

Cupid Tries Again

"By all means," returned Carrington, and they managed to escape unperceived. "You play, I suppose?" said Morton, beginning to knock the balls about, "all Indian officers do."

"Yes, I am rather fond of the game." In a few minutes they were trying their strength. Sir Frederic soon found his opponent knew what he was about, and roused himself to exercise all his skill, which was of no mean order. Nevertheless, but for one or two oversights on Carrington's part, he would not have risen, as he did, the winner of all his antagonists' loose cash, and a five-pound note into the bargain.

"You would be a foeman worthy of one's steel," observed Morton, as they strolled out on the terrace before the club to smoke a last cigar, "if you kept your attention fixed on your game; but you made one or two mistakes."

"I know I did. My hand is out. I'll come all right with a little practice. You must give me my revenge."

"With great pleasure. When?" asked Morton. "My movements are very uncertain, but I shall stay on a few days."

"Let us dine together quietly to-morrow," said Morton, "if you will give me the pleasure of your company, and we will have a trial of strength afterwards."

"Thanks; I shall be very happy." A little more talk of cards and billiards, and then, after a brief pause, Carrington asked: "Who was that pretty woman in a grey you were talking to on the links to-day?"

"Mrs. Fane? Who is she—a widow?" "A grass widow; rich, charming, spirituelle, everything a woman ought to be, except that she is encumbered with an unreasonable husband, who will neither enjoy his own good fortune, nor clear out of the way and let some more sensible fellow have a chance."

Carrington smiled, grimly. "A dog in the manger, eh? I fancy I have met this man Fane in India. He commands a corps of irregular cavalry, doesn't he?"

"I know nothing about him. Probably you have met him. Our Indian Empire is a big place, yet everyone seems to run against everyone else there."

"I should like to speak to the lady if it is not intrusive to ask for an introduction."

"No, by no means. I shall be happy to present you. But do not mention the husband. I fancy she does not care to have him brought to her notice—a case of mutual repulsion, I fancy."

"She does not look like a repulsive woman," said Carrington, thoughtfully, as he flicked the ash from the end of his cigar.

"No, not exactly; quite the other way round," returned Morton, with a laugh that somehow jarred upon his companion.

"Well, if you are on the links to-morrow about 12 o'clock," said Sir Frederic, "you will meet the whole party. Mrs. Fane is going to watch her friend, Miss Onslow, play against myself. I'll introduce you to them all. Mrs. Fane generally has a sort of confidential friend with her, to do propriety, and that sort of thing. The present incumbent is a capital, jolly old woman—a sort of relation of mine. Oh, you are going? Well, good night, we'll try our luck to-morrow, and Morton turned back to the club to see if he could find any other adversary at billiards."

"Those who lie down with the dogs, eh? You know that graceful proverb. You dined with a brace of professors yesterday, didn't you?"

"A brace—a trio! I never was more bored. We had the humanity man, and the Greek professor, who succeeded Dr. Methvin, and they talked quite over my head. One of them had a terrific accent! I was almost provoked with Mrs. Fane, she was quite interested and animated, and asked all sorts of questions, and the old creature—at least two were old—seemed ready to eat her up; she is such a puzzling woman. I never know when she is in earnest; wasting her money too, as she does; she sent off a cheque this morning for £200—I saw it myself—to that designing woman, Mrs. Riddell, who used to be with her, for the Girls' Refuge she worries herself about. She really wants a husband to guide her."

"What hideous waste of money!" cried Sir Frederic, laughing. "But here she comes. Mrs. Bayley has just been abusing you for enjoying your dinner yesterday, and for talking over her head. I suspect you did not give her a chance with either Herr Professor."

"I do not believe you, Sir Frederic!" returned Mrs. Fane, smiling, as she buttoned her glove. "I assure you the dinner was charming, and the humanity professor is an old dear! His profound book-learning seems only equalled by his ignorance of the world; and he said such quaint, original things."

