hoss place like Badgeron should go bulge on her."

To have it said that the opera company had visited Scuddy and had scorned to appear at its rival, would be a cause for the most profound satisfaction to every resident of the latter place.

By guaranteeing that every place of business would be closed on the night of the By guaranteeing that every place of business would be closed on the night of the performance, and that every person in town and from as far out as the Yellowhammer Ranch should attend at SI per head, or if unable to be present should send the closer, anyhow, Jack was able to secure the company. In return the manager signed a contract to the effect that he would not visit Barigerton under any circumstances. If agked his reason, he promised to reply that the place was not of sufficient importance to warrant it.

the place was not of sufficient importance to warrant it.

Great was the rejoicing at Scuddy when Jack Bates announced the good news. A mass-meeting was held, and Jack's acumen and fostering care of Scuddy's prosperity were lauded to the skies. His name was even mentioned as that of a candidate for the Mayorship at the next election.

When the stage drew up to the combined hotel and post-office, a few days later, with a more elaborate flourish than usual, it

hotel and post-once, a rew days later, who a more elaborate flourish than usual, it seemed as if every person in the little settlement was there to welcome its arrival. Bill Hankley, the driver, seemed to have acquired a new and added dignity since the citizens had seen him last.

enthusiases had got the better of his judgment insisted upon delivering an address of welcome.

The last to leave the coach was a small, pale-faced, yellow-haired man, who bore in his arms a little bundle. It might have been a roll of clothing, or it mighthave been a baby,

The yellow-haired man was assigned a little room in the "L" of the hotel, on the first floor. He placed the bundle on the bed, and, softly removing the wrappings, revealed a baby, uneasily sleeping and catching its breath by fittul gasps. Its little face was thin and burning with fever. It opened its ble eyes and stretched its tiny handa feebly toward the yellow-haired man. "L'ant a d'ink, papa," the parched fips piped weakly.

"I ant a d'ink, papa," the parcheu appiped weakly.

All day long the yellow-haired man sat beside the fever-stricken baby. Oftimes his head sank on his breast, as if from sheer exhaustion, but he was always ready to instantly attend to the feeble cry of, "Ant a d'ink, papa," of repeated.

The oblid seemed to be sinking rapidly. Its hot breath came and went in painful, dattering canna.

Its hot breath came and went in painful, fluttering gasps.
Often the yellow-haired man's eyes closed involuntarily, but the baby's feeble wail for water always aroused him.

He took the little sufferer in his arms, and, as the sun sank from sight behind the distant mound, he seated himself before the open window.

The soft southwestern breeze, laden with the perfume of the wild verbenas, gently agitated the interlaced morning glory vines that crossed the window.

It dallied about the little hot face, fanned the burning cheeks, and kissed the small

the burning cheeks, and kissed the small parched lips. It toyed with the baby's yellow curls, so like those of the pale-faced man who bent above it.

The little head nestled closer to the man's heart. "Sing, Papa," the parched lips whis-

signs, Papa, the parched his winspered.

signs it was only an old-fashioned lullaby, mple, even silly perhaps, but the tenor voice that sang it so softly glorified the homely air.

The swift, Indian summer twilight of the plains came and went: and still the yellowhaired man sat in the dim room by the open window and sang the sweet old lullaby. The song went steadily on, and presently the body was still, except for the feverish preathing.

the body was suit, except for the teveral breathing.

Out in the darkness a night hawk fell, seemingly from the very clouds almost to the earth, uttering, as he turned to begin his ascent, his weird, booming, discordant

his sacent, his welrd, occurring, discordance cry.

The door opened softly and someone tiptoed into the room.

"Paul," said a low voice, your cue comes in five minutes. You must go now."

The yellow-haired man left the sleeping child softly on the bed, and followed the newcomer out into the darkness.

He staggered weakly as they strode along the dark street, and once would have fallen had not his comrade caught him.

"Take my arm, Paul," the comrade said.

"Take my arm, Paul," the comradesaid.

The impromptu opera house, a new,
half-finished building, with a make-shift
stage and scenery, was crowded to overflowing.

The betizens of Scuddy were present
almost to a man, and even the cowboys
from as far out as the Yellowhammer and
Spade ranches were in attendance.

Jack Bates, with a bouquet clutched in
his haad, occupied a prominent position
and applauded every part of the performance with impartial vigor.

The performance had been going on for
some time when the yellow-haired tenor
appeared. He came upon the stage with
unsteady, stumbling steps. His yellow hair
was tossed about and his face was drawn

and pallid. When he began to any en audience regarded him with marked dis

The Department would be seen that the second of the second

consisting of Jack Bates and the cowboys, entered the room where the yellow-haired man knelt by the dead baby. Their hats were off and their bared heads were bowed. The man who had spoken ontside was with them.

