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D. A. BRUCE,
Queen Street, Charlottetown.

GATIVE RICH BLOOD PILLS
tire system in three months. Any
12 weeks, may be restored to sound
mplaints these Pills have no equal.
LIDNEY diseases. Sold everywhere,
. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (for Internal and External Use) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
18 Influenza, Bleeding at the Lungs Hoarseness, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, and JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

E HENS LAY
a, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in
urnished in large cans, price $1.00; by mail, $1.20.
ne. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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ANCE COMPANY
Established in 1809.
....$9,733,332
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The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1884. VOL. XIII—NO. 13

THE HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
IN ADVANCE.

OFFICES:
Macdonald's Building, West Side Queen Street, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

THE HERALD
HAS NOW THE
Largest Circulation of any paper on this Island,
AND IS INCREASING AT THE RATE OF
TWO HUNDRED COPIES A MONTH

Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.
Advertisements, without instructions to the contrary, will be continued until forbidden.
Items and general news of interest, in a condensed form, solicited.
Remittances can be made by registered letter.
Address all letters and correspondence to the HERALD Office, Queen Street, Charlottetown.

RICHARD WALSH, Publisher.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY, 1884.

MOON'S CHANGES.
First Quarter 5th day, 5h. 22.6m., p. m, South.
Full Moon 12th day, 11h. 14.6m., a. m., South.
Last Quarter 20th day, 1h. 10.8m., a. m. E.
New Moon 28th day, 1h. 48.7m., a. m., N.

MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON RISES	MOON SETS	HIGH WATER
		h.m.	h. m.	morn	after'n	
1	Tuesday	7 49	4 18	9 18	7 58	morn.
2	Wed.	49	19	9 50	9 4	0 42
3	Thur.	49	20	10 19	10 12	1 30
4	Friday	49	21	10 48	11 21	2 2
5	Satur.	49	22	11 18	morn	2 50
6	Sunday	49	23	11 51	0 33	3 32
7	Monday	48	24	aft. 18	1 45	5 9
8	Tuesday	48	26	1 5	2 49	6 22
9	Wed.	47	27	1 59	4 17	7 32
10	Thur.	47	29	2 57	5 21	8 32
11	Friday	46	30	4 1	6 23	9 44
12	Satur.	46	31	5 9	7 17	10 30
13	Sunday	45	32	6 18	8 2	11 10
14	Monday	45	34	7 26	8 40	11 50
15	Tuesday	44	35	8 29	9 12	aft. 26
16	Wed.	43	36	9 35	9 44	1 2
17	Thur.	42	38	10 39	10 7	1 41
18	Friday	41	39	11 40	10 33	2 21
19	Satur.	41	41	morn	11 0	3 6
20	Sunday	40	42	0 39	11 26	4 9
21	Monday	40	44	1 38	11 56	5 1
22	Tuesday	39	45	2 36	aft. 33	6 28
23	Wed.	38	46	3 32	1 11	7 25
24	Thur.	37	48	4 26	1 57	8 39
25	Friday	36	49	5 15	2 45	9 3
26	Satur.	35	51	6 11	3 41	9 54
27	Sunday	34	52	6 41	4 42	10 32
28	Mon.	32	53	7 18	5 46	11 5
29	Tuesday	31	55	7 51	6 56	11 46
30	Wed.	30	56	8 23	7 52	morn
31	Thur.	7 29	4 58	8 52	9 13	0 22

SULLIVAN & MACNEILL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Solicitors in Chancery,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building, Great George Street, Charlottetown.
☞ Money to Loan.
W. W. SULLIVAN, Q. C. | CHESTER B. MACNEILL.
jan17

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
BARGAINS!!
—IN—
Upholstered Goods
Having imported a large stock of Upholstering Goods
DIRECT FROM THE BEST MARKETS,
We CAN and WILL give the
Best Value at the Lowest Prices.
We are now manufacturing
One Doz. Parlor Sets.
Call and examine them.
MARK WRIGHT & CO.
Charlottetown, January 2, 1884.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1883-4. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1883-4.

