly or by insinuation or irony.

The House adjourned at 11.15 p. m.

Fasten the Rugs Down.

Rugs have nearly driven carpets out. There is a gain here in health and cleanliness, though with some disadvantages. There are rugs that will not stay in place, but insist on turning up, tripping the unwary foot and committing all kinds of mischief—making which such a depraved floor-covering may be guilty of. Where such is the case it is best to have sockets sunk in the floor at the corners to hold them down. Any carpet man will prepare such sockets and fasten the rug in them in such a manner as to make the fastening almost invisible. Rugs which are made up from carpeting are often very troublesome and refuse to lie in place much, but turn up to the floor. In order to shrink such a rug it must be free from all dust. The floor must then be cleaned as clean as possible and then rug stretched and nailed firmly to the floor. When it is securely down it must be dampened thoroughly and allowed to dry on the floor.

Take Care of Your Umbrella.

After coming in out of the rain, let the umbrella down, and stand it on the handle that it may dry in this position, the water will thus drip from the edges of the frame, and the cover dry uniformly. When placed with the handle upward, as is frequently done, the water runs to the top of the umbrella, and the moisture is there retained in the lining underneath the ring for some length of time, causing the silk or fabric with which the frame is covered to become tender and soon rot. Ordinarily the top of an umbrella wears out sooner than the other part of it, and in the majority of cases may be thus accounted for.

A silk umbrella is much injured by being left open to dry; the silk becomes stretched and stiff, and will sooner split thus cared for. When not in use let the folds lie loose, not fastened down; the creases are less apt to split from this usage. Dispense with an umbrella case, except in travelling, as a protection from dust and cinders.

On the Wrong Track.

He—Congratulate me, Miss Bella. In a few days Miss Goldthwaite will be mine.

She—I am glad to hear it; but I didn't know you were——

He—Of course you didn't, nor any one else. Didn't want any competition, see? But it's all fixed now. She'll be worth $10,000 a year to me.

She—Really? The name's unfamiliar. New York family?

He—No; Kentucky family, and one of the best. Sired by Bang Up, dam Queen Elizabeth—why, you must remember her. She made 2.13 last season, and not half trained at that.

She—Oh, I thought you were speaking of a marriage engagement.

He—Now, Miss Bella, that's pretty hard. I know I spend half of my time in the stable, but that's no reason you should take me for an ass.—*Life.*

Hard to Answer.

"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank, as he was being put to bed.

"Well?" acquiesced the tired mamma.

"When holes come in stockings what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

—The household maintained by Queen Victoria consists of nearly 1,000 persons.

—To the woman editor of a woman's paper who is seeking something new in bathing suits this year, the Detroit *Free Press* suggests more material and a little modesty.

A TRENTON MIRACLE.

A Remarkable Cure in a Case Pronounced Hopeless.

An Estimable Young Lady Raised From a Death-Bed After Being Given Up By Several Doctors—A Simple Statement of Facts.

(Trenton Courier.)