"Paul, he said," "here are some friends the room of the room of the room of the room of the room."

who wish to speak to you."

The yellow-haired man rose to his feet and confronted them without a word. Jack Bates cleared his throat and began awkwardly.
"Pardner," said he, "yere's a leetle bun dle we found in the road just now. Hit belongs to you an' the dead baby." They turned and filed out into the dark-

The tenor's comrade opened the little package that Jack Bates had placed on the bed. When the old, soiled handkerchief was untied, there was revealed a little heap of money—gold, silver and notes to a goodly amount—the gift of Jack Bates and the cowboys.

To prevent oil from oozing over the top of the burner, turn the wick down after the light is out.

Rub the wicks, do not cut them. A new wick must be started right. Loose threads must be clipped off to start with; but when once in shape, the necessity for clipping must be very rare.

Be sure that no bit of charred wick or burned fly or moth is left in the lower part of the burner. There is danger of these igniting and setting fire to the oil in the reservoir. A clean, unbroken lamp is not dangerous.

ne lamp, as it stands, unsafe if lighted efore refilling. When a lamp is first lighted, leave the

ame low until the metal of the burner is eated, then turn as high as possible, with-ut smoking. This secures a clear, steady

oda has been dissolved. Put one teaspoon-ld to every quart of water.

To prevent chimneys from cracking, put hem before using into a large pan and over them with cold water. Bring the vater slowly to a boil. Take the pan off of he fire and let the chimneys cool slowly in he water. le water.

If the brass catches of a burner are to

hight, the chimney will break as it expands with the heat, These catches are easily cosened without injuring the lamp. Lynch Law Among Rats.

In the neighborhood of Burley the other day a gentleman looking over a wall saw a dead hen in the field. Presently a rat ran up, sniffed at the defunct fowl with much satisfaction, and went away in some haste. The onlooker, who is a student of natural history, knew what that meant and removed the hen from the spot. In a minute or two the rat came back with half a dozen friends, with the evident intention of removing the carcass for future use. Arrived at the spot where the fowl had lain the rat raised a loud squeak of astonishment at its absence. In a trice the other rats fell upon him so savagely that they left him dead on the field as a warning not to play practical jokes with his friends.—

Leeds (Eng.) Evening Post.

When and What to Read.

When and What to Read. If you are impatient, sit down quietly nd have a talk with Job. If you are just a little strong headed, go o see Moses.

If you are getting weak-kneed, take sook at Elijah.

If there is no song in your heart, listen to

lavid.

If you are a policy man, read Daniel.

If you are getting sordid, spend a while ith Isaiah.

If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciptous four faith is arms around you.

If your faith is below par, read Paul.

If you are getting lazy, watch James.—

den Censer.

Dallas—I hear that you proposed to Miss
Testy last night and got a refusal?
Callous—Well, as to that, she didn't
bluntly refuse me; she wouldn't wound my
feelings by doing that, yet the inference of
the remark was plain enough.
Dallas—What reply did she make to your
proposal?

Callous—She said if I was the last man earth she might consider it. Women Read Advertisements Women Read Advertisements.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: It has been my good fortune during my week's stay at this hotel to be seated at table with three or four bright women. Every one of them comes down to breakfast with a newspaper in her hands. And what do you suppose she reads first? Why, the advertisements of the big dry goods houses, of course. She dwells and comments on every item of the advertisements with the serious interest that I devote to the market reports.

In ner hands. And what do you suppose is he reads first? Why, the advertisements of the big dry goods houses, of course. She dwells and comments on every item of the advertisements with the serious interest, that I devote to the market reports.

"I say, my triend," said a traveller from Maine, "can you tell me where there's a hannted house?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Come with me and you will find any kind of spirits you want."

A towel trust has been established. It will come down with a crash.

Mr. Speaker amounted the resolutions in the season.

Mr. Haggart presented the resolutions in average of the season.

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Mr. Haggart presented with season.

Mr. Larrier protested strongly against the season of the season.

Mr. Larrier protested strongly against the season of the season.

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Mr. L

House shauld not be confined to one side of politics.

Mr. Foster said he agreed with the view taken of the late Mr. Mackenzie. The Government had considered the subject of a conclusion as would justify a vote being asked at this time.

Mr. McMullen said that though Sir John Macdonald had ruled the destines of the country for a quarter of a century, this was not regarded by all the people of this country as a good thing, but many regarded it rather as a misfortune. It was not right to ask political opponents to contribute to a monument of a dead political leader.