"I'll honestly confess I did not care for the conversation," said Mrs. Bayley, with her accustomed good-humored candor—candor was her line. "But the mere material dinner was excellent. The doctor gave us a glass of really good port wine, which is not to be despised, in my opinion. Good port is very rare now," and Mrs. Bayley laughed in her pleasant, hearty way, as she often did in the pauses of her speech, which had just enough Scotch accent to give raciness to a good story."

"What will you say to your diligent employe," said Morton, bending an admiring glance on Mrs. Fane, "if I have found and captured the bold intruder of your story?"

"Have you, really? How, and where?" asked Mrs. Fane, with some interest. "I sat next me at the golf dinner last night, and we had a game of billiards after; then he confided to me his wish to make your acquaintance, and as old Leslie Morton, who seems to know him, said he was all right, I shall, if you will permit me, present him to you. I believe he has been walking about the links since daybreak, lest he should lose a chance of meeting you. Another admirer added to your long list, Mrs. Fane."

"Admirer!" she exclaimed, laughing. "I never saw eyes express doubt and disapprobation more distinctly. It is this that has aroused my curiosity. How can I have offended him?"

"Clever fellow!" cried Sir Frederic. "He knows how to make himself interesting! But if you are ready, let us come on. I fear Miss Onslow will be waiting for us."

The weather was still fine, but the sky was more overcast, and the shadows of slow-sailing clouds gave variety to the aspect of the bay.

On their way to that portion of the ground called "The Ladies' Links," they overtook Miss Onslow, who was accompanied by her uncle, himself an enthusiastic golfer. He had devoted some hours each day since she was his guest to instructing his niece in the mysteries of the game.

"As they grouped themselves to see Miss Onslow strike off, a tall figure came up from the beach between two sand hills and approached them; but it was not till he had put his ball safely into the first hole that Sir Frederic exclaimed:

"What you have come to see this exciting match? I assure you I expect to be shamefully beaten. Mrs. Fane, allow me to present my friend, Colonel Carrington. Mrs. Bayley understands the game and will expound its complications. Now, Miss Onslow, for No. 2. Capital! Well driven!" and the combatants moved to the next hole, followed by Dr. Methvin and Mrs. Bayley.

"I am glad to have an opportunity of explaining to you that my intrusion the day before yesterday was involuntary," said Colonel Carrington. "The guard opened the door, and—"

"You were in the lion's den," put in Mrs. Fane, with a pleasant smile, as he paused. "Pray, do not think it necessary to apologize, or, if you will, address yourself to Mrs. Bayley, who is more disposed to uphold her rights than I am."

She looked with friendly frankness into his grave eyes, instinctively seeking to dispense whatever prejudice against herself might exist in his mind, and endeavoring to recall his face and figure to her memory. She had met so many people, she had had sentimental platonies friendships with so many men, that it might be possible her new acquaintance had quarrelled with her, though in truth her eyes that looked into hers did not change or soften as he replied:

belongs to others. Rights overlap sometimes, you know." "Not often," he returned, and they walked on a few paces in silence, which Mrs. Fane broke by asking:

"Is this your first visit to St. Cuthbert's?" "It is. I came with an old friend, a man of this country, who is an enthusiast in golf. The attraction of the game."

"Yes, I am told there are men here who spend their lives on the links. I cannot understand it. Fascination in the effort to win anything," said Carrington. As he spoke, their eyes met, and Mrs. Fane was startled, even annoyed, at the new expression in his—and at the effect it produced on herself. A sudden glow, a gleam of sudden resolution, lit up the deep-set windows of his soul, and sent a thrill of apprehension through her veins.

"Come on!" said Morton, waving his driving towards them. "It is mortifying to see how indifferent you are to the splendid play going on under your eyes! Miss Onslow is beating me hollow—three holes up."

"I am proud of my pupil," said Dr. Methvin, in high delight. "Now, then, Sir Frederic, it is your turn. You must go on; there are others behind us."

They all kept together for the remainder of the game and talked only of the game. Finally, to the great exultation of her uncle, Miss Onslow came off victorious.