On and after Monday, 10th December, 1883, trains will run daily as follows, Sundays excepted:

Trains Depart—For the West.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.
Charlottetown ....dp	7.40 a. m.	2.40 p. m.
Royalty Junction	8.00 "	3 00 "
North Wiltshire	8.52 "	3.48 "
Hunter River	9.07 "	4 03 "
Bradalbane	9.44 "	4 38 "
County Line	9.52 "	4.47 "
Freetown	10.08 "	5.01 "
Kensington	10.30 "	5.21 "
Summerside ....ar	11 05 "	5.55 "
....dp	1.00 p. m.	
Miscouche	1.22 "	
Wellington	1.30 "	
Port Hill	2.32 "	
O'Leary	3.50 "	
Bloomfield	4 15 "	
Alberton	4.54 "	
Tignish ....ar	5.30 "	

Trains Arrive—From the West.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.
Charlottetown ....ar	3.20 p. m.	10.30 a. m.
Royalty Junct'n dp	3.00 "	10.08 "
Royalty Junct'n ar	2.55	
North Wiltshire	2.04 "	9.22 "
Hunter River	1.48 "	9.07 "
Bradalbane	1.11 "	8 32 "
County Line	1.01 "	8.23 "
Freetown	12 46 "	8.09 "
Kensington	12 25 "	7.49 "
Summerside ....dp	11.50 a. m.	7.15 "
....ar	11.10 "	
Miscouche	10 48 "	
Wellington	10 20 "	
Port Hill	9 36 "	
O'Leary	8.20 "	
Bloomfield	7.55 "	
Alberton	7.17 "	
Tignish ....dp	6 20 "	

Trains Depart—For the East.

STATIONS.	No. 5.	No. 7.
Charlottetown ....dp	2 30 p. m.	
Royalty Junction ar	2.50 "	
Royalty Junction dp	2.55 "	
York	3.12 "	
Bedford	3.31 "	
Mount Stewart ar	4.05 "	
Mount Stewart dp	4.15 "	
Cardigan	5.35 "	
Georgetown ....ar	6.00 "	
Mount Stewart ....dp		4.10 p. m.
Morell		4.50 "
St. Peter's		5.10 "
Bear River		6.05 "
Souris ....ar		6 50 "

Trains Arrive—From the East.

STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 8.
Charlottetown ....ar	10.45 a. m.	
Royalty Junction	10 22 "	
York	10 05 "	
Bedford	9.45 "	
Mount Stewart ....dp	9.10 "	
Mount Stewart ....ar	9.00 "	
Cardigan	7 40 "	
Georgetown ....dp	7.15 "	
Mount Stewart ....ar		9.05 a. m.
Morell		8.25 "
St. Peter's		7.56 "
Bear River		7.09 "
Souris ....dp		6.25 "

☞ Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

JAMES COLEMAN,
Superintendent.
Railway Office, Charlottetown, Dec. 7, 1883.

THEO. L. CHAPPELLE,
Sole Agent for B. Laurance's Spectacles, for Prince Edward Island, Diamond Bookstore, 89 Queen Street, Charlottetown.

HEAD TESTIMONIALS:

From Lieut. Governor Haviland.
GOVERNMENT HOUSE, 1st June 1883.
DEAR SIR,—The eye-glasses and spectacles purchased from you in December last have given me comfort and satisfaction, and I never experience any strain upon my eyes after using them.
T. HEATH HAVILAND,
Lieutenant Governor.
B. B. LAURANCE.

From David Sterling, Esq.
CHARLOTTETOWN, 1st June, 1883.
I have been wearing a pair of eye-glasses purchased of Mr. Laurance four months since, and I can remark with truth that I see perfectly the smallest print, with ease and comfort, by artificial light.
DAVID STERLING.