Mr. Foster said such references to Sir John Macdonald did not show a generous spirit, and he thought were unworthy of the hon, gentleman.

spirit, and he thought were unworthy of the hon, gentleman.

The item passed.

Mr. Foster promised to bring down on Monday the report of the recent conference at Washington.

After recess the House resumed in committee on the criminal code, and passed all the sections except those reserved at the former sittings for further discussion, and excepting also the schedules. The committee rose and reported progress and asked leave to sit again.

Mr. Mulock asked as to the truth of the statements he had heard that the Govern-

telement was there to welcome its arrival. Bill Hankley, the driver, seemed to have acquired a new and added dignity since the citizens had seen him last.

"Air they thar?" asked Jack Bates, anxiously.

"You bet!" was driver Bill's reply. A shout of welcome went up from the crowd as the door of the stage opened and the lingers alighted. Old Colonel Darby, whose enthusians had got the better of this judge enthusians had got the better of this judge the lamp, as it stands, unsafe if lighted.

taken, but the Auditor-teneral, in the pursance of his duty, had made an audit the accounts. He had not made any report the subject up to this time, nor had he even made any extended verbal statemen of the results of the investigation.

The House then went into Committee

The House then went into Committee of Supply, and passed a number of items relating to the steamship subsidies. On the item \$103,000 to subsidize three lines of steamers from Halifax and St. John to the West Indies and South America.

Mr. Landerkin asked if the trade with the West Indies was growing in a manner satisfactory to the Minister of Finance.

Mr. Foster replied that it was improving. ing. Mr. Landerkinquoted the trade and navige

Mr. Landerkinquoted the tradeand navigation returns to show that from 1875 to 1877 inclusive the trade with the West Indies was \$11,409,684, while from 1885 to 1887 inclusive it was \$0,582,269, a falling off of over four millions. This did not seem to him a satisfactory state of affairs.

Mr. Mills contended that the prime difficulty as to exports was that Canada put barriers in the-way of imports from the West Indies. The experience of the world proved that goods could not be sold by one nation to another unless it was prepared to take in return what that other had to sell. It was because she recognized this principle that Britain's foreign trade had grown to such enormous proportions.

After further discussion the item passed.

Two Epitaphs. Remarkable are two epitaphs, the first of which is said to be upon a tombstone in the city of Sacramento: "Here is laid Daniel Remarkable are two epitaphs, the first of which is said to be upon a tombstone in the city of Sacramento: "Here is laid Daniel Borrow, who was born in Sorrow, and Borrowed little from Nature except his name and his love to mankind and hatred to redskins; who was nevertheless a gentleman and a dead shot; who, through a long life, never killed his man except in self-defence or by accident; and who, when he at last went under, beneath the bullets of his cowardly enemies in the saloon of Jeff Morris, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlasting morrow." The other, which belongs to a Nevada burying place, is such a noteworthy achievement in this line that it may fully conclude our compilation of a few of the curiosities of epitaph literature: "Sacred to the Memory of Hank Monk—the Whitest, Biggest-Hearted, and Best-Known Stage-Driver of the West; who was kind to All and Thought III of none. He Lived in a Strange Era, and was a Hero, and the Wheels of his Coach are now Ringing on Golden Streets."

A Veteran Still Fighting. "And you want a pension?"
"That's what."
"How long were you in the war?'
"Well, sir, _L wur married 'long' in '69, n' peace ain't been declared yit; so you kin es' calkilate fer yerself!"

A Boomerang. Young Van der Million-Wouldn't it l rare fun for us to become engaged just for the summer, you know? She—Just the thing! Inever did believe long engagements.

erings of Two Fond Hearts in Collision on the Trolley Bond Kills a Hor

"There, there, don't cry; you'll attract

"There, there, don't cry; you'll attract to much attention."

"I-I-don't care how much attention I attract, and I-I-have to cry!"

"No, you mustn't. Come now, kiss me good-bye."

"Oh, George!"

"Good-bye, darling."

"You'll be so careful?"

"Yes, yes. Good-bye!"

"And you'll be sure to come home Friday ?" day ?"
'Yes, indeed. Good-bye, sweetheart.'
Good—Oh, I shall be so anxious about

"Oh, I'll come home all right. Good ye."
"Good-bye, darling."
"Good-bye,"
"Oh, George, how can I let you go?"
"You must, my pet. Good-bye."
"Good-bye, my treasure boy. Wave your handkerchief from the window, won't yes, yes. I must-go now; the bell is inging. Good-bye."

inging. Good-bye."
"Good-b-b-bye!"
"There, there; don't cry. Bye, bye!"
"Good-bye. Be just—as—careful—as— "Good-bye."
Good-bye."
Good-bye."
Good-bye."
Good-bye."
Good-bye."
Good-bye!" he shrieks from the car window. She waves her handkerchief excitedly, and his own flutters from the car window as long as the train is in sight, and ahe goes tearfully home, while he—well, the ways of a man are past finding out, but let us hope that he is thinking only of her.—
Minneapolis Times.

