The Veterans of '66.

Do you forget the robber band
That made the blood of patriots boil,
When Fenian feet were on our land,
And rebel shoes had cursed our soil?
Do you forget how women wept,
How o'er our homes there fell a pall,
But comrades still our oath we kept,
And all obeyed our country's call!

Do you forget his dying face,
And how the ranks with fury thrill'd
When someone staggered in his place,
And our first volunteer was killed?
We rested his poor fallen head,
We wiped his lips of froth and foam,
The first young patriot, boys was dead;
He died for comrades, flag and home.

And others died—so round the stone
That marks the heroes of that fray,
Their comrades living yet make moan
For those who fell that fatal day;
Their patriot blood baptized the land,
They gained a grave and won a crown;
No other but the loyal hand
Can put the ingrate rebel down.
—*The Khan in Toronto World.*

The Death of May.

When rosy dawn is all aglow,
With thee, my love, I'll sail away,
Where limpid waters dart and flow,
And opening leaves of lilac play.

I go because I love thee so,
Thou peerless one, O, month of May!
With thee across the seas I'll go,
Then blow, ye winds of morning, blow.

So when the beams of morning throw
Their gold upon the vacant day,
We'll wait the ebb and take the flow,
And thou and I will sail away.

For in thy bosom flowers grow
And bluebirds build, sweet month of May,
Together thou and I will go;
Then blow, ye winds of morning, blow.
—THE KHAN in the Toronto *World*

THE : DOCTOR.

"And you are still in the old house?" he said.

"Yes," she replied; "still living in the same house; but it is little of a home to me now."

She spoke quietly, softly even, but there was such in-breathing pain in the tone that the doctor's heart ached as he listened. He longed to take her into his arms then, and hold her there, safe from every sorrow, as far as human shelter could make her so; but the cruel bond was on him still, so he thought, and he did not dare to do it.

"Oh, Pauline! Pauline!" was his inward cry, wrung out by a sharp pain, a sharp trial, "could you not have spared me that last horrible, venomous sting?"

Then he turned quietly to poor, trembling, conscious Letty, and spoke calmly and kindly to her, as he might have spoken to the girl Letty who walked and talked with his dead wife, when that fair young wife was the only earthly object his heart had room for. And Letty listening to him, forgot the dearer words that might have been spoken, that one day she had hoped would have been spoken by him to her, and was almost happy.

The doctor walked with Letty as far as the gate of her own house, and there left her with a few parting words that would be his last, in case he got through the business that had brought him to Fenmore, as soon as he hoped to do that day. If possible, he would then be leaving Fenmore that night; if not, on the following one, so he told her; and if he stayed so long, he would call and bid her good-by again.

Letty heard him like one in a dream, gave her hand passively into his, and bent her head when he raised his hat and turned from her, and then, still pale and trembling, she went in-doors, and in the quiet of her own room broke the spell that was upon her by a stormy burst of tears.

"Oh! it is too much, too much!" she cried out, sharply, in her stinging pain; "and I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!"

All the old passionate devotion had risen up at the sight of Dr. Lennard—all the vain longings and hopeless hopes that had so racked her heart in the first months of his absence. They were racking it now with tenfold power, and if ever she had deluded herself with the thought that she had forgotten him, the delusion fell away from her then, as, with burning blushes and bitter tears, she had to own how much she loved him, and must always love him till the life that was so dark was ended, and the sore pain stilled.

"It was hard enough before," she thought, as she looked on the little gate by which he had stood, and up the lonely lane through which he was even then passing; "but oh! it is ten times harder now; and how shall I bear it?"

Meanwhile Dr. Lennard, sitting in the rectory parlor, was hearing from Mrs. Wilson the story of Letty's life, from the New Year's Eve on which he had last quitted Fenmore, and without seeing her, too, and that was troubling him not a little now, as he sat there. It was, taken all in all, a sad story, and there were tears in the kind lady's eyes as she told it, and in her husband's, who sat listening though he had heard it all before. Not so her other listener's; they were bright and clear, with altogether a new light in them, as though he was rather pleased to hear of poor Letty's misfortunes.

Mrs. Wilson was not usually a gossip; to-day she rather surprised her husband by entering into the most minute details of Letty's history—some that would have better been left untold, he thought.

All the little world of Fenmore had known of Letty's engagement to Ernest Devereux, and had agreed in calling him a scoundrel for breaking the engagement when the change came. Mrs. Wilson alone knew that the break had not come from him, but from Letty herself, and so she told Dr. Lennard, confidentially.

"Letty told him," she said, "bravely and honestly, as not many girls in her position would have ventured or cared to do, that she did not love him as she would like to love her husband, and that she would rather not be his wife. He was not very much cut up about it, as far as I can understand, for though there's no doubt he was marrying her for her money, there is quite as little but he liked her well; however, he took her at her word, and left here for the Continent, I think. And then the very next spring after that Mr. Leigh died, and the poor child was left quite alone in the world; and how she has borne her dreary lot since is almost more than I can understand."

Mr. Wilson had coughed and fidgeted more than once during this recital, but his wife took no notice of him, and Dr. Lennard seemed fully as eager to listen to, as she was to tell, every particular relating to Letty and her affairs. When he had heard all there was to hear, he rose to go, declining to stay to luncheon on the plea of business.

"I have to call at Attorney Sharp's, and then round by Mr. Needham's; I shall have to work very hard indeed to pull up for this hour's gossiping," he said, smiling. "If I can possibly make time, Mrs. Wilson, I will call in again this evening to see you."

He gave that lady's hand a warm clasp, and his face wore a pleased smile as he said it. Apparently he did not despair of being able to call again. As he stepped down the garden pathway, his step elastic, his head up, Mrs. Wilson looked after him, well pleased.

"He is another man, George," said Mrs. Wilson to her husband, "to what he was when he came in this morning."

"Very likely, my dear, he was tired then," replied Mr. Wilson. "But don't you think you spoke a little too freely about Miss Leigh? She might not like it, I'm afraid."

The tone was hesitating, the speaker's mild blue eyes deprecated any idea of reproach; but Mrs. Wilson turned round on him, almost sharply.

"I think nothing of the kind, George," said she; "you men are always for keeping things quiet that are all the better for being known, and nice mistakes some lives are in consequence."

"Perhaps you are partly right, Alice," said he; "but I don't see that any mistaken life can be rectified by Dr. Lennard's knowing all poor Letty's little secrets."

"You cannot see it," said Mrs. Wilson, "because you know nothing whatever about the matter, and would not, my blind love, if it was to happen over again under your very eyes."

