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MABEL MONTCALM.

Mabel Montcalm was twenty years of age. Wealthy, well educated, with a love of literature and a talent for music and painting, "surely," thought her friends, "she is a girl to be envied." But suddenly, as from the clear sky comes the thunder-bolt, came that which shattered all her cherished plans and left her alone and almost friendless to fight her battles with the cold, unfeeling world. It was the usual story—a father's failure in business, the shrinking from the trials entailed by speculation, the cold muzzle of a revolver rather than facing his creditors like a man. The frail, delicate, nervous mother survived her husband but a few weeks, and then commenced Mabel's struggle against poverty and the calamity left upon their name by her father's death. The poor girl's grief none but herself could know. Proudly she closed her lips, telling not of her troubles, but the fresh young face lost much of its former bloom, while the dark circles beneath her eyes told of nights spent in mourning for those who could never return.

Happily for her, necessity for providing for her future became pressing. She must work; she had no time for idle dependency and folding of hands.

What should she do? She, the daughter of wealth and indolence, unused to even the spring-time shower of life, now found herself exposed to the winter winds of adversity. She might perhaps give music lessons, yet music teachers were as plentiful as those who desired to learn. As an artist she did not feel assured of success, although her paintings were highly praised by her artistic friends. To be a successful author would require a deeper knowledge of character and the world than she possessed, and as those three were her greater accomplishments to what, she wondered, would she turn her attention to procure a livelihood? Her slender stock ready money was nearly exhausted and still nothing offered that seemed suitable to her needs.

She had one uncle, her father's only brother, but she gave no thought to him as far as rendering her assistance was concerned, for he was a farmer with only a moderate income. But from him she received a letter offering her a position as school teacher. He was one of the board, and having consulted with the other members they were only awaiting her answer.

To Mabel this was a most welcome offer. What though the wages were small, they were enough, she felt certain, for her moderate needs. She wrote a very grateful letter to her uncle setting the time for her arrival at the farmhouse.

It was a pleasant afternoon in early spring when Mabel reached her journey's end. Her uncle was waiting for her at the station and greeted her so kindly that she could scarcely restrain her tears. They rode together past the hills of springing grain, listening to the music of the birds and the quiet peacefulness of the country scene fell like balm upon her wounded heart. Her uncle spoke but little, but at last pointing with his whip-stalk, "There," he said, "is our house and yonder the schoolhouse."

Mabel looked and was a trifle disappointed. The house was a long, low, unpainted building, the barn loomed up in the background, a dull red, but a border of trees lent color and picturesqueness to the scene. A little creek rambled on back of the barn; she could see the cows and colts standing on its brink, and she thought this rustic scenery would be very pretty when the summer colors grew brighter. The schoolhouse was the ordinary white structure so common in the West.

Mabel had dreaded the meeting with her aunt and cousins. But when they drew up at the door a pleasant faced woman of the fat, fair and forty type, stood waiting to receive her. She pressed a friendly kiss on Mabel's white cheek, warmly assuring her of her welcome, and Mabel, looking at the pleasant face felt herself at once drawn towards its owner.

The cousins next came forward for greeting—first, a half grown lad with a great deal of elbows and knees and an uncomfortable expression, as though he did not know how to dispose of them to his own satisfaction. Then two round, rosy girls of ten and twelve respectively, and lastly the baby girl with her rosy cheeks and flaxen curls. Despite his awkward ways, or perhaps because of them, Mabel felt very kindly towards Tom, and they were soon warm friends. He assured her that they should all attend her school excepting the baby. "You will find me very dull," he added deprecatingly, for he was one of those sensitive boys apparently conscious only of his defects. The more she was in his company the better she liked him, he was so willing to do anything that he considered would add to her comfort.

"I know," he said to her one day, "that you have been accustomed to so many luxuries that it must make you miserable to live in a plain, old-fashioned house, with as plain, old-fashioned people."

Mabel smiled. "Oh, Tom, she said, "you do not understand; if it were not for the loss of my parents I should care little for the property. You are comfortable here; you live plain, honest lives, earning your daily bread by your daily toil. I do not know but this is the better way. Your friends are not merely fair weather friends,

for they are interested in all that concerns you. My friends nearly all deserted me in my trouble. You have much to be thankful for, very much, indeed.