"Suppose," said Dr. Methvin, "we walk on to the flagstaff and go down on the sands. The wind has gone round to the east, and is rising. We will have a view of the waves beating over the castle rocks. I am afraid we shall have a wet day to-morrow."

"A terrible prophecy," exclaimed Mrs. Fane, "but I have a French novel, so am forewarned."

Still conversing with the ex-professor, she walked on over the short, elastic turf, Carrington keeping at the other side, so that it was impossible for Sir Frederic to approach. When the flag-staff was reached, they all grouped round Dr. Methvin, who pointed out some of the dangerous reefs, and then Mrs. Bayley said:

"We had better go home, as the wind is getting disagreeable," cried Mrs. Fane, as a sharp gust caught a light shawl she was trying to wrap round her rare nose, and Mrs. Bayley laughed in her pleasant, hearty way, as she often did in the pauses of her speech, which had just enough Scotch accent to give raciness to a good story."

"What will you say to your diligent employe," said Morton, bending an admiring glance on Mrs. Fane, "if I have found and captured the bold intruder of your story?"

"Have you, really? How, and where?" asked Mrs. Fane, with some interest. "I sat next me at the golf dinner last night, and we had a game of billiards after; then he confided to me his wish to make your acquaintance, and as old Leslie Morton, who seems to know him, said he was all right, I shall, if you will permit me, present him to you. I believe he has been walking about the links since daybreak, lest he should lose a chance of meeting you. Another admirer added to your long list, Mrs. Fane."

"Admirer!" she exclaimed, laughing. "I never saw eyes express doubt and disapprobation more distinctly. It is this that has aroused my curiosity. How can I have offended him?"

"Clever fellow!" cried Sir Frederic. "He knows how to make himself interesting! But if you are ready, let us come on. I fear Miss Onslow will be waiting for us."

The weather was still fine, but the sky was more overcast, and the shadows of slow-sailing clouds gave variety to the aspect of the bay.

On their way to that portion of the ground called "The Ladies' Links," they overtook Miss Onslow, who was accompanied by her uncle, himself an enthusiastic golfer. He had devoted some hours each day since she was his guest to instructing his niece in the mysteries of the game.

"As they grouped themselves to see Miss Onslow strike off, a tall figure came up from the beach between two sand hills and approached them; but it was not till he had put his ball safely into the first hole that Sir Frederic exclaimed:

"What you have come to see this exciting match? I assure you I expect to be shamefully beaten. Mrs. Fane, allow me to present my friend, Colonel Carrington. Mrs. Bayley understands the game and will expound its complications. Now, Miss Onslow, for No. 2. Capital! Well driven!" and the combatants moved to the next hole, followed by Dr. Methvin and Mrs. Bayley.

the generosity. Mrs. Bayley—somehow he did not take to that frank and lively widow—"not to be trusted," was the verdict of his instincts; but Sir Frederic Morton excited his strong aversion as he watched his graceful, sympathetic manner, and noticed, with a bitterness that surprised himself, the confidential tone existing between him and Mrs. Fane. He knew all her songs and which suited her best; he was full of reminiscences of little adventures at Naples and Venetian at Rome; and though there was profound and pleasant repose in Mrs. Fane's way of speaking to him, might not that arise from too complete a mutual understanding?

Was it possible a woman so long separated from her husband would be profane against the sustained attention, hat-trick, arts of so accomplished and good-looking a man? Yet she ought to be true to herself, if not to the husband who had deserted her. One had a right to expect a high standard in women—even while he thought so, a wave of indignation swept over his heart, as Mrs. Fane raised her eyes to Morton's, with a smile so sweet, and so confiding, that Carrington could have put her in a penitentiary on the spot. Still, he had an ingrained sense of justice, and told himself the next moment that had been the recipient of such a glance he could amply forgive the infidelity. Nevertheless, the dangers surrounding so attractive a woman were too clearly visible. He longed for the power to banish Morton, whom he suspected of being a gambler and a scamp. It was too bad of any man to have deserted such a woman, when she must have been a mere girl. What had her life been since? He would watch and try to discover if she were true and high-minded, or a merely frivolous, light-conducted coquette.

