Jeremy York.

1.

A light westerly wind had crowded the spacious waters of the Downs with anchored vessels. The colour, the apparel, the quaint bravery of the ships and mariners of the last century, made a noble and sparkling show of the marine pageant. The hour was a little before sundown, and the gush of warm red glory past the giant headland, went in a tincture of dark gold to the zenith, and thence pale as amber to the eastern sea-line, with a hot crimson head of cloud here and there vaguely defined upon the delicate radiance, whilst the horizon ran with a line as clear as though scored with the sweep of the leg of a pair of compasses.

It was an evening in the month of September. There were scarce fewer than three hundred sails of cvessels gently straining at their hemp cables to the easterly set of the water. They had come together as if by magic, for that morning the historic tract of waters had steeped bare to the white terraces of the Forelands; whilst now the multitudinous shipping showed like a forest upon the sea, gay with fluttering pennons, delicate as a bit of pencilling with the wondrous intricacies of the rigging, brilliant with the red sheen of the waning luminary upon glass and brass; upon the writhing of gilt-work upon quarter-galleries and castellated sterns; upon innumerable figure-heads of fantastic device; upon yellow spars where the expiring flames in the west trembled in veins of burnished brass.

An old-world scene of this kind is not to be matched nowadays. The iron craft has entered the soul of the marine, and all is dull, flat, prosaic. Ships of fifty fashions filled the Downs that evening. There was the towering three-decker, grand as a palace abaft, with handsome galleries and spacious windows trembling to the lustre that rose to them from off the running water, the red coats of marines dotting the white lines that crowned her adamantine defences, shrouds as thick as cables soaring to huge round tops, from which, higher and higher yet, rose topmast and topgallant-mast and royal-mast into miracles of airy delicacy, from whose central spire languidly floated the pennon of the ship of the state. There was the East Indiaman, outward bound, newly brought up, scarcely less regal in her way than the first-rate, with John Company's house-flag at the main under the dog-vane that glanced like a streak of fire to the raining of the splendour beyond the line of coast, the red flag at her peak, the grinning lips of cannon along her sides, the glitter of uniforms upon her quarter-deck, and rows of lively hearties aloft upon her topsail yards snugging the spaces of white cloths into lines of snow. There were the little bilander bound to the Mediterranean, rigged with a long lateen yard upon her mainmast; the high-sterned pink; the round-bowed sturdy snow; the gallery of a hundred and fifty tons, whose long low hull, with ports for sweeps, gave her a most piratical look, with a malignant fancy to follow on of a breathless calm and a stagnated vessel, towards which this same galley is impelled by her huge oars, as though she were some vast deadly marine insect subtly though swiftly stirring to the impulse of its antennae.

The scene was full of light and life. Standing on Deal beach, so quiet was everything ashore, so still this hour of sundown, you would have heard a blending of innumerable sounds softened into music by distance—the strains of fiddles in the nearer craft, the voices of men singing, the pleasant noise of bells, the clank and rattle of winches and capstans and windlasses, the chorusings of lungs of leather stowing the canvas, the shrill chirpings of boatswains' whistles. Then on a sudden broke the sudden harsh thunder of a gun from the line-of-battle ship. It was instantly followed by the graceful drooping of the many-coloured bunting to right and left denoting the hour of sunset; and now masthead and gaff end showed bare of the bunting that had but a little before made the mass of shipping appear like a floating city of banners; and high above the congregation of masts the towering fabric of the three-decker loomed grim and forbidding upon the darkness of the evening stealthily creeping like some dark curl of breeze out of the east.

II.

Whilst the sullen explosion of the gun was echoing along the Sandwich plains, a large, exceedingly handsome brig, that had been quietly pushing her way into the heart of the shipping, helped rather by the tide than by the faint fannings aloft, hauled up her courses and let go all halliards; and a minute after her anchor fell from the cathead and she swung quietly to the drag of her cable. She was from down Channel, a homeward bounder; but those were the ambling days of trade; no fuss was made over what we now call prompt despatch. It was merely a question of how the wind sat; and a six weeks' detention in the Downs was accepted as a commonplace incident in a voyage from the Thames to foreign parts.

A few minutes after the brig's anchor had been let go, a signal was made to the shore for a boat. The twilight was yet abroad; the line of the land dark against the rusty crimson of the west; the flag was to be readily descried, and there was a fluttering of air still to make a conspicuous thing of the bunting, amid the congregation of colourless spars and masts, amid which, here and there, you already saw the twinkling of a cabin lamp or of a lantern swinging pendulum-like from, the fore-stay.