School commenced in due time. There came filing into the school room at the sound of the bell about twenty children between the ages of five and seventeen. Tiny tots with checked gingham aprons and often fingers in mouths, rosy laughing girls, and large clumsy lads. The first day was spent in organizing and classifying the school. There was a great diversity of books. Some were Swinton's some Appleton's, and some McGuffey's. It seemed to the young city girl a strange conglomeration. When she remonstrated with their owners concerning the want of uniformity of books, she was informed that Miss Smith their former teacher, had been satisfied with things as they were. She found that Swinton's were the books intended for use, but the days lengthened into weeks and still the same diversity continued. Some of the children borrowed books or studied with their seat mates. Still there were many classes that were unnecessary. Her pupils were noisy, though but little disposed to make trouble, and she soon came to care for them, although they were often boisterously rough and rollicking.

The time passed quickly, her six months' term was ended and the board unanimously agreed to engage her services for another term. She was much beloved by all the school children. The quiet, lady-like girl, with the sweet, sad face, won her way to the hearts of her pupils. The winter term opened and with it came the older boys who had been obliged to work in the fields during the summer. One there was among them very different from the others. Frank Stanton was a pale, studious lad of eighteen or twenty years. He had a high, broad brow, and pleasant blue eyes that often kindled with feeling. Mabel soon found that their tastes harmonized. He was a passionate lover of poetry, and wrote fairly creditable verses that were printed in the county papers. The purpose of his life was to obtain an education that he might become an author. All his thoughts centered in this ambition. It was the dream of his life. His eyes would kindle and his whole face change so it would scarcely be recognized when he talked of his favorite theme.

Mabel had once cherished dreams of her own on this subject, and into her sympathizing ear he poured the story of his struggles, his hopes, his fears and his disappointments. Summer came again. Mabel secured a neighboring school and at last Frank's dream was realized. His father consented to send him to college, and Mabel heard little concerning him during the next three years. Occasionally he wrote to her, and once or twice during vacations they met. At the end of that time he graduated with honors and returned home. Mabel was spending her vacation at her uncle's. They frequently encountered each other in the social gatherings of the neighborhood. He had secured a position on a city newspaper as reporter. It was not exactly what he desired, yet it was one point gained in his literary career. Earnestly he and Mabel discussed his plans for the future nor was it long until each recognized that the other was dearer than a friend. One beautiful summer day Frank told that sweet old story that is always new to every new listener. His position was such that he could maintain a wife in comfort. He needed her to brighten his life. She had entered thoroughly into his hopes and ambitions, would she not help him to become all he desired? Her answer must have been satisfactory, for no more pleasant home than theirs can be found in the thriving city in which they reside. Frank is steadily advancing in his chosen vocation, for constant application is bound to succeed no matter in what direction it is applied. He who deserves success is certain to obtain it if he patiently plods onward, pushing until or climbing over obstacles in the way until the goal is reached.

MODERN PROVERBS.

Empty threats make lying children.
The serpent of the still wears no rattles.
Don't go to the wrong shop to get shaved.
There is many a knock-out in a whiskey punch.
A staid wife can find a vest pocket in the dark.
If we had eternal sunshine we would have no crops.
The dangerous end of a rattlesnake makes no noise.
The aggressive man always finds the hornet at home.
There is a Lazarus for every crumb from the party table.
God never mistakes a kneeling hypocrite for an upright man.
One demagogue is more dangerous than a dozen aristocrats.

What a true gentleman is, he was in the beginning.
Mr. Jenkins, the almost forgotten author of "Ginx's Baby," has been chosen by the Dundee Conservatives to run for the Parliamentary representation of their city.

A school district in Grant County, Kansas, contains only one female. The father, mother, and eldest son have elected themselves trustees, and appointed the eldest daughter, at \$35 a month, to teach the younger children.

When a newly appointed vicar in an English town made his first call upon an eccentric parishioner, a shoemaker named Goff, of whose piety he had heard, he expressed his pleasure that a man of such humble occupation should have such concern for religion. Goff at once resented the application of the term humble to his work. "I don't know," said he, "that my occupation is more humble than yours. Here is a pair of shoes I have made. Now if these are not the best shoes I could make for the money, God will say to me at the Judgment Day. Why didn't you make better shoes?" You preach terms, but if you preach poorer sermons than I make shoes, God will ask you why you have failed in your duty."



SHIRRED WAIST.

MOTHER HUBBARD APRON.



BOYS' SUMMER CLOTHING.



JACKET WITH EATON FRONT.

TAILOR-MADE SHIRT FRONT.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

ATTACKED AT NIGHT IN THE KOORDISH MOUNTAINS.

A Young Missionary Tells of Her Narrow Escape—Her Assaultant Fell From the Roof of the House—The Prisoners Released by the Court.

Miss Anna Melton, the young American missionary who was the victim of a murderous attack in the village of Daree, in the Koordish mountains, last summer, arrived in New York by the steamer Werra, from Genoa. Miss Melton went at once to the rooms of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions at 53 Fifth Avenue, under whose auspices she went to Persia six years ago. This is the story of the attack upon her in her own words:

"It was too warm to spend the summer in Mosul, and so, with the Rev. W. E. M. Dowell, I left the city last year to pass the heated term in the mountains. Our destination was Amadia, formerly a fortress in the mountains, the town being situated on a solid rock. Upon our arrival, we purchased a house for a summer residence, it being the purpose of Mr. McDowell and his family to remain there, while I should visit the villages in the vicinity. I started for the village of Daree, half an hour's journey away. One of the Nestorians accompanied me as my servant, and I was also attended by a native pastor. The Governor of Amadia offered us the escort of soldiers, but the soldiers are of the most disreputable character, and we declined their services.

"For the first few days everything was most pleasant and agreeable in my temporary home. It was harvest time and the people were busy all day. In the mornings I had the village children with me on the house top and in the evening we held meetings in the same place, in that country the inhabitants of the villages live constantly on the roofs of their houses in the summer, on account of the scorpions which infest their dwellings. My tent was pitched upon the roof of the house in which I was living. It was 10 feet by 10 feet in dimensions and covered the entire roof of the tiny building, save a space of sufficient width to walk in on the outside. A girl servant slept just without my tent in this space, while the native pastor occupied a tent on a roof a few feet away, and the old man whose guest I was was also near by on a roof a little below the level of the one on which I was. I was so well protected, as I thought, that no danger could come to me, even if I had reason to believe that

DANGER WAS NEAR.

"On the night of the 18th of June, five days after my arrival in the village, I was awakened, and in the dim light saw a form leaping over some of my luggage on the opposite side of the tent. The form rose, and I saw that it was that of a man. Even then, not thinking of trouble, I supposed it must have been the native pastor, who had come in to get something from the saddle bags for the mules. I called his name, when the figure advanced, carrying a heavy hickory club with a crook at the end, a favorite weapon of the Koords.

"Before I had time to arouse myself fully the man struck me with his club. His first blow missed their aim, for my bed was covered with a heavy framework of wood, over which hung a thick netting to keep out the insects. I screamed at the top of my voice and then I heard the sound of rapid firing outside, and that of people running away. The man finally broke down the heavy framework of my screen and when I made an effort to get up struck me repeatedly over the head. My position became still worse for I became entangled in the netting and could not defend myself. But I managed to get free at last. In the mean time he had thrown down his club and taken one of the standards from my canopy, with which he struck me several times. How I did it I do not know but I managed to wrest the stick from him.

WE STRUGGLED TOGETHER.

"Until we had traversed the tent, when in some way he lost his balance and fell off. While at the edge of the roof I saw another figure, but he soon made off, and no other appeared again. "Blood was streaming from the wounds in my head and body and all men and women, save my young serving girl, had fled. She was in hiding near the tent, and when she found that the Koords had gone she screamed loudly for the others to come back. They came, one by one, the women first, and dressed my wounds, which did not prove serious although they were many and painful. The people who fled at the first sound of danger said that they thought that the Koords had come to sack the village, as is their habit now and then.

"Nothing could be done until daylight, when a messenger was sent to inform Mr. McDowell at Amadia. Evidence was found to show that the soldiers of the Government were the guilty parties, in addition to one or two councillors, one of whom sat as the magistrate at the first hearing. It took long to make any arrests, although the guilty persons were well known. Finally, through the efforts of Mr. McDowell, eleven persons were arrested and tried. Of these eight were found guilty, but their cases were sent to the higher court of review at Bagdad, where they were still in prison when I left the country. Three people known to be implicated fled to the mountains and were not captured. They were the most desperate of the lot, having killed a Nestorian Christian a year before.

Miss Melton had scarcely finished speak-

ing when the Rev. Dr. Labaree, Secretary of the Board, came with a letter from the Rev. Mr. McDowell, which said that the prisoners who had been held for the assault upon Miss Melton had been released by the Reviewing Court at Bagdad, Mr. McDowell looked upon the result of the most disastrous to the cause of missions in Turkey.

A DOG'S ACUTE EAR.

He Knows When a Particular Organ Pipe is Opened.

"Dogs have most acute ears in detecting differences in the quality of sound," said a musician recently. "I have at home a large Newfoundland which is a great lover of music. No matter in what portion of the house I may be, he always comes to me when I begin to play, lying close to the piano. I have an old organ. It is one of those instruments with many stops and but few good qualities. I think I have been able after much endeavor to distinguish two different qualities of tone in all of the long row of stops, but my dog made it appear to me that my ears were not as acute as his.

"I play for variety upon the organ, notwithstanding its being antiquated, and my dog seems to enjoy this as much as the piano, all except one stop. Whenever I pull that stop out he rises to his feet suddenly and commences to bark and growl at me in a most vicious manner, sometimes biting at the organ. Now, to my ear that stop makes no difference in the sound of the organ. I have tried hard to detect the distinctive quality which aggravates the dog's nature, but without success. I have tried to fool the old fellow by commencing a tune on one stop and suddenly pulling out the obnoxious one. He never fails to notice this, although the sound to me is just the same."

A Slayer of Microbes.

There are few more beautiful sights in the world than a winding river shining in the sunlight. But our interest in such a scene may be greatly heightened by the reflection that the sunbeams are not merely beautifying the water; they are engaged in a curious work of the utmost importance to man's welfare. Scientific investigation has proved that sunlight possesses a wonderful power to kill injurious germs in river water.

Where a river is polluted by sewage, millions and billions of dangerous microbes flourish in it, and are carried along with it to spread disease and death around its banks unless their development is arrested. If the sun does not shine upon such a river it may become a peril to whole communities. But if the sunlight does reach it freely, the germs are destroyed and the water is kept comparatively free from infection.

Recent experiments in Italy have shown that sunbeams are able to destroy bacteria in water at a depth of at least twenty inches beneath the surface. One might almost liken the rays of light in such a case to javelins and arrows piercing an enemy, for it has been found that the destructive action is greatly diminished if only the perpendicular sunbeams fall upon the water.

His Exact Size.

There is a kind of selfish smartness which makes a man think well of himself, but which renders him a laughing-stock nevertheless. One rainy day, when a shoe store was full of customers a man entered hurriedly, and speaking to a clerk who was fitting a lady to overshoes, said, "Can you show me some of those cork sole boots you advertise? I am in great haste."

Excusing himself to the lady, the clerk proceeded to wait upon the new-comer. Pair after pair of boots was tried on, and finally a perfect fit was secured.

"Now what make are those boots?" inquired the man. They fit me like a glove, just write down the make, with the exact width and length."

The salesman did as requested, and the man drew on his old shoes and started for the door.

"Don't you want the boots, sir?" inquired the surprised clerk.

"Oh no," responded the man; "I just wanted to get my size. I have a friend in the wholesale business who can get them a dollar less than your price," and he went out, followed by the unspoken opinion of the salesman, and laughter of several customers who had witnessed the affair.

For the Invalid.