At intervals during the past year the proprietor of the *Courier* has been publishing newspaper reports of miraculous cures occurring in various parts of Canada and the United States. Perhaps among the most notable of these were the cases of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton, Ont.; Mr. C. B. Northrop, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, N. Y. Mr. Marshall's case was more prominently fixed in the public mind by reason of the fact that after being pronounced incurable by a number of eminent physicians he was paid the $1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance, and some months afterward was announced his almost miraculous restoration to health and active life. The case of Mr. Northrop created equally as profound a sensation in Detroit, where he is one of the best known merchants in the city. Mr. Northrop was looked upon as a helpless invalid, and could only give the most desultory attention to his business on days when he could be wheeled to the store in an invalid's chair. In his case the same simple (yet wonderful) remedy that has cured Mr. Marshall restored Mr. Northrop to a life of active usefulness. The case of Mr. Chas. Quant is perhaps the most marvellous of all, inasmuch as he was not only perfectly helpless, but had had treatment in one of New York's best hospitals under such eminent medical scientists as Prof. Ware, and Dr. Starr, and in Albany by Prof. H. H. Hun, only to be sent out as incurable and looked upon as one who had but a few months before death would put an end to his sufferings. Again the same remedy which restored Mr. Marshall and Mr. Northrop was resorted to, with the same remarkable results, and to-day Mr. Quant, restored to health, anticipates a long life of usefulness. The remedy which has succeeded, where the best physicians had failed, is Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People—and a name that is now a familiar household word throughout the continent—and a remedy that apparently stands without a rival in the annals of medical science. Having published, among others, the cases above alluded to, the curiosity of the publisher of the *Courier* was aroused and he determined to ascertain if anyone around Trenton had been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. In conversation with Mr. A. W. Hawley, druggist, he was told that the sale of Pink Pills was remarkable, and steadiling increasing. And Mr. Hawley gave the names of a number within his own observation who had been benefited by the use of this remedy. Among others Miss Emma Fleming, granddaughter of Mr. Robt. Young. It was stated that Miss Fleming had been raised from what was supposed to be her death-bed, after all other remedies and physicians had failed, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This statement was so startling that the *Courier* determined to investigate it further, and if true set the facts before the public for the benefit of the other sufferers. Mr. Robt Young, grandfather of the young lady was first seen, and in reply to an inquiry said it was a miracle the manner in which these pills had restored his granddaughter. As a last resort, and with a prayer in his heart, he had purchased a box of Pink Pills at Mr. Spaulsbury's drug store, and so much good resulted that the remedy was continued until his granddaughter was as well as ever she had been. Miss Fleming's aunt was next seen, and she corroborated what had already been told the *Courier*, giving as well some additional particulars. Miss Fleming was next seen, and we must confess to being surprised, as at first somewhat incredulous, that this young lady in the bloom of womanhood and health was the person whom we wanted to interview. Miss Fleming, however, soon convinced us that it was she who was so miraculously saved from death, and cheerfully consented to give a statement of her case. Her father, she said, was for years miller under Mr. Spence, and afterwards at Gordon's mills, near Trenton, and is now miller at Union. Three years ago Miss Fleming's mother died of consumption. Up to four years ago Miss Fleming stated that she had enjoyed good health, but, taking a severe cold then, she had not had a well day since until she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last December. She was reduced in weight to 90 pounds, but now weighs 111 pounds—a gain of 21 pounds. She consulted a number of doctors and took their remedies, but never obtained more than temporary relief. A physician at Newmarket whom she consulted said she was going into a decline, and that he could do nothing for her. Her Trenton physician said that a sudden cold would go to her lungs, and he had no hope of her ever getting better. She felt very miserable, strength continually failing, suffered much distress from food that she had no desire for it and lost all appetite. She kept continually growing worse until last fall she was not able to stand without support, and gave up all efforts to help herself. In December she was taken with inflammation of the bowels and Dr. Moran was called in. He gave her medicine that relieved her and cured the inflammation, but her strength was gone and she had to be lifted in and out of bed and could not sit in a chair at all. She had taken her bed expecting never to rise again, and this was the opinion of all her friends. It was at this juncture that her grandfather, having read in the *Courier* of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resort purchased a box, and urged his granddaughter to take them. Miss Fleming took before this recommended by a friend in Toronto to try Pink Pills, but declared she had no faith in them. Now, however, to please her friends she consented to take the Pink Pills, on the seventh day after beginning the use of the Pink Pills, she was able to walk down stairs, and has not gone back to a sick bed since. The effect upon her system was truly marvelous. Her appetite came back, strength gone, prostrate upon her supposed death bed, in seven days she was able to walk down stairs, feeling renewed strength and a better appetite than ever before. Miss Fleming continued the use of Pink Pills, daily gaining health and strength, until she was able to take part in the household duties without the least injurious effect. Miss Fleming still continues to take one pill after each meal, and now feels as well as she ever did in her life. She feels truly grateful for what this great remedy has done for her, and only a sense of gratitude enables her to overcome her modest scruples in giving this testimony to the wonderful virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Miss Fleming has recommended Pink Pills to a number of lady friends who say they are doing them much good.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A cablegram from Berlin says the heat is intense. On Tuesday five deaths were caused by sunstroke, and on Wednesday a soldier died from sunstroke on parade and others were prostrated.

