

## With the Poets.

### The Gipsy Trail.

The white moth to the closing vine,  
The bee to the open clover,  
And the gipsy blood to the gipsy blood  
Ever the wide world over.

Ever the wide world over, lass,  
Ever the trail held true,  
Over the world and under the world,  
And back at the last to you.

Out of the dark of the gorgio camp,  
Out of the grime and the gray  
(Morning was at the end of the world),  
Gipsy, come away!

The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp,  
The red crane to her reed,  
And the Romany lass to the Romany  
And by the tie of a roving breed.

Morning waits at the end of the world  
Where winds unaltered play,  
Nipping the flanks of their plunging  
ranks.

Till the white sea-horses neigh,  
The pied snake to the rifted rock,  
The buck to the stony plain,  
And the Romany lass to the Romany  
And both to the road again.

Both to the road again, again  
Out of a clean sea-track—  
Follow the cross of the gipsy trail  
Over the world and back!

Follow the Romany patten  
North where the blue bergs san,  
And the bows are gray with the frozen  
spray.

And the masts are shod with mail,  
Follow the Romany patten  
Sheer to the Austral Light,  
Where the bosom of God is the wild  
west wind.

Sweeping the sea-floors white,  
Follow the Romany patten  
West to the sinking sun,  
Till the pink sails lift through the  
houseless drift.

And the east and the west are one,  
Follow the Romany patten  
East where the silence breeds  
By a purple wave on an opal beach  
In the hush of the Mahim woods.

The wild-hawk to the wind-swept sky,  
The deer to the wholesome wold,  
And the heart of a man to the heart  
of a maid.

As it was in the days of old,  
The heart of a man to the heart of a  
maid—  
Light of my tents, be fleet!  
Morning waits at the end of the world,  
And the world is all at our feet!

—Rudyard Kipling.

### That I May Sleep.

I cannot sleep tonight. I pray, dear  
God,  
Send me some peaceful thought,  
That I may rest at last, and of the  
day's  
Sharp pain remember naught.

Send me some vision of soft, dove-  
gray skies,  
And orchards virgin white,  
With rose-tipped petals falling one  
by one.

In thy calm, gracious light,  
Or send a dream of pine-woods hush-  
ed and dim,  
Where through the silence calls  
A hidden bird whose sweet, slow, sil-  
very rain  
Of music downward falls.

Or let my mind behold still, sunny  
slopes,  
Where gentle breezes blow  
The waving grass aside, to show the  
place  
Where gold-stemmed violets grow.

Or let me hear some river rolling  
wide,  
To meet the unfathomed deep,  
Let me but hear it, whether I see it  
not.

Dear God, and I shall sleep.  
—Maude Louise Fuller.

### A Laugh and a Smile.

"Well, Willy," asked Grandma,  
"have you had all the dinner you  
want?"

"None," answered the truthful lit-  
tle boy; "but I have had all I can  
eat."

.....

Mrs. Grumble to her offspring—  
There you go, tracking the floor all  
over with mud. Didn't I tell you to  
wipe your feet before you came in?

Johnny—Oh, no one's blaming you,  
ma; you did all you could.

.....

Joshua—That was a merry fire last  
night.

Maria—How so, pa?

Joshua—The papers say the firemen  
played until morning, while the flames  
danced till after midnight.

.....

Clerk—That gentleman you sold a  
bottle of hair dye to three weeks ago  
was here again today.

Druggist—Was he after another bot-  
tle?

Clerk—No, sir. He wanted to know  
if we kept wigs.

.....

"What are they going to call you  
new brother, Jack?"

"Oh, I don't know—Jack, I guess."

"But that's your name."

"That don't make any difference. It  
was papa's before I had it. Pa and  
ma have a way of making us boys  
use up their old things."

.....

The Kansas newspaper wound up a  
compliment to a young schoolman  
with a good word about "the reputa-  
tion for teaching she bears." The  
next day the schoolman met the

editor and chased him down the street  
with a blue umbrella, and at every  
jump in the road she screamed that  
she had never taught a she bear in  
her life.

.....