Mr. Wilson looked at his fair-faced, smiling spouse, and thought her humor rather strange that morning, but, being meek and gentle in spirit, he let the matter rest there, and went out through the French window to look at his pet plants, while his wife, still smiling, went up to the nursery to overlook matters there.

Dr. Lennard walked briskly through Fenmore, stopping to return the kindly greetings of the few he met, until he reached Mr. Needham's. He was two or three hours closeted with that gentleman, and from thence he went straight to Attorney Sharp's. By the time his business with him was completed, it was his dinner hour, and he went back to the Needham's to partake of it with them.

Mr. Needham had been a friend of old Mr. Lennard's when Paul was a dark-eyed, curly-headed boy, who thought it must be the grandest thing in life to be a doctor, if only to have a chance of tasting all the sweet syrups that went out from his father's little room, that was study and surgery and consulting-room, all in one.

This friendship descended to Paul as soon as he became of a fit age to inherit, and to-day Mr. Needham and he were as firm friends as ever that gentleman and his father had been. With Mrs. Needham, too, he was a favorite; and as for the three Misses Needham, they fairly worshipped the ground he trod on. To-day they were decked out in honor of his coming, accidental as it was. The elder sisters wore their best pale-blue glace silks, with the newest and most elegant lace berthas, and the youngest, being of a sentimental turn, and holding as a firm tenet of faith that men of the doctor's age were most attracted by simplicity, wore a plain white muslin dress and hair *a la Greque.*

Three prettier, sweeter maidens it would be hard to find in all England; and when the doctor sat talking to their father in the dining-room, instead of going into the drawing-room after them, his great want of taste was evident, not their lack of beauty. When he did come up, he only stayed to drink one cup of coffee, which he did so hastily that it scalded, and went near choking him; and then, with a few polite words, he left, and the pale blue robes gave a little angry rustle, and the white one a half-timid sweep as he passed, each and all expressive of reproach, if he could have known it; but he did not, because he was not heeding. There was a soft, glad song in his heart that drowned, with its low monotone, all outer sounds—a bright and tender light shining about him, that blinded his eyes to all outer sights.

Going out, he met Mr. Grimshaw, the young medical man who was attending to most of his old patients, and living a bachelor life in his old house on the hill.

The two men bowed and smiled, but they did not stop; they were both too eager after other things to care to stay just then.

The doctor took the path to the shore, and Mr. Grimshaw went into the house and up to Mr. Needham's drawing-room. He had not been long there before he found a seat on the low couch by the window, over which Miss Amy's muslin skirts were spread—the poor white skirts that she had hoped would have fluttered into Dr. Lennard's heart. But they were not quite useless, after all, for Mr. Grimshaw evidently admired her in white, he was so unusually attentive. She had thought it was her sister Laura he admired, and Laura had thought so too, and still sat by her mother, feeling not a little aggrieved, while Amy, highly pleased, talked and smiled, and flushed, and wondered as the young doctor did his best to be gallant.

Silly little head to be so easily turned! Poor little heart, with its inner chambers empty yet, and giving such a sounding echo to every passing tread! The head may grow full with the garnering of years, but the heart is in danger of echoing each stranger step so freely, that when the true step comes it will let it pass out like the rest, and so remain empty for ever after.

Dr. Lennard did not go on to the shore, though he went toward it; he turned into the lane that led to Letty Leigh's cottage, and walked slowly up it, thoughtfully smoothing his thick beard, and switching the hedges with his stick as he stalked by them. As he walked his head was bent, and his face, at first calm and bright, grew more and more troubled with every step he took. A thousand hopes and fears were stirring in his heart; a thousand stinging memories; a thousand half timid anticipations of what might yet be.

The night was dark, dull, and misty; a hazy mantle was folded over the earth through which the sea sounded fitfully and sonorously, as it might sound in the ear of a sleeper. The subtle, faint perfume of the fresh grass and the new born flowers was in the air, and the trees rustled and shook their branches mysteriously.

There was a boding calm all about—a stillness as of something yet to come—that struck a chill to Dr. Lennard's heart, strong man though he was, and little given to dreaming. It seemed as if the still evening, with its drowsy sounds and half-veiled, hazy lights, was a picture of his own life, dim and misty, and undefined, going on in darkness, ending in darkness and the pitiless sky over all. It was with an effort of will that he cast such fancies from him and opening the gate of the cottage, walked boldly up to the door and knocked.

"Miss Leigh have gone out, sir, as she often do of an evening, but she will be in soon for certain; she seldom stays out as late as this 'ere," said the servant.

The simple country girl who spoke held the door open with one hand, while with the other she shaded her eyes, the better to peer out through the rising mist at this stranger inquiring so abruptly for her young mistress.

"She often goes out, does she?" repeated Dr. Lennard, under his breath, as it were, and pulling away at that thick black beard of his more fiercely than ever, as though, in some way, it angered him.

"Yes, sir. Since master died she have been lonesome and restless-like; and she often goes on to the shore, happen, or up the lane toward the church. Mercy on us, Miss, you fright me!" cried out the girl in the same breath, flinging the door wide open with a jerk as she spoke.

The doctor turned quickly, and saw Letty within a yard of him, her face deathly white as it showed in the light of the lamp, her eyes bright as with fever, and one ungloved hand resting on the porch for support. Instinctively he put out his hand to help her, but she would have none of his help. She drew herself up to her full height, and fronted him, calm again; the Letty he had parted from in the morning, to all appearances, but that she could not at will banish that deathly pallor from her face. But for the servant-girl, standing open-mouthed in the hall behind them, he would have gathered that white face to his heart, and warmed it into life and light with his kisses. As it was, he merely raised his hat, and uttered the few commonly polite phrases usual on such occasions.

He hoped he was not intruding, but he found he had more time on his hands than he expected to have. He was going in the morning, and he had come to bid her good-by again, as he had said he should.

Letty listened gravely, thanking him, as in duty bound, and even asked him, if he would come in and rest a little.

Yes, he would come in, he said, and the girl's eyes, dropped hitherto, raised themselves quickly, and flashed a half-startled glance into his. But he never heeded. He followed her through the hall, and into the tiny drawing-room, where a bright fire was burning in the grate, for the early spring nights were chilly.

Laying her hat and cloak on a side-table, she motioned the doctor to a seat, and went to turn up the moderator lamp.

