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LADY OLIVIA'S OPALS.

A Lady's-Maid's Reminiscence.

I can't say I ever took to my Lady Olivia, though I lived so long with her and, after her own fashion, she behaved well to me. She was one of your flashing, dark-eyed beauties, haughty as an express, a ghost glide quietly in.

I recollect I was awaiting my ladys would have consigned me to my living the wedding day, when, suddenly, I heard the wedding day, when, suddenly, I heard to the wedding day, when, suddenly, I heard to the wedding day, when, suddenly, I heard the wedding day, when, suddenly, I heard the wedding day, when, suddenly, I heard to my living the would have consigned me to my living the door one quietly behind me, and, looking white as a ghost glide quietly in. dark-eyed beauties, haughty as an express, a ghost glide quietly in.

I had heard no carriage drive up, and no I had heard no carriage drive up, and no -aye, not so much as the great mastiff at up wherever she went.

She had been married when only eighteen to a gentleman of lower birth than herself, but of immense wealth, and on his death, which happened only four months after their union, she returned to her father's house and declared her intention of remaining a widow to the end of her life. She said that to the world; but I, who waited on her day and night-I, who saw her in all her moods-knew better.

For two years, however, she kept to her intention, and though, what with her beauty and wealth, she had suitors of all ages and all ranks, she reached the age of twenty without encouraging any. But all that came to an end, as I knew it would. She fell in love at last-yes, veritably in

Hubert Berris was a dark, stern, haughty-souled man, every inch a nobleman, but, to my mind, much more fit to inspire dread than love. His family was ancient, more ancient, I believe, than Lady Olivia's, and it was even more distinguished, having been particularly fruitful in statesmen and admirals. They were also rich. So, altogether, the world said Lord Hubert Berris and Lady Olivia St. Marlow would be well

Somehow my lady seemed to change from that time, not so much in her outward conduct, for in society she was still the same proud, cold, queen-like creature; but Tell me quickly."

"Look," said my mistress's voice suddenly, breaking the dead stillness. "Morton, you know the coffin. Which? Tell me quickly." in her private life, in the hours when she sat in that magnificent dressing-room,

somehow it seemed to flash up in her great, on the stones. dark eyes with a power that made one almost frightened, for it gave one a glimpse of the true fierceness of her nature. She

We were sorting jewellery, and, under her direction, I was packing up that which

per words, whilst her great, dark eyes fasened on me with a look which seemed to try and pierce my very soul.

ooked her back in her white face, and an-"Well, my lady ?"

For a minute or two she was silent, but, in spite of her pride and hauteur, I knew she was burning to tell me something—aye, and it would out, too, if I waited her time patie. 'y. I went on sorting the jewels, therefore.

"Morton," at length said her ladyship, "did you know that ring was in this cas-

"Yes, my lady. I found it on the floor near your ladyship's dressing table yesterday, and put it in myself."
"On the floor?" she echoed, and then she took it up and gave another, a little start.

"One of the opals is gone," she cried. "Yes, my lady. I noticed that when I picked it up, but it was nowhere about the or, for I looked carefully."

"Of course. I know you would, but-Again, however, she paused, and then she got up and began pacing up and down in opals among my jewels," answered my one of her wild, fierce moods, and I let her lady, quietly. "But how can that interest alone, for I knew it was scarcely safe to you, Hubert?"

speak to her then. Suddenly, however, she came up to me of her own accord, and putting her two hands hissing tone :

that ring come there?" don't know. "You would swear he did not give it you examine it, with a frown.

Her eyes were awful to look upon as she said that, and for once I did feel frightened

"He, my lady? I don't know who you

"Why, Gaston St. Marlow, my dead hus-

and. That ring was on his finger. It was Olivia St. Marlow, need I tell you who gave ny last gift to him. He died with it on. He me that, who warned me against your fatal ras buried with it. Don't you remember | hand, and that your sin is known.

iad seen that opal on the dead man's hand. How came it there, then ! Had the coffin | hands. been robbed ? or --- Ah! an awful idea suddenly darted through my mind, and, raising my eyes, I understood the fierce

Morton," she exclaimed, shuddering, "I should go mad if this marriage were broken off. I love Hubert Berris better than Gaston St. Marlow, enter."

my own soul

saw nothing to throw more light on my shivering groan, which made even the two

-some fear that might bring about a rup-ture with Lord Hurbert Berris, and I felt missing.