INTERLOCKING SIGNALS.

Tests now being Made on the Grand Trunk Railway.

The Grand Trunk railway will have their double track from Montreal to Hamilton finished this summer, and in anticipation of this they are testing a new system of starting and stopping signals and distant semaphores for stations at Mimico. Trains standing at the station are protected from rear collisions by a semaphore 1,500 feet to the east and one 1,800 feet to the west, both being worked from a stand in front of the station. Trains are stopped or started by signals placed 900 feet east and west operated inside the office. These signals have all been thoroughly tested and have proved perfectly satisfactory, and will greatly facilitate the running of trains, and what is even of more service, will prevent accidents. Any invention that tends to prevent railway accidents is certain to be much sought after by the directors and officials of the various railways, and when it is of a simple nature, such as the one described, the inventors can confidently expect cordial support from those interested. Messrs. Piper & Son, of Toronto, are the inventors of these signals, which have already been adopted by all the principal roads in Canada. The signals at Mimico have been inspected by Messrs. Wainwright, Stephenson, Stiff, Wragge, Tiffin, and other prominent railway officials, all of whom expressed themselves pleased with the invention. The interlocking signals at Toronto Junction, which have recently been put in by the same firm, are a wonderful improvement on the old system, and are likely to be generally adopted on the principal railways in the Dominion. These were also inspected by Messrs. Stephenson, Wragge, Tiffin, Tait, Kelson, J. C. Bailey, Crew, Leonard, and others, all of whom were delighted with the simplicity and work of the invention.

A BIG DEAL.

$250,000 Paid for a Half Interest in the Trade Mark of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the United States.

The brilliant reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in Canada has not only extended to the United States, but has led to an important business transaction. One of the best known American proprietary medicine houses, the head of which is the President of a leading National Bank in New York State, has purchased a half interest in the trade mark of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company for the United States only, for which, we understand, the consideration was $250,000. This sale is probably the first instance in which an American institution purchased an interest in a Canadian remedy, and offers the very best proof of the sterling merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as we may be sure that the American capitalists, before venturing so large a sum in the half interest of the trade mark, fully investigated and verified the claims made for the remedy. It is a tribute, too, to Canadian medical science, which has brought to perfection this remarkable medicine.

What we Eat.

The greatest enemy to health in the South is the frying pan.

A French menu, for some, makes the most ordinary food appear luxurious.

Early Romans reclined while dining. Modern Americans lie down after the feast.

Grated pork is sometimes the "go between" in the caterer's alleged chicken sandwiches.

It may be modern gormandizers have read that great men in history have always been big eaters.

Somebody has counted ten varities of pie enumerated on a Chicago hotel bill of fare.

Candied rose leaves, which women so abundantly eat, are at last declared to be injurious.

Gastronomic writers profess to be surprised at the royal appetite possessed by Queen Victoria.

A seasonable omelet is made of shad roe, chopped olives and the yellow of eggs.

Strawberries should never be washed, but simply "lumped" in a cloth.

Sam Ward used to say a man who does not like stewed terrapin is worse than an infidel.

Lamb chops for breakfast just now are delicious and make the most ill-natured amiable.

A test of good manners is to eat "genteelly" when one has only "five minutes for refreshments."

Never eat marmalade in Paris. Much of it is made from orange peel found in the streets.

An English writer says gooseberries are not appreciated as they should be. No, indeed!

So-called "champagne sauce" at hotels is nothing more or less than "country cider."

Celery, like the kangaroo, is on its last legs, albeit there is some in market. The next fresh batch will come in September.

Of the making of new cook books there is no end, although it is the odd one that does not go over the same old beaten track.

Macaroni of a very good quality is made in this country, but it lacks the Naples crispness.—*Mail and Express.*

How Men Fall When Shot.