Brooding over these ideas, he was almost startled by Mrs. Bayley, who brought herself and her knitting to a seat beside him.

"I suspect I have roused you from a pleasant doze," she said, smiling benignly on him.

"Far from it; I have been enjoying the duet Mrs. Fane and Miss Onslow have just sung. I was keenly awake."

"You are the reverse of the weasels—they sleep, on dit, with their eyes open, and you wake with your eyes shut."

"The latter is least fatiguing."

"Ah, people learn to be very indolent in India. You have been a long time in London, have you not, Colonel Carrington?"

"Yes, a long time."

"It must be very pleasant to find yourself in England—I should say Great Britain—again."

"I have no objection to Great Britain; but I am not overjoyed."

"Ah, some people grow enamored of India, and find the restraints of English society intolerable."

"I assure you we are stiff enough in India."

"Indeed! I fancied everything was as free as air. I am sure the accounts Frank Bayley, a nephew of mine, who was for some time at a station on the frontier—forgot the name of the place—the stories he tells about the goings on of the men—women, too, for that matter—are enough to turn your hair gray; mine has become a shade or two whiter since I listened to him."

(To be continued.)

King of Dancers Clodoche, is Dead

Paris—Clodoche, the last of the giants of the dance, is dead. Reaching the height of his fame in the days of the Second Empire, in his later years he kept a small restaurant on the outskirts of Paris. He was a melancholy person, and very uncommunicative. His only distraction was fishing, in which he was a great adept.

Clodoche belonged to a remarkable quartette. The other members of the band were Flageolet, La Comete and Normande—all, of course, assumed names. The two latter were dressed as women, the others retained their masculine attire. When they appeared for the first time at the opera ball, in the winter of 1865, they achieved an instant success. They were voted the most humorous thing in humanity that had yet come out. The gay assembly at the dance continued for the height of its glory—convulsed as the drolleries of the four "danseuses" surpassed themselves in their unexpected and brilliant effects. They seemed to be able to do everything with their legs except to stand quietly upon them as ordinary mortals did.

All Paris flocked to them. Mabile, proprietor of the celebrated gardens which held the same place in Paris as the renowned vespertine Cemonard did in London about the same period, engaged the magic four on the spot. It was a happy stroke of business. All Paris flocked to see them. The routs, in the centre of the grounds, was packed with time at the opera ball, in the winter of 1865, they achieved an instant success. They were voted the most humorous thing in humanity that had yet come out. The gay assembly at the dance continued for the height of its glory—convulsed as the drolleries of the four "danseuses" surpassed themselves in their unexpected and brilliant effects. They seemed to be able to do everything with their legs except to stand quietly upon them as ordinary mortals did.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return to its old amusements, the "caneen" lived again in favor, but it took a new turn. Instead of a quartette of men, women were engaged. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the dancing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote, who divided in popularity with the quartette. Such was the vogue of Clodoche and his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the foreboding eyes, the gay capital stood in danger of being invaded. It was dancing upon a volcano with a vengeance.

ary, in that he has preached a half century without a penny of cost to the church. He is a man of means and his days could have been spent in leisure, but he preferred to use time, money and energy in the cause of humanity. The result is that he has been styled the "Bishop of Bow," and is the best-known man in the east of London. Now he is to retire, and regrets that he is not a younger man that he might show what he thinks of church work of to-day.

"If I were a younger man," he says, "I should go in for making the services in the churches more attractive. I think the people ought to be encouraged to take more part in the service of praise. I am speaking of the poorer class, that one that likes to feel that it has a right to something more than a one-man ministry."