Standing in the full light, her face turned to it, her arm bare to the elbow, where the white sleeves fell away from it, Dr. Lennard saw her clearly for the first time that day, and the terrible change in her shocked him. To most men she would have seemed simply plain at that moment; the heavy masses of her thick hair braided away from her face tightly, with the heedlessness of one who did not care how she looked—the sombre folds of her black dress falling heavily and dully round her, showing in powerful contrast the pallor of her sunken cheeks and the feverish brightness of her large eyes; her arm, too, so wan and shrunken, with no ornament, either of gold or jet to relieve its painful whiteness.

But in his eyes she never could be plain. She was dearer to him in her pain and sorrow than any other woman he had ever known, not excepting the brilliant Pauline, and his heart stirred with unspeakable tenderness as he saw how changed and worn she was, how weary—stirred, too, with a sharper pain than pity—a terrible fear that racked him, making his eyes burn and his face whiten, sending the blood with a rush to his heart, till its pulses throbbed madly, and the breath seemed to stop in his throat.

"What if the chain had worn in too long! What if the delicate frame could not bear the inward fever, and that he had come too late to save her from the gulf his own arm, strong in its pride, had pushed her into?"

He knew she loved him. He saw it then, if he had never seen it before. He had known, though he had not said it, the true reason why she had refused to share her altered lot with Ernest Devereux. It had pierced the cloud of his doubts and fears like a flash of light, while Mrs. Wilson was telling him her pitiful story; now that gleam was swallowed up in thick blackness again.

"What if he had come too late!"

The passionate pain in his eyes frightened Letty, as she turned and saw it, and the earnest gaze that went from the trailing folds of her dress up to the bands of her hair, devoid of ornament, harsh, and unbecoming as she knew them to be, brought the hot blood stinging to her face.

"He is wondering how plain and changed I am," she thought. "He could not care for me now."

"Perhaps, for she has spirit, she will scorn me for my tardiness," he was thinking. "I was terribly selfish in my pride."

Letty, seating herself in a low chair opposite to him, across the hearth, as much in the shade as possible, lest the rising glow of the fire should show how changed she was, clasped her hands fast together, and tried to talk calmly and naturally to him, as she would have talked to any other gentleman.

She tried, but she failed. How could she help it, with her heart throbbing stormily, and her breath coming thick and fast under his glances?

All creation may say what it likes, but men are selfish. A cat playing with a mouse, sure and safe under its paw, would be no bad emblem for their shields, if they would only be true enough to wear it.

Dr. Lennard loved Letty with all his heart; he had come to tell her so; and yet there he sat, watching her changing face, her quickening breathing, her restless hands, and drinking in deep draughts of subtlest pleasure from these evidences of his power. Nothing but the inherent selfishness of man could have enabled him to torture that poor trembling little heart so cruelly.

His strange silence oppressed her; he would not talk, she could not very much longer, she felt, and the terror of the coming pause made her awkward and nervous.

He saw it all. He read her love in her restless fingers, and the flushing pulses of red and white that came into her face under his glance. It was plain in the unwonted dropping of her frank gray eyes, and in the low, broken tones of her voice, that tried to ring bravely for pride's sake, but could not, simply because love is stronger than pride; and she, poor child, was loving him just then with all her soul.

For a few moments he sat still in his chair, and drunk the sweet picture in greedily; then he bent forward, and took the tiny hot hands into his, and told the tale he had come to tell, and sued humbly for pardon in that he had not told it before, and saved her all the pain of doubting him, the pain and sorrow that had so changed her.

"It was for my father," Letty began, bowing her lower still, and hiding her hot face against the tangles of black beard that bent over her.

One of the rare sweet smiles that so seldom lighted up the doctor's grave face flashed across it now, as, loosening his arms, as though to put her from him, he asked, softly: "And was none of it for me?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the old frank spirit flashed out.

"A little, little bit of it was because of you," she said; "only a little bit, though."

"I thought so, my darling," said he, and the strong arms closed around her again tightly, lovingly; and the grave, pale face bent lower and lower till it rested on the girl's flushed one, as, with one long kiss on the tremulous scarlet lips so near his heart, Paul Lennard sealed his troth-plight.

Amy Needham, pretty little traitress that she was, did not win poor Laura's sweetheart from her. Mr. Grimshaw admired her very much, and small blame to him, for she was a sweet little creature; but he loved with a strong love her sister Laura; and when three months after, he went and settled in London, it was Laura, he asked to go with him and share his fortune.

Amy felt a little inclined to pout. Poor child! Fate was using her hardly. At eighteen and a half she had set her cap at two, one after the other, and lost both. But cheer up, Amy—take heart of hope, little maid! There is a young lieutenant in her majesty's navy, now cruising about in the Mediterranean, who is bent on coming all the way home when his leave-time comes, for the express purpose of setting his cap—the jaunty true blue one it is—at you, though you do not know it. Just a little while—only a little while—and you will be telling sympathizing young lady friends that "an officer in the navy is a gentleman, you know, dear; and there is something nicer in a sailor than a doctor; he has such nasty things to do sometimes," meaning that the doctor has, of course. "Laura does not mind that in the least. But she was always odd, you know; and for me I like sailors best, by a great deal."

When Mr. Grimshaw left Fenmore, the old brown house on the hill did not remain empty long, nor did the sick and ailing continue to supply overwork for any great length of time for Dr. Green. For the second time Dr. Lennard brought home a bride, and to the same quaint nest of a home, perched on the hill, and looking over the ocean; not a brilliant, pampered beauty, but a grave, sweet-faced woman, beautiful only in her purity and gentleness, and her exceeding strong love.

In Dr. Lennard's eyes she was perfection, and on her love his tired heart rested safely. When he held her in his arms, it was no beautiful mocking vision that he clasped, racking him with far-away glimpses of what might have been, but a slender, loving woman, all his own, to the core of her warm heart, and doubly precious in his sight because of the past sharp pain, wrestled with in silence so long and so bravely.

Letty Leigh was no more, and with the maiden name was buried the maiden troubles on the day that a new life opened before her, as Mrs. Lennard, of the hill.

The doctor, too, was changed on that day. The upright, handsome man, with the ready smile and the quick, firm tread, is not much like the grave, somewhat stern gentleman we have known hitherto, and his friends and neighbors did not fail to notice it. It was a thing so marked and unlooked for that they could in no way account for it; but as we who are wiser know, "Love works wonders," and "Love is still the lord of all."

As years flew by and little feet pattered up and down, and shrill baby voices rang through the old house, its master seemed to grow younger and handsomer than ever. And when friends, looking at the kindly, intellectual face, and hearkening to the rich tones of the genial voice, complimented Dr. Lennard on his improved looks, a softer light would come into his eyes, a faint tinge of color to his pale cheeks, and he would tell them, half proudly, half laughingly, that they must thank his wife for the change.

