

The Domain of Woman.

TALES BY "TRIPSI."

The new Jubilee stamps are very pretty, but I don't think they could possibly have been intended for sticking on one's letters. At any rate, some of them have next to no gum on them at all, and those that have are finished off with a thin veneer of adhesiveness that resembles nothing so much as the butter on a slice of boarding house bread. And it tastes—well, I cannot say what, but you have tried it yourself—that is unless you are a fair maiden in the habit of purchasing your stamps at the corner drug store, where there is an obliging clerk who insists on performing the manual office of licking them and sticking them on, when they will consent to stick, which is not often.

Perhaps the absence of gum on the stamps is another of the little economies to which our Government is subject, an economy whereof the long-suffering public sees not the source. The department of the circulation office, whose business it is to see to these matters, has been, for some little time past, aware of the state of public opinion regarding the non-adhesiveness of the stamps and in its own wise and dignified way has condescended to offer a remedy, not by increasing the quantity or quality of the gum, that would be altogether too direct and too derogatory to the dignity of the office, but by offering suggestions and advice to the aggrieved parties.

Thus we are gravely informed by a notice placed in some of the Post Offices, that it is not advisable to apply moisture to the stamps themselves, as it tends to remove what little gum happens to be upon them, and that the best method is to moisten the envelope and affix the stamp without wetting it otherwise. Truly the wisdom of the over-living circulation office is both awe-inspiring and majestic.

To serve any of the desks at a large circulating library must be a thing of occupation, and withal a somewhat amusing one occasionally, to judge by the experiences of the young ladies at the New York Free Circulating Library. Some of the questions and remarks at the application desk are excessively funny. For instance, one applicant evidently imagined the form to be signed as something akin to a promise to abstain from intoxicants, for he remarked sentimentally, "Missus! I want to sign a pledge."

Another, possibly afraid of some terrifying inquisitorial tribunal, asks, "Must my reputation be in jeopardy to you and tell if I will steal or not?"

Still more funny in its confusion of terms and meanings is the remark of another aspirant after literary knowledge; "I want to join the application; let me have an applicant."

The following remark is rather suggestive of socialism and dynamite: "I would like to start the library."

"I would like an occupation card," says another Mrs. Malaprop, as if a food many more of us who have nothing to do and cannot get anything.

It could not have been Topsy who, in answer to the question of the librarian, "How old are you?" replied, "I'm ten, but I'm never growing."

The delivery desk, the delivery desk who asked for "the same book with another story," must surely have been an immigrant from the Emerald Isle.

Considerable confusion of ideas is evidenced in the reply of another borrower, who, when informed that a book asked for was out of print, said, "Well, can't you print it again?" the impression evidently being that the library printed all its own books. A young hopeful, apparently imagining that the library was something akin to a schoolmistress, called out upon finding some torn pages in the book just delivered to him, "Teacher! there's something damging in this book!"

Another, upon being informed that he would not understand a book he had applied for, replied confidently, "Oh, I've got a dictionary at home!"

Confusion of ideas runs even more rampant when the titles of books are in question; here are a few of the most absurd.

Engulano by Whongfellow; Twenty thousand legs under the sea; Scrapecoat (the Scapcoat); The walking Jew; My cellar (Marcella); History of O'Brien (of a crime); Franks Champagne; Lizzy's Weekly; Wilkin Collins' poetry; A red history with a white map outside. Surely nothing so clearly proves the necessity of the establishment and maintenance of the free circulating library in every town which boasts any pretensions to culture.

Doubtless a good many people will feel lightly scolded at the idea of grown people uttering some of the ridiculous remarks just recorded, but anybody who has mixed much with all sorts and conditions of men and women knows very well that Malapropism is by no means defunct yet, in spite of national schools and higher education.

OVERHEARD AT THE WILD WEST.