One is sometimes startled at the discovery of a new and most disagreeable force in a ingle word, when that word is ap, lied to himself to characterize some unpleasant fact of which he has long been aware, says the St.

of which he has long been aware, says the St.
Louis Chronicle.

"Don't call me fleshy!" said a lady of magnificent proportions; "I don't object to my size, but I simply can't bear that lower of the said desire to marry, but cannot endure being called a "spinster."

Not long ago a pretty woman in the thirties announced her intention of taking a somewhat extended trip alone, and ended with the remark:

"An old maid like me n't need an escort."

Then Marjorie, the little maid of the family, burst into a torrent of tears. "You're not an old maid, auntie!" she wailed; "you're not an old maid, auntie!" she wailed; "you're not! I can't bear it!"

not! I can't bear it!"
"But I am, Marjorie," said her aunt, laughing; "why, it's a nice thing to be. I

A Desperate Young Man.

"Tell me, my daughter," said Mr. Munn, with some anxiety in his manner, as he led his only child to a seat in the parlor, "wasn't young Mr. Gasket here last night!"

"Yes, papa. Why do you ask!" "Did you and he have a quarrel?" "No, papanot a quarrel exactly," But tell me! Has anything happened to him?" "Did he or did he not propose marriage to you!" "Yes, he did, papa," replied the girl, now thoroughly alarmed. "Do tell me if anything has happened to him. Has he committed sail—" "What was your reply, daughter? Did you accept him?" "No, papa. Has his body been discov—" "Did you give him any encouragement whatever?" "No, sir. Did he shoot himself, or—" "You rejected him finally and irrevocably, did you?" "Yes, papa, and he said he'd go and do something desperate, but I didn't think he'd make away with himself. Oh, papa, is it is awful?" "Yes, it's awful. I suspected that you had rejected him when I heard what he had done to-day." "Oh, papa, do you think I shall be arrested for it?" "Oh, dear, no. You didn't have to marry him just because he asked you."
"But tell me what he has done, papa?" "He's gone to work."—Detroit Free Press. A Desperate Young Man.

Don't be in Haste. To break off an old and tried friendship. Or contract a new and doubtful alliance. To give advice without being asked for it. To spend your salary in advance of earn-

time.

To give up a reputable business to dabble n politics.

To blame your children for following you To take part in the difference between your neighbors.

To give up a safe but plodding business for a bubble speculation.

To accept the scandalous stories you hear-concerning other people.

To quarrel with your wife because she criticises your faults.

Or with your husband because he doesn't tall you exerthing he knows.

Or with your husband because he doesn't tell you everything he knows.

Or with your aweetheart because she treats other gentlemen with courtesy.

Or with your lover because he mixes common sense with love making.

To go in debt because the shorkeepers have confidence in your honesty.—Cincinnati Enquirer. The husband of Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer, the cooking lecturer of this city, is a mild-mannered gentleman, who is contented to sink his personality, mind his own affairs, and let his wife travel about and gather fame unhindered. He broke over the traces with a vengeance the other day, says the New York Times, when he burst into her presence with his arms niled high with a fresh delivery from the laundry. "This thing must stop right here," was his angry greeting. "Why, what is the trouble, dear?" asked his spouse. "Troubel trouble enough!" he retorted, his voice shaking. "I have stood by quietly and let you have your own way- with the public. That is all right. I make no objection now. But when my shirts come back from the laundry marked 'Sarah T. Rorer,' I draw the line."

Wealthy, but-Ob, My! Mrs. Pry-Those Watkinses must hing—never.
Mr. Pry—Do you?
Mrs. Pry—No; bu
haven't plenty.

The scarlet fever epidemic in old London

BUT AKE SOOTOHMEN FIRST.

tially an English characters, at the disregard of the national sentiment of smaller nationalities is part of their nature; and conciliation is not only of the arts, for which Englishmen are famed. It is to these causes and an ignorance of historical facts that this custom against which we protest has spring up. We have no idea of relinquishing that which is our own, or any idea of demanding a repeal of the union. On the contrary, our demand resolves itself into this, that the spirit of the treaty should be observed. We have therefore no intention of submitting to domineering pretensions which have not a shadow of a foundation to rest upon.

