

"What was that story about the spade that you told me long ago, Lockwood?" said the Professor. "Oh!" replied our host, "you mean the man that was had up for stealing a spade. That is quite true, too. The magistrate before whom the case was being tried was a stupid, but as well-meaning, conscientious old fellow as ever lived. He carefully looked up 'Archibald's Criminal Law' to find a precedent on which he could convict and punish the man. But he was unable to do so. 'I can't find anything under the word "spade," said he, "although I see that a man was convicted and severely punished for stealing a shovel. You have had a very narrow escape, but you may go this time."—From "The Idler."

HUNTING THE HARE.

"In the heart of a big evergreen swamp, or solemn Northern forest, the coldest of winds has no chance, and a man can keep comfortably warm in any well-chosen 'stand.' On sparkling moon-lit nights the big snowshoes of Sir Hare print the tell tale surface with many a hasty triangle for eager noses to follow. The white fellow loves to squat close of a morning. He is snug in his form 'neath some close-tangled cover, and he hates to bestir himself till he needs must. The busy beagles poke here and there puzzling out cold trails, and at last a searching nose catches a whiff of the loved scent coming from a pile of brush, a fallen tree top, or a tangle of small growths. Sir Hare must away now. A rustling about his domicile, a questioning yelp almost in his long, quivering ears, gird him for flying speed. With a graceful curving bound he clears the sheltering cover, and, as a jangle of bell-like music thrills his sensitive nerves, he swings his furry snowshoes for every ounce that in him lies. Away he flies, a leaping, flying image of white speed. At every bound he hears fiercer challenges in the form of trumpet tones behind. Speed now at any price! Yet, run as he may, unerring nostrils read his course in air and snow; hot red throats clang mile, or more, he covers at nervous speed, then he curves his flight and circles for his starting point. The ringing tumult in his wake whimpers dying far away, only to rise and swell again in wilder, stronger chorus. He must try new tactics—a swift dart across a narrow open will enable him to gain a saving swamp. One leap from the cover his bulging eyes mark a new terror. An awful shape moves near a screening bush; a frightful thunder fills his dying ears, and from the dark woods whence his course has been, pours sudden, loud and exultant, a torrent of approving dog-music—for right well do the excited rogues know what has been the end."—*Outing*.

"INDIAN SUMMER" IN NORTH-WEST CANADA.

The summer has long since drawn to a close, and the verdant landscape had undergone an ominous transformation, writes Mr. Francis Parkman. Touched by the first October frosts, the forests glowed like a bed of tulips, and all along the river bank, the painted foliage, brightened by the autumnal sun, reflected its mingled colors upon the dark water below. The western wind was fraught with life and exhilaration, and in the clear sharp air the form of the fish hawk, sailing over the distant headland, seemed almost within range of the sportsman's gun. A week or two elapsed, and then succeeded that gentle season which bears among us the name of the Indian summer; when a light haze rests upon the morning landscape, and the many-colored woods seem wrapped in the thin drapery of a veil; when the air is mild and calm as that of early June, and at evening the sun goes down amid a warm voluptuous beauty, that may out rival the softest tints of Italy. But through all the still and breathless woods, like flakes of snow, and everything behind. And, in truth, on the morrow, the sky is overspread with cold and stormy clouds, and a raw piercing wind blows angrily from

the north-east. The shivering sentinel quickens his steps along the rampart, and the half-naked Indian folds his tattered blankets close around him. The shrivelled leaves are blown from the trees, and soon the gusts are whistling and howling amid gray naked twigs and mossy branches. Here, and there, indeed, the beech tree, as the wind sweeps among its rigid boughs, shakes its pale assemblage of crisp and rustling leaves. The pines and firs, with their rough tops of dark evergreens, bend and moan in the wind, and the crow caws sullenly, as, struggling against the gusts, he flaps his black wings above the denuded woods.—*The Colonies and India*.