"I wouldn't go too near them at In-june if I woy you," remarked a blocky looking cowboy to a bony of girls who were regarding the noble red men with awe. "They're turrible critters for pretty gals." There was a giggle of appreciation at this. "I've knowed 'em out two or three gals a day where they come from every town, but they wouldn't touch us here, would they?" asked one of the girls in some trepidation. "Guess they would though of they got the chawno," replied the rascal, without a moment's hesitation. "They woy you gal, last place we woyed at, that woyed too 'em," and next thing we knowed she woy woy to be soon. She woy never found agin, only some o' the squaws

why a wearin' some jewelry that belonged to her. Her folk come down and raised the hull show, but they couldn't prove nothin'. Then critters had to be forforned and buried the bones some where else. As for this squaw, she was a quiet one. In June emerged from a tent and glared steadily at the group. That was enough. The girls turned tail and fled with exclamations of terror, while the mischievous squaw stood with a broad grin on her face and watched their ignominious retreat.

"Say, mister," said an inquisitive small boy, "have the Indians got any scalps?"

"Guess so" was the reply. "Want to make 'em a present of yours, hey?" and the speaker made a grab at the youngster, who eluded it with some dexterity.

"I wanted to see some," he faltered.

"Wal, do you see that Injun over there?" pointing to a big warrior peacefully smoking his calumet outside his wigwam.

"We call him the lightning scalper," he totes along more in a hushed whisper every time he goes; makes his hair curl on his light-colored, portulacoid hair, says that his hair is started by, say, suddenly seizing the startled boy and raising his voice. "Mau-with-a-hundred-scalps, hyur's a younger-er woyer, his hair curl, but the unfortunate archer tore himself free from him with a howl of terror, while his tortoise-rod strode to the rear of the camp and disappeared.

My remarks a few weeks ago about improvident managers have brought under my notice a very good example of the folly of marrying in haste and without proper provision for the contingencies that must inevitably arise.

A young couple of the poorer middle class had been courting for about four years without much prospect of being able to marry, and one day the man obtained a position as traveler and the salary being fairly good, though not exorbitant, they came to the conclusion that they might safely make the venture.

But observe how they commenced; they had saved nothing, and instead of waiting until they had something behind them, and securing sufficient furniture for at least two rooms, they married at once, and went to live in apartments in which they had to pay about twelve dollars a month. They might have done very well even then, but the fact of the young man's marriage came to the knowledge of his employers who had engaged him as a single man, and they immediately discharged him on the ground that his salary was insufficient to enable him to keep a wife.

In judging of this apparently arbitrary proceeding, it is necessary to remark that business firms are obliged to maintain a certain reputation, and dealings with those employees who are in positions of trust, and who are likely to be placed in circumstances that would act as a temptation to embezzlement, and though in this case the discharge seems very harsh, yet they had good deal of reason on their side, having wished to engage only a single man.

The young couple had to take one room and accept assistance from their friends until the husband obtained another situation five dollars a week.

If they had taken cheaper rooms at first and saved the rest of the money they would have had something to commence with, but instead of that they must go in a great amount of show that is of no possible use, only serves to make people discontented.

If people had only themselves to consider it would not matter so much, but when children come the expenses are increased tenfold, and the anxiety and often insufficient nourishment are a very great tax upon the wife at a time when she should be free from worry and privation of every kind.

I have heard of two or three young couples in this city, who are married and gone to live upon their parents until such time as they can get a home of their own. Such folly deserves the severest censure.

It may well be said that no couple should marry until they have at least a hundred dollars in the bank, two or three rooms comfortably furnished, and from ten to fifteen dollars a week with a prospect of a still further increase of income in the future.

It has been remarked that all the young people who marry nowadays want to begin where their fathers and mothers left off.

Probably the fathers and mothers themselves are to be blamed in a great measure to blame in the matter.

They put on a great deal of useless style, and live in most cases quite up to the limit of their income, they dress their daughters expensively and teach them to look down on people who have sense enough to live more plainly, and whose bank account very possibly overtops their own by a considerable amount.

All is not gold that glitters, and the people who put on the greatest amount of outside show very often have considerable difficulty in making both ends meet.

To give an illustration; I know a lady in this city who has a nice home comfortably furnished, dresses very plainly, but always in good material, and whom most people would take to be of the class that is "comfortably off, my dear, but not rich, you know," and yet she has not a cent in her pocket, the neighborhood of eighty thousand dollars.

I could mention half a dozen couples who live a great deal more stylishly than the lady I have just mentioned, and who put on a great many more airs, but whose incomes are only about an eighth of hers.