Scotland's claim to the honororable fulfillment by England of these treaty obligations becomes the stronger when Scotland's share in the work of the United Kingdom-is considered. Who built-up this British Empire? What was its con-

PATENT MEDICINE PROFITS. The Manufacturer's Friend is the Fellow The Manufacturer's Friend is the Fellow who Buys the Second Bottle.

"A patent medicine that is retailed at \$1 a bottle must not cost the manufacturer more than 10 cents a bottle," declared the inventor of a medicine at a secret meeting of the druggists the other day.

"If it does," he added, "the manufacturer won't make enough to maintain his family on. The druggist pays 60 cents for the preparation. That leaves an apparent margin of 50 cents a bottle to the producer. But at the start the advertising will cost him 75 cents a bottle, leaving a dedict of 25 cents. In other words, it costs about 75 cents to induce one man to buy his first bottle of patent medicine.

cents to induce one man to buy his first bottle of patent medicine.

"The profit lies in the fact that the man doesn't stop at the first bottle, but keeps on buying it and advising his friends to buy it. A medicine has to turn the corner, as it were, before producing it pays. Some of the concerns collapse while they're waiting for the citizen to buy his second bottle.—New York Herald. Census Born and other casadams.

Census Balletin, No. 11, which deals with
the nationality of the population of Canada,
has just been issued. The component parts
of the population of the Dominion are shown
in the following table, giving the number of
each nationality according to the birthplaces in every 10,000 inhabitants:

State British posses 10 Europeancountries 110 Unite i States 170 "Luropean countries. 10 91
"United States. 17 14 42
In Oatsroi in 1891 the native born population was 80.9 per cent. and foreign born. 79.1. In 1881 the figures were 77.6 and 12.4 per cent. Of the native population in 1891, 77.7 per cent. were born in the Province and 2.2 per cent. in other Provinces. In 1881 the figures were 74.4 and 3 per section of the province and the province and province and the figures were 74.4 and 3 per section. The following table shows the numbers of The following table shows the following table shows the numbers of The following table Native born. Not native born 1891, 1881, 1891, 1881,

laughing; "why, it's a nice thing to be. I like it."

"Oh, but you're not, you're not!" cried Marjorie, as she rushed off to the study to ask, passionately: "Paps, is auntie an old maid?" "No, dear," said her father, soothingly, "not at all. She's only a postponed bride."

That proved wondrous comforting. The tears were speedily dried, but auntie herself was somewhat electrified when a caller came that afternoon to hear the little girlengire sweetly and in a tone so innocent that no one could suggest her ceasing to repeat the remark: "Did you know that I Aunt Helen is a postponed bride? Isn't it nice?"

N. V.Territories 47.83 2.32 30 10.03 1.23 2.32 10.03 1.23 10.03 1.23 10.03 1.23 10.03 1.23 10.03 1.23 10.03

1891. Native born in every 10,000.... 8,650

The End of a Long Suit.

The Supreme Court of Canada on Tuesday gave judgment in the case of Broadhead vs. The Penman Manufacturing Company, of Paris, an action to company the defendants to pay royalties on a patent. The plaintiff is an American and he commenced this action over three years ago, Mr. F. C. Moffatt, of Toronto, being his solicitor and Messrs. Crerar, Crerar & Bankier, of this city, solicitors for the defendants. The action was tried befere

Mr. F. C. Modiatt, or Toronto, being his solicitor and Messrs. Crerar, Crerar & Bankier, of this city, solicitors for the defendants. The action was tried befere Street, J. at Toronto Assizes in 1889, and judgment was given for the plaintiff, ordering the defendants to pay royalties as long as the patent should live. From this judgment appeals weretaken successively to the Theory Divisional Court and to the Court of Appeal, and both appeals were dismissed with costs by the unanimous judgments of the courts appealed to. The defendants' solicitors then took the case to the Supreme Court, where it was argued last February, Mr. Crerar, Q. C., being counsel for the appellants, and Messra. Moffat and Masten for the respondent. The judgment of the Supreme Court allows the appeal, reverses the judgments of Street J., the Chancery Divisional Court and the Court of Appeal, and orders the plaintiffs action to be dismissed with costs, both in the Supreme courts and in the Court of Appeal, and orders the plaintiffs action to be dismissed with costs, both in the Supreme courts and in the courts below. Several shareholders of the defendant company live in Hamilton, and they will be glad to know that this long and stubborn fight is ended at last, and in their favor.

None but the Brave, Etc. He was poor, but nervy, and she was beautiful and rich. "Will you marry me?" he asked, plumply. "Why," she exclaimed, "how abrus you are! You won't give me time."
"I can't do it," he snapped. "This is cash transaction." cash transaction."

