

the roses outside the window, the bees humming, and the birds chirping in the trees.

Indeed I do—grossly. And that expression—am sure I never looked like that, with a little pout, so sentimental, and lack-lustre, and all that.

"Is it lack-lustre?" says the artist, laughing. "Then I think I like lack-lustre looks. But you really did wear just that pathetic expression. It was a sentimental occasion, you know—and for the matter of that, you often have that waiting, wistful look. It becomes great, dark Syrian eyes, I think. Do you know you have real Oriental eyes, Leo—long, almond-shaped, velvet-black."

"I think I must look like a Chinese," remarks Leo, resignedly. "They have almond eyes, have they not?" But while she laughs she tingles to her finger-ends with delight. "You look like what you are, the fairest, dearest darling in all the world! Leo—he throws down brush and maul-stick, and takes both her hands, with a sudden impulse that flushes his blonde face and fires his blue eyes—"don't you know—I love you?"

"Oh," says Leo, with a sort of gasp, and tries to draw her hand away. She turns pale now, instead of red, it is so sudden, and—somehow he looks so overwhelming.

"Have I startled you? Dear little Leo! You were always easily startled, I remember. I do not know that I meant to speak this morning, but the love he hides so long, all in a moment breaks its bounds and overflows. I love you! you are not angry that I say this?"

"No," Leo says, and laughs nervously—"only curious. To how many more have you said it, I wonder?"

She hits the truth so nearly that he winces; then he, too, laughs a little.

"Yes, I have said it to others, but I do not think I ever meant it until to-day. I have decided myself before, and taken passing fancies for love; that in one reason why I have waited so long before speaking to you. It is no passing fancy now—I love you. I have little to offer, but at least I have enough to put me beyond suspicion of fortune-hunting. What I have, I lay at your feet, with my heart, my life. Will you take them, Leo?"

And Leo's answer? Well, it is not in very coherent words, but it is very intelligible. One look of the soft, shy eyes, one drop of the blushing face, and then that face is hidden on Mr. Livingston's velvet painting-blouse, and broken murmurs issue from Mr. Livingston's mustached lips, of which "My darling! my love! my Leo!" are the only distinct articulations the listening robes and bluebirds can catch.

And as there is another wedding in September, another fair bride is given away, another young man looks nonsensically happy, another bridal breakfast is eaten, another wedding trip is taken. And Abbott Wood, under the superintendence of Dr. Lamar exteriorly, and Mrs. Dr. Lamar interiorly, is to be put in apple-pie order for the home-coming and house-warming that are to follow, and the state's mansion is to have its mistress at last. Joanna's prediction is verified—Leo will live there, and not alone.

For Joanna—well, letters come from England with cheerful regularity, and they breathe all good wishes for the happiness of the newly-wedded pair. She is well, and her mother improves quite wonderfully in body and mind. She expresses no regrets at not being able to be present at the marriage, but she promises to come and spend Christmas with them at Brightbrook. Her plans for her own future are formed and settled; her mother wishes to reside permanently in England, and Joanna lives but to accede to her wishes. She has bought a pretty place here, she writes, and calls it Brightbrook, and so, after all, an English Brightbrook will be her future home.

So writes Joanna. But, as it chances, Joanna is not Madame Olga's only English correspondent, and it is about this time that the following letter arrives from Lady Hilda Stafford:

"My DEAREST OLGA—Your last was charming. How vividly you picture your fair Brightbrook home! How I long to see it, and Dr. Lamar, and you! But, delightful as your Brightbrook may be, it can hardly equal ours, I fancy, and even you do not know how to be more bewitching than Mrs. Bennett. We owe you a debt of gratitude for your letters of introduction to us, more particularly as she has made up her mind to settle among us 'for good.' She has purchased an exquisite place here, and named it Brightbrook, as you know, and the neighbourhood is enchanted with its American acquisition. What a voice she has! And what a pair of eyes! I fell in love with her at sight, and, I fancy, I am not the only one who has done so. You met Sir Roland Hardwicke, you know, while here. You have not forgotten him, I hope; for if the fair, stately, silver-voiced Joanna does not end by becoming Lady Hardwicke, the fault will not be his. His case was hopeless from the first, and he is a splendid fellow, and quite worthy even of so noble a heart as hers. He is every inch a soldier and a gentleman, owning a handsome place, a gallant figure, a long pedigree, and a longer rent-roll. Send your blessing and approval, for I really think both will speedily be required."