W. & A. BROWN & CO.
Our Store Closes Every Ev'g at 6, Saturdays Excepted
CARPET DEPARTMENT.
In this Department we are doing a very large trade, in Axminster, Velvet Pile, Brussels, Tapestry, Scotch Hemp and Twine Carpets, Hearth Rugs and Mats. The reason is we buy from the very best British markets, keep the newest designs and styles, and sell at a small advance on cost.
GRAND ASSORTMENT OF
Silk Plushes, Velvets and Velveteens, 100 boxes to choose from, at prices lower than ever before offered.
Mantle Department.
These Goods are selling rapidly. They are the best and newest makes, and grand value.
Cloth Department.
The 200 pieces Job, Jacket and Ulster Cloths have been selling wonderfully fast. The prices are very low to the quality.
A large lot Seal Cloth from $3.50 to $8.25 per yard. Daily expected, 30 pieces Oil Cloths (English), from ¾-yard to 3½-yard.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
W. & A. BROWN & CO.
December 12, 1883—yr

NEW TEA, NEW FRUIT, &C.
Try our New Tea,
IT IS EXTRA.
Half-chests, 5 and 10 lb. Caddies
(Tins with screw tops), very choice.
200 boxes Prime Raisins,
200 boxes Choice Figs,
200 barrels No. 1 Winter Apples,
2 tons Choice Confectionery,
Flour, Sugar, Molasses, Kerosene Oil, &c.,
Wholesale & Retail.
BEER & GOFF.
Charlottetown, Nov. 21, 1883.

L. E. PROWSE
SELLS THE CHEAPEST
READY-MADE CLOTHING
—AND—
FUR CAPS
ON THE ISLAND.
L. E. PROWSE,
Sign of the Great Hat, 74 Queen Street.
Dec. 5, 1883.

G. H. HASZARD,
BOOK BINDER,
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,
LAW STATIONERY, &C.,
South Side Queen Square, Sign of the Big Book,
NEAR THE POST OFFICE.
Printing, Ruling, Numbering, Perforating, &c.,
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
On Hand, a Large Stock of Record Paper for Blank Books
Having the most complete Bookbindery in the Province, as well as the best workmen, we can guarantee satisfaction.
FINE BOOKBINDING.
Special attention given to finer grades of Bookbinding, in Morocco, Turkey Morocco, Plush, Velvet, Calf and Roan. The only place in the city where Gilt-edging can be done.
ALWAYS IN STOCK, A FULL LINE OF
COMMERCIAL STATIONERY,
In Envelopes, Letter, Note and Foolscap Papers. Also Writing and Copying Inks of all the leading makers.
All kinds of Printing done on short notice and at low prices. Special attention given to Letter, Note Heads and Bill Heads. A full stock of Legal and other Blanks always on hand.
G. H. HASZARD.
Charlottetown, Nov. 7, 1883—3m

Roman Intelligence.

ROME, Dec. 30, 1883.

On Christmas Eve solemn audience was granted by His Holiness to the College of Cardinals, the Dean of which, Cardinal di Pietro, expressed the wishes and congratulations of its members to the Holy Father. In reply, His Holiness thanked them in the most cordial manner and addressed to them a very important discourse on the leading subject of Cardinal di Pietro's address, "Peace." He said that "the implacable hatred and evil instincts by which the Church is assailed by its enemies and, above all, our sad condition in this city of Rome do not permit us to enjoy the benefits of peace and that serene joy which was brought, in more tranquil times, by the anniversary commemoration of the Birth of Jesus Christ. It is exceedingly painful to our heart as it is to yours to behold the august religion of Christ and the Church, His Divine Spouse, contended against on all sides, under lying pretexts. In the very heart of the most Catholic nations, this spirit of hostility is seen in a thousand ways aiming at wrenching from the Church all social influence, at lessening its rights and at rendering its Divine mission extremely painful." It is in Rome, however, that all things become occasions for new attacks. "Every religious and public manifestation," continued his Holiness, "fitting to awaken and keep alive amongst the Italian people the Catholic sentiment and attachment to the Roman Pontiff is bitterly opposed, turned into derision and perverted. When, for example, a notable part of the clergy and faithful of Italy came to us, a few months ago, in devout pilgrimage, voices filled with spite were heard, and new menaces and new outrages were launched against us. The sects which dominate here to-day, have taken occasion to revive amongst their adepts the profound hatred against the Church by which they are animated and to excite them to a more general and more audacious warfare. Similarly, the fourth centenary of the birth of Luther has furnished by preference to the evil press of Italy an ample opportunity for savagely attacking the Apostolic See. They were not ashamed, indeed, to exalt the impiety of that apostate, and the principal object of the praises which have been lavished upon him has been precisely his open rebellion against the authority of the Catholic Church and the implacable warfare which he waged against the Papacy. Symptons of a still worse future are not wanting to-day. All that which has been undertaken to the detriment of the Church and of the Holy See, does not suffice to glut the rapacity of our enemies. It has been said and repeated that the hostile measures adopted up to the present are still too gentle and too indulgent. And yet no one ignores that they have been so fatal to the Church that nothing has been spared: neither its rights, nor its liberty nor the independence of his Head, nor its ministers, nor its property. What trials still more severe then, are to be expected in the future, if God, in His inscrutable judgements, should permit these audacious designs to come to pass? To the offences of external enemies are added the defection of some, and the insidious artifices and unworthy writings of certain others, who, as forgetful and ungrateful children, would wish to cast upon their mother, who has suffered so much and so cruelly from them, the fault of the evils which we deplore, rather than attribute it to those who propose to themselves the one task of outraging and reviling her. In the midst then of such violent struggles and perturbations so profound, one cannot too ardently desire peace. And we in the humilty of our spirit ask it unceasingly, and more so in these days do we ask together with you, from the King of Peace Who, from His birth brought peace to men and left it them on quitting them." His Holiness then blessed the members of the Sacred College and all who were present.