W. E. Gladstone, the great English Premier and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the distinguished American Poet and Essayist, both use a pen by the same maker. It is a singular and noteworthy fact too that they both agree in saying that it is the best pen of its kind in the world. Where there is such infinite variety in make and pattern; such refinement of mechanical ingenuity; excellence in workmanship; and persistent energy in competition—this unanimity of opinion in the great Englishman and American is all the more noteworthy and extraordinary. A pen that has won such high commendation from men of such distinction and character as William Ewart Gladstone and Oliver Wendell Holmes must surely commend itself to all classes and creeds of men, who can see the pen at Hart & Riddells, 12 King St. W., Toronto.

SAVED BY A NEWSPAPER.

THE STORY OF AN OTTAWA BUSINESS MAN.

Afflicted With Deafness and Partial Paralysis—Obliged to Give up His Business on Account of These Infirmities—To the Surprise of His Friends Has Been Fully Restored to Health.

From the Ottawa Free Press.

Mr. R. Ryan, who is well-known in Ottawa and vicinity, having been until recently a merchant of this city, relates an experience that cannot fail to prove interesting to all our readers. It is well known to Mr. Ryan's acquaintances that he has been almost totally deaf since twelve years of age, and that some time ago this affliction was made still more heavy by a stroke of partial paralysis. Recently it has been noticed that Mr. Ryan has been cured of these troubles, and a reporter thinking that his story would be of benefit to the community requested permission to make it public, and it was given by Mr. Ryan as follows:—

"In the fall of 1883, when I was about twelve years of age, I caught a severe cold in the head, which gradually developed into deafness, and daily became worse, until in the month of July, 1884, I had become totally deaf, and was forced on account of this to leave school. The physician whom I consulted informed me that my deafness was incurable, and I concluded to bear my ailments as well as I could. In 1889 I started a store about two miles from Calumet Island, Que., but not being able to converse with my patrons on account of my deafness, I found it almost impossible to make business a success. However, things were getting a little brighter until last April when I took a severe pain, or rather what appeared to be a cramp, in my right leg below the knee. I was then doing business in Ottawa, having come to the city from the place above mentioned. At first I gave no heed to the pain, thinking it would disappear; but on the contrary it grew worse, and in the course of a few weeks I had to use a cane and could scarcely bear any weight on my leg. I continued to go about this way for two weeks, when a similar cramp attacked my left arm, and in less than two

weeks, in spite of all I could do for it, I could not raise the arm four inches from my body and I found that the trouble was partial paralysis. Judge my condition—a leg and an arm useless, and deaf besides. Being able to do nothing else, I read a great deal and one day noticed in one of the city papers of a man being cured of paralysis by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately began the use of Pink Pills and before I had finished the third box I noticed a curious sensation in my leg, and the pain began to leave it excepting when I endeavored to walk. Well the improvement continued, gradually extending to my arm, and by the time I had completed the seventh box my leg and arm were as well as ever, and my general health was much better. And now comes a stranger part of my experience. I began to wonder why people who were conversing with me would shout so loud. Of course they had always had to shout owing to my deafness, but I was under the impression that they were beginning to shout much louder. After having bade them "speak lower" several times, I enquired why they still persisted in shouting, or rather yelling at me, and was surprised to be informed that they were not speaking as loud as formerly. This led to an investigation and judge my joy when I found that Pink Pills were curing the deafness which was supposed to have been caused by my catarrh. I continued the Pink Pills for a month and a half longer, and I now consider myself perfectly cured after having been deaf for ten years. I can hear ordinary conversation and am fit for business, though I am yet a little dull of hearing, but this is not deafness, it is simply dullness, the result of my ten years inability to hear conversations, which still leaves me with an inclination not to heed what is being said. But I am all right and you may say from me that I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine known to man, and that I shall be forever indebted to them for my renewed health and strength.

Newspaper ethics usually prevent the publication in the news columns of anything that might be construed as an advertisement, and thus much valuable information is suppressed that might prove of incalculable benefit to thousands. The praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sung throughout the land, they should be familiar in every household, and newspapers should unite in making them so.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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, nervous prostration, all diseases depending on 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 men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only 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.