Mr. Fussy—I don't see why you  
wear those ridiculous big sleeves, when  
you have nothing to fill them.

Mrs. Fussy—Do you fill your silk  
hat?

.....

Bored—Will you kindly give me  
another cup of coffee, Mrs. Lania-  
deigh?

Mrs. L—This makes the fourth cup  
you have had, Mr. Bored.

Bored—I know it. The doctor says  
I must drink plenty of hot water.

.....

The situation in which men frequent-  
ly find themselves was well illustrated  
by an Irishman, who, when recently  
relating a remarkable dream he had  
had, remarked:

"Then I thought I was walking about  
naked with me hands in me pockets."

.....

In one of the smaller towns of Ken-  
tucky lives a negro family known as  
"The Whites." One occasion it  
was necessary to record his full name.  
The not unusual supposition that  
"Tim" stood for "Timothy" was met  
with a denial.

"No, sah! My right name is What-  
timorous—sah!—we poor mortals be  
White. Dey jes' calls me Tim for  
sh't, sah."

.....

Dangers of Steeple-Jacks.  
Chambers's Journal.

A Sheffield steeple-jack has climbed  
several spires merely to decorate them  
with flags for public rejoicings; an-  
other climbed to the tower of Roch-  
dale town hall by the lightning con-  
ductor merely to fix a flag. Of narrow  
escapes they have many. One tells  
how he was standing on the coping of  
a chimney, which suddenly gave way.  
He seemed certain to fall to the  
ground, but the ladder remained firm,  
and as he slipped he caught it, and  
hung there while the stone went  
crashing to the earth alone.

The Rochdale climber spoken of once fell  
70 feet from a mill at Linfitts, owing  
to an accident while he was ladder-  
ing. He was terribly hurt, but was  
covered, and still carries on his trade  
with unshaken nerve. He once, how-  
ever, had an adventure which ex-  
ceeds in thrilling interest all the sto-  
ries of steeple-jack daring in the north.

He had a contract to demolish a  
chimney near Rochdale Station, and  
went up one day accompanied by an  
assistant, who had been drinking.  
Suddenly the man gave a yell and  
tried to jump off the stage; his em-  
ployer just managed to grab him,  
and he went over, and there  
for a moment the man hung, depend-  
ing for his life on another man's grasp.  
Then he succeeded in holding hold  
of the belt, which all climbers wear,  
and started to haul him up; but the  
madman bent upward and dug his  
teeth into his preserver's thumb, and  
struggled and fought violently. A  
crowd soon assembled below and  
watched this extraordinary fight with  
great excitement, and the combat con-  
tinued for some minutes. The man  
on the top could not get the other  
up, and would not let him down, so  
in the end he stunned him by hitting  
him on the head with a jemmy, and  
let him down by a rope. Then he fol-  
lowed him and discharged him on the  
spot.

.....

"An Ideal Woman."  
An ideal woman is my theme  
To write about tonight;  
One whose sphere for good knows no  
bounds;  
She shines as a bright light.

Of the rich she is the idol,  
And of the poor a friend;  
In time of sorrow and distress  
A helping hand she'll lend.

The goodness of this sweet woman  
Is known far and near;  
What great pleasure must be derived  
From such a grand career!

Her charming manner brings sunshine  
Wherever she does roam;  
And bright indeed must be the spot  
That she calls "Home, sweet home."

Now, can you guess the name of her  
Who's held in such esteem?  
By every class both rich and poor?  
'Tis Lady Aberdeen.

MARIE McILHARGHEY,  
Clandeboye, July 25, 1898.

Knox's Married Life.  
Knox was twice married. First to  
Marjory Bowes, the fifth daughter of  
Richard Bowes. Her mother had fif-  
teen children, and was one of those  
with whom Knox corresponded most-  
ly. The marriage took place when  
Knox was 20, and two sons were born,  
who became students at Cambridge  
and ministers of the Church of Eng-  
land. After five years of married  
life Marjory died, and four years  
later Knox, then aged 59, married  
again. He married, said his Catholic  
adversaries, a prot like a prophet or  
old decrepit priest, but as he was  
with his hands of taffetie fastened  
with golden rings. His second wife,  
named Margaret Stewart, was only  
17 years when he married her. By  
this second wife Knox had three  
daughters. She survived her hus-  
band, and two years after his death  
married "one of the fierce band whose  
daggers had clashed ten years before  
in the body of David Rizzio." Knox  
evidently had a sense of humor, for  
he added this sly postscript to one  
of his letters to his first "dearest  
spouse": "I think this is the first  
letter I ever wrote to you." A pretty  
point to doubt on!