A Reunion.

Some forty-six years ago, at St. Vincents College, Castleknock, near Dublin, there were five students of the same class who shortly afterwards separated and did not meet again till they were called from the four quarters of the globe to take their places among the assembled prelates of the Vatican Council. They were: Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto; Bishop Moran, of Dunedin, New Zealand; Bishop Grimley, of the Cape of Good Hope in Africa; Bishop Fenelly, of Madras, India; and Bishop Feehan, of Nashville, United States, who is at present Archbishop of Chicago. To celebrate their reunion the five prelates made a pilgrimage to St. Paul's and The Fontane outside the walls of Rome, and it may be presumed they had a talk over the incidents of their lives since they parted from their Alma Mater. A sixth classmate would have joined them if Bishop Kilduff, of Ardagh, Ireland, had not died before the Council met. The fact in itself is an illustration both of the Catholicity of the Church, and of the ubiquity and success of Irish ecclesiastics.

Two prominent clergymen of the Church of England have just resigned their positions and joined the Roman Catholic Church. One of these is the Rev. Geo. Benson Tantum, M. A., of Christ Church, Oxford, chaplain of Magdalen and late curate of St. Paul's, Oxford. He was received at the Birmingham Oratory. The other is the Rev. Richard James Dyne Godley, B. A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and late curate of St. John's, Bathwick, Bath. These secessions have both been the cause of very considerable excitement in the circles in which the reverend gentlemen were best known.

A telegram from Rome announces the appointment of the Very Rev. Domingo Manney, Vicar General of Brownsville, Texas, to the Bishopric of Mobile, vice Bishop Quinlan, deceased.

(*For the Herald.*)

A SUMMER DAY.

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
—*Longfellow.*

The perfect day in late summer must be sought for in September. In early summer we have it in June; but when the year is about being crowned amidst the throphies of harvest, there comes a day so supreme in all its beauties and surroundings that the heart is ravished in its enjoyment, and all other days of the year seem as nothing to this one. In mid-September of last year we enjoyed such a one as this. It was a Sunday, and a more glorious morning never broke over the sleeping inhabitants of Summerside. With a couple of friends we spent the day in the country. The sun was an hour high, and flushed with a hazy mellow light the waters of the harbor. There was joy in the sunshine, tonic in the air, and exhiliration and buoyancy in the spirits, seated, as we were, behind a fast stepper, our objective point being a country church some fifteen miles distant. The pastoral beauty of the landscape of the Island at this season cannot, we think, be surpassed on the continent. The gently indulating country roads; the rich verdure of wood and field; the well-built farm house with its surroundings white, trim, and neatly kept; the browsing cattle; the timorous sheep, present a picture to the eye as charming and poetic in its quiet beauty as any that poets have sung of in older and more renowned lands. Speeding along we enjoy the

"Breezy call of incense breathing morn,"

and almost every scene presented to our eye brings to mind some well-remembered passage of the poets whose extracts in the school books we love to read in the long ago of boyhood. How naturally we feel the beauty of Montgomery's lines:

"How still the morning of that hallowed day,
Mute is the voice of rural labor. Hushed
The plowboys whistle and the milkmaids song."