One of the first considerations in the placing of food before an invalid is to prepare it without asking questions about what is wanted or how it is to be cooked. The appetite in sickness is apt to be fickle and so delicate that the thought of food sometimes destroys it altogether, but when the well-cooked and daintily-served food is made a surprise, it may prove to be not so unacceptable, and the invalid be tempted to partake of it. Another thing is not to set out a great quantity before the invalid at a time, as too much may disgust, while, strangely enough, a meagre supply will often stimulate the desire for food. That it should be served in the daintiest and most attractive manner goes without saying. Prepared from the best and freshest material possible, and cooked with care and skill, no matter how simple may be the repast, whether hot or cold, put it on the tray with a daint linen cover, the china shining and delicate, the silver bright and the napkin immaculate, and you will beguile your invalid into taking the necessary food, when a carelessly-prepared and served meal would not be looked at, much less eaten.

THE FACE.

What it is Popularly Supposed to Tell of Character.

Brown eyes are most kindly.
Black eyes are the most rash and impetuous.
A pointing upper lip indicates timidity.
An insignificant nose indicates an insignificant man.
Very large thick lips are a sign of sensuality.
An open mouth is a sign of an empty head.
Coarse hair always indicates coarse organization.
Large ears are found on the heads of coarse people.
A projecting upper lip shows malignity and avarice.
Pointed noses generally indicate meddling people.
Very full cheeks indicate great digestive powers.
A retreating chin is always bad; it shows lack of resolution.
If the forehead be shorter than the nose the sign is stupidity.
Large eyes in a small face always betoken maliciousness.
Narrow, thin nostrils indicate small lung and low vitality.
Blue eyes belong to people of an enthusiastic turn of mind.
Power of language is indicated by fulness beneath the eyes.

Oblique eyes are unfavorable; they show cunning and deceit.
Short, thick, curly hair is an indication of great natural strength.
Freckles, like red hair, are an indication of an ardent temperament.
A long forehead indicates intelligence, a short forehead stupidity.
Irregular teeth generally indicate a lack of culture and refinement.

Grey eyes are generally found associated with prudence and foresight.
Large, wide spreading nostrils show ample lungs and good health.
Very tightly closed lips are usually found in secretive characters.
Prominent, arched eyebrows show great power of perception in regard to form and color. All great painters have such brows.
Large, clear blue eyes generally denote persons of great capacity, but sensitive, suspicious, and often unreasonably jealous.

Horizontal eyebrows, full and regular, show great understanding, deliberation and capacity for planning and execution.
The typical religious enthusiast has a thin, pale face, retreating forehead, small, keen eyes, pointed nose and retreating chin.

A perpendicular, a very high, or a very short forehead is always bad; either invariably indicates lack of sympathy.
A face which does not change expression in conversation either indicates caution or stupidity.
A flat forehead or an abrupt descent at the back of the head are both unfavorable, either indicating limited understanding.

Black, sparkling eyes, with a steady, grave mouth, show taste, elegance, sound judgment, and often an ungenerous disposition.
Wide open, staring eyes, belong to people who are dull, but pretentious, who mistake impudence for wit and insolence for candor.

A person who habitually looks out of the corners of his eyes is to be avoided; his natural tendency is certainly toward deception.
When the under part of the face, from the nose downwards, is less than a third of the whole face, the indication is of stupidity.
Large noses are invariably associated with strong traits of character; whether good or bad is determined by other characteristics.

A good chin, viewed in profile, shows a marked depression above it and below the under lip and in equally marked prominence beneath.
The eyes should be distant from each other exactly the breadth of one eye; a greater distance indicates stupidity; a less, low cunning.
Men of marked ability in any line have usually one deep, perpendicular wrinkle on the forehead, with one or two parallel to it on each side.

Whenever in laughing three parallel curves are formed in the cheeks round the corners of the mouth, the indication is of silliness and stupidity.
Women as a Woman Sees Them.
Vanity is woman's conscience.
A woman's day should begin at night.
Where there is a will there is a woman.
If you want to know a woman, marry her.

Women are very good to eat, but very bad to digest.
Many women can make every home happy but their own.
A woman's love is bewildering, till you get it, then it is embarrassing.
A woman is strongest when she is weakest; a man is weakest when he is strongest.
Tell a child that he is good, a man that he is great and a woman that she is beautiful.

Women are always wishing that men were true; men are always wishing that women were new.
A woman generally makes the worst of a good husband; a man generally makes the best of a bad wife.
The Princess Louise is said to be very peripatetic, and sometimes will not attend public functions as agreed upon on the plea that she knows it will be one of her "bad days."