A tall young fellow of some three or four and twenty years of age stood in the gangway of the brig, impatiently gazing shorewards. He was distinctly handsome, spite of a certain haggardness and hollowness that seemed to betokea a considerable spell of illness. His eyes were large, dark and lustrous, full of intelligence, and, as one should say, of softness also. He stood a little above six feet, but with the stoop of a man who had not yet been able to stiffen himself out of a long term of prostrating sickness. His hair was long and abundant and curled plentifully upon his shoulders and back; an oddity in him, to engage at least a shore-going eye, accustomed to the perukes and bags and "tyes" of the streets. He was habited plainly in a coat with vast cuffs and pockets and metal buttons, crimson breeches, coarse gray stockings, and shovel-shaped shoes heavy with large plate buckles. His hat was a three-cornered affair, and from time to time he fanned his face with it, whilst he continued to watch steadfastly and anxiously the approach of a boat from Deal beach.

"Here comes something that looks like a punt, at last, Mr. York," exclaimed the skipper of the brig, approaching him—a broad-beamed, bullet-headed bit of a man, standing on oval shanks and carrying a face as red as the flag he sailed under. "Hope you'll pick up ashore, I do. Remember my words—if you feel able to ship along with me by the time I am ready to sail, and that's giving you from now to December, why, all that I can say is, there's a berth ready for you."

"I am heartily obliged to you, sir, for the offer, said the other; "and I thank you from the depths of my soul for the kindness you've done me.—Indeed, Captain Settle, I shall never forget you; and if I am equal to going a-sailoring again by December, you may reckon me already, sir, as upon the ship's articles."

They continued exchanging compliments after this pattern whilst the boat approached; presently it was alongside, and the tall young fellow whom the captain had addressed as Mr. York prepared to descend.

"I shall endeavour to be in London the week after next," he exclaimed, as he swung a moment by the manropes; "and I trust, captain, you'll not forget to put in a good word for me with the owners of the Coelia. It will be a matter of twenty-eight pounds to me, who am now in a condition to view even a sixpence as a very serious thing."

"Trust me, trust me, Mr. York, the captain exclaimed with a cheery wave of his hand.

The tall young fellow, named Jeremy York, lowered himself into the boat; a small bundle,—apparently all the luggage he had—was handed down to him by the skipper; he flourished his hat; the crew of the brig, some of whom were at work upon the forecastle and some aloft, gave him a cheer; and in a moment or two he was being swept shorewards by the vigorous arms of a brace of Deal boatmen

It was now dark; the western hectic was gone, the stars floated in a showering of brilliant points to the liquid dusk, that hung glimmerless above the horizon, with here and there a round-browed cloud with a sheen upon it like the head of a snow-cloud rise to obscure a narrow space of the sparkling dome. The Foreland soared wan and massive from the white wash of the water at its base, then swept darkly to the flat land upon which were grouped the houses of the town of Deal, whose foreshore at this moment winked with its row of oil lamps, or a dim illumination in places of small lozenge-paved windows, and a brighter streak of light striking through an open door. High and dry upon the shingle rested groups of boats; and at intervals, as York approached the beach, he would catch a noise like to a rush of water upon shingle, and mark some little fabric newly launched, swiftly making off on a small buccaneering cruise of its own amongst the shipping, or maybe to intercept some shadow hovering past the Goodwins with her hold full of silks, tea, and spirits, to be "run" before the morning, and under the noses, too, of the lookout aboard the first-rate, and the revenue people, trudging, solitary and austere, along the tall cliffs' edge or the long low line of beach.

"Many people in Deal just now?" York inquired of one of the boatmen.

"Town choke full, oi allow," was the answer. "Take them there ships," with a nod in the starlight towards the phantasmal huddel over the stern of the boat: "one person from each craft 'ud be more'n enough to overflow us, and you'd say that one-third of every ship's company out yonder had come ashore."

"A bother!" cried the young fellow, a little petulantly; "small prospect of my hiring a bed, if it be as you say.—D'ye think there's a chance of my getting a night's rest in your town?"

"Whoy not?" answered the other boatman gruffly. "Ye're a seafaring man beloik, and there ought to be more'n soft plank proper for sailor's bones to be found vacant at Deal."

"No planking it for me, not if there's a mattress to be hired!" cried York. "Suffer such a fever as has kept me wasting for six months in Valparaiso, and you'll wish your skeleton marrowless, that it might give over aching."