Poetry aside, and as a matter of fact, we, in this land, have no plowboys or milkmaids. True, we have the farmer's lad, or "hired man," as he is most generally called, who, clean shaven—except the neatly-turned moustache—and dressed in a spruce suit of fashionable tweed, may be met bowling merrily along with a dashing horse and showy wagon glistening in all the glory of new varnish. By his side, if not one of his employer's daughters, the "hired girl," decked out in the latest fashion. A young man and girl of purely American product, and looking as unlike the conventional milkmaid and plowboy of the poet as can well be imagined. Leaving the bright homesteads and pleasant fields of the settlements, the road beyond Miscouche leads us for a distance of four or five miles through the woods. Not being a scientist like "B.," who writes so charmingly for the *Examiner*, we cannot describe the *Flora* and *Fauna* peculiar to this patch of road. The growth of wood is scraggy and stunted, the soil poor and swampy, and the highway straight as an arrow shoots along bounded by an interminable and ever-narrowing vista of spruce, fir and alder bushes, with here and there a half-grown maple, whose leaves ere long, when autumn dons her regal robes at the crowning of the year, will flash in all the brilliant hues of scarlet, crimson, and purple. But we leave the woods, and mounting Cameron's hill, see before us a panorama of unsurpassed beauty. On the left, for miles, stretches the dark and sombre woods, "the forest primeval, the mumery pines and the hemlocks." Winding its way like a gleaming thread of silver through a dark woof of tree and field, we catch a first glimpse of the Ellis River, spanned just below our coigne of vantage by a fine bridge, its miniature waves glistening and dancing in the morning sunbeams as it peacefully flows to the great waters of the Gulf. To the right we behold the curving stretches of bright red bank, the margin of river and bay, the jutting headlands coming into relief here and there, and on the opposite bank, three miles below, the white and stately church of St. Patrick's, its noble tower and tall spire, a landmark for the traveller, and a beacon for the toilers of the sea. Crossing the bridge we are again in a land of pleasant fields, and pass along through substantial homesteads, the quiet stillness of the morning hardly broken by the song of birds and the buzz of insects; man and beast alike seem to feel the restful influences of the day:

"The scythe lies wreathed in tedded grass,
Mingled with faded flowers, that
Yester morn bloomed waving in the breeze."

But we forget, there are no scythes to be seen now, or if seen, but rarely, modern improvements having replaced them with "mower and reaper." We are now nearing the church, and crowds on foot and in wagons fill the highway, all bound for the same destination as ourselves. Across the tree tops the silvery cadence of the "first bell" is borne to our ears. At last we reach the spot and enter the church grounds. Here we meet many old friends, and hearty greetings are exchanged. Seated on the bright and velvety sward that surrounds the church are groups of stalwart men, the descendants of heroic sires, who, a hundred years ago, gave up home, kindred and country that they might find in this new land that freedom to worship God that was denied them by the petty tyrants of their native glens and valleys. Then, as now, men fled from tyranny and persecution. The glorious privilege of remaining "crofters" and surrendering conscience possessed no glory for them, though in the eyes of the laird it seemed a fine arrangement. And so, a century ago, bidding a tearful farewell to Scotland, these men of Uist and Bara turned their faces to the New World,—

"Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came."

And yet they conquered, for their triumphs over adverse circumstances, and stern nature, is manifested to-day in the smiling fields that blossom as a rose, where once the trackless forest stood. All honor to the brave forefathers who withstood the tyrant across the seas. Unlike the so-called pilgrims of New England, it is not claimed for these men that they founded a new nation or propounded a new religious and social polity. History is almost silent about them, and no Hemans has sung their praise. Still, we love to honor and cherish their memory. Most of us claim to descend from just such men, most of us feel, at least those of us that think, that to them we are largely indebted for the privileges and freedom we now enjoy.