Scarcely out of his teens when he attracted large crowds by his preaching in Ireland, Rev. A. A. Ramsey, now the pastor of the Congregational Church at East Dulwich, London, has reached his ministerial jubilee and is to retire. As a young man he roved from place to place, marked as a coming man in religious life. He settled at Gloucester, then went to Hackney and in 1872 went to Dewsbury to take charge of Trinity Chapel, where the Congregationalists of London, looking for a man to establish a church on the summit of the incline leading from Peckham Rye to Dulwich Park, found him. He had a "sardine box," as he called it, for a church, it being but a small iron building. In three months the congregation had burst forth from the "tin," and three years later he preached in one of the finest church structures of London. During his 19 years with this church of his own creation, he has received over 1,200 members and his congregation has given for various purposes \$200,000. It is said that no one can worship in Mr. Ramsey's church without feeling that he has been hushed into a great silence, and the whole service is one of restfulness.

"Hard work, simple faith and faithful preaching of the Gospel," is the way one of the church officials characterizes Mr. Ramsey's success.

ALL WEAK WOMEN.

Will Find New Health and Strength in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The weak woman can depend upon it that her blood is out of order, for if her blood is rich and pure she will be strong, healthy and happy. Bad blood is the cause of nearly all the aches and pains from which women suffer. Keep the blood rich and red by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and suffering will not exist. Mrs. James R. Kratz, of Jordan Station, Ont., has tested the value of these Pills and strongly advises other women to use them. She says: "For more than a year I was a great sufferer from weakness. I was completely worn out. I lost flesh, could not rest at night, and in the morning I arose more tired than on going to bed. I had tried doctors' treatment with no benefit. I grew worse day by day and was beginning to look upon my case as hopeless when I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To my great joy before I had taken the pills a month they began to help and by the time I had taken eight boxes every symptom of my trouble had left me and I was once more enjoying perfect health and strength. I look upon Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a veritable life savor and never lose a chance to recommend them to my friends."

The success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due to their power to make new, rich red blood. This new blood strengthens the nerves and gives nourishment to all the organs of the body, thus curing anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous debility, headache and backache and all the secret ailments of girlhood and womanhood. The Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had direct at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PACKING FRUIT IN PEAT.

Important Discovery Made by U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The Department of Agriculture is much interested in a highly important discovery that has just been made in the matter of the shipment of fruits. It is believed that a solution has finally been found of the problem of transporting delicate tropical fruits long distances.

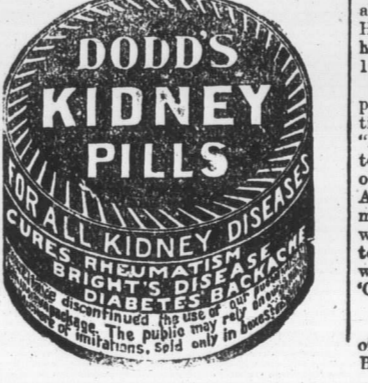
The experiments have been made by a French company, under the auspices of the French Government. The shipments have been made from Guiana and the Island of Guadeloupe, in the Lesser Antilles, to France, and the outcome is declared most satisfactory.

The success of the new system means much for certain sections of this country. The secret of the new process is the envelopment of the fruit in a particular kind of peat or turf, that, namely, which is known as Yellow Dutch peat. Pineapples, bananas, mangoes, sapotas, and other delicate fruits have been taken when in perfectly ripe condition, enveloped in the fibrous substance, and after several weeks spent in transportation have arrived at their destination in a perfectly fresh and sound condition.

Peat, as is commonly known, is vegetable matter more or less decomposed, which passes by insensible degrees into lignite. The less perfectly decomposed peat is generally of a brown color, that which is perfectly decomposed is often black. Now, moist peat, it has for some time been known, possesses a decided and powerful antiseptic property. This is ascribed to the presence of gallic acid and tannin.

It is manifested not only in the perfect preservation of ancient trees, and of leaves, fruits, and the like, but sometimes even of animal bodies. Thus, in some instances, human bodies have been found perfectly preserved in peat, after the lapse of centuries.

Hoots, Toots! (Toronto News.) There is no luck about the house, There's nothing clean away, The dirty dishes stand untouched, For my gude wife's awa.



The effect of Scott's Emulsion on thin, pale children is magical. It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy. It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk. ALL DRUGGISTS 50c. AND \$1.00.