Letty, glad and happy in her prosperous matronhood, never forgot the past. Safe among the treasures in the pearl and ebony work-box, that used to hold Ernest Devereux's scented missives, lay a tiny drab satin shoe. Looking at it, she often recalled the time when that little shoe, all stained and torn, had dragged the veil from her eyes, and burned hot blushes of shame into her face by the tale it told. She thought of that time now, not with bitterness, not sadly even, but just a little wistfully, for she felt and knew that but for it she would have been a more thoroughly light-hearted woman now that her time of joy and peace had come.

The chain had worn in deeper than ever the doctor, looking at her placid face, could know; and a little of its galling smart rankled in her heart even yet, whenever she thought of it. But, withal, there was no bitterness. Safe and unspeakably content as Paul Lennard's wife, his only true wife in heart and soul, though she was his second wife, she had pity, and pity only, for the memory of the misguided woman, who, in her wilful blindness and jealousy, went so near wrecking both their lives. This poor, brilliant Pauline, who had fretted herself into her grave, stinging all about her in her venomous spite, had worked, by means of that same pitiful spite, great ill both in her life and after her death. But her evil power was ended forever, and the recollection of it only brought a graver shine to the clear, gray eyes, and a more chastened light of gladness over the comely, winsome face of Dr. Lennard's second wife.

THE END.

False Teeth which will Grow.

A dentist of Moscow is reported to have discovered a method of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. Dr. Znamensky has performed several successful operations on dogs as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal. Holes are made at the root of the false tooth and also upward into the jaw. The tooth is then placed into the cavity. In a short time a soft granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position.—*Chicago Mail.*

The Devil's Assistant Always Around.

Boston *Post*: Prison Missionary—To what do you attribute your downfall; to drink?

Prisoner—No, to signing the pledge.

Missionary—How could that be?

Prisoner—No one asked me to drink until I did that.

Literal and Figurative.

Boston *Post*: John—There goes a great man.

Henry—Is that so? Who is he?

John—That's Jones. He began life as a newsboy and is now the owner of a big brewery.

Henry—Began life as a newsboy! He must have been smart. I began life as a baby.

Mrs. Lizzie Brent died in Paris, Kentucky, last Tuesday after suffering what few women have to undergo. Last December the muscular contraction caused by rheumatism broke both of her thigh bones and she has been in mortal agony ever since.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Laurier asked if the Minister of Justice was prepared to bring down the papers as to the Washington negotiations.

Sir John Thompson said that permission was hourly expected from England. If it did not come to-day he would ask a day's grace.

Mr. Bowell, answering Mr. McMillan, said that raw sugar was not ex-warehoused without the duty first being paid.

Sir Hector Langevin, answering Mr. Tarte, said there was no record in the department of the removal of Mr. Perley from the chief engineership of Quebec harbor and the appointment of Mr. Boswell.

Mr. Haggart, in reply to Mr. Featherston, said that no Order-in-Council had yet been passed to fix the cattle space in ocean steamers. The inspection was made by a Government veterinary inspector, who had power to prevent any vessel from carrying cattle which had insufficient space for the health of the animals.

Mr. Haggart, answering Mr. Sproule, said the Government had no official information that the United States has established a quarantine for sheep and lambs going from Canada to Buffalo and other points.

Mr. Dewdney, replying to a question by Mr. Coatsworth, said that the Government had made a settlement with the Temperance Colonization Society, by authority of an Order-in-Council of April 21st. The society was to receive 100,000 acres, but had not yet selected all of them. They had paid the Government $100,000, and were no longer indebted to the Government. No serious complaint had been made against the settlement.

Mr. Davin, in moving that it should be enacted that all settlers who went into the Northwest between June 1st, 1883, and June 2nd, 1886, should on completing their improvements be granted a second homestead, explained the course he had taken in regard to this matter last session, and recalled the promise made then by Mr. Dewdney that the question would be laid before the Government for further consideration. The whole department of the Interior was made a donkey-engine to the avarice of the Lieut.-Governor of the Northwest Territory. He (Mr. Davin) would not allow the policy of the Government in the Northwest to prevail. (Laughter. The Ministers might laugh, but there was not power enough in them or in those behind them to prevent him from crushing down their policy.

Mr. Speaker—The hon. gentleman is transgressing the rules of the House in using threatening language.

Mr. Davin—I did not know that I was infringing the rules of order. I thought I was speaking with great sincerity. He concluded by asking for a change of the policy of the Government in this matter, which he characterized as severe, unjust and ignoble.

Mr. Dewdney said that the very unfair attack that Mr. Davin had made on him would justify him in calling the attention of the House and the country to the conduct of the hon gentleman during the first month of the present session. He opposed the extension of the homesteading principle as advocated by Mr. Davin.

Mr. Davin said that Mr. Dewdney now considered these homesteads when given up to be escheats belonging to the Crown, but it made all the difference in the world as to whose ox was gored.

Sir John Thompson said that the discussion of a private transaction had nothing to do with the question embodied in the resolution, and was, therefore, out of order.

The Speaker said that this matter was not pertinent to the discussion.

Mr. Davin said that he would bring the matter up again by moving for the papers relating to it. The same malice which had been exhibited on a former occasion—the same small-minded malice, the same petty malice—had exuded from the Minister of the Interior.

Mr. Davin—Can it be out of order to use the word "exude"?

The Speaker—The hon. gentleman must see that he has gone too far.

Mr. Davin—To be frank, I do not see that I have. I have had a great deal of experience in a Parliament quite as great as this. I do not think any hon. gentleman should be called to order for using the verb "exude."

The Speaker—The hon. gentleman should not make the accusation of a charge of malice.

Mr. Davin—Then I will say he is actuated by Christian charity—(laughter)—that he has palpably shown himself to be a gentleman, a truthful gentleman, so truthful as to cause everybody in the House to open their eyes with astonishment. If he wants any more eulogy he can take it. (Laughter.) The hon. gentleman concluded by urging both sides of the House to support the motion.

Mr. Laurier said the principle involved in the motion was not one of general policy, but simply that the provisions of the Act of 1883 should be carried out, which gave settlers a second homestead. It was claimed that it would only be fair and just that those settlers who went in between '83 and '86, when the law was altered, should be treated as they had been led to expect they would be treated. What reason could there be in the name of justice and common sense why this should not be granted? Certainly there was no scarcity of land. This affected only a very few. It was better that no man should be able to complain that he had been unfairly treated. Under these circumstances he hoped the House would support the motion, especially as there was no attack upon the general policy of the Government involved.

Mr. Watson contended that every pledge to settlers should be faithfully carried out.