What consolation people can obtain by trying to outshine their neighbors it is difficult to discover, but I suppose it is a trait of human nature, and one that is becoming more pronounced every year.

who have been recommended to ride for the purpose of reducing their adipose tissue, secure the service. Some long-suffering friend, and again about in vain endeavor to preserve their equilibrium. How easy it looks when you see some practitioner kneeling along as straight as a die! You are certain you have only to jump into the saddle and all you go without any more trouble.

So you get a friend to come and hold the machine for you. He arranges the furniture and the pedals, and then tells you to put your feet on it and bring into the saddle. You do so, and the wheel gives a lurch forward and you scream and clutch the friend's coat collar. "Don't do that," he protests. "Keep your hands on the handle bars, and put your feet on the other pedal." "But the machine won't stand still," you object.

"Well, you must have sufficient purchase to drive it forward, otherwise you cannot get it moving when you are mounted," replies your instructor, "try again, and remember to keep hold of the handle bars and feel for the other pedal with your foot."

To try again accordingly, and this time it succeeds in driving you out of the handle, but the other pedal eludes you, you cannot feel it, and begin to think it must have dropped off. You look down to see if you can catch a glimpse of it, and your instructor grasps the wheel just in time to save you. "How did it slip?" he gasps. "You mustn't look down like that, look straight ahead of you." You explain that you were looking for the other pedal.

"But you can't keep your equilibrium unless your foot is steady," says your friend impatiently, and you think that you have not found your equilibrium yet, to say nothing of keeping it.

"Look here, I say," says your instructor suddenly, "I have not set the thing right, it's all mixed up."

You rebuke your "gown" under your breath, and spring off so hastily that the wheel gives a jump and nearly precipitates your friend onto the sidewalk.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," you remark penitently. "I didn't mean to do that."

This remark is received interminably, and you begin to think riding a bicycle is not so easy as it looks.

"Come along," says your companion. "Put your foot on the pedal, and arrange your skirt before you jump; there, that's better," and you find to your surprise that you have found "the other pedal."

"Oh, isn't it lovely!" you remark with a nervous giggle. "I really think it a quite easy affair after all."

"Beautiful," says your instructor, ironically, he is holding you and the wheel up by main strength, and you become aware of it when the wheel gives a sudden lurch and only a pair of sharp warts arms save you from a tumble.

"Why, what made it do that?" you ask, helplessly.

"You did not turn the wheel in the direction in which you were falling," replies your instructor in a tone of resignation.

"But I didn't know I was falling," says you.

"Well, you must look out for that, you know, you have to keep your wits about you, and you are to keep your right eye on a bike is a ticklish thing to manage."

Whereat you agree and wonder sorrowfully whether you will ever be able to manage this one.

But you must not give up, and in your anxiety to turn in the direction in which you are falling, you wobble about absurdly. Then you cannot keep your feet on the pedals they will persist in sliding you in the most aggravating manner.

When you do begin to go properly your heart is constantly in your mouth with every unsteady lurch of the wheel. But really learning to ride is not half the difficulty. You have to choose a "ride" for you, you have learnt, and half a dozen friends are ready with offers of as many different makes of "bikes."

One says, "Get a Monarch, they're the very best."

Another scouts the Monarch and says the Columbia are the wheels to ride; yet another pronounces in favor of the Hyslop, and you are nearly at your wits' end.

Finally you decide to get a "Brantford Red Bird" because it is "made in Canada" and you are patriotic enough to think that fact worthy of consideration.

I have been requested to mention the "St. Ann's Manual or Pilgrims' Guide," compiled by a Toronto lady. It consists of a compact little book of prayers and is designed for the use of pilgrims to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beauraup.

Besides many of the devotions commonly in use, it contains various prayers to St. Anne, and a very well arranged Seneca calculated to arouse feelings of the deepest veneration for a confidence in St. Anne.

This little volume would be of the greatest help to intending pilgrims to whom I have much pleasure in recommending it.

It may be obtained of Mrs. O'Hagan, 402 Queen St. East, at 632 Yonge St., and of Mr. Richards, St. Anne de Beauraup; the price fifty cents. It bears the imprimatur of His Grace Archbishop Walsh.

TURKEY COMES TO TERMS.

Constantinople, July 15.—Yesterday Tewfik Pasha, who is conducting the peace negotiations on behalf of the Turkish Government, informed the Ambassadors of the powers that he hoped the Council of Ministers would make a reply to the collective note that would prove satisfactory. His assurance given rise to the hope that Turkey will comply with the demand of the powers.

St. John's Church Picnic, Arthur

Arthur, July 15.—The annual picnic in connection with St. John's Church was held on Thursday last. The day itself was all that could be desired—bright, bracing and sunshiny without being too swelteringly hot. The crowd in attendance was in every sense of the term a first class picnic gathering, and they enjoyed the high class entertainment given them as only picnickers bent on having a day's genuine pleasure can do. With the noon train came several of the most prominent speakers of the day.

Among the prominent gentlemen present from the distance were Hon. J. J. Davis, M.P.P.; Mr. John Craig, M.P.P.; Mr. J. P. Whitney, Conservative leader in the local House; Dr. Willoughby, M.P.P.; Mr. L. H. Clark, Palmerston; Mr. W. L. Walsh, Orangeville; and Crown Attorney McFallen of Brampton. Messrs. Davis, McFallen and Craig were met at the station by Mr. Anderson, the Registrar of Wellington, and several other prominent gentlemen, and driven to Mr. Anderson's residence, where they had luncheon previous to going to the grounds. Messrs. Whitney, Willoughby and Clark were met on arriving by a deputation of "Conservative" composed of Messrs. J. Skerritt, President of the West Wellington Conservative Association; R. Martin, M. M. MacMartin, William Clark, John Fair, and M. G. O'Donnell, who was a member of the Reception Committee at the picnic. An address of welcome to Mr. Whitney in his capacity as leader of the party in Ontario was read by Mr. MacMartin. It expressed through confidence in Mr. Whitney as leader of the party and conveyed the fullest assurance that he would be returned to power at the next election. Mr. Whitney made a fitting reply and the party were then driven to the picnic grounds, where they were received by Rev. Father Doherty and partook of luncheon.

The picnic was held in a pleasant well shaded grove about a mile from the town. The scene was very pretty and picturesque and its attractiveness was heightened by the presence of many ladies in their dainty summer dresses. A large platform had been erected in the centre of the grounds and from it the speeches and songs were given. Unfortunately for a large number who intended to be present in the evening and listen to the address es, Mr. Whitney and Dr. Willoughby had to leave by the four o'clock train for Orangeville, and their speaking therefore took place early.

Smiling Yesterday, Snarling To-day.

The jubilee compliments that have passed between the United States and England are at an end. The Eagle is now screaming in anything but a complimentary way at the Lion. Secretary Sherman has published diplomatic correspondence on the Bering Sea dispute, in which he charges Lord Salisbury with dishonest delay. The English papers are angry. The Globe in an article, headed "Yankee Insolence," says:—"The memories of Cleveland's impudent message are all revived by the extraordinary and insulting despatch which Mr. Sherman had permitted to find its way into the papers. Englishmen will be glad to see that Lord Salisbury has, so far as the seal fisheries are concerned, treated the message as though it had never been sent. If he were to go a step further and to direct Sir Julian Pauncefote to intimate to Mr. McKinley that her Majesty's Government declines to receive despatches couched in such language, and could only reply to the next by handing Col. Bay his passports, the action would be endorsed by the complete approval of the nation."

The Latest Creed Out.

The Hamilton Herald comments on a new creed formulated by Reuben Beakim, pastor of a colored congregation at O'Neil, Nebraska. The Rev. Reuben doesn't believe in the higher criticism, says The Herald. He takes his scripture literally or not at all. He found this verse in the New Testament: "If therefore thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light," and he took it to mean that every good Christian should own two eyes. So he destroyed one of his own eyes and has succeeded in inducing some his flock to follow his example. Those who believe in a literal interpretation of the Bible should praise the Rev. Reuben for thus deciding to have a single eye to the truth.

"Impossible!" Experience writes the word in the dictionary of the mau. In the child's vocabulary it has no existence. The marvellous to him is perfectly natural. Things which he sees to be beautiful arrange them selves along his path; why should he have a doubt of this or that? By and by exact bounds will limit his domain.

COLIC AND KIDNEY DIFFICULTY.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P. Lafargoville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and Dr. Farmelo's Pills afford me great relief, and all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

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