"There are inns enough, anyway," said one of the men. "Troy Mother Puddell's first. She keeps the sign of the Cat o' Nine Tails, Snadown way. There should be a chance there; and o'll tell ye whoy; her liquor's cust bad. She's beknown for that, 'soides high tarms. 'Tain't that I name her 'cause I love her; but when a sick gent wants a bed, he ain't going to be hindered by a shilling too much, let alone a qulaity o' liquor there's no call for him to drink."

As the man spoke, the boat's keel grounded on the shingle, and the little craft swept broadside to the beach, York, picking up his bundle, stepped out, and inquired the fare. The boatman demanded six shillings.

"See here," said he, pulling out a half-guinea piece, "this is all the money I possess, and I shall have no more until I can beg, borrow or steal it. If I deduct six shillings from this what does it leave me?"

"Give us foive," said the men.

"Three," he answered; "for God's sake, don't take advantage of a sick sailor!"

An altercation followed; York was resolved, the boatmen importunate and clamorous, and presently offensive. Other boatmen were attracted by the noise, and soon there was a crowd of Deal men listening to the shouts of their two bretiren and the cold, determined remonstrances of Mr. Jeremy York.

At last the tall young fellow cried out, "Make it for shillings, then, and you shall be paid." The others agreed; the half-guinea was changed into silver; and York walked away, followed curiously by the eyes of the group of men who had assembled.

"Tall enough for a Maypole," said one of them.

"What's his sect?" exclaimed another. "Looks as if his hair growed from a woman's head."

"Smite me," cried one of the two boatmen who had pulled the young fellow ashore, "if ever I takes a job again without first agreeing with the party as to tarms. A dirty four shillin'! But what's a man to dew? He outs with his half-guinea piece, and says 'tis all the money he's got in the world, and who's to know that it ain't a forged bit tew? But that's Billy Tucker's consarn, who's got the coin.' He spat with disgust and lurched off, on which the group broke up, and made in several detachments for the various public-houses or inns in Beach Street.

To be Continued.

A GREAT TURKISH WEDDING.

A Turkish wedding has just occurred at Constantinople. The bridegroom was Djaird Bey and the bride was the granddaughetr of Kaptan Pasha, Minister of Marine, and the only Turk who successfully and constantly bullies the Sultan. This grand-father is enormously wealthy, and Meob Hannoum, the bride, is his favorite, so the wedding was a very gorgeous affair. Of course Djaird Bey never saw his bride's face until after the wedding, but reports say that it is worth seeing. The girl is a radiant beauty, which is natural enough, for her mother, Hamide Hannoum is the Turkish belle of Constantinople and a power in the kingdom. The idea of the bowstring and sack for rebellious wives doesn't apply to Hamide. She has buried one husband and divorced three, and has merely started upon her career. Her daughter is said to have inherited her temper as well as her beauty, so the outlook for Djaird Bey is stormy.

The bride's trousseau was of a magnificence beside which the achievements of our Canadian brides would look like samples. There were thirty three tea gowns, not to speak of visiting gowns, carriage gowns, state gowns, provided in like profusion, and the jewels would make even a queen of opera bouffe pale with envy

The marriage ceremony took place at the palace of the grandfather, and an elaborate luncheon followed it. Then steam launches took the bridal party over to the Bey's home, on the Asiatic shore. A rigidly closed state carriage met the boats, and into it the closely muffled bride was bundled, with her mother, who, must have been a great comfort to her daughter. The bridegroom rode ahead on a prancing white steed. When the house was reached the bridegroom led the bride to the state chamber, where he lifted her veil, and, for the first time, saw her face. Then he escaped, and went out and threw pennies to the beggars. The bride mounted a throne, on a raised dais, and was exhibited for three hours. Throngs of guests came in and looked her over, while they ate jam and sherbet, drank coffee, and smoked cigarettes. The trousseau was laid out for their edification, too.

Evidently a Turkish wedding is a sociable, unconventional affair, a great improvement upon conservative western customs, for every one, friend and foe alike, is free to attend the function and see the show. The downtrodden Turk has some compensations, after all.

THE CHILDREN'S BREAD.

"I shall be glad if you ever become able to bring in something!"

"My dear," was the wife's reply, "what do you suppose these children earn for us now?"

"Earn for us? You make me laugh. Why, they don't bring in anything, and will not for many a year."