Olga is delighted—Geoffrey smiles, and approves. Both remember Sir Roland Hardwicke very distinctly, a man whose favor any woman might be proud to win. But Joanna is not one to be easily won, too readily pleased, and the pedigree and rent-roll of which Lady Hilda speaks will not count for much with her.

"I hope—oh, I do hope he may please her!" Olga cries, "dear, generous Joanna! If ever any one deserved love and happiness, it is she. And as his wife I am sure she will have both. Lady Hardwicke! to think of Joanna—Blessed Joanna," laughing, but with tears in the sapphire eyes, "wearing a title at last!"

After that the letters from Lady Hilda are waited for with feverish impatience. They come often, are long and satisfactory. Everything progresses well so far as she can see. She is not in Miss Bennett's confidence, of course, but Sir Rowland is a frequent—very frequent visitor at Brightbrook, and people talk of it already as a settled thing. Every one loves her, she is the Lady Bonifant of the parish, and Lady Hardwicke (Sir Rowland's mother) has graciously offered to present her at Court next season, which shows she approves, etc., etc.

To be continued.

## OUR NEW STORY!

### THE COMET OF A SEASON!

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

#### CHAPTER I.

"LOWLINESS IS YOUNG AMBITION'S LADDER."

The teller of this story has a strong objection to the mysterious in fiction. He is quite willing that the personages in the tale should get involved in bewilderment and confusion as often as occasion requires; but he holds it that the reader ought to have a clear understanding all the time of the real meaning and explanation of everything that seems a mystery. Some of the plays of an otherwise not very meritorious dramatist, the elder Crebillon, always seem to him in one part of their arrangement to furnish a pattern to the composers of all fiction, whether in the form of the drama or in that of the romance. Crebillon filled certain of his plays with puzzles. Nobody came out in the end to be the person he seemed to be. Either he was passing off for somebody not himself, or he honestly believed himself to be somebody that he was not. Torturing complications thereby arose; but only for the people in the play. There was no torture for the audience. Crebillon, by one simple and bold device, saved them all pangs of conjecture and torment of doubt. The list of "personages of the drama" prefixed to each play carefully explained the identity of every character. Something of this kind was set out: "Alceste, a young man believed to be the son of the peasant Pierre, but in reality the son of the Count de l'Espee. Bianca, supposed to be a gypsy girl, but afterward discovered to be the long-lost daughter of the Marquis de Montville." Thus the audience were comforted into the secret at the beginning, and never had to turn mentally back and hastily revise their first impressions about any of the personages. I have long since forgotten about Crebillon's plays, except this arrangement of his dramatic personages; but that has always appeared to me charmingly inartificial, straightforward and deserving of the gratitude of men. In the story I am now about to tell I shall, after my own different fashion, bear this principle in mind. A little mystery there is in it, but it is only for the persons who move in the drama, and not for the readers.

I would, therefore, ask those readers to turn back with me for a few pages to a period before that at which the connected action of the story begins. One glimpse at a quiet scene, which passed some fifteen or sixteen years earlier than that day, will be enough to put the reader in full possession of much that was secret to men and women of whom the story is told, and which, if known by them at the time, might have influenced so significantly their actions and their lives as to leave no story worth the telling. Yet even that scene, if it could have been looked on by some of the persons in the story, would not have made things as clear to them as a few slight hints of explanation shall make them to the reader. To learn that a man is not really what he professes to be, might, after all, give a very imperfect and misleading idea of the man's full character. It might lead to a stern, uncompromising verdict, instead of a recommendation to mercy.

On a soft evening of late summer a young man and a young woman sat on a bench in a small public park, just outside one of the great northern towns of England. They were apparently watching the setting of the sun. The sight was beautiful enough to have won the attention of any two young people, if we will cling to the fond idea that young men and women do really care much more for Nature and her charms than the seniors with whom the world has been too much, and whose sun, therefore, may be supposed to have suffered eclipse. But this young man and woman were not really absorbed by the glory of the sunset. He was gazing at the west, to be sure; but his eyes did not seem to follow the descent of the sun. She was not now looking at the sun; she was looking at him. Her eyes were fixed on him with a wistful, devoted, uneasy look, like that which a French painter has given to the eyes of Sappho as she watches the countenance of her lover, and his unsatisfied gaze far into immeasurable depths of thought; immeasurable, that is to say, for her, or at least not measured by her. Any one could see that this young pair were a pair—were married. No sister leans so on a brother and looks into his face with a look like that, love him never so tenderly. Nor, it is to be feared, does a young lover ever look so fixedly and so far away from the eyes of the girl he loves and has not yet been able to call his wife. These lovers were married; had been married rather more than a year.