And so they were married and lived hap pily to a good old age.

Quite Ready. Gutte Ready.

Ethel—Old Mrs. Matchmaker has found a husband for Miss Frostique.

Maud—I suppose Miss Frostique asked lot of questions when she was told of it?

Ethel—No. She simply said, "Is it a man?" and when she was told it was, she said, "Let him bring a preacher along with im." Time for Action.

Mrs. Brown-You'd better hurry to

Mrs. Brown in Mrs. Little Johnnie—It's early yet, ma. Mrs. Brown—I know it is. But I your father coming down the street, and don't think he caught many fish to-day. On the Other Foot. on the other Foot.

"The Irish are incapable of self-government; see how they act in a campaign, say the English. Mr. Stanley, however, i running in England, not Ireland.—New Yor Herald. Herald.

The man who always agrees with you man who always agrees with you man you when you will be a supplying the suppl

be a pleasant companion, but when you want advice go to someone else. Professor Marshal u tells us that the oak n a general way req ires to grow from 120 o 200 years before it is fit to cut for large timber.

Babies get ten times more feeding than they can possibly digest. They are fretful, need a cool drink or chopped ice, or a walk out in the air, and instead of these they are made to nurse when they are not hungry. If hept warm, dry, clean and quiet most chil-deen will thrive and seldom cry. Crying is a protest against conditions that are in-jurious.

Capt. Hermann Gleis, of the Con Department at Insterburg, Prussia, has been sentenced to four years' penal servitude for embezzling 15,000 marks belonging to his regiments funds.

he Scotch Claim Equal Share in Great

From Circular of Scottish Home-Rule Union, "Too great a tendency to self-esteem too little disposition to regard the feelings the habits, and the ideas of others," is essen-tially an English characteristic; an absolute disregard of the national sentiment of smaller nationalities is part of their

it ions becomes the stronger when Scotland's share in the work of the United Kingdom is considered. Who built up this British Empire? What was its copidition at the time of the union? Save a see is the stronger when the plantations in North America which were afterward lost through oriminal folly, there were few possessions. The rise of the empire dates from the union. Our Highland regiments, which have fought so valiantly in every part of the world, did so to maintain the honor, not of England, but of the United Kingdom. Go where you may and you will find Scotsmen occupying foremost places and doing more than their proportionate share in adding to the dignity and lustre of the British name. Why, then, insult Scotland by speaking of Britain as England, ignoring Scotland and what she has done? No difficulty is experienced in using the proper names in all diplomatic correspondence. Why not in all references common to both? In all matters affecting the British Empire we aoknowledge but one interest—and in regard to loyalty, we owe none to England, and never did. Our loyalty is due solely to the British Crown and the British Government.

ment.

Lately a politician had the audacity to Lately a politician had the audacity to declare that Scottish nationality had ceased to exist. To declare that Scottish nationality had ceased to exist or is a mere dream without an object is to deny history and to fly in the face of fact. We possess and cherish glorious historical tradition unsurpassed by any other nation on the face of this earth. We are bound together by a name with which are associated the stirring memories of a thousand years. For centuries the Scottish people maintained their individuality against powerful invasions

memories of a thousand years. For centuries the Scottish people maintained their invasions from without and the efforts of kingerast from without and the part of the from without and the fact that individuality after living for nearly 200 years under the same Government with another nation seven times as numerous and legislature. Scotteme are willing to unite with the other nationalities in constituting a larger nationality under the British name, but no more willing to be called English than the English would be to consent to be called Irish.

We further protest against another usurtation in being robbed of the fame of great names and labe microry of brave deeds. Great (Sagarshen—great in politics, in science or first etters—are often classed as Englishmen. The leader of Her Majesty's Opposition (Mr. Gladstone) we have been to do it is the greatest Englishman that ever lived. The leader of the House of Commons (Mr. Balfour) is the noblest Englishman of the present day. Instances innumerable might be multiplied. Scotamen they are in the first place. Britons afterward—but Englishmen never!

The noble achit-ments of our Scottish regiments are often chronicled as the brave deeds of Englishmen done to maintain England's honor. What is England's honor to the stirring memories of unconquered ancess th

deathless fame "which honor the British name.

The attempt to merge Scotland in England, which is repugnant to all the facts and associations of Scotland's past history, violates a solemn treaty and robs Scotlame of a birthright of inestimable value. Every public man so acting, we declare, stands self-convicted of a deliberate wrong. The union neither did nor could denationalize us.

Gratifying Te All.