A YOUNG man three weeks mar-  
ried at Topeka, while watching his  
wife cook breakfast, swallowed ten  
grains of strychnine, and going to a  
bedroom lay down with his face in a  
towel saturated with chloroform and  
died. He left a letter apologizing for  
putting her to the trouble of getting  
ready for marriage, but said the  
knowledge that his extreme base-  
fulness would annoy her all through life  
was too much for him.

.....

Berry-stained he from his crown to  
his toes,  
Especially rosy his dear little nose,  
But on the table he rolls all a store  
Of juicy, crushed berries—a handful,  
not more.

"Why, Robin," laughs Grandma,  
"those berries will make you sick."  
For your tea such a very, a very  
short cake."

"Well, I fink I don't feel very hun-  
gry for tea."  
"Cause I tasted 'em while I was pick-  
ing, you see—"

"But if I eat quick, Grandma, some  
of that cake."

My very own shortcake I fink I can  
make."

For the cake will catch up with the  
berries, you see—"

Then there's strawberry shortcake  
right inside o' me!"

—The Outlook

## For Boys and Girls

### The Safest Road.

The first train started at 6 p.m.  
For the land where the poppy  
grows,  
The mother, dear, is the engineer,  
And the passenger laughs and  
crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms,  
The whistle, a low, sweet strain;  
The passenger winks, and nods and  
clinks,  
And goes to sleep in the train.

At 8 p.m. the next train starts  
For the Poppy Land afar;  
The summons' war' fails on the ear  
"All aboard for the sleeping car."

"But what is the fare to Poppy  
Land?"  
I hope it is not dear,  
The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,  
And 'tis paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took  
On his knee in kindness great,  
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains  
each day,  
That leave between 6 and 8."

"Keep watch o'er the passengers,"  
thus I pray,  
"For to me they are very dear,  
And I shall charge you, Lord!  
O'er the gentle engineer."

### A Lively Cottontail.

By E. L. Thurston.

Dick is a young setter dog who  
lives on a large farm in Virginia,  
and spends his time hunting the rab-  
bits—or cottontails—squirrels, and  
birds that inhabit the fields and  
woods. Many an hour he spends  
routing out the little creatures and  
driving them for safety into the  
most dense thickets.

But for the last few weeks he has  
more than met his match in a little  
brown cottontail, only half grown,  
which has outwitted him again and  
again, with all the cunning of a fox.

This little rabbit, so near the color  
of the soil as to be easily overlooked,  
appeared in the yard one day just at  
twilight, and began nibbling the rose-  
bushes. Dick soon caught scent of  
him, and at once gave chase. The  
saucy rabbit flitted its white-tipped  
tail in the dog's face, and then bound-  
ed away into a neighboring wood-  
land, leading his pursuer into the  
thicket and tallest of the grain. Here  
he crept to one side, unobserved, while  
everywhere the little rabbit was  
made visible by the waving grain.

In his eagerness Dick frequently leap-  
ed clear of the grain, in a vain ef-  
fort to locate the elusive rabbit. He  
had already quietly made his way out  
of the field, across the road, and in-  
to its thicket home.

After a half-hour's work a disgust-  
ed dog crept wearily out of the field  
and hung himself down on the back  
porch to rest.

The following day Dick spent the  
morning on the trail of the rabbit,  
but in vain. For the latter wisely  
kept out of range until twilight.  
Then it once more appeared in the  
yard, and again Dick vainly chased  
the rabbit until he was prepared, how-  
ever, the rabbit was forced to move  
more rapidly.