I recollect I was awaiting my lady's

her, and caring no more for human love bell, though the dressing-room was in the ring—the opal ring, containing the poison, front of the house. To my surprise, too, and which your fond hand placed on mine -aye, not so much as the great mastiff at instead of being in her pink satin and dia-her father's gate did, and yet winning it almost without an effort, if one were to dressed in a morning walking dress, particularly acted marvellously, and in twenty-tour judge by the crowd of suitors that sprang ularly unpretending-looking. She came

up to me quietly.
"Morton," she said, in a low, stern tone, you will come with me and swear not to vault and fulfil a boyish promise.
reveal what I am about to tell you, "My terror had always been that I might

"Yes, but could you look on a dead

man's face without fainting? Could you dare to visit the dead?" She hissed out these words, grasping my

"Morton," she said, almost humbly, for ter, "I am in great trouble. I am pursued by a terrible fear, and I am either being again, allowed you to bury your husband, driven mad by a fancy or a fiend. Listen: as you thought, and weep your false tears To-night, for the third time since my engagement to Lord Hube. I have seen the ace of my dead husband not in fancy, but

in living, breathing, ghazely earnest."
"Impossible! my lady," I exclaimed,
horrified. "I saw Mr. St. Marlow's coffin carried to the vault with my own eyes." The horror of that moment I shall never

"That one, my lady, the one to your with my eyes alone watching her, she seemed, as it were, to throw off her old seemed, as it were, to throw off her old slowly and with difficulty drew the coffin slowly and with difficulty drew the coffin of her was that she was the reigning belle of the Russian Court for some time, but right," I muttered, and then, in spite of

"Dead men don't feel," she muttered, with a ghastly smile.

was terribly restless, too, and although she her face as she bent over that silver plate moved like an animated statue before the world, a paced up and down her suite of apartments occasionally like one demented. What had come over her I knew not, but at length some words of her own gave me-a Olivia was standing like as if retrified with horror, and at her feet was the open coffin Strong Winds Rekindle the Flames

How I got that coffin back into its place was to be taken with her on her tour, and I know not. How I got my lady back safely setting aside the rest for alteration at the into her room I know not. That night jeweller's, when we happened to come seemed always like some horrible dream, cross a large opal brooch of singular work. and I only remember bits and flashes of it. manship. I observed my lady set it aside I did manage to get her to bed somehow, mmediately, and then, as a ring of the and then I gave her a draught to send her ame antique workmanship appeared, she to sleep, for it was agony to me to watch gave a little start and let it drop. her convulsive shiverings and hear her "Why, Morton!" she began, and then she groans. I knew, too, that for my own sake aused, and seemed almost to hold back it was as well to keep the night's work

The next day, however, to my relief, Lady Olivia woke herself again, though 1, who I was not afraid of her, though, and so I saw her before she was dressed, knew how she must have suffered to make her careworn and old-looking in twelve hours.

My lady was still lounging by the fire in her dressing-room when a message was brought to her that Lord Hubert was below, and very much desired to be admitted to her presence for a few minutes, as it was a matter of importance. Lady Olivia turn. ed a shade paler, but, pressing her lips firmly together, she gave the order to allow him to come up at once. And I, of course retired to an adjoining room.

I solemnly declare I had no intention of listening till I happened to go into a closet to hang up some dresses, and then I noticed that every word of what was being said in the dressing-room was distinctly the dressing-room was distinctly audible. I could also see into the room. And then the temptation was too irresistible. "I come to ask you rather an odd ques-

tion, Olivia," said my lord. "Do you happen to possess an opal ring ?" "Yes. That is, I believe I have some

"It does, though, strangely. Will you show me the ring?

There was a silence, as if Lady Olivia heavily on my shoulders, said in a low hesitated. Then, however, she rose, and I hissing tone: "Morton, tell me, how did heard her go to the casket of jewels, and I hesitated. Then, however, she rose, and I fully accomplished, although the lions at we have all dreamed of once in our lives, crept to the door and knelt down to where "On my life, my lady," I answered, "I I knew was a certain small crevice. And then I saw Lord Hubert take the ring and

> 'There is a stone missing. "Yes. It has been gone for some cime." And then my lord put his fingers in his watch pocket, and taking out a small stone he held it out towards my lady with a look

on his face I shall never forget. "There is the lost opal," he said. "Lady

aw! my lady, "I shivered; but as she I took up the ring and looked at it, ad then it suddenly did strike me that I instant she was cronching on the deal instant she was cronching on the deal instant she was cronching. fore him, with her face buried in her

"Get up, woman," cried her former lover, sternly. "I do not pretend to judge you, and I will not be less merciful than trouble of those burning orbs of Lady Gaston St. Marlow, who, rather than claim you for a wife, or expose you to the world, lives the obscure and humble life he does.