Mr. Tisdale hoped this matter would be allowed to stand until the Northwest bill was considered.

Sir John Thompson said it was impossible for the Government to act upon the motion, which for the first time advanced the claims of some settlers. He suggested that it would be better not to press the motion. In the absence of full evidence these cases could not be adjudicated upon. The second homestead policy was undoubtedly a bad one. The resolution would give second homesteads to those who had never complied with what the law required to entitle them to that right.

Mr. Mills said that he saw no such objections to the resolution as those presented by Sir John Thompson. Settlers went into the Northwest Territory between 1883 and 1884 with the assurance that on completing certain improvements and residing for a certain period on a homestead they would be entitled to take up a second homestead. Parliament might, if it considered best, repeal that law, but Parliament had no right to repeal it if by so doing vested rights would be interfered with. The obligations of Parliament should be carried out. He was not in favor of a second homesteading policy, but he believed that faith should be kept with those who came into the country while the second homestead law was in force.

Mr. Trow said the sympathies of Parliament, if with anybody, should be extended to the poor settlers. He approved of the principle of second homesteads. Scores of settlers in the Northwest had in consequence of the repeal of the second homestead law gone to Dakota.

Sir Hector Langevin said that he had spoken to Mr. Laurier at the beginning of the sitting. Although the indications regarding Sir John's condition were not then as serious as they were now, and it had been agreed that an adjournment should take place at 6 o'clock, they did not want Mr. Davin to lose his place on the order paper. He would move the adjournment of the debate, and the Government would take care that he would have an opportunity of renewing his motion when the proper day came.

Mr. Davin—Do I understand from the hon. the leader of the Government that the question will stay at the head of the paper?

Sir Hector Langevin—We will give the hon. gentlemen a chance to discuss the matter.

Mr. Laurier said that according to the rule of the House if the adjournment of a debate were carried the motion would go to the bottom of the paper. He would object to that, because he was anxious that the House should divide on the question. At the opening of the sitting Sir Hector Langevin had told the House of the condition of Sir John, and asked him to consent to an adjournment at 6 o'clock. He would agree to that, but he was not ready to agree to an adjournment of the debate.

Mr. Davin—I am pledged to divide the House on this question.

The speaker put Sir Hector Langevin's motion to adjourn the debate, and the House divided on the question with the following result: Yeas, 87; nays 78.

Mr. Laurier asked the Minister of Justice if he was in a position to-day to lay on the table the papers in connection with the Washington negotiations, and Sir John Thompson replied that he expected to present a part of them during the afternoon.

The hon. Minister then referred to an agreement which had been come to with regard to the resumption of the debate on Mr. Jamieson's prohibition resolution, which, according to the order paper, would come up this evening. It had been arranged, he said, that this debate be suspended. It was an important subject, involving a change in the policy of the Government. The issue of the Premier's illness would result in new advisers of the Crown being called upon, and therefore the debate of this question had better be suspended.

Mr. Tupper told Mr. Brown, of Monck, that no fishing licenses were issued during March and April for the Grand River, that an order prohibiting fishing with seines in that river was sent out on the 23rd of March last, and if the prohibition were continued until after the close season the fees for licenses would be refunded.

Mr. Kirkpatrick obtained an order of the House for a return of all papers in connection with the complaints of the high water in the Rideau Canal between Kingston and Jones' Falls.

On a motion made by Mr. Bowers for papers relating to the subject of the herring fisheries of the Bay of Fundy and its adjacent waters there arose a debate in which members from New Brunswick took part. Messrs. Bowers, Forbes and Gillmor made good speeches, in which they called the attention of the Minister of Marine to the depletion of the herring fishing grounds, and called upon him to take measures to prevent the young being destroyed in those waters. They were supported by Messrs. Hazen and Skinner.

Mr. Edgar moved for a "return of all correspondence between the Imperial Government and the Government of Canada on the subject of the copyright laws of Canada, and all other papers relating thereto not already brought down." He asked why the copyright Act passed by the Canadian Parliament in 1889 had not been proclaimed. He did not acknowledge that the Parliament of Canada had not the right to deal with copyright. He urged that the Government make representations to the Imperial Government which would show them that the people and Parliament of Canada were in earnest about this matter, and were not prepared to allow the indifference which had pigeon-holed in Downing street all representations with regard to this question during 40 years past to continue.

Sir John Thompson said he was convinced of the fairness of the promises of the Act of 1889 and the necessity of its proclamation. He still entertained the views he had expressed as to the right of the Parliament to pass such a law. It was unfortunate that the interests of the English authors should be paramount. If other methods failed, he said, then the Houses of the Canadian Parliament would be asked to make an address to Her Majesty's Government to consent to the proclamation of the Act of 1889.

Mr. Edgar said it was a most unfortunate condition of affairs for a Canadian Parliament to contemplate, that the interests of English authors should be paramount in the Imperial Parliament, and that the rights of Canadians should be denied.

Mr. Burnham obtained an order for correspondence relative to the vacancy caused in the office of brigade-major for military districts Nos. 3 and 4, through the death of the late Lieut.-Col. Lewis. Mr. Burnham found fault that this position had not been filled.

Sir Adolphe Caron replied that the department were economizing by leaving unoccupied these places, because he was of opinion that expensive staffs were not necessary for the efficiency of the force.

A few minutes before 6 o'clock, on the words from the Speaker, "A message from His Excellency the Governor-General, signed by his own hand," the House rose to its feet and the papers with regard to the Washington negotiations were laid on the table.

Sir Hector Langevin, explaining what had been explained by the Minister of Justice earlier in the afternoon, the arrangement by which the debate on the prohibition resolution had been postponed, moved the adjournment of the House.

Mr. Jamieson asked a promise from the Government that the resolution would keep its place on the order paper notwithstanding its being put off.

Mr. Laurier remarked to Mr. Jamieson that he did well to look after his resolution, as from the remarks of the Minister of Justice it was revealed that at last the Government had a policy on this question.

Mr. Mulock called the attention of the House to the Act which had been introduced into the Imperial Parliament dealing with the Canadian cattle trade. He urged that as Canada was not at present represented in London, until the agent-general returned from Vienna, Parliament should send someone over to watch the course of this legislation which was of so much importance to Canada. He suggested that it might be arranged for the British Government to have an official in Canada who, by being located at a shipping point might give certificates which would enable Canadian cattle to be landed in Britain without examination over there.

The House adjourned at 11.20.

A Big Indian Council.