The little cottontail was very wise,  
and on his next appearance he kept  
nearer the grain in order to gain  
more of a start. But Dick also was  
prepared for this, and he gave  
chase so hotly that the stubby, white-  
tailed disappeared into the brush only  
a few feet ahead of the dog.

After a night or so the little cot-  
ontail renewed his visits, this time  
crouching down in the soil, the color  
of which he matched so well. Dick  
was playing about the yard, but he  
soon caught the familiar scent, and  
began a search. He did not discover  
the rabbit until he was at last  
from it, when for fully a minute they  
stood as if carved out of stone, look-  
ing at each other. Then the rabbit  
sprang forward, and the dog, in-  
stead of running away, jumped direct-  
ly between Dick's legs, and so ran  
off into the bushes. As for the dog,  
he was so taken by surprise that he  
seemed to fall all over himself in his  
effort to stop. He gave up the chase  
at once, and went to the house  
with his tail between his legs, as  
though he had been detected in a fault.

But the trail was becoming so fa-  
miliar to Dick, and his adversary so  
well known, that the little brown rab-  
bit had to think hard in order to  
keep up the fun and not lose his life  
thereby.

Sometimes he led the dog a lively  
chase across the open ground, and  
by dodging suddenly to one side,  
would allow him to go blundering by.  
At other times, when Dick had  
come an expert in following the  
trail, he would dodge the dog, and, like  
a fox, work back over his own track,  
leaving his pursuer nosing about the  
ground for the lost scent.

Each day little Cottontail is grow-  
ing larger and stronger, and better  
able to run swiftly, while he is con-  
stantly inventing new tricks to play  
off on Dick, whom he is fast training  
into a good hunter. But, hunter or  
not, Dick is not likely to get within  
reach of the stubby, white-tipped  
tail.—The Outlook.

### Robin's Shortcake.

By Marie Gloden.

Robin is out in the strawberry patch;  
Little lips and fat fingers the berries  
just match.

He's busily, busily picking, you see,  
For Grandma has promised him short-  
cake for tea.

His big "farmer hat" lies close at his  
side;  
To fit it for over an hour he's tried,  
But so many berries got lost on their  
way—  
Now where could they ever have  
gotten to, pray?

Grandma's been beating the light  
creamy cake,  
And now in the oven it's ready to  
bake.

As a queer little figure appears in  
the door,  
Hugging his hat to his brown pina-  
fore.

Berry-stained he from his crown to  
his toes,  
Especially rosy his dear little nose,  
But on the table he rolls all a store  
Of juicy, crushed berries—a handful,  
not more.

"Why, Robin," laughs Grandma,  
"those berries will make you sick."  
For your tea such a very, a very  
short cake."

"Well, I fink I don't feel very hun-  
gry for tea."  
"Cause I tasted 'em while I was pick-  
ing, you see—"

"But if I eat quick, Grandma, some  
of that cake."

My very own shortcake I fink I can  
make."

For the cake will catch up with the  
berries, you see—"

Then there's strawberry shortcake  
right inside o' me!"

—The Outlook

## TIPPERARY ROMANCE.

Fortune of \$750,000 Awaiting a Claimant  
Left by Mrs. Blake.

Dublin Mail.

An extraordinary and romantic  
story of an unclaimed fortune is just  
now the subject of investigation in  
North Tipperary and just close to  
Birr. It appears that just twenty  
years ago Mrs. Helen Blake, nee Sher-  
idan died intestate at Kennington,  
leaving personality to the value of  
£10,000 and also considerable real es-  
tate, all of which the crown, in the  
absence of heirs, took possession of, and  
advised for the heirs-at-law.

Many claimants appeared, and a  
chancery suit was instituted, but no  
one succeeded in establishing a claim  
to the satisfaction of the courts.

Among the intestate's papers various  
documents were found, indicating in  
some respects the intestate's inten-  
tions as to the disposal of his prop-  
erty. Acting on these, the Lords of  
the Treasury directed their solicitor  
to pay certain contemplated legacies,  
including one of £1,000 to the Right  
Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The balance  
of the intestate's estate remains in  
the hands of the crown, amounting  
to £15,000.

This intestate, Helen or Nellie, was  
born in 1800, between Borrisokane  
and Cloughdown. She was a daugh-  
ter of John and Susan Sheridan,  
whose maiden name was Nicholson.

John was a barrack sergeant in the  
Irish Police, and married Susan in or-  
der to escape about 1788. Their  
daughter, Helen, when 22 years of  
age, went to Dublin, and attracted  
by her great beauty, an English of-  
ficer, Capt. Robert Dudley Blake, then  
stationed in Dublin, fell in love with  
her at first sight. The gallant  
gentleman's rich family would not  
give consent, and a runaway match  
was decided upon. They went to  
Scotland, where they were married.

He rose to be a general in the army,  
and on his death left his prop-  
erty to his wife, who had no chil-  
dren.

Helen Blake's sister, Mary Sheri-  
dan, married a member of the Irish  
police, who served under her father,  
and against her father's will. This  
couple left Dublin for London, after  
wards emigrating to Australia, where  
the husband rose to be an M. P.

Such is the story of this fortune as  
far as it is known. There are claim-  
ants constantly cropping up, and be-  
fore long the case will get as great  
a notoriety as the scramble for the  
Coghlan fortune.

## ACUTE DYSPESIA.

A Trouble That Makes the Lives of  
Thousands Miserable.

The Only Rational Treatment is to Re-  
move the Cause of the Trouble—One  
Who Suffered Greatly Shows How  
This Can Be Done at a Comparatively  
Trifling Expense.

The life of a dyspeptic is beyond  
doubt one of the most unhappy lots  
that can befall humanity. There is al-  
ways a feeling of over-fullness and  
distress after eating, no matter how  
carefully the food may be prepared,  
and even when the patient used food  
sparingly there is frequently no cessa-  
tion of the distressing pains. How  
thankful one who has undergone this  
misery, and has been restored to  
health feels can perhaps be better  
imagined than described. One such  
sufferer, Mrs. Thomas E. Worrell, of  
Dunbarton, N. B., relates her experi-  
ence, in the hope that it may prove  
beneficial to some other similar suf-  
ferer. Mrs. Worrell says that for more  
than two years her life was one of  
constant misery. She took only the  
plainest foods, and yet her condition  
kept getting worse, and was at last  
seriously aggravated by palpitation of  
the heart brought on by the stomach  
troubles. She lost all relish for food,  
and grew so weak that it was with  
difficulty she could go about the house,  
and to do her share of the necessary  
housework made life a burden. At  
times it was simply impossible for  
her to take food, as every mouthful  
produced a feeling of nausea, and  
sometimes brought on violent fits of  
vomiting, which left her weaker than  
before. She had taken a great deal of  
medicine, but did not find any im-  
provement. At last she read in a news-  
paper of a cure in a similar case  
through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink  
Pills, and decided to give them a  
trial. After using three or four boxes  
there was a great improvement in her  
condition, and after the use of eight  
boxes Mrs. Worrell says, "I can as-  
sure you I am now a well woman, as  
strong as ever I was in my life, and  
I owe my present condition entirely  
to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,  
which have proved to me a wonderful  
medicine. Mrs. Worrell further says  
that Pink Pills were also of the great-  
est benefit to her husband, who suf-  
fered greatly with rheumatism in his  
hands and arms. At times these  
would swell up, and the pains were  
so great that he could not sleep, and  
would sit the whole night beside a fire  
in order to get a little relief from the  
pain he was enduring. Seeing how  
much benefit his wife had derived from  
the use of Pink Pills he began their  
use, and soon drove the rheumatism  
from his system, and he has since  
been free from the terrible pains which  
had formerly made his life miserable.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Worrell say they  
will always strongly recommend Dr.  
Williams' Pink Pills to ailing friends.

These pills are a blood builder and  
nerve restorer, and there is no trou-  
ble whose origin is due to either of  
these causes that they will not cure  
if given a fair trial. The genuine  
Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, the  
wrapper around which bears the full  
trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills  
for Pale People." There are imitations  
of this great medicine, also colored  
pink, which are offered by the dozen,  
quandred or ounce in boxes, without  
the directions and trade mark. Al-  
ways refuse these imitations, no mat-  
ter what the interested dealer who  
tries to sell them may say.

.....

A FORTUNE IN AN OLD DRESS.  
A deposit note for \$3,885, dated about  
ten years ago, has just been found by  
a woman named Jennings, living at  
Bath, England. She was ripping up an  
old silk dress, found among some rub-  
bish in a box, and discovered the note  
—which was drawn on a Bath bank—  
neatly wrapped up in one corner. Mrs.  
Jennings married a widower, but is now  
living apart from her husband, and the  
dress was the property of her hus-  
band's first wife, who died eight or  
nine years ago. She had put the note  
away, evidently saving it to retire  
upon, but carried the secret of the  
note's hiding place with her to the  
grave.

Magellan's contrary winds are to be  
overcome by a fleet of powerful tug-  
boats, which a Chilean company will  
maintain in the straits.

## How to Fry with Cottolene

Fry everything from potato chips to doughnuts in Cottolene. Put Cottolene in a cold pan—heat it slowly until it will deli-  
cately brown a bit of bread in half a minute. Then put in  
your food. It will pay you to try Cottolene just this way—  
see how delicious and wholesome it makes the food.

Get the genuine, sold everywhere in one, three, and five pound tins, with trade-marks  
"Cottolene" and "Pure" and in condensed form—on every tin.  
THE N. E. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

## STAG ISLAND TIME TABLE.

| SARNIA TIMES.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                    |                 |                  |                 |                  |                     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|------------------|---------------------|
| Boat.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Leave<br>Pt. Huron | Leave<br>Sarnia | Arrive<br>Island | Leave<br>Sarnia | Arrive<br>Island | Arrive<br>Pt. Huron |
| Hiawatha.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 6.45 a.m.          | 6.55 a.m.       | 7.15 a.m.        | 8.35 a.m.       | 8.45 a.m.        | 12.40 noon          |
| Clark.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 10.10 a.m.         | 10.10 a.m.      | 10.53 a.m.       | 11.00 a.m.      | 11.50 a.m.       | 1.30 p.m.           |
| Hiawatha.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 11.30 a.m.         | 11.40 a.m.      | 12.20 p.m.       | 1.30 p.m.       | 1.40 p.m.        | 4.00 p.m.           |
| Clark.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 2.00 p.m.          | 2.10 p.m.       | 2.50 p.m.        | 3.00 p.m.       | 3.50 p.m.        | 6.00 p.m.           |
| Hiawatha.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 3.00 p.m.          | 3.10 p.m.       | 3.50 p.m.        | 4.00 p.m.       | 4.50 p.m.        | 6.00 p.m.           |
| Clark.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 4.00 p.m.          | 4.10 p.m.       | 4.50 p.m.        | 5.00 p.m.       | 5.50 p.m.        | 7.30 p.m.           |
| Hiawatha.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 5.00 p.m.          | 5.10 p.m.       | 5.50 p.m.        | 6.00 p.m.       | 6.50 p.m.        | 7.00 p.m.           |
| Clark.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 6.00 p.m.          | 6.10 p.m.       | 6.50 p.m.        | 7.00 p.m.       | 7.30 p.m.        | 8.00 p.m.           |
| Hiawatha.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 7.00 p.m.          | 7.10 p.m.       | 7.50 p.m.        | 8.00 p.m.       | 8.50 p.m.        | 10.00 p.m.          |
| Clark.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 8.00 p.m.          | 8.10 p.m.       | 8.50 p.m.        | 9.00 p.m.       | 9.30 p.m.        | 10.00 p.m.          |
| Saturday evenings Hiawatha leaves Island 7.30 p.m., and makes one extra trip: leaves Port Huron 9.30 a.m., Sarnia 9.40 a.m., arriving at Island 10.10 p.m.; leaving Island 10.10 p.m., arriving at Sarnia 10.40 p.m., and leaving Sarnia 11.00 p.m., arriving at Port Huron 11.30 p.m. |                    |                 |                  |                 |                  |                     |