A Yankec Tale of Bideford Bridge. Some folks have a curiously interesting way of relating facts, or of intertwining sober facts with flashes of imagination. The following appeared in the Washington Star, and has been copied into other American papers: "It is very interesting to see how the mussel manages to climb up the perpendicular sides of rocks or piles by means of these threads, which are stretched out and attached by the foot, one after another, in the direction in which the animal wishes to climb, each one being fastened a little higher than the last. Thus the heavy shell is drawn up gradually in much the same manner as that employed by some spiders when suspending an unusually large victim. You would hardly imagine that so small a creature could be a helpful servant toman, and practice of economy in living as well as the most reliable data of the condition of trade. Advertisers are the shrewdest and keenest people, and the matter they furnish is always fresh and entertaining. Read the advertisements, not only to supply your wants to the best advantage, but read as well to learn what is the news in the great business world, which is the foundation of our existence. yet the spinning and weaving of this humble mollusk have been turned to most valuable account. At the town of Bideford, in Devonshire, is a long bridge of twenty-four arches crossing the Torridge River. - The tide flow with new this bridge.

Devonshire, is a long bridge of twenty-four arches crossing the Torridge River. The tides flow with such swiftness at this bridge that no mortar will hold the masonry of the arches. But the corporation of the town keep beats for the purpose of bringing mussels from a distance, which are applied to every interstice of the stone work. The masonry is entirely supported and held together by the strong threads these bivalves spin, and the law makes it a crime, punishable by transportation, to remove any of them." The assertion that the removal of mussels from Bideford Bridge is "punishable by transportation" is lovely! It has the flavor of the 'good old days' when a man could be hung for stealing a sheep. Afterward. Prudent Mother—I trust, my dear, tha o tell you every time any one o

Little Johnny on Managing terms.

I like girls. Some boys nt, but that's because they doesn't know how o manage em. Girls gets tired of ything so quick that all you got to do is to et 'em have their own way 'till they gets do it an' then you can boss 'em all the res of the day. 1 guess womens is the same way. New York Herald: "Put on airs, my beauties, muttered an undertaker travel-ling on the elevated railroad. aPut on airs, but when I get you there won't be any airs, and one of you will look pretty much What Makes a Prohibitionist ? One of the lofty lights of the Prohib

airs, and one of you will look pretty much like the other."

A bevy of bright and haughty damsels had boarded the train at Twenty-eighth street and their bearing annoyed the undertaker.

"I tell you" he said, "when I bury them they all look pretty much the same. They don't sneer at the poor old undertaker, either. I never saw a proud looking corpse in my life, and I've buried thousands. No difference, sir! The millionaire in the icebox and the pauper you couldn't tell apart. Put a President or a Senator in the morgue and I defy any one to pick them out from the other people there.

"That's what I think always when I see people putting on airs. It doesn't worry As a cure for paralysis, sciatica, rehumatism, female troubles such as suppressions, bearing down pains, etc., general debility and that tired feeling peculiar to many, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand unrivalled. Beware of imitations and substitutes. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid on receipt of price—50 cents a box—The Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont. people putting on airs. It doesn't worry me in the least. I remember the time when the undertaker will be laying cm out and when a live newsboy will be worth fifty of 'em."

The Retort Courteous. Tramp (to Salem Girl)—Can't you give me a cup of coffee? Salem Girl—No; I have only cups of china. I can give you some coffee in a cup, however. Tramp—Thanks, miss. And please be kind enough to drop a cube of sugar into the receptacle, with a spoonful of bovine juice. as water again.

Mrs. N.—I can't account for it, my dear.

No matter how careful I am, it's always the Perhaps you don't use enough coffee.
Nonsense. I put in a whole half cupful, and everybody says that's plenty.
Did you measure the water?
Huh! Who ever heard of measuring water? All cooks pour right out of the teakettle. I've seen'em often—so there.

With a spoonful of bovine juice.

When the clocks tolled twelve strokes last night and the first day of July made its appearance, nearly 150,000 Pittaburg workmen, who had tolled almost incessantly during the past year, were out of semployment. The scale in force during the past year expired at midnight, and in all the mills, the proprietors of which had not signed the scale for the ensuing year, work ceased entirely at that time. All was quiet at Humestead and in the city to day. The streets were filled with idle men, but the best of order prevailed.

Hon. A. G. Porter, the American Min-He Bidn't Care.
Wool-Jobics is married again, and his lawyer told him last night that his Dakota divorce wouldn't hold water.
Van Pelt-What did he say?
Wool-Didn't care whether it would or not; they are going to Kentucky to live.

He Didn't Care.