Then the wise wife and mother followed her husband out on the front stoop as he started, his tin pail in hand, for his work. She afterward told me, being a poor, brave kinswoman of mine, what she had said to the father of her children.

"Do you think, John," she began, "that I could work hard at home here all day without the pay the children's pretty ways give me? You have your pipe at noon at the foundry. I have the baby's laugh. I just snatch time, John, to sit down a minute, wiping off the suds on my apron, and I take up little Billy from the floor, and play with him; he fondles my neck, he crows, he tries to talk, he makes the dimples in his cheeks, he shows me his new teeth, he says 'mamma' as best he can. Then I put him down and drop my poor tired elbows on my knees, and watch him for five minutes more as he plays between my weary old feet. Then, John, I get up refreshed and finish the housework. Just as you have finished your lunch and pipe and gone back to molding. Don't you think the baby Billy brings me his pay for all his food, my dear old man?"

John had to acknowledge that he had never looked at it in that light before. Then my brave cousin, for so she is, resumed her lesson, at another time; I think one Sabbath afternoon when John was at home with leisure to listen.

"Now, my good man, look at little Edgar just trudging off to his school day by day. Why, he earns his food in being a child. He gives me courage to be faithful. I would often sink down and give up but for the children; they are my tonic, better than medicine; they give you manliness, for were it not for the children you might be a lazy good-for-nothing, not thinking it worth while to struggle any longer. Don't you see? And Julia, now, our eldest girl. How pretty she is growing to be. Thank Heaven for the young lady! Ah, when I look at her I think I want to live and see what a handsome, beautiful, good woman she will grow to be! When I feel faint I look at her; that revives me, for I must not die and leave her motherless. To be sure, her dresses cost a good deal more than a year ago; but, ah! she is life to me! Why John, if I am any value to you, credit it to Julia. I should die without her."

No man can value the service of his children. I do not mean in the earnings they bring in! Alas! for those homes where children are deliberately set to work outside the house to earn and bring in! I am indeed compassionate for the very poor, to whom this auxiliary help is an absolute necessity. But I would rebuke the strong and capable who needlessly put the children to work, who snatch them from school, who figure the earliest minute at which they can be "bobbin' boy," or "tend shop," or hoe corn. As if God did not give the child a right to be a child! As if, in being a child, he was not as truly earning his bread as we adults in our manly tasks. The child's mission is childhood. The right of independency is his by divine law. Each of us in turn had that right. What we do for our children pays our debt to our parents. Each generation comes into the world with a mortgage on the earth, willed to it by the grandfather generation. The child's grandfather rests easy in his narrow house only when his son has paid the debt to his son. If one be childless, he ought either to adopt a child—not a pet dog; we owe nothing to dogs—or give generously to the orphan asylum or home for destitute children.

By each wakeful night that parents spend with their sick ones, they, the parents, pay for their own teeth and the bread the teeth masticate. By each little coat the parents buy they pay for their own small coats and frocks of infancy. By all the sacrifices to rear a child in probity and honor—which, Heaven knows, in some heroic homes is a measureless sacrifice—they do the noblest earning of their own loaf.

Why, think of it? Was the magnificent globe made just for us? What would happen if the race would not cherish its infancy? To be Governor or President is less than to be father and mother. The noblest work on the foot-stool is keeping life on it. Parents cheat and defeat the hungry grave of Oblivion, which is swallowing all things mortal! Parents assert that the world shall go on! Parents twig old Time by the nose and laugh at his scythe. Parents pledge cities yet to be, fields yet to blossom, books yet to be written, discoveries yet to be made, civilization not to die! Parents stand on one side, Destruction and Desolation, twin tyrants, stand upon the other. The latter threatens the earth to become a tomb, the former defy them with the warm, eager, hopeful life of infantile humanity. And the children earn their bread by coming and tarrying with us, by promising to survive us.

Ay, and children earn by suffering, God witness! They begin life with unmerited pains. They eat with pain; they suffer oft in silence, or if they speak they cannot be understood nor helped. Children pass long years of this human existence with but the most limited enjoyments; they can but eat and sleep and be warmed. You, grown man, would if pay you for the trouble of drawing your breath to have but these three privileges? The best cared-for children are much neglected! A thousand thoughts are in their minds; a thousand questions, which trouble the little brains, and yet no reply nor satisfaction for years. No one can doubt the thinking of a little child; but in finding an answer he burns his tiny hand. And who shall speak of the world of want and misery that the children of open neglect endure, for the sake of growing up and taking our places, to keep the wheels of this world a-running.

Children teach patience; they compel sweetness of temper; they are wholesome monitors against greed when they cry "Divide the loaf!" They keep us in practice of affection, or our old hearts would grow sour and baleful by the world's many cups of vinegar. Children earn their bread by asking us "Who and where is God?" "Whither is heaven?" "Tell me of my little dead brother!" By these hallowed preachments they direct our sordid souls on high as no clergyman can. Children's prayers for us are higher-winged than known. The children gone before to the Better Land are ever drawing us after. The priceless value of our night of dreams, of the child that is keeping all Christmases now in heaven, is worth a shipload of bread of this perishing earth.

Bless God for what the children earn!
—Hartley Harker.

ABOUT GLOVES.

Hands need no longer look twice their size in white gloves, for it has been decreed in Paris that tan and other tinted gloves in glace kid and suede are eminently correct. This will give the economical woman a chance to wear clean gloves and not spend all her patrimony on gloves or pass through the world with a lingering odor of gasoline about her. Of course, variety, if pleasant, is always welcome, but it is doubful if tinted gloves will prove a benefit to the economical woman. White glace kid gloves clean better than tinted ones, as there is no danger of their fading. The quickest way to remove the odor of gasoline is by heat. A ribbon, cleaned in this way, will lose the odor if pressed with a hot iron. Gloves may be hung near a fire, care being taken, of course, that they are entirely dry.

HOUSEHOLD.

A CHAPTER ON EGGS.

Eggs represent a type of perfect food; they are nourishing, palatable, cheap at this season of the year when we want them most, and agreeable to almost every one. They should be very fresh for table use, and if properly cooked can be eaten every day with pleasure as well as impunity.

The simplest way to cook an egg is to boil it. But there is a right and a wrong way to do even as simple a thing as this. Usually, the egg is plunged into boiling water and left there three minutes for a "soft boiled" and from eight to ten minutes for a "hard-boiled" egg. In the first place, the white of the egg is cooked unevenly, that next the yolk often not being coagulated, while the yolk is in a state of nature, having been merely warmed a little.

The hard-boiled egg is literally hard, and the white especially is indigestible.

To boil eggs soft, try this plan: Lay them in a saucepan and rather more than cover them with boiling water. Let them stand where the water will keep just below the boiling point for ten minutes. Then, when broken, the white will be found to be jelly-like, and the yolk, though not hard, will be cooked. They will be much like boiled custard, and will have quite a different flavor to the palate.

Eggs that are wanted hard should be boiled slowly for twenty minutes. The yolk will then be mealy, and it will be perfectly digestible, so much so that physicians frequently order boiled eggs of this kind for their patients.

Baked eggs make a nice breakfast dish. Butter a pie-plate and break into it as many eggs as you wish. Pepper and salt each yolk, and lay a bit of butter in it. Set in the oven till the whites are firm, which will take about fifteen minutes.

Poached eggs and dropped eggs are one and the same in the cook's vocabulary. Put as many muffin rings into the pan as you have eggs to cook and pour in a quart of boiling water, adding a teaspoonful of salt. Set the pan where the water will boil gently and break an egg in each ring. Cook till the whites set, pour off the water, take out the muffin rings and lift the eggs to a hot platter with the aid of your pancake turner. Serve on squares of buttered toast.

Eggs are scrambled by breaking them into hot butter, and as soon as they begin to set, stirring them all together with a knife. Just as soon as the whites seem done, the eggs are done and should go to the table, via a hot dish, instanter.

Another way of making a scramble is to beat five eggs with a generous tablespoonful of melted butter, a small teaspoonful of salt, and half a cup of sweet milk, with a dust of white pepper. Cook in the double boiler, stirring constantly until a creamy mass is formed, when it is done and should go to the table immediately.

A Baked Omelet.—Beat seven eggs well. Then heat a pint of milk to the boiling point, put into it a tablespoonful of butter and a scant teaspoonful of salt, and next a tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold milk. Pour into the dish containing the eggs and stir fast and hard till well mixed. Pour into a buttered earthen dish and bake in a very hot oven. It will puff up light and high and must go straight from oven to table, or it will fall "flat as a pancake."

NOTES.