A special to the *Enquirer* from Lawton N. Y., says: "The surrounding country here is filled with redskins. The Indians are not far from the village, and are having a big time. Many are here from Salamanca, New York, reservations, many are also here from Canada. The New York Indians get passes over the railroads that pass through their reservations. They elect the officers of their tribes at the council, and conclude with a big pow-wow. Nearly all the speeches are made in the Indian dialect, but the minutes are all taken in English.

Hardly Possible.

Harrisburg *Telegram:* Parson—Look on the sunny side of life!

Lady—My life has no sunny side. My children are all daughters!

No Reports Received.

New York *Herald*: Figgs—Why are you so certain that newspaper men do not go to Heaven?

Diggs—Because we know so little about the place.

In the Suburbs.

Chicago *News:* "Madam," said the tramp, "I am an old Union soldier. I fought my best for the country. Can't you, upon this day, do a little for me?"

"Certainly, my poor man," returned the kind-hearted woman. "Go out in the garden and pick yourself a bouquet."

Queen Victoria has bestowed the decoration of the Red Cross upon Mrs. Grimwood, wife of Commissioner Grimwood, who was killed in the recent rebellion in Manipur.

STRAWBERRIES.

Lady Katharine said,
As she buttered her bread,
"They tell me that strawberries
Grow in a bed."

"Oh, my! 'tisn't so,"
Said the Princess, "they grow
In the ground, for I've seen 'em,
And I ought to know."

Bombay, India, is considering the question of introducing the electric light, but the difficulties in the way are the extremes of heat and moisture, rendering proper and satisfactory insulation difficult and costly.

—Maud, to her wooer—Well, I hope pap didn't give you a cold reception? Bertie—No; he gave me a 'roasting,' but it amounted all to the same thing. Good-bye, dear.

The proportion of Anglo-Saxon words in the English Bible is 97 per cent. of the whole.

MUCH BETTER,
Thank You!
THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES —Of Lime and Soda.—
IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Allen Forman Sketches His Character in a Decidedly Unconventional Way.

The man who runs away with the notion that the Prince of Wales enjoys anything like a sinecure, makes a very large error indeed. He is one of the hardest working men in Great Britain, and the fact that he gets through his work without fuss, and does it well, is proof that he has a genius for work. He makes more speeches every year than Chauncey Depew, and he never makes a speech without saying something. I've heard him speak two or three times, and have read some dozens of his addresses, and each time the idea is borne in upon me anew, that if we had him in America, we would run him for Congress, and elect him too, over any possible opposition. He never slops over. As a speaker he is never flippant and rarely witty, laughs are very few in his speeches, but he is earnest, forceful, and he has the admirable faculty of making his hearers believe that he is thoroughly enthusiastic over the matter in hand. He glides deftly between the rocks and whirlpools of British politics, and is loved by the Tories as the representative of royalty; is popular with the Liberals and Reformers on account of his broad views, while even the Radicals have a sneaking fondness for him. He is far and away the most popular man in England to-day, and he never misses a trick. You will find him one night opening the asylum for decayed Bible readers in Brompton, and to hear his earnest and straightforward speech, you will gather that the larger portion of his heart went out toward the decayed Bible readers, that he had always felt the greatest interest in them, and that, now an asylum had been opened for them, his fondest hopes had been realized, and in the privilege of opening it, his dearest ambition had been gratified. He does not say these things right out, but rather leaves them to be inferred. His manner is singularly magnetic and his speeches are full of sound good sense.—*Philadelphia Press.*

World's Fair Visitors Will Not Miss It.

The exhibit which the South American republic of Colombia will make at the World's Fair will be a very notable and interesting one. A communication received at Exposition headquarters describes its character in part as follows:

"Colombia's World's Fair building will be modeled after her national capitol at Bogota. The exterior will be in imitation of sandstone, of which it is built, while the interior will be partitioned and ceilinged throughout with the precious hardwoods of the country, comprising more than a hundred varieties, both rough and polished; an exhibition in wood alone, a parallel to which has never been presented by any other country in the world. The interior will be filled with the products of the country—coffee, cocoa, rubber, ivory, nuts, wax, gums, fibers, etc., while the mineral exhibit will doubtless be the richest ever shown in the United States.

"Within the building Indian women will be seen weaving the much-appreciated Panama hat from fiber prepared on the spot, all hand work, yet stripping and weaving the fiber in threads as fine as linen. An 'Alpargarteria' (manufactory of hemp sandals) will be seen in full operation, while the 'petate' (a fine palm fiber mat) will be turned out by the native hand loom manipulated by skillful workmen of the country. Hammock makers will braid the beautiful grasses of Colombia into artistic work, all of which cannot fail to find appreciative purchasers, thus leading to a commerce in these useful and valuable articles. These latter exhibits will be made by private parties but will have a place within the Colombian building, because they present an interesting and important feature of her industries so exclusively Colombian that her exhibit would not be complete without them.

"Other exhibits by private parties will be made, the principal of which and probably the most valuable and interesting will be the recently discovered antiquities in solid gold, weighing an aggregate of 48 pounds, consisting of helmets, idols, birds, animals, ornaments, etc., valued at more than $30,000. These objects are all curiously and delicately hand wrought, the work of people who lived ages ago, but whose history is lost to the world. These antiquities were discovered buried in vaults or tombs deep in the ground, supposed to have been the burial place of a king or cacique. This exhibit will be under the direction of Lieut. Lemly, of the United States army to whom great credit is due for his successful efforts in having diverted it to the United States, where it is hoped, it may find a permanent place in the national museum."

Why "America."

The way in which America came to get its name is one of the features of a valuable old volume which has just been secured for use at the world's fair. The early names of the western world were "The Land of the Holy Cross," "Atlantis," "Hesperides," "Iberica," "Columbia," and "New India." In 1507 a geographer of Frieburg received a letter from Amerigo Vespucci, detailing the manner in which the Italian claimed to have discovered this country. The geographer was so impressed with the letter that he proposed that the new world should be given the name of America, in honor of Vespucci, as Europe and Asia had been named after women. The geographies were the standard ones of the day, and were given official recognition by the Duke of Lorraine, who assumed the title of King of Sicily and of Jerusalem. From that time since the name "America" has been invariably used. There are four or five copies of this ancient geography in existence, most of them being in the celebrated libraries of Europe. It is one of the rarest of these volumes that has just been secured for the world's fair.

Few Spare Hours.

Mr. Hayseed (arriving at city hotel)—I s'pose I kin hear the gong here when it rings fer dinner, can't I?

Clerk—We have no gong. We have breakfast from 6 to 11, dinner from 12 to 6, supper from 6 to 11.