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HE KNEW THE SYMPTOMS. Keen Instincts of the Married Mar-for Once Are Correct.

After the dinner he looked at his wife, who glared back at him, but for once he made bold to say to his male guest:
"My dear fellow, suppose we go out on the root for a shucke; you know, in these small flats there are no verandas."
When they arrived on the roof he turned, held up a warning finger and said:
"Shoo! Don t give me away, will you?"

held up a warning finger and said:

"Shoo! Dont give me away, will
you?"

"Why, what's up now?"

"I'm after information. Will you answer everything without equivocation?"

"Go ahead."

"Did you notice the bird in the cage?"

"I did."

"Did it appear happy?"

"It did. It had fresh cuttlefish and fresh water."

water."
"Did you notice that the pet poodle had apparently been given fresh mest, and that there were no papers scattered around the

On my neck," said the other man,

tear."

"On my neck," said the other man, as they embraced in the moonlight.

"You understand, old fellow?" sobbed the first man, as he clung tighter.

"I do that; yes, of course."

"And you won't leave me for a long time?"

"No, never; for I am a married man myself. I know the symptoms which have frightened you. But take my advice, old fellow. It is your only chance now."

"In heaven's name, tell me!"

"Sneak down stairs, crawl stealthily along the hall, then suddenly burst open your door, bound into the room, whoop like a wild Indian, roar out for your hat and coat, bawl out something about off for the Black Hills and farewell forever; then wildly dash down the fire escape, and join me here on the corner. I will take care of you for the next two weeks."

"And in the meantime?"

"In the meantime, dear old chappie, she

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ou do not encourage young men in their ttentions.

Daughter--Oh, dear me, no! I threat

One of the iotty fights of the Fromitting party says: "A man may drink nothing but whiskey and still be a Prohibitionist." Precisely so. It is not his own habits, but his intense desire to regulate the habits of his neighbors that fixes a man's standing as a reformer.—Chicago Tribune.

not; they are going to Kentucky to live.

A Bad Break.

Witherby—I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown.

Plankington—What, was she angry?

Witherby—Oh, no, it wasn't that; but she wants another one!

Prince Bismarck, who was pelted withourse by admiring young ladies at Kissingen and had his eye injured, was almost as unfortunate as Mr. Gladstone, at whom a woman hurled. "chunk" of gingerbread.

The looking-for-a-gas-leak-with-lighted match idea is winning a record among the didn't-know-it-was-loaded and starting-the fire with-kerosene schemes.

Half-the year is one. Have you no ticed it

Did you ever really know a woman too busy to run to the parlor window to look at a neighbor with a new hat?

It Puzzled the Loser to Recollect the

Two years ago a Chicago drummer stopped at Decatur, Ala., and while sitting on the broad hotel piazza talking with the proprietor of the hostelry noticed a fine fighting cock strutting about the street.

"Pretty fine bird," remarked the Chicagoan, sententiously.

"Yep," replied the hotel keeper, "best in these parts I rockon."

"I'm something of a chicken fancier walf," continued the drummer.

these parts I reckon."

"I'm something of a chicken fancier myself," continued the drummer.

"So? Glad to know it sah."

"Tell you what I'll do—I'll play you a game of seven-up for that rooster," remarked the Chicagoan.

"Do it with pleasure sah," replied the hoat. host.

The cards were produced and the drummer won. The rooster was turned over to him and was brought to the world's fair

"I bid you notice that the pet poodle had apparently been given fresh mest, and that there were no papers scattered around the floor?"

"That was about it."
"That was about it."
"They did."
"That the hired girl had the soup hot?"
"She did."
"That my wife addressed me as 'my dear Billie'?"
"She did, three times; and each times he smiled sweetly."
"And—and that once she said: 'Oh, you dear fibber, you are just too good for anything "?"
"She said that, too, and she coyly pulled your whiskers as she did so."
"It is that!"
"Well, then, I am lost for good. Excuse me, kind sir, while I shed a pearly tear."
"On my neck," said the other man, as "Her won. The rooster was turned over to him and was brought to the world's fair to him and was brought to the ward to he was a few dates at the same hotel in Decatur. The proprietor immediately recognized him. "Arch' vou the man who played me a game of cards two years ago for a rooster?

"Yes, sir."
"Yes, sir."
"Yes, sir."
"

Considerate.
Young Mr. Fiddleback—Is Miss Redbud at home?
Servant—She is, sir; but the minister is talking to her just at present, sir.
Fiddleback—Oh, all right. Don't wake Mrs. A.—So George is to be married next month. Is he making a good match? Mrs. B.—I believe his fiasco is in every way suited to him.

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