A lady who undertook to grow the passion flower, Passiflora incarnata, in the house had very good success with it, her first failures, due to lack of sufficient heat. She found it apparently half, if not wholly, hardy—that is, it stood frosts without giving up the ghost, and when, after snow came, she put it in the cellar, the stems were still green and she has hopes of being able to keep it over. She says, in Vick's Magazine:

The Japan pink is a biennial that is fine for cutting for bouquets. A paper of seed of "double mixed" gave fifty plants only two of which were similar. They differ in size and color and shape growing a great variety. The seeds germinate quickly in the house, and as they are hardy will endure more cold than most seedlings. They must be hardened before transplanting by leaving them in the open air both day and night.

The late Empress of Austria was very fond of flowers, and at her Villa Achilleon on the isle of Corfu had a huge field of roses, comprising 25,000 bushes, of all kinds and colors. A trellised walk covered with climbing noisette and niphetos roses inclosed the field, and the flower-laden branches met and interlaced overhead and then fell in perfumed showers almost to the ground. The rose garden is so planned that it has the least possible appearance of design.

As instance of the rapid growth of the rubber tree, Ficus Elastica, a lady writes to a floral magazine that from a slip cut in 1894, she had four years later a tree ten feet high, with 141 leaves and a stem six and a quarter inches in circumference. This is one of the most stately of our ornamental plants, ranking next to the palms.

TOMATOES.

Stewed Tomatoes—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes and then remove the skins. Chop them fine and put them in a double boiler without the addition of water. Season with salt, pepper, butter, onion, a little sugar, if you like, one tablespoonful of crackers or toasted bread and stew one hour.

Stuffed and Baked Egg Plant—Cut egg plants in half, lengthwise, and parboilt hem in salted water. Scoop out most of the interior and mash it up. Season with eggs, onion, salt, pepper, butter, two teaspoonfuls of bread crumbs and either chopped chicken or grated ham and chopped breakfast bacon. Mix well together. Fill the hulls with this dressing. Sprinkle the top with bread crumbs and a little clarified butter. Lay them in a buttered tin and bake fifteen minutes, if you have mushrooms at hand they are also nice to add.

Fried Egg Plant—Parboil egg plants in boiling salted water with one tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon. Cook until tender. Peel, mash and drain. To every pint of egg plant add one cup of cracker dust, two beaten eggs, butter, pepper and salt to taste. Moisten with milk, form into small cakes and fry brown in hot fat.

Fried Egg Plant, No. 2.—Cut egg plant in slices one-third inch thick, paring each piece. Lay it in salt and water over night. The next morning take from the water, drain and wipe. Then butter the slices of egg plant, dip in beaten egg and cracker dust and fry light brown in hot butter. Season with salt and pepper.

SKILL IN CARVING.

Before commencing to carve see that the meat is placed on the dish as it should be and that all strings and skewers are removed before it is brought to the table. Make sure that your knife is sharp and has a good edge before commencing, for it is rather awkward for a woman to use the steel at the table. Turkey, chicken, goose and duck should be placed on the dish with their heads to the left. Small birds, such as grouse or partridges, should be placed across the dish with their heads farthest from you.

A leg of mutton or veal should be carved with the thickest part toward the back of tthe dish, a shoulder of mutton or veal with the thickest part up, and a sirloin roast or a rib roast should have the bckbone at the right of the dish,

The sirloin steak should have the tenderloin next to the carver, a fillet of beef should have the thickest end at the right side of the dish, and a saddle of mutton should be placed with the tail end to the left of the carver.

The positions mentioned should be carefully observed if one expects to do good work in this line.

To carve a leg of mutton or lamb place the fork firmly in the top, turn it in toward you and cut thin, even slices through to the bone; then slip the knife under and cut them away from the bone. Roasts of beef should be carved in very thin slices across the grain.

The question of a public park for Drogheda is again cropping up.

A Rare Chance

To cultivate a calm, hopeful spirit lies in the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails. It makes no sore spots on the flesh and is therefore painless. It relieves promptly.

RAPID TELEGRAPHY.

Pollak, a Vienna engineer, is said to have invented a telegraph instrument that will transmit messages over a single wire at a speed of 1,000 words a minute. The Wheatstone automatic instrument will transmit at a speed of 600 words a minute, but even such a high speed is seldom required.

A Child's Suffering.

MR. WM. McKAY, CLIFFORD, N. S., TELLS OF HIS DAUGHTER'S CURE.

She Was First Attacked With Acute Rheumatism, Followed by St. Vitus' Dance in a Severe Form—Her Parents Though: She Could Not Recover.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

Wm. McKay, Esq., a well known and much respected farmer and mill man at Clifford, Lunenburg Co., N. S., relates the following wonderful cure effected in his family by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills:—"About three years ago my little daughter Ella, then a child of ten years, was attacked with acute rheumatism. It was a terribly bad case; for over a month she was confined to her bed, and during most of the time was utterly helpless, being unable to turn in bed, or in fact to move at all without help. She could not even hold anything in her hand. All power or use of her limbs had entirely gone and the pain she suffered was fearful. By constant attention after a month or so she began to gain a little strength, and after a while improved enough to be taken out of bed and even walked around a bit after a fashion by means of a support. But now she was seized with a worse ailment than the rheumatism. Her nervous system gave way, appeared completely shattered. She shook violently all the time, would tumble down in trying to walk. In attempting to drink from a cup her hand shook so as to spill the contents all over herself. She was a pitiable object. The doctors were called to her again and said she had St. Vitus' dance in the worst form. She took the medicine prescribed and followed the instructions of her physician for some time, but without apparent benefit. She wasted away almost to a skeleton and we gave her up for lost. About this time I read in a paper an account of a great cure of nervousness effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and resolved to try them. I bought six boxes and the little girl began using them. The good effects of the first box were quite apparent and when four boxes were used, she seemed so much improved that the pills were discontinued. She kept on improving and after a few weeks was as well as ever. We were told that the cure would not last, that it was only some powerful ingredient in the pills which was deceiving us and that after a time the child would be worse than ever. All this has proved false, for now nearly three years she has had unbroken good health, nerves as strong as they are made, and stands school work and household work as well as a mature person. We have no doubt about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restoring to us our little girl, whom we looked upon as doomed to an early grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or shattered nerves, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, headache, dizziness, erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Protect yourself against imitations by insisting that every box bears the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale people. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Want of Watchfulness Makes a Thief."

Many cases of poor health come from want of watchfulness. But if you keep your blood pure no thief can steal your health.

The one effective natural blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. *It never disappoints.*

Impure Blood—"My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair when she turned to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Six bottles of this medicine completely cured her." JOHN WECKMAN, Galt, Ont.

Scrofula—"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofula. I was weak and debilitated but it made me strong and well. After a severe cold had catarrhal fever. Again resorted to this medicine and it cured me." SARAH E. DEROY, Annapolis, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SIZE OF THE OCEANS.

Few Statistics About How Much Water There is in the Different Seas.

An observant man once remarked that most men seem to be as ignorant about the size of the sea as they are of the distance between the heavenly planets. Here are a few facts: The Pacific covers 68,000,000 miles; the Atlantic, 30,000,000, and the Indian Ocean, Arctic and Antarctic, 42,000,000. To stow away the contents of the Pacific it would be necessary to fill a tank one mile long, one mile wide and one mile deep every day for 440 years. Put in figures, the Pacific holds in weight 948,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its waters weigh 325,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain it would have each of its sides 430 miles long. The figures of the other oceans are in the same startling proportions. It would take all the sea water in the world 2,000 000 years to flow over Niagara. A tank to hold it would have to measure nearly 1,000 miles long each of its sides.

ROLLER YACHTING.

The Sport Enjoyed in Only One Spot in the World.

Save during the rainy season Lake Lefoy, in Western Australia, is quite dry. But as the water evaporates as the hot weather approaches, a smooth glassy floor of crystalline salt is deposited. Those living on the shores have found a means of utilizing this.

All boats which sail on the lake when possible are, during the dry season, fitted with four wheels, and thus are enabled to continue their travels. As Lake Lefroy has an area of over 100 miles, and the surrounding country is extremely rough, this means a great saving in expense, labor and time. The speed attained by these wheeled yachts is very considerable, though not quite equal to the pace of the ice yachts so popular in this country.

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy."

Nerviline is a joy also. No remedy in the world equals it. Neuralgia and rheumatism are relieved almost instantly and minor aches and pains are cured by a single application. Nerviline is sure to cure.

MARRIED MEN BETTER OFF.

Married men, according to a German investigator, live longer than bachelors, and are less likely to become insane. Another argument for matrimony is found in the fact that there are 38 criminals among every 1,000 bachelors, while among married men the ratio is only 18 per 1,000.

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. Sold by all druggists. 50c. a bottle.

A TOUGH LOT.

Say, that wasn't asparagus you sold me the other day.

What was it?

I don't know what it was, but we are using it for bundled kindling wood.

MINERAL WOOL.

This material being fire, frost and vermin proof is now being very largely used as a non-conductor of heat, cold and sound in cold storage, public buildings private residences, etc., also for covering steam, hot water, hot air, and cold water pipe. The Eureka Mineral Wool and Asbestos Co., Toronto, will be pleased to send descriptive pamphlet if you are interested.

NOT WHOLLY DISINTERESTED.

How carefully your wife does watch her health.

Yes; she knows that if I get up a big doctor's bill she won't get a summer trip.

Hotel Carslake. European Plan. Room$ from $1 a day up. Opp G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Props.

UNDENIABLE.

But, said the philosopher, still water runs deep, you know.

Well, what of it? replied the pessimist. I've seen rusty nails that did the same thing.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF **MALT** Invigorates and Strengthens. W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

DESPERATE CASE.

Maria, what have you done with that colored shirt of mine?

The one you wore so long? I sent that to the steam cleaners a couple of weeks ago. It hasn't come back yet.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

TOMMY'S RETORT.

Tommy. That church is over 200 years old.

Cissy. My auntie says it's only 100.

Tommy. Oh, well, I suppose that's as far back as she can remember.

For Over Fifty Years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

A YOUNG FINANCIER.

What makes you naughty so much of the time, Willie? said the indulgent father.

Why, you see, mamma gives me a penny every time I promise to be good, replied the youngster, and she never asks me to promise to be good until I have been naughty.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

EVIDENTLY.

She, approvingly. And so you won her hand?

He. I suppose so—I've been under her thumb ever since.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

UNHAPPY PARENT.

No, said the father to his undutiful son, I can't ask you to respect me. When I think whose father I am I don't respect myself.

"Then shall our names be as familiar in their mouths as household words." Says Shakespeare. Or, as Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

There's a cup of goodness in every cup of **LUDELLA** CEYLON TEA. Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

A BOON FOR THE LAME!
THE IVEY PATENT EXTENSION SHOE CO.,
Are anxious to secure the address of every lame man and woman in Canada whose lameness consists in one limb being shorter than the other, and are offering good paying employment to every intelligent person who will take the trouble to write for circulars and care to get patients. Get one of the Extensions for yourself and you will, after wearing it a week, have no trouble to convince others of its value.
This Extension is by far the best of its nature ever placed on the market, and enables the wearer to walk upright, to walk with ease and comfort, to wear any ordinary store boots, leave no limping appearance as their more fortunate friends. Descriptive circulars, testimonials, and terms to agents. Address
THE IVEY PATENT EXTENSION SHOE CO., 170 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

MUMMY PHOTOGRAPHY.
A Paris photographer has introduced a novel style of taking photographs, which he calls "mummy photography." The subject is swathed in mummy cerements, put into a genuine sarcophagus imported from Cairo, and pictured in an upright position. A smiling, living face looking out from embroidered grave clothes gives an odd effect. No French actress's salon is complete without a counterfeit presentment of her own mummy.

WPC 928

CALVERT'S Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevents infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER. - - ENGLAND

MONTREAL
The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan, $1.50 & up.

CUTTING SCHOOL—Tailors and Dressmakers, send for catalogue. C. & D. SCHOOL CO., Montreal.

Stammerers especially those which are failed to be cured elsewhere, write to Dr. Arndt, Berlin who will convince you he can cure you.

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 381 Queen W. Toronto.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited Cor. West-Market & Colborne St., Toronto, Can get you best prices for your Apples, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, and other produce, if you ship it to them.

ONE NIGHT Corn Cure. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10c

PATENTS Procured in all countries. Designs, Trade Marks registered, Copyrights, Caveats procured. Write for information. EGERTON, R. CASE, Registered Solicitor of Patents, Notary Public, Temple Building, Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO Cutting School offers special advantages to all desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of Cutting and Fitting Gentleman's Garments. Write for particulars.
113 Yonge St., Toronto.

$25 to $50.00 per week is paid by city houses for all practical tailors. We teach you how to cut. Write for terms.
G. W. BUNT & CO., Toronto, Tailors

WHITE'S PHOSPHO SODA
An Effervescing Phosphate, excellent cleanser for liver, kidney and stomach, takes the place of coal tar preparations in case of headache, its effect is immediate. Sold by all druggists, in 50c., 50c. and $1.00 packages.
Queen City Drug Co., 271 Wellington-st. E., Toronto.

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING
J. L. JONES ENG. Co