The young woman was pretty, winsome, anxious-looking; she was clearly what would be called in the common acceptance of the word, a lady. The young man was strikingly handsome; tall, slender, dark, and dreamy-looking. Even a man looking at the two would have admitted that the pretty, pale girl was practically extinguished by the remarkable appearance of her young husband. Perhaps a not too keen observer might also have come to the conclusion that this handsome young man was not so distinctively a "gentleman," again employing a word in its conventional sense, as the girl was a lady. For all the well-dressed and graceful appearance of the youth, it still had something of what we cannot, perhaps, describe better than as the "glorified artisan" air. The powers of witchcraft would not have been needed to enable any one with his wife about him to reach the quick conclusion that the young wife had somewhat descended from her social position to get to the young lover, and that she adored him all the more.

"The sun is going down," the girl said. "Look, love! he will be gone in a moment!"

"Yes," the young man answered, without turning to her. "I didn't notice; I wasn't watching him."

"I thought you were absorbed in the sunset; I wouldn't have said a word to disturb you until he had sunk. You ought to have been absorbed in me, and not in the sun; but I wasn't jealous; I quite forgive you."

"But you see I wasn't thinking about the sun," he said, with a smile, and turning to her for the first time. She almost blushed when his deep eyes rested on hers, and she saw that, for all his insinuating ways, there was genuine affection in them.

"Oh, come now, that I know is a story. I am sure you were not."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well, for one thing, because you never looked at me or turned your eyes to mine all the time. No, no; you were thinking of something else. No matter; it was some-

thing great and good, I am sure; and I wouldn't have you wasting your intellect always in thinking of a little ridiculous woman, even though she is your wife. So you may confess openly."

"Well," he said slowly, "it is true all the same. I was thinking of you; I was thinking of both of us—and me together. She gave a little shudder of pleasure, if such a word may be used, and clung closer to him in a nestling sort of way. The public park was very lonely now, at least in that part of it, away from the main thoroughfares and great open walks, and the young wife might nestle as closely as she pleased under the critical eyes. Even the sun was no longer there to look at her.

"Yes, I was thinking of us both. I was thinking of our prospects and our future."

"Oh, that!" she said. "She was not so glad as she had been an instant before. 'You are anxious and uneasy; I know your mind is troubled; you are not happy.'"

He said, "I want a career."

"A career, already!"

"Already? Why, I am three-and-twenty! and now have made themselves a name before that, already."

(To be continued.)

#### HOW IT WORKED AT THE MURRAY HOUSE.

Among the costliest hotels in Ontario, is the Murray House of St. Catharines, kept by Mr. Thomas Sculley, where the writer always stops when in that city. Upon a recent trip, the writer was speaking with Mr. Sculley concerning his old friend, Frank, when Mr. Sculley observed: "I take great pleasure in recommending to all my friends, and to all who have known it, a most excellent remedy, myself, and I know of others who have used it with great success. I would not be without St. Jacobs Oil, nor do I believe any sensible man ought. I caught a cold about three years ago, which settled in my back and sorely afflicted me between my shoulders. The pain was almost unendurable at times, especially at impending changes of the weather; and at such times, I used to be incapacitated for attending to my business. I tried electric baths, salt baths, various strengthening plasters and other such means without success. Finally I tried St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, and was cured at once and permanently. St. Jacobs Oil is a most excellent remedy and I would not be without it at any price."

#### A NEW ECCLESIASTICAL COURT.

His Lordship Bishop Laflèche has just established, by virtue of a decree of the last Provincial Council, an "ecclesiastical" composed of the following persons for the diocese of Three Rivers:—Official, M. Charles Oliver Caron, Vice-General; Assessor, Messrs J. O. Prince, curé of St. Maurice, Isaac Golin, priest of Nicolet Seminary, M. Marchand, of Drummondville and J. B. Coman, Professor of Theology in Three Rivers Seminary; Promoteur, M. Hermyle Baril, Professor of Theology in Three Rivers Seminary; Vice-Promoteur, N. N. Caron, Professor of Rhetoric at the University of the Immaculate Conception; Vice-Chancellor, M. J. A. Legris, chaplain of the Church of the Immaculate Conception; Vice-Secretary of the Diocese. It is to this tribunal, against any ecclesiastical persons in the diocese of Three Rivers will have to be addressed.

#### ALEXANDRIA AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

The English papers teem with scenes and incidents of the bombardment of Alexandria and its consequences:—

#### HEROIC PRIESTS.

There were at Alexandria a Belgian Roman Catholic priest, Pere Guillaume, and a French Lazarist, Frere Miville, who neither the terrors of the tremendous English bombs thrown into the city nor the fury of the maddened Alexandrian mob could deter from their quiet and patient work of succoring the wounded and saving those who were ready to perish. It may be true, as Admiral Nicholson was so very good as to admit to the English officers, that the United States could not now "duplicate" the vessels which destroyed the Liverpool of the Levant, but that is a small matter if the United States can "duplicate" the brave and noble men who represented Christian civilization in the midst of such a scene.

#### A NOBLE SISTERHOOD.

The correspondent of the London Daily News writes: "I visited all the hospitals, and cannot speak too highly of the devotion of the staff of the Christian Charity Sisters. In addition to their own sick they are crowded with refugees of all conditions. Some died soon after admission into the hospital, and the Sisters had no means of burying them. Others went mad from fright, and there were no appliances or rooms for their treatment. At the French or general hospital a cold shawl from one of the ships outside the squadron penetrated the room where there were three of the Sisters and embedded itself in the main wall. The poor women were afraid it would explode, but the marines with an officer called and assured them this was impossible. Yesterday at three o'clock in the afternoon I was talking to Sister Barbara and others at the Desconsecrated hospital, outside the Mohurrum Bay Gate. They were attacked by the mob and the soldiers on the day of the bombardment, but some of the inmates fired pistols and the mob disappeared. The hospital was then defended by a guard of German soldiers, and the Sisters were calm and thankful for being able to remain at their posts. This morning, at four o'clock, I saw them being escorted, eighty in number, including patients to the German gunboat. They had been obliged to leave all at a moment's warning because an engagement between the English troops and Arabi's soldiers was imminent. Some shots were fired, and the Sisters were compelled by the advance guard to leave the building, and were escorted by German sailors and marines. The maligned, the halt, and the lame, all alike, had to march four miles through the burning town to the water-side. It is difficult and dangerous for a strong man to do this. The sufferings of this band of Sisters, with their patients in all stages of disease, cannot easily be described. Owing to the omission to give the German guard the password for the night on arrival at the gates, the English troops challenged the Germans, and, receiving no reply, fired, the Germans returning the fire. Happily the mistake was discovered before any serious injury took place."

YOUNG MEN suffering from early indications, lack brain and nerve force Mack's Magnetic Medicine, advertised in another column, supplies this want and thus cures when all other preparations fail.

It is said that embroidery will be used in great profusion on Winter woolen dress goods. Folks dots will be enlarged to great balls that resemble embroidery, though they are wrought by machinery. Self colors will be used in dress goods in preference to figures. Heavy gros grain silks and taffetas will be the choice over satin lustrous silks.

#### FASHION NOTES.

Deep yokes of white Hamburg embroidery are pretty with light colored gingham dresses for young children.

Mantles next fall will be lined with some bright color, gold, red, blue or pink. Gold will be first choice. Velvet will be the principal material.

The large Mother Hubbard lace collars, in all their variations, have had a wonderful popularity. They are preferred to crêpe lisse for hot weather.

Some Jersey dresses have entire scarfs of embroidery on self material. This is notably the case with nun's veiling and pongee, the skirts of which are belted.

Mull finds a renewed lease of life as a trimming for shade hats. It is easily put on, is inexpensive and charmingly appropriate on hats for young girls and elderly ladies.

All the members of the family are now represented in silks. The bugs are extremely looking in the handsome.

Satin is on the way. Dress fabric, and next season it will be preceded by other goods, notably rep silks, which are soft and yielding, and yet appear to be heavy from the thick cords in them.

Among the Summer woolen goods beige cashmeres, dotted with eggs, interlaced rings and tufts, are very popular. English crepe is a rival of rums' veiling for this dress. Trimmed with a profusion of ribbon it is very effective.

Frogging is becoming exceedingly popular either for dresses or jackets, in black they form the prominent ornament of the fashionable tailor made costume called the veston militaire, of navy blue cloth, so serviceable for travelling and every day wear.

Mull neckties are passé. Ribbons, from one to two inches wide, are passed around the neck inside the dress collar and outside of the linen collar. They are tied in a very large bow of two long loops and two longer ends.

The English women having seen samples of American rag carpets have adopted the idea, and out of pretty woolen savings make handsome mats and rugs for nurseries, smoking rooms and bed chambers. They are as handsome again if carefully arranged as to color.

Pretty dresses for the Summer are those of white gaine painted with flowers and draped over cream satin; sunflower bows in ribbon are studied here and there. The bodices are plain muslin over satin, and there is a puff of lace at the back, with long flowing sleeves.

Feather ornaments will be worn next season again. The fact that one leading Paris milliner has contracted for the skins of 30,000 pigeons for the adornment of hats and bonnets counts. The birds are to be caught in all parts of Germany, and dealers in game in Berlin are filling the order.

On almost every bonnet, whether black, red, white or any other shade, yellow flowers display themselves—notably wall flowers, cowslips, marigolds and yellow roses. Dresses also represent the fashionable shade, either in their trimming or the figuring of their brocade.

Zephyr lawns made of the material used for Scotch gingham, and similarly woven, but as thin and soft as mull, are among the most satisfactory thin woads. They come in a violet with white bars, pale blue with brown blocks, dark garnet with black bars, and all the clear dark colors as well as the light shades used in Scotch gingham.

The gayest flannel dresses this season are made of the terra cotta tint with enough brown in them to prevent their seeming to be merely red flannel dresses. The cadet blue flannel dresses are now so common that no new ones are being made. Blue black is the preferred shade in flannel, and they are trimmed with black braid.

Children's hats have wider brims than at any previous season, and these brims are rolled up a trifle all around. The favorite colors are dark red and cadet blue, but there are many mauve straw worn, with a velvet facing of becoming color inside the brim. They are trimmed with either pompons, satin ribbon or feathers.

The prettiest ball dresses of the season have been seen at Saratoga. They are composed of tulle, or some light diaphanous material, with soft chenille spots. The drapery is arranged in the rippling serpentine fashion known as the "water fall," and a large spray of roses in two colors, with leaves loosely mounted, is fastened on one side.

In parasols there is really little novelty after all. The use of much lace and flowers make many of them gay and the bright linings are attractive, but they are not different in style or size from those of last season. There is the widest latitude in the use of colors, one sun umbrella often representing in the silk or ornaments four or five shades.

Among the Lyons novelties for Autumn are silk and gold woven brocades, in two shades of the same color, with gold upon the darker tint; the effect is very rich. A delicate shade of pink is brocaded with rose color, in the form of garlands of natural size and arrangement. Metal threads are also being interwoven with the more simple fabrics of twisted satin, which are covered with small dots, stars and the like.

Some of the prettiest dresses for the Summer season are those made with a foundation skirt of plain satin, either pale pink, sky blue, silver gray, lilac or pale cream. These skirts are covered with the gathered ruffles of Oriental lace. Over them are worn basque bodices of plain or watered silk, which match in hue the color of the skirt, faintly seen underneath its lace covering.

All outside garments that are popular of late years outline the form, more or less, by being cut to fit or gathered in to its shape. Attempts have been made to revive the long scarf straight upon the back and hanging straight down in front, but they have been comparative failures. Shape outline is demanded and the draped costume with more or less modification will outlast this generation at least.

Pretty summer shoes are those made of light stuffs and trimmed with dark leather. The materials generally used are plain and small checked cotton textures in gray and other shades. They are much cooler than leather shoes, however thin, but are scarcely as handsome as the kid. Half shoes of light material, for garden and morning costume, are pretty, while for promenade toilets the low leather shoes become more coquettish and varied than ever.

#### NOVA SCOTIA LEGISLATURE.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT SWORN IN. HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 3.—The new local Government was sworn in to-day as follows:—Hon W. T. Pipes, Premier, without office; Hon J. W. White, Attorney-General; Albert Gayton, Commissioner of Mines and Works; O. E. Church, Provincial Secretary; Thomas Johnston, Dr. Campbell, A. M. Cochran, Thos. F. Morrison.

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

A physician says alcohol has killed more people than yellow fever. Well, doctor, more people have taken it.—Boston Post.

A Tennessee woman has trained a dog to drink beer and chew tobacco. Now you will see that woman will never marry. She has no use for a man around the house.

It was in a new English School. "What is the feminine of tailor?" Asked a teacher of a class in grammar. "Dressmaker," was the prompt reply of a bright-eyed little boy.

"Ah!" moaned a widow recently bereaved, "what a misfortune? I know what kind of a husband I have lost, but how can I know what kind of a husband his successor will be?"

"Mr. Timms," said a wag, "how do you keep your books?" "Oh, by double entry."

"Double entry, how's that?" "Oh, easy enough—I make one entry and father makes another."

"What your daughter wants," said a candid music teacher to an ignorant millionaire, "is capacity."

"Is that so?" was the reply.

"Well then, I'll order one right off, no matter what it costs."

"Father, ain't you opposed to monopoly?" shouted a little fellow, as his father took up the brandy bottle. "Yes, my boy." "Then give me a drink too." The father broke the bottle on the floor, and since then has not tasted liquor.

A painter, who had turned physician was asked why he had quitted his profession. "Because," replied he, "my former business exhibited my mistakes in too glaring a manner, therefore I have now chosen one in which they will be buried."

"Conductor," said a lady passenger on an American railway pointing over her shoulder to a man who was resting his feet on the window sill behind her. "I wish you would request that brute to take his feet down." "I don't mind," replied the polite but cautious ticket agent; "he's a member of the Legislature."

An Ohio man, after reading of the allowance made to the doctors who attended President Garfield, declared that "Doctor ignorance" got too great an allowance. "Why," said a friend, "Doctor ignorance had nothing to do with the case?" "Yes," he had, answered the Ohio man, "don't you know that 'Ignorance is Bliss'?"

A boy of eight years was telling his father what they got at school. The oldest, "Reading, spelling, and definition."

"And when do you get my little one?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was at that time slyly driving a top-spinny nail in to the door panel. "Well, Oh, I gets real-ly, spellin', and spakin'."

A tragedian in the habit of giving orders to a widow lady. She was once sitting in the pit with her little girl, when her friend the performer was about to be stabbed by his staid rival. Roused by the supposed imminence of his danger, the girl started up, exclaiming, "Oh, don't kill him, sir—don't kill him; for if you do he won't give us any more pit orders!"

Consideration.—A minister was called in to see a man who was ill. After finishing his visit, as he was about leaving the house, he said to the man's wife, "My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?" "Oh! yes, sir, we go to the Bauby Kirk." "Then why in the world did you send for me? Why didn't you send for Doctor Macleod?" "Na, Na, sir, deed no! We wadna risk him. Do ye no ken? It's a dan' us case o' typhus."

A new railway was opened in the Highlands. A highlander named Donald heard of it and bought a ticket for the first excursion. The train was half the distance to the next station, when a collision took place, and poor Donald was thrown unceremoniously into a park. After recovering his senses, he made the best of his way home, when the neighbors asked him how he liked his drive. "Oh," said Donald, "I liked it fine, but they had an awful quick way in pullin' me out."

A countryman, seating himself in a fashionable restaurant with the intention of having a hearty dinner, summoned the waiter and made known his purpose. The latter skipped briskly away, and soon returned with a handsomely bound bill of fare, which he opened and placed before his guest, who, however, pushed it away, scornfully observing, "Oh, come now, I don't want no literature! Vitals is what I want—vitals—and pretty quick too!"

It is related of George Clark, the celebrated negro minstrel, that being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by the counsel, who wished to break down his evidence. "You are in the negro minstrel business," I believe," inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Isn't that a low calling?" demanded the lawyer. "I don't know but it is so much better than the minstrel," but it is so much better than my father's calling?" "What was your father's calling?" "He was a lawyer," replied Clark, in a tone of regret that put the audience in a roar.

ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK.—An Orkney fishing boat's crew had an exciting adventure with a large shark, estimated at from 25 to 30 feet in length, while hauling their lines at the deep sea fishing the other night. The shark had swallowed one of the hooks, and in trying to escape got so entangled in the line that he could not get away, while the fishermen were unable to take so large a fish into their boat. Ultimately, when the shark became exhausted, the crew cut off his tail, and were thus enabled to haul off the coils of lines from the body of the fish.

HOW STATURE MAY BE AFFECTED.—The New York doctors, having had the question put to them whether a man can add a cubit to his stature, opine that there are ways by which stature can be affected. They say that people who drink limestone water, like the Kentuckians and the Tennesseans, who are famous for being tall, owe it perhaps to the fact that they absorb so much lime, which goes to the making of their bones. So oatmeal builds up the bone and muscle of the Scotch, and makes them tall. There is a belief, however, well or ill founded, that the height of a child at the age of two years is just half the height to which it will attain at maturity.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Female Complaints.—On the mothers of England devolves much and serious responsibility in securing for their daughters robust health; frequently, alas! thoughtlessly sacrificed by culpable selfishness at a particular period of life, when all important changes take place in the female constitution, upon the management of which depend future happiness or misery. Holloway's Pills, especially if aided with the Ointment, have the happiest effect in establishing those functions, upon the due performance of which health and even life itself depend. Mother and daughter may safely use these powerful disobstructing remedies without consulting any one. Universally adopted as the one grand remedy for female complaints these Pills never fail, never weaken the system, and always bring about the desired result.

#### SCOTCH NEWS.

[Glasgow Herald, 15 July.]

DEATH OF A BOY FROM LOCKJAW.—On Monday morning a little boy named Robert McEldry, about five or six years of age, son of a blacksmith recently gone to South Africa, died at his home from lockjaw. Some time ago the boy had his foot pricked by a thorn or nail, and his blood is believed to have been poisoned through the wound.

The captain and chief officers of the Glasgow steamer "Ethiopia" were on Wednesday, through the Board of Trade, on behalf of the Freedmen of the United States, presented with handsome testimonials in recognition of their services in rescuing the crew of the Boston ship "Jamestown" on the night of the 13th February, 1881. The testimonials took the form of a silver cup to the captain and a gold medal to the first officer, both of them bearing a suitable inscription.

The master of the steamers "Saltana" and "Shardona" were on Wednesday charged at the Greenock Police Court with allowing large quantities of black smoke to be emitted from the funnels of their vessels, while lying at the steamboat quay, on the 12th of June last. The cases fell through, because a last warning notice from the sanitary authorities had been issued on the same day as the offence was alleged to have been committed. The owner of the steamer "Vivid" was arraigned on a similar charge, and in his case a fine of 40s was imposed.

A CHILD KILLED BY SWINGING ON A GATE.—A report has just reached the County Police Office Airdrie, of the accidental death of a child named Jane Gilchrist, daughter of Robert Gilchrist, engineer, Harthill, under the following circumstances:—She had been amusing herself along with some of her playmates, swinging on a heavy wooden gate leading to a coalpit at Harthill, when a loud cry startled the other children, and the poor girl was found with her head jammed between the gate and the post. She was immediately released, but was found to be dead. Her head was frightfully crushed, blood flowing freely from the nose, mouth and ears, and with the brain protruding.

KILLED BY A TRAMWAY CAR.—William Walker Tait, aged 42 years, was knocked down and killed by a Paisley Road and Crescent car in Nelson street, S.S., on Monday. The unfortunate boy, who resided with his father in Nelson street, was crossing from the one side of the thoroughfare to the other, when he accidentally stumbled in front of the car. His skull and both arms were fractured. The little sufferer was at once carried to the surgery of Dr. Robert Chalmers in Centre street, down ensu-ing soon afterwards. No blame, it is said, attaches to the driver of the car, who, however, was taken into custody pending the inquiries of the police. He was liberated in the course of the day, there being no charge against him.

SUSPICIOUS AFFAIR.—The Hamilton police are investigating a suspicious occurrence which took place on Sunday afternoon at the mining village of Burbank, near Hamilton. About two o'clock a miner, named John Kirkwood, aged 60, was seen to tumble out of the window of a second-storey house in Windsor Street, occupied by Ann Johnston or Courtney, on to the pavement, a height of 14 feet, while immediately afterwards the woman Courtney and another, Janet Paterson, appeared at the window and looked over. It was found that besides internal and other injuries, Kirkwood's right leg was broken above the knee, and he was in a semi-conscious state. Although a married man, he and Courtney cohabited up till six weeks ago, when he left for Cambuslang. He returned on Sunday morning, and after drinking together, they appear to have quarrelled. About one o'clock they were seen on the stair outside the house, Courtney striking him with a poker, and he complained to some neighbors about being assaulted. He afterwards returned to the house, when a renewal of the strife took place. A crowd of several thousand people assembled and booed the woman when the police took them into custody.