Slowly and reverently we enter the House of God, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is about being offered up. The surpliced singers have taken their places, and now the solemn Gregorian music fills the church. With simple and devout piety priest and people join in offering their prayers to the Almighty. Inside, the stillness is only broken by the priest's voice, and the chanting of the choir; outside, the stillness is only broken by the occasional piping of a bird, or the subdued rustle of the leaves; while the river, here a wide expanse of molten silver, moves slowly to the sea. After Mass we accept the hospitality of an old friend, to whom we have often been indebted for similar favors. This house has always been our headquarters when visiting the settlement, and we have ever found the same cheery, hearty welcome. Our host is a typical Highlander, generous, frank, manly, outspoken, and loyal to religion, kith and kin. Of tall and sinewy frame, he stands erect to-day, though the frosts of eighty winters have whitened his still vigorous growth of hair; his eye bright, his voice strong, his step firm and elastic. We love to ramble with him around his farm in the beautiful summer afternoon. With pride he shows us where the brightest patches of wheat, and the heaviest oats are to be found. Standing on the high ground he points, with extended arm, to the scenery around. He moved here a lad with his father seventy years ago, and during all this long time, he has gazed, as he gazes to-day, upon the familiar landscape. To the east he shows us the low promontories of Lot Sixteen, Indian River, and the headlands of Malpec, with the hills of Irishtown, purple and somewhat hazy in the distance. Away to the north we see the lighthouse and islands of Richmond Bay; and beyond, the illimitable sea dotted with white sails gleaming in the sun. To the north and west we have Port Hill, the Narrows, and Lennox Island, the home of a remnant of the once powerful tribe of the Micmacs. Seated in the house, our friend is seen to his best advantage, particularly when discoursing on times long passed. He has pleasant memories of the well-beloved Bishop McEachern; of his early missions in that part of the country, and his struggles to plant the faith in the surrounding settlements at the west. He can tell you of the first log structure that served the double purpose of Chapel and priest's house, and how God's faithful ministers journeyed through the forest on foot or horseback, and over bays and rivers by canoe, carrying the consolations of religion to the sick and dying. Listening to incidents of pioneer life, the afternoon passes, and now, the sun slowly descending in the western sky, warns us it is time to be on the road on the return journey; so bidding our kind old friend and his family adieu, with a promise to repeat our visit next summer, we step into our wagon bound for home. Coming back an incident occurred when we left the wooded road, which is worthy of mention. The driver of our wagon had a pleasant fiction of a toll house, which he told us was near the edge of the road. So when we reached the clearance we saw a small cottage, at the door of which stood an old decrepit man. Halting our horse, the driver called out, "Now, boys, pay your toll;" out came the silver, each one of us contributed, much to the delight of the poor old man. It is twilight now, and behind us the western sky is aglow with beautiful shades of gold, pink, and crimson, a gorgeous sunset, though the "cosmis dust" theory had not then been broached. And so home through the quiet roads, the great round heavenly moon rising in the east, the stars peeping out one by one, the fitful light of the fire-fly, the distant bleating of the sheep, the faint tinkle of the cow-bell, being among the sights and sounds we enjoyed as the summer night closed down when we stepped out at our own door.

"O gift of God! O perfect day,
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!
Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much."

For and About Women.

Earrings are made to fit the ears closely.

New brides now wear gloves on either hand.

Leap year advice—Be sure your victim is rich before you jump at him.

The marriage bell is displaced for the floral umbrella at fashionable weddings.

The city and guilds of London Institute have established a school of wood engraving for women.

Over 20,000 women are engaged in the watchmaking trade in Switzerland, doing much of the finest work.

Of the more than seven millions of women over 15 in Great Britain, about half are in remunerative employment, earning their own living.

A Boston girl fell in love with a grey-haired old man, and some of her acquaintances were mean enough to say that she had got the antique craze.

In Norway and Sweeden over 150,000 women are employed in agriculture, 10,000 in mines and manufacture, over 15,000 in medicine, and two or three score in law.