Mr. Hayseed—Jehosophat! How am I to git time to see the city!—*New York Weekly.*

A Captain Loses His Life.

A Duluth despatch says: The schooner-rigged screw steamer Mayflower went down four miles from this port at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Capt. Theodore Zerbst of Houghton was drowned. The crew of four men were rescued by the tug Sheldon, which had her in tow. The Mayflower was loaded with stone for Duluth from Portage Entry. She is owned by Leatham & Smith of Sturgeon Bay and was valued at $8,000.

Beauties of the Queen's English.

Chicago *Tribune*: Johnny (looking up from newspaper)—Mamma, what does consume mean?"

"Johnny's Ma—You ought to know better than to ask such a simple question Johnny. It means to burn.

Johnny—Then the people in New York city burned nearly 500,000,000 pounds of ice last summer.

Don's for the Summer Girl.

Don't squint—carry a sunshade.

Don't wear a red veil if you value your reputation.

Don't wear scarlet shoes in the city in daylight.

Don't wear a Leghorn hat with a rose garden on the crown to the opera this summer.

Don't fidget.—*Music and Drama.*

Intense Realism.

New York *Judge*: "The curtain falls as the burglars are heard sawing the bars, and Ethel, the heroine, rings the district telegraph alarm for help."

"What happens then?"

"Ten years elapse, and as the curtain rises the messenger boy arrives."

Shock to the Summer Boarder.

New York *Herald*: Mr. Summerboarder—I was startled by the dishonesty of these people last night.

Mr. Citicaller—Indeed.

Mr. Summerboarder—Yes. I saw them watering the cows before they milked them.

A letter from Ceylon dated April 30th says that Kyrle Bellew is to join the company of Rev. George C. Miln, who is starring in Shanghai.

There are 82 national cemeteries in the United States, and they have 327,179 graves, about one-half of which are marked "unknown."

—Celluloid eggs, with dainty satin bags attached to the tops, are the latest things for "tallies" in progressive games. Into these are dropped gold and silver coins (such as are used for decorating) during the progress of the game.

—Eat more vegetables and less meat this time of year.

LITTLE BEN.

The Idol of the Mining Camp Passes Away.

It was a beautiful night—the night that little Ben died. I left the shack sadly and walked out into the starlight.

How lonesome everything seemed!

The monotonous croaking of the frogs and weird chirping of the crickets floated up from the marsh in mournful tones. The tears came to my eyes as I thought how often Little Ben and I had listened to those sounds; and the stars—how often I had pointed out the constellations to him, and now, seeing me alone beneath them, how those golden lights sorrowed with me and wept tears that fell in cold drops upon my face and hands.

So young, he was, to die—only five—and yet he faced the grim reaper with a smile and was carried in his black arms out into the dim beyond. Ah, surely Little Ben was one of the fairest flowers ever borne in offering to the most high.

When I went back into the house I found old Bill Cummings leaning over the little form that lay so cold and still in the centre of the room. The white shroud was drawn downward and displayed the yellow curls and lily-white face of the dead child. A smile still lingered about the lips—those lips that more than one rude miner had loved to kiss, and no man had ever yet kissed Little Ben without feeling nobler and better impulses stirring in his soul.

And there stood old Bill Cummings, the roughest man in all that rough place, with great tears rolling down his cheeks as he looked at Little Ben, so coldly white. Then he bent over and again, and for the last time, pressed his lips to the soft mouth, leaving, as he raised from that caress, two shimmering pearls upon the boy's cheek.

As he turned to me he said, huskily:

"Tom, why couldn't it hev been me?"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Lost Plants.

Eighty years ago a Scotch botanist found a species of honeysuckle—*lonicera flava*—on Paris mountain in South Carolina. He sent seeds and roots of it to Great Britain, from which the plant has been propagated in gardens. It soon vanished from its natural haunt on Paris mountain, and it has never been found growing wild in any other spot, notwithstanding the most searching investigations by the botanists, and its name was placed in the list of lost plants. Recently a Mrs. Smyth, of Greenville, who had read a description of the plant and of the Scotch botanist's expedition, commenced hunting for it, and found a few of the plants in a rich spot about twenty feet square on one of the slopes of Paris mountain, where she believes it was originally discovered. The identity of the species is confirmed by *Garden and Forest*, which says it has never been found but in this one place, and in that it reappears after having been extinct for about three-quarters of a century. There are two other plants which have vanished from the South Atlantic States—*Gordonia Altamaha* and *Illicium parviflorum.*

A Hymn for the Occasion.

After the morning sermon I gave the "notices," and then announced the number of the hymn to be sung. The congregation had opened their hymn-books. Seeing one of the deacons coming toward the pulpit, I waited with open book. He reminded me that I had forgotten to give a notice of the ladies' meeting. I then stated to the congregation that I had forgotten to give such notice, announced the number of the hymn again and proceeded to read it. The feelings of the congregation—not to say my own—may be imagined when I read the first line of the hymn:

"Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I!"—*Homiletic Review.*

What Disloyalty!

St. Catharines *Standard*: There is an old woman named Miss Caroline Guelph, spending her last days in the Camberwell workhouse, who claims to be the daughter of George IV., King of England. It is said that George married several times, but as his wives were not of royal blood the marriages were not recognized as legal. Had this regal reprobate lived in this age and in this country he would have gone to Kingston penitentiary for bigamy instead of to a throne, but he didn't, and as a consequence he became King of England.

Bathing Dont's

Don't stay in too long.
Don't keep your head dry.
Don't bathe on a full stomach.
Don't bathe more than once a day.
Don't bathe in high winds or rain.
Don't drink spirits before or after bathing.
Don't remain in your bathing suit to "dry off."
Don't lose an opportunity of learning to swim.—*New York Press.*

A CHINAMAN who travelled in Europe has written an account of his observations and impressions. Mr. Yuan—for that is the writer's name—was a good deal puzzled by what he evidently regards as our free-and-easy methods of courtship. "Besides invitations to dinner," he writes, "there are invitations to tea-parties, such as are occasionally given by wealthy merchants or distinguished officials. When the time comes an equal number of men and women assemble, and tea, sugar, milk, bread and the like are set out as aids to conversation. More particularly are there invitations to skip and posture, when the host decides what man is to be the partner of what woman, and what woman of what man. Then, with both arms grasping each other, they leave the table in pairs, and leap, skip, posture and prance for their mutual gratification. A man and a woman previously unknown to one another may take part in it. They call this skipping *tanshen* (dancing). The reason for this curious proceeding on the part of Europeans was well explained by a recent writer in a Chinese illustrated paper, the *Hwa Pao.* "Western etiquette requires," he says, "the man in search of a wife to write to the girl's home and agree upon some time and place for a skipping match" (*scilicet*, a dance). "The day arrived, 'youth in red and maid in green,' they come by pairs to the brilliant and spacious hall, where, to the emulous sound of flute and drum, the youth clasping the maiden's waist, and the maid resting upon her partner's shoulder, one pair will skip forward, another prance backward, round and round the room until they are forced to stop for want of breath. After this they will become acquainted"—only after this, observe—"and then by occasional attentions over a bottle of wine, or exchange of confidences at the tea table, their intimacy will deepen, the maiden's heart become filled with love, and they will mate."