And then, to my horror, the door opened, And then she turned back to her wild and the man whom I had seen lying dead pacing up and down the room.

In his coffin four years ago walked in. No disposition of the remains de wonder Lady Olivia uttered that one long, good faith of the undertaker. ptherwise. She was haunted by some fear Olivia arrang up, he stretched out his left common grave.

ture with Lord Hurbert Berris, and that it had connection with her dead hus band. I kept my own counsel, but I also Olivia, your hypocrisy was perfect, and had it not been for my friend's love and had it not been formy friend's love and fidelity, my beautiful and affectionate wife

"I am about to explain. Listen. That

"I should have been buried, but my old "I think you are tolerably true when you friend, Eric Stones, hearing of my decease, once give a promise. Listen to me. If came to take a last glance at me in the friend, Eric Stones, hearing of my decease,

pounds down, and as much again when I promise from him that, if he survived he would come and open my veins, so that, if by any change the life current flowed is belowed to death in my tomb. be buried alive, and I had extorted a "It was the dead of night when Eric crept to my coffin and fulfilled his vow, and, to his horror, the corpse rose up a few minutes after and called his name.

she hissed out these words, gracely arm and gazing fiercely into my face, and then, as I turned shudderingly away, she suspecting poison, admiristered such antidotes as saved me; and then, in searching, dotes as saved me; and then, in searching, contacting you. Olivia, "He was skilled and strong, and he he found the ring. Suspecting you, Olivia, for him.

"Gaston!" cried the horrified woman, but St. Marlow interrupted her.

"Speak not. Let me not hear that deadly voice again. Mercy you shall have, but make no attempt to marry, for, as certainly as you try, the opal ring shall appear again a witness against you. I saw my lady fall on the floor, and the

Whether my lady suspected I knew that terrible secret I knew not, but she gave me money enough to settle and marry, and 1

two men left the room.

that she was always strangely melancholy, and had at length committed suicide, it was supposed, though how was a mystery, as I covered my eyes, for somehow to see she was found lying on her sofa, beautifully dressed, and without any wound. An opal

FOREST FIRES REVIVED.

Northern Wisconsin.

Strong winds have fanned up the forest fires in this vicinity, and they are burning book and does not allow her expenses to go fiercely in ne rly every direction. They one penny beyond her income. Her paticrossed what is known as the cemetery road, south of Ashland, and the Ashland her convulsive shiverings and hear her Driving Park Association's buildings, which are located two miles out from Ashland, are in danger of destruction. The fire is also quite close to Mount Hope cemetery, and also threatens the cemetery, with a strong wind constantly bringing it nearer. Washburne has been enveloped in a cloud of smoke all day. The following despatch was received from Saxon the other night: Forest fires are raging about here : water is being hauled by running teams, and the citizens are moving out of their homes with all possible speed. If the wind continues for a few hours the town is lost." Saxon is a small town on the north-western road, and several large kilns are operated there by the Ashland Iron and Steel Company, which gives it the main support. The Che quamegon Bay Logging Company say that on their pine lands there is scarcely a live tree standing. This means millions of doilars loss to pine land owners.

> Shaving in a Lions' Den. to one of the many menageries which stand times became very unruly. Another par-ber has performed the same feat in the Laurent Menagerie at Vichy. He carried woman as this does more for woman's cause out his contract without flinching, although | than all the law-makers put together. the animals were in a very excited condition and among them was a dangerous lion called D' Artagnan, after one of the heroes of the elder Dumas. D'Artagnan frequently evinced a desire to have a munch at the barber, but the eyes of the soaped and lathered tamer kept him in check

INFANTS BURIED IN BUNCHES.

Shocking Practices of East London Under-

takers With Pauper Burials. A despatch from London, Eng., says:-It east end of London has always been heavy, but the disclosures of how the dead of the very poor families in that section are disposed of has brought to light a shocking ped, cooked beets, two quarts of finely scandal. The Coroner brought out the fact chopped cabbage, one of grated horseradish, at an inquest on Thursday that many poor one of sugar, one tablespoon of salt, and black people sent the bodies of their children to pepper to taste. Cover with vinegar, and undertakers with \$5 for the expenses of burial. No funerals were held, and the disposition of the remains depended on the taker admitted that it was the custom to dark suspicion of Lady Olivia's trouble, it men almost shriek. Gaston St. Marlow allow bodies to accumilate for weeks and one-half teacup of green peppers, one tearather gained ground in my mind than was too sternly forward, and then, as Lady then give them a wholesale burial in a cup of sugar, and one pint of vinegar. Let and sest immediately. Treese keep the

Household.

Household Routine. Every housekeeper will testify that it is not the steady routine work which goes on and rouses the temper, but that it is the unexpected occurrences which make such busy and orderly housewife. The latter the hardest stone." In the harmonious home each member of the family contrihours you wept, a widow, tears over my butes her share of the work, but there are number is legion, who cannot seem to conform themselves to the routine of any house. They invariably tangle up the work by insisting on pursuing their own way, regardiess of the convenience of all other members of the household. In all sorts of regular order of things and make double work for everyone else. Some housekeepcleaning floors and pantries, but never keeping them clean. A good housekeeper's work is not accompanied by nustle and noise, in fact, the machinery of good housekeeping moves so smoothly and noiselessly that the person who runs her house on the haphazard, slipshod plan wonders that such perfect order can be preserved withan appointed time, and if there is to be extra work, an extra effort is made. Lack result in serious breaks in the comfort of fort of all who live in the house. To secure it, order, punctuality and cleanliness are necessary, but when the order or cleanliness become obtrusive comfort is impossible. The systematic housekeeper does not attempt more than she knows she can accomplish. She does not undertake unnecessary work which she knows cannot be accomplished without hurry and confusion and which will put back necessary work. It requires cool judgment to estimate this and independnce to carry it out. When she wishes to oin a new society which her acquaintances are joining, it requires some independence to refuse because it will interfere with necessary work at home, though in general it will be found that such a woman does more for churches and charitable objects, because her time is so disposed that she has more to spare. The basket of family sewing is not allowed to get beyond her needle, A despatch from Ashland, Wis., says : _ | and she lessens the amount of mending she has to do by heeding the proverb "a stitch in time saves nine." She keeps an account

trifles make perfection." This very carefulness saves her much of the labor of the negligent woman. Nothing is more wearing on the nervous system than the irrita-

lamps, and breaking of china, because she is

careful, and the whole secret of her system

lies in her care of little things. She fully

realizes that while "perfection is no trifle,

tion arising from haphazard methods of

housekeeping. A Bachelor's Opinion. I have read a great deal about "the sphere of women," and I have finally concluded that a true woman is she for whose ambition a husband's love and herchildren's adoration is sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislators exercise themselves in making laws for her nursery, whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration, a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet An additional attraction has been added and does not disdain to be beautiful, who believes in the virtue of glossy, well-kept in the Parisian suburbs. A few days ago a chews rents and raveled edges, slipshod hair and well-fitting gowns, and who esbarber entered into an agreement with the shoes and audacious made-ups, a woman proprietor that he would enter the den of | who speaks low and loes not speak too lions with the trainer, and while there much, who is patient and gentle, intellectuhave, brush, comb, and arrange his hair she reasons, and rarely argues, but adjusts in the latest style. This fear he success- with a smile. Such a woman is the wife woman as this does more for woman's cause

Relishes.

heated through. Can.

Green Tomato Chowchow, -2. Chop fine ne gallon of green tomatoes, two quarts of well-known that infant mortality in the Drain one-half hour. Add one cup of sugar and one-quarter of a cup of salt. Mix well together, cover with warm vinegar, and seal in cans.

Beet Chowchow .- One gallon of chopset in a cool place. This will keep a long time.

Chili Sauce. - Cook one gallon of peeled tomatoes and one quart of onions till tend-er, add one quart of finely chopped cobbage, raise, boil, and keep in a cool place.

PLAGUE AND HEROISM.

The Terrible Forest Fires in the West-

Heroism of Engineer Boot. The plague of fire which has visited Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan utterly day after day which endangers the health defies, so far, all attempts at estimation. There is no way of computing the dead where whole families have been wiped out; inroads on the time and patience of the no way of calculating the damage when every vestige of county and town has been are the " continual dropping which wears swept off the face of the country. Reports hurriedly made and statistics more hastily thrown together impart probability to any certain individuals and unfortunately their between one thousand and fifteen hundred. These figures are almost beyond belief, they are appalling. The county of Pine, Minne-

WHOLLY DESTROYED, reduced to desolation more terrible than had any living thing never been there. In ways they manage to interfere with the Wisconsin fifteen counties have been partially wiped out, and two counties in Michigan have shared the same fate. In Minneers have no idea of system, and are hard sota the towns of Hinckley, Pokegama, drudging workers, forever scrubbing and Sandstone, Sandstone Junction, Partridge, Cromwell, Curtis, Cushing and Mission Creek have absolutely disappeared to the last trace before the raging forest flames, and Finlayson, Mansfield, Rutledge and Milaca, in the same state, have suffered partial destruction along with extensive out any display of extraordinary work.

The reason is, that the work is all done at situated and adjoining counties, six or seven situated and adjoining counties, six or seven in number. Six Wisconsin towns, Coin-

of thorough system in the home cannot but stock, Benoit, Barrenett, Poplar, Marengo and Granite Lake have been wholly de the family. The one thing to be desired in housekeeping, and which should be considered before everything else, is the com-Michigan towns were partially burned.

No illustration can be given of the terrific rapidity with which the fire must have spread in the three states. Some vague im-

pression of it can be gathered from THE THRILLING STORY of Engineer Root's ride with his clothes aflame in the cab of his engine, forcing his iron horse to the utmost to save the lives of hundreds of passengers who saw the fire leaping up against every window of their train. It is good to know that the brave Root is likely to recover from his frightful injuries. Some idea of the speed of the deouring element can also be formed from he graphic description given of Agent Bullis and Flagman Jessmer at Sandstone rushing their train load of 500 refugees desperately over a 1,500 foot bridge in a race with the fire, which, although it was n the bridge before them, was not there ong enough to cut off the escape of the

and women who perished will never be known.

Concerning Their Excellencies.

The extraordinary popularity of Lord and Lady Aberdeen in Canada, which has been made manifest on every day of their our through the provinces of the Dominion, is due to the ready gifts and democratic ways and festive disposition of both of them says the New York Sun. His Lordship, can, before our eyes? the Governor-General dances in kilts to the music of the bagpipes, and her Ladyship makes eloquent speeches at women's meetings. They are now visiting the Maritime Provinces, and the last week made a triumph al progress through Nova Scotia. Lord Aberdeen looks splendid in the Highland garb at a ball, and, as the Scotch say, "he can turn a leg in the fling with anybody. Lady Aberdeen is a temperance advocate, and she organizes the women into branches Both of them are strict Presbyterians. Their reception at the old fishing port of Yarmouth last Wednesday was such as royalty itself could not easily get in any European country.

The great Lord Elgin, who was Governor-General of Canada 40 years ago, used to wear the kilt whenever he liked; but there has not been any one of his successors who looked well in it until Lord Aberdeen took We believe that Aberdeen is the first Govenor-General whose wife has won

fame as an orator. We fear that if any American Governor were to dance the Highland fling "in the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome," he would lose his chance of election to another term of office. The amount of fun that an American Governor can enjoy is very limited.

A Lady Recruiting Sergeant.

The Leeds, Eng., Mercury says that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has found a recruiting Green Tomato Chowchow .- 1. Chop fine sergeant who may be the harbinger of two quarts of tomatoes and one of onions success. This sergeant wears no uniform, Squeeze and drain. Put in a porcelain flaunts no ribbons, waits at no public house, kettle, and add one cup of sugar, one ta- is, wonderful to say, a lady. Miss Gould blespoon of salt, one teaspoon of red pepper has for many years been known for her with enough vinegar to cover. Scald till work among the vilest in London, and has lately turned her attention to young thieves. Having got hold of them she ers. never feels safe about them until they have accepted the Queen's shilling. The reason she gives is worth noting, It is not so is to invade the citadel of heaven. much the industry and discipline, as the severe way theft is punished among the soldiers themselves. Everything in he army has to be paid for, and money is scarce; a detected thief is not usually rep rted, but when night comes he and a riding whip make the most intimate acquaintance. If other good workers in the same line follow Miss Gould, a knotty

> Canned Tomatoes. - Scald and peel, but do not cut in pieces. Let them stand in the fire. Cook all done; and sait, then can taste of fresh fruit-

question will be solved.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT YIELD.

Statistics Given in the Annual Report of the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture,

Budah Pesth, Sept. 1 .- The annual cropestimates issued by the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture have just been published, the delay in their issuance having been due tothe care bestowed upon the revisir . of the report. According to these estimates the obsolete gunboats will be used in the conwheat crop of the world will be 2,476,000,-000 bushels for 1894, against 2,279,000,000 bushels for 1893, and 2,280,000,000 bushels, the official average for the last decade. opinion that says the dead may be counted The deficit requiring to be covered by importing countries is 444,245,000 bushels, against 378,664,000 bushels in 1893.

The detailed figures representing the production and deficit of the various im-porting countries for the year 1894 are as

	Production.	Deficit.
	Bush.	Bush.
Great Britain	60,995,000	170,220,000
France	354,625,000	18,895,000
Germang	102,132,000	32,625,000
Italy	120,228,000	29,783,000
Holland	6,241,000	11,915,000
Switzerland	7,376,000	11,915,000
Belgium	21,277,000	25,553,000
Denmark	4,539,000	1,702,000
Sweden and Norwa	y 5,106,000	7,092,000
Spain	97,876,000	12,768,090
Portugal	9,078,000	5,675,000
Greece	3,404,000	3,972,000
Austria	45,400,000	31,774,000

	Production Bush.	Surplus. Bush.
Russia	365,136,000	141,85C,000
Hungary	151,098,000	45,392,000
Roumania	51,066,000	19,859,000
Turkey	20,793,000	5,675,000
Bulgaria	31,207,000	13,050,000
Servia	9,929,000	1,985,000
United States	408,528,000	70,925,000
Canada	42,555,000	15,603,000
India	258,167,000	22,696,000
The rest of Asia	58,158,000	2,837,000
Africa	48,370,000	5,597,000
Australia	42,895,000	14,185,000
Chili	24,114,000	9,929,000
Argentine Republic		73,762,000

How the Run on the Bank Stopped. Matters at the Pank of Dublin were

looking blue, but just at the right moment Isle of Man, holds morning service in the one of the officers had an inspiration. He churchyard instead of in the church. The thought that if O'Connell came they might tombstones and curiously carved Runic be persuaded to retire. O'Conneil came, but crosses, and the brilliant dresses of the with an inspiration of his own. He entered visitors who drive over from Douglas make the Directors' room by a private door and without any explanation called for a fire without any explanation called for a fire shovel and a handful of gold pieces. He heated the gold till it was altogether too Many deeds of like heroism done by men hot for comfortable handling, and sent it out just so to be paid over the counter.

of fun in the front ranks of the funeven in the most unfavorable circumstances. But the leaven was working, so that soon someone who had just got his own money and turned into a playground. safe, and was tossing it from one hand to the other to keep it warm, cried out : "Arrah, boys, what's the use? Sure, don't we see them coining the goold, as fast as they

"True for you," says another; and, "Bedad, you're right," puts in a third; and with that the true Irish humo. came to the top, and a shout went up : "Long live the Bank of Dublin," and the run was hot gold pieces, that did the work; it was the grand head of brains behind them.

"Practice What You Preach"

There is much that is well and eloquentare repeated which no one disputes to keep on for another six hours, but found no takers. but which few appear to follow: good advice is plentifully poured out but his daughter, the Czar has issued a ukase rather sparingly accepted; exhortations to follow the straight and narrow path are follow the straight and narrow path are to receive a general eduction and "such volubly given and earnestly pressed, withwonder to many, especially to those purpose were directed towards the task of owing explicitly and in detail how these virtues can be cultivated, how evil habits can be broken up, how the difficulties which must inevitably attend the efforts of the best meaning people, may be overcome, the result would be much more gratifying. It is object lessons and not pulpit oratory that is most required at the present time "Practice what you preach," should be the motto and watchword of modern reform-

To endeavor to domineer over conscience

The Englishman's abiding affection for his four-footed friends receives another Everything in he illustration. In Hyde park, the holy of for, and money is holies of the London park system, is to be found a dog cemetery. It adjoins the parkkeeper's lodge at Victoria Gate, and contains at present about 80 graves. The cemetery appears to be a private speculation of the keeper, who takes the fees, provides the headstones, and performs the duties of a sexton. The ordinary charge for an interment is five shillings; the monuments of course, vary. The keeper the kettle ten minutes before setting over shows one which is said to have cost five pounds. The Duke of Cambridge has two a week before he was captured. dogs buried there, and he seems to have A woman occasionally gats too old to started this public institution.

Old World News.

The typewriters have at last worked their way into the House of Commons, the Committee on Accommodations having lately voted to devote a room to them.

As part of the defence of the lower Thames, a boom is soon to be stretched across the Medway at Sheerness. Four struction, which will cost many thousand pour sa, the shore anchorages alone requir-

ing £6,000. It is worth noting that the Bank of England has fewer notes in circulation than it had fifteen years ago and the total active note circulation of England is hardly greater than when the act of 1844 was passed.

having taken their place. The regulations of the British Post office require that every unsound tooth shall be taken out of a man's head before he can be employed. An unfortunate girl who recently was examined for promotion had four-teen teeth taken out at one sitting by order of the official dentist, who explained that "we can't have girls laid up with

French women students do not seem to take to medicine. In the enrollment of women attending university lectures, just made in Paris, of 155 on the list of the medical faculty only sixteen were of French birth, while of the 164 on the list of the faculty of letters 141 were French; seven studied under the faculty of science and

three under that of law. Fifty-two trades unions, with a membership of over 350,000 have made returns for July to the labor department of the English Board of Trade, which show that 7.4 of their members were unemployed, as compared with 6.3 in June and 6.2 in July 1893. The depression is greatest in the metal, textile and ship-building indus-

M. Janssen recently exhibited to the French Academy of Sciencesthe clock-work that will register the observations of the instruments placed in the observatory on top of Mc it Blanc. It requires winding up only once in eight months, and is lubricated with a material that has been exposed to a cold of 80 degrees below zero withou,

freezing. In summer the vicar of Kirk Bradden, beautiful scenery, with the foreground of

By the demolition of some old houses in Catherine street, Strand, recently, the old churchyard which Dickens described in 'Bleak House" has been exposed to view. Then a new batch was treated in the same It is approached by a narrow passageway way, and for some minutes there was plen- leading from Russell court. The gate, with its iron bars, through which poor Joe pointloving crowd, for an Irishman loves fun, ed out to Lady Dedlock the grave of his benefactor, still hangs on its rusty hinges, but the graveyard has been asphalted over

A murderer was executed in Newgate prison the other do privately, as the law directs. A crown gathered outside to see the black flag, familiar to the readers of 'Tess of the D'Urberville," hoisted, and behaved in as brutal and disciderly a way as in the old-time public hangings. A delay in the execution nearly brought on a riot, and when the flag finally went up the nob cheered and yelled. It is suggested It was not the fire shovel, nor the that the custom be done away with, as it serves no practical good.

A Milanese pianist named Gravagui has ust won a bet by playing for twenty-five consecutive hours without a rest. began at 11 o'clock and played until midy said, both publicly and privately, in night on the following day, under the avor of the many virtues which we all selections ranging from Wanger to comic selections ranging from Wanger to comic wish to see taking root and flourishing in opera. From time to time a friend poured the hearts and lives of men. No one con- coffee, tea, and eggs beaten in Marsala wine troverts it. All listen and assent. Maxims down his throat, and at the end he offered

To commemorate the recent marriage of volubly given and earnestly pressed, with-out any apparent disposition on the part of the listeners to give them the briefest an honest living in these times of demand Indeed it is a matter of great for female labor." The palace of the Grand Puke Nicholas, the Czar's uncle, has been those who regard themselves as above taken for the use of the institute; four hunadvice and exhortation, that so little practi- dred thousand roubles are given at once for cal effects seem to follow. If some of the the equipment, and a large sum is to be apwind-force that is thus expended to no propriated yearly for the support of the

Mr. Imre Kiralfy, whose exploits in the gigantic exhibition line have become hisoric, is now mentally hard at work, says the London Court Journal, in planning a fac-simile exhibition of our Indian Empire. For this he will require space, and has ound a suitable site. He has need of much learned help in enabling him to place be-fore the public an exhibition true to historical facts, showing the great variety of races in andia, the magnificent architecture of the East, and the splendid appreciation the natives have of effect and show in the pageantry of their lives.

Cincinnati's fire department has adopted an innovation in the way of a portable telephone which is carried to all fires and onnection made with wires running to the department headquarters. This enables the chief or the marshal in command to keep in constant communication with the

headquarters of the organization. The numerous ghost stories which have been given currency in New York lately led a small boy in that city to impersonate one. He frightened many people for about

in love, but a man never does