—There are 647 employes in the G. T. R. shops at Stratford.

Yvette Guilbert, the reigning concert-hall favorite of Paris, is said to earn $800 an evening, and for a couple of songs in a drawing room she receives $400. Her father and mother are concierges and a few years ago she was poor and obscure.

There has been bitter rivalry between two men for the possession of the "amen" pew in the Green Farms, Connecticut, Congregational Church, and John J. Alvord was legally enjoined from entering that seat on petition of John J. Elwood. The congregation has taken sides and a disruption of the church is threatened.

IN BEAUTY'S SATCHEL.

Two oranges, a spool of thead,
Three handkerchiefs, a box of candy;
Two letters, saved to be read;
A button hook, to have it handy;
A novel she ought not to see.
Some hooks and eyes, her tiny purse;
Her Cæsar, that to-morrow she
With stumbling efforts will rehearse;
Two nickles glued by tutti-frutti,
A rosebud which a paper wraps;
A tract to teach her moral duty,
Another, which her fortune maps;
With this array, and more beside,
Was her small handbag overladen,
And, still, for more, and more she sighed,
This blushing, charming, high-school maiden.

—Three and a half millions of people are always on the seas of the world.

A recent survey has established the number of glaciers in the Alps at 1,155, of which 249 have a length of more than four and three-quarter miles.

BE MASTER OR SLAVE.

That's What Advertising Makes of a Business Man.

There comes a "hurry call" in every man's life. He has the chance to become a man of wealth, of position, of weight in the community. If he misses it he remains practically a nobody. When the call comes it is met either with the chariot of success or by the ambulance to take the poor unfortunate to the home for the helpless.

Just so in trade. The man who starts off in business must either keep in the front rank of his calling or he must drift away into the myriad ranks of the commonplace, if his business calls for dealings with the public, and what business does not? He can reach that clientele in but one way, and that is by the liberal use of advertising. He must push his business to the top of the hill of prosperity or his business will push him hard and fast into the bottomless pit of adversity. Drive or be driven. Be master or slave is the injunction placed upon everyone, and the difference between the top and the bottom of the heap is almost entirely one of wise, persistent and discreet advertising.

Hundreds of instances of success met through advertising might be cited. But it is not a cure-all. It is not possible, except for the briefest period, to push any bogus project through the use of printers' ink. The fraud hates the very sight of a newspaper man. He has no use for the public prints. So, in seeking a fortune by means of the advertising space in a newspaper, the first requisite is to have something worth calling the attention of the public to. Then go ahead.

GOOD SEED WELL SOWN.

That's What Judicious Advertising Proves to be.

Riches, sure and abundant, come to those who advertise. They may come in the shape of a good situation or a rush of trade. But the main fact remains, just as stated, that notoriety brings cash, and the only legitimate notoriety is won through display along the regular channels of advertising. The man of affairs, after having stocked his store and put in fixtures might as well forget to unlock the front door as to neglect attention to advertising his stock and his place of business. It is seed placed in the soil. That soil must be honest dealing in fair goods and then the harvest comes an hundred fold in the rich fruits of profit.

It is possible to put the wrong seed in a certain soil, and it is entirely possible to lose money in advertising, but to make this a basis for not advertising at all is as sensible as refusing to plant seed at all because a certain seed did not bring a satisfactory crop in a certain soil, and yet expect a crop just the same.

Girls.

Dolls' Dressmaker:

Don't—fidget.
Don't—chew gum.
Don't—bite your finger nails.
Don't—tell secrets in the street cars.
Don't—use a pin for a tooth-pick.
Don't—pick up pins off the street.
Don't—abuse a book of any kind.
Don't—play with knife, fork or spoon.
Don't—sit while your elders stand.
Don't—wear rings on dirty hands.
Don't—forget that you may be old.
Don't—forget to read the "Do's."

No Cards.

Boston *Record:* One of our very swellest young men made a call on a young lady at her home in a suburban town recently. The girl who opened the door was green—very. Our exquisite proffered his card.

"I wish to see Miss L—," he said.

The girl caught him by the coat sleeve and dragged him in with a jerk.

"Go right in!" she exclaimed. "We don't need no tickets. Go right in!"

It Did Not Work.

"Madame," said the tramp as he doffed the remnant of a Kossuth that might have been with Grant at Vicksburg to the mistress of a house on the outskirts of Boston, "I learn from the neighbors that you are a theosophist. I am delighted to know it, for I am one myself. It can not be—yes, it is—we have met before. Æons ago I stopped at this very house and asked for assistance and you gave me an excellent breakfast. It all flashes upon me now."

"Yes," said the lady, smiling. "I seem to remember it, too, but if I'm not mistaken you sawed half a cord of wood for me before you got the breakfast." Then the tramp turned his back on the theosophist and went sadly away in search of an old-fashioned philanthropist.

Queen, Fire-cracker, Small Boy.

Winnipeg *Free Press:* Her Majesty is responsible for the small boy of the Twenty-fourth, and the small boy of the Twenty-fourth is responsible for more mischief than he can shake a stick at. The news columns of the *Free Press* tell of the burning of a terrace, the destruction of much property and the unhousing of eight poor families. These calamities are to be laid at the door of Her Majesty, for she it was who stirred up the small boy, and it was the small boy who set off the fire-cracker. In other words, this is the Queen who fired the loyalty of the small boy who fired the fire-cracker that fired the terrace.

Sir Henry Parkes, the leading Australian statesman and to whom is due the fact that Australasia is now virtually a federal republic, began life as a farm laborer in England.

Young lady—And now, Jane, what's the next thing to do after putting the meat and potatoes in the stewpan? Village girl—Please, miss, wash the baby.—*London Punch.*

D. C. R L 25, 91

Rheumatism
—IS—
PROMPTLY CURED BY
St. Jacobs Oil
Cures Also: Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Swellings, Soreness, Frost-bites, Stiffness, All Aches.
The Chas. A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c.
E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED
TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C. 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION