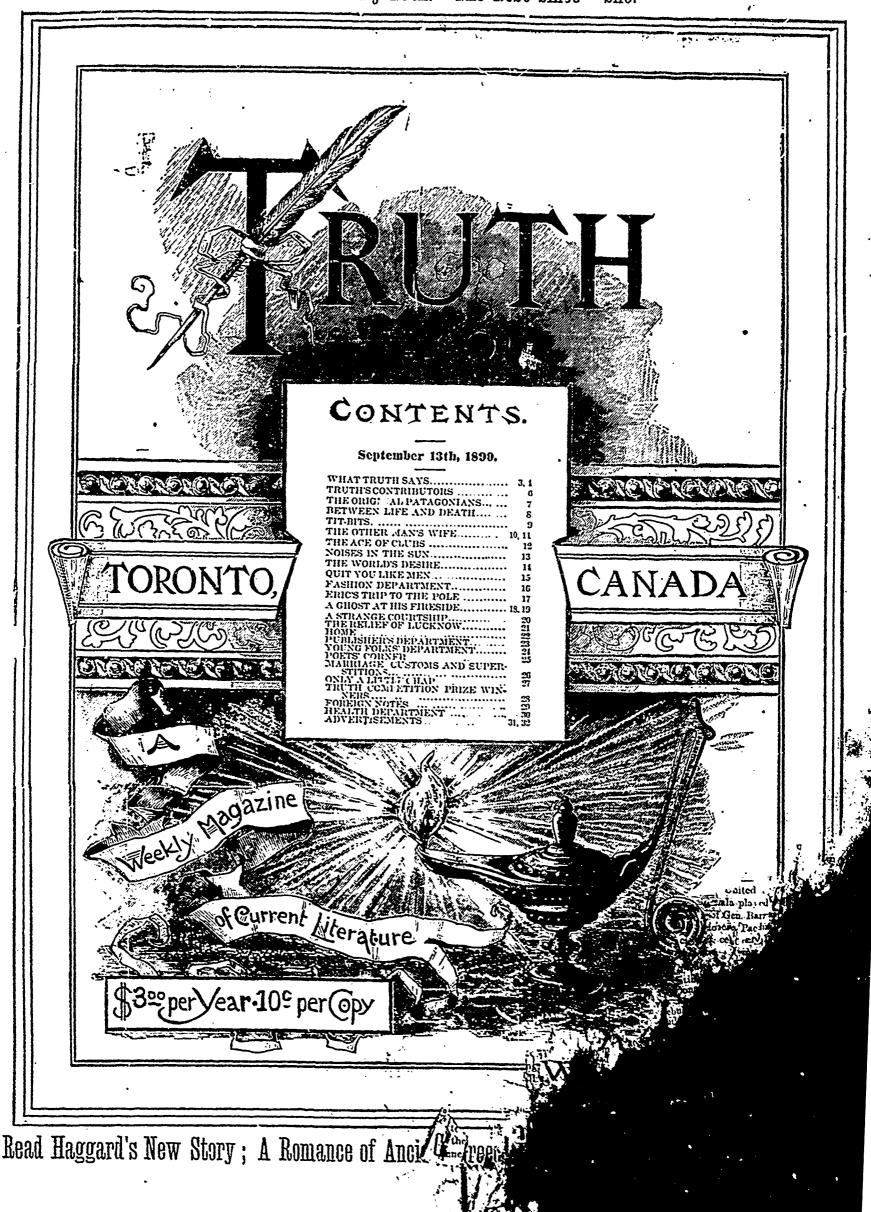
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For the Eath—About a table-poonful.

For the Eath—About a table-poonful to aquart of water, adding a little soap to make a lather.

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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES .- 21st YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., SEPTEMBER 13, 1830.

NEW SERIES .-- VOL. X. NO. 519

WHAT TRUTH SAYS

The Oka trouble which is few years ago created so much excitement throughout the country, shows signs of again taking on au acute form. Though quiescent of late years it has never been properly and really settled. The effort has been continuous on the part of the Seminary authorities to remove the Indians from their ancestral home. As will be remembered, the point in dispute is to whom does the land occupied by the Indians belong? to themselves or the Seminary authorities? The former claim it on the ground of original possession; the latter base their claim upon the grant made by the French King, before the conquest, to the Gontlemen of the Sulpice of Paris, who were to use the grant for the purpose of civilizing and converting the Indians. After the conquest the Parisinn Sulpicians withdrew, and were succeeded by a Canv. dian order, who took up the work of their French brethren. No steps appear to have been taken by the new order to secure Eng-'land's recognition of their claim to the property, which, be it remembered, had been occupied by the Indians continuously from before the coming of the French amongst them. In this way matters continued until about twenty years ago, when a number of Indians became Protestants. Naturally this change was not pleasant to the Seminary authorities, who it is charged have ever since made the position of the heretics very uncomfortable. Failing by oppressive measures to induce them to leave, the authorities have, since the outbreak of a few years ago, had recourse to milder means, Through -the Government a settlement has been found for them at Gibson, in Muskoka, and they have been urged to move there. Some have yielded to the proposition; but others, on the ground the new location is remote from a market. and in the belief that they should not be forced to desert the home of their succestors, have remained behind. To these latter a better offer was made a short time ago. They were asked to accept one hundred acres in Muskoka per family, \$10 per acre for the land they occupy in Oka, their re-moval expenses, \$10,000 to be spent in their new homes, and \$300 as their share of the value of a common which all the Oka Indians

The Indians have refused to accept this proposition, alleging that their land is worth more than \$10 per scre, and that when once rid of their presence the Seminary authorities will have no trouble in securing \$30 or \$40 per acre. Moreover, they express a preference for having the respective claims to the land in Oka tested in the courts, a trial which the Seminary anthorities stand anxious to avoid. And here the matter might have rested had it not been for the fact that within the last few days Minister Dewdney has addressed a letter to the Ind one at Oka assuring them that henceforth the severnment will not grant any assistance to "Protestant Indiana" The letter says nothing concerning Catholic Indians. who may be dealt with in whatever manner the Government shall choose. This ovidently looks like an attempt to intimidate and coerco the recalcitrants. That it will succeed in accomplishing the purpose intended not very probable. The sense of justice is too e rong throughout the country to per-

mit these uninfluential and politically weak

follow-citizens to suffer in the way hinted at in the letter should they stand up for their rights. For surely, the Indians, as parties to the dispute, are entitled to an opinion with regard to the terms of the settlement. Mr Dowdney may yet learn that he has made a tremendous mistake in making such an unjust discrimination.

Were it not that so many of the big schemes set on foot by Frenchmenturn out such miserable failures the public might begin to hope that Paris would ere long realize her ambition to become a port for occan-going vessels. The old scheme of rendering the Scine navigable as far as the gay capital is again rovived and a public enquiry has been ordered by M. Guyot. A syndicate, too, of promoters has proposed to earry out the work at an estimated cust of about 200,000,000 of france without a State subvention or guarantee of interest, and has already submitted a list of subscribers of one-third of the capital required. These ar certainly steps in the right direction, but whether they will amount to anything can hardly be predicted at present.

The appearance at Vienna of a genuine case of Asiatic Colera has aroused the fear that Western Europe will be invaded by the dread scourge during the present autumn. This is the opinion of Dr. Frederick F. Algernon, a specialist on the subject, who thinks it is possible that England may have an epidemic of cholera this coming autumn, partly because of the relation of the disease to influenza and partly because of the damp, telluric conditions of the country, caused by the recent protracted rains. According to the English hygienist Richardson, the statistics show that "mortality from cholera begins to rise in June, rises rapidly in July, maintains a high and steady resition in Angust and runs up to the absolute maximum in September." The coming month is, therefore, the period in which telluric and other influences most favor the spread of the inalady in England. For this reason the British government should exercise the utmost diligence to detect any case of infection seeking to enter their ports. Nor should our authorities leave any precautions unused to guard us from the terrible plague. Prevention here if anywhere is better than

Seventy two years ago a New York merchant, by the name of Elkana Watson, assayed to estimate what the population of his country would be at each decenual count during the present century. His es timates for the first fifty years were singularly accurate. Thus for 1820, the first count after the catimate had been made, he was out by only 8,088 in a total population of 9,633,822; for 1830 by 32,375, in a total of 12,886,020; for 1840 by 47,073 in a total of 17,069,453; for 1850 by only 6,508 in a total of 23,101,876; and for 1860 by 310,-503 in a total of 31;443,321. The estimate of 1870, however was wide of the mark, being 3, 770,061 too high. This wide discrepancy was largely owing to the Civil War which Mr Watson could hardly be expect? ed to foresec. The disturbing element then brought in has affected all the counts since that of 1800, the count of 1888 being foo high by over six millions, while that of 1890 was placed at 77,266,989, or about 12, 760,000 more than the enumeration just concluded shows. On a comparison of the actual figures as revealed by the ret ras with the proportionate rate of increase-it would seem that Mr. Watson reckoned that

the percentage would increase by one with each succeeding decade. This expectation was almost realized up to 1860. It is a singular feature of the growth of the population during the last decade, however, that instead of advancing on the percentage of the former period it has gone back by over two per cent, and this notwithstanding the fact that immigration during the last period was greater than for any of the preceding decades.

The pardon said to have been granted by Her Majesty to the Hindoo Prince Dhuleen Singh, ox-Maharajah of Lahore, who for many years has been wandering about among the courts of Europe, and cherishing meanwhile the most hostile feelings towards England, recalls the story of the Kohinur diamond, once the property of the fallen prince, but now the chief among the crown jewels of England. According to Hindoo legend, this precious gem was found in a Golconda mine, and its possessors have with few exceptions been the rulers of Hinduste a. After belonging successively to the Bahmani, Khilji, Lodi, and Mogul Bahmani, Khilji, Lodi, and Mogul Kings, it came in 1839 into the hands of Nadir Shab, who gave it its present designation. From hun it went to the Abdali monarchs of Afghanistan, the last of whom gave it to Runject-Singh the ruler of the Punjaub. On the abdication of the Maharajah Dhulcep Singh and the annexation of the Punjaub in 1849, it was surrendered to the Sovereign of great Britain. It is said to have weighed originally 900 carats, but after being out was reduced to 279 carats. It was reduced by recutting to 186 carats and in this state was shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851; since which time it was again recut in 1852 and now weighs about 123 carats, and has been valued at £120,664. The Kohinur is rose-cut.

"That in public the average woman shows an inconsiderateness, a disregard for the ordinary courtesies of existence to a degree which is not an where nearly approached by the average man" is a statement which few will be bold enough to hazard. Such, however, is the cold-blooded assertion of Oscar Fay Adams, a contributor to the September North American Review. Mr. Adams protests against the popular opinion that "woman supplies the restraining, softening and refining influences at work in human society" and declares that "the code of manners followed in public by the average woman is disgracefully inconsiderate, super latively selfieh, and exasperatingly insolent, such a code, in fact, as would not remain in force among men in their intercourse with one another for one half hour." Four forus of rudeness are specified as characterizing woman in her intercourse with the world at large. "First, the indifference with which a woman will contemplate the fact that the convenience of others has been sacrificed to her caprice. Very observable in young women. Second, the needless delay a woman often causes in making her appearance when visitors have called upon her. Mo monly noticed among women who laveled longer classed as girls. Third, ness of a woman to wait for and speaking before beginning to Characteristic of nearly all woman's failure to received of an engagement. Mo

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Coming to public min

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stations, stops heavily loaded porters to ask some trifling question which might as well be asked of another, says little spiteful things to aunoy ber associates, compels the shopkeeper to pull down an endless pile of goods when she has no intention of buying, insults the shop girls, needlessly blocks up the way of others, threatens the eyes of those near her by the manner in which she carries her closed umbrella, in short, she acts as though others had no feelings or rights which she was bound to respect. Now it may be conceded that Mr. Adams has observed exceptional cases such as he has described, for, unfortunately, all women are not as refined and unselfish as could be desired, but that such instances of selfishness are sufficiently numerous to warrant the offensive epithet used by Mr. Adams, "the mannerless sox," no one but perhaps the author of the article will be disposed to contend. One wonders where Mr. Adams has spent his life and upon what unfavorable lines he has falten that he should be moved to traduce his sisters in the way he has dono; what is the character of his domestic relations, and whether he grew up under the helpful influences of a kind and mother. The article throughout breathes the spirit of one embittered against the sex whose unique portrait he paints in colors so dark and repulsive.

The frequency with which the Canadian and American public are called upon to contemplate that harrowing incident, a railway disaster, lends interest to the question, whether the inhabitants of other countries are equally exposed to injury or death when they commit themselves to the rail account official reports enable one to institute a comparison between Great Britain and the United States, touching the easualties which have occurred in these two countries respectively during the past year. From these reports the following facts are gleaned:

Total number of railroad employees ... 701.743 316,426 Number of employees killed. 2,070 435 Number of employees injured ... 172,171,315 915,183,073 Number of passengers killed ... 313 183, Number of passengers injured ... 2,138 183, Number o

From the foregoing table it will be seen that the Englishman when he boards his train, stands a much better change of reaching his destination in nafety than the pattern of a road on this side the Atlantic

The part which United Signature, at Guatemala, played with the murder of the Barrifled for asylum to Recommend

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Gen. Barrundia, who had incurred the mortal displeasure of the Guatemalan authorities had taken refuge in the Acapulco, whose captain and crow refused to deliver him up to his enemies, until commanded to de so by an order from Mr Mizzer Butsuntil the exact nature of the order is disclosed, or until it shall have been determined whether it was an order to surrender the leeing General, or merely a caution to the captain and crew not to cidanger the lives of them selves and passengers by resisting too far the demands of the Guatamalan authorities the question of Mr. Mizner's innocence or guilt must be left undecided. Certain it is that had he interposed any difficulties or advised the captam of the Acapulco to resist, the law of contraband would have supported the officers in demanding and seizing the person of Gen. Barrundia, a known enemy of their government, even from a neutral vessel while within their jurisdiction. The crime of the Minister, if crime he has committed, is that Jio facilitated the canture of a political refugee, who had sought asylum in a ship carrying his country's flag. I sw of nations, in such cases, is to show favor to the pursued.

The generous confidence placed in themanagement of McGill University by those friends who during the past year so greatly strengthened the financial position of the institution appears not to have been abused. Already the University authorities have taken steps to enlarge the sphere of their influence and have engaged the services of two new professors, Prof. John Cox, and Prof. Caris Wilson, both distinguished graduates of Cambridge University. The former is to fill the chair of experimental physics, founded by Mr. W. C. McDonald, while the latter will occupy the chair of mochanical engineering. Professor C - has for some time proved himself a most successful lecturer on the subject of experimental physics, and Professor Caris Wilson has been for some years engaged in installing some of the larg est electrical plants in Europe. McGill University is to be congratulated on securing two such able men whose past record has been very distinguished.

The reformers within the State of New Fork have set themselves to put down smoking among the boys of that State. On the 1st inst. there came into force a law providing that no person under sixteen years of age shall be allowed to smoke in any atreet or other public place. That this prohibition is founded on reason and the best interests of society will be admitted by all who have any confidence in the findings of modern medical science. No reputable physician can be found to-day who will contend that moking is good for a growing boy. On the grary the opinion is universal among cal men that not until the body is are can smoking be indeledd in without maghile many go so far as to say that is it absolutely harmless. Betestimony of physicians experdemonstrated its injurious ef-German has halit which had leh all smong the boys an influence so berender retion the already

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which it adds, "Some of the cigars common" ly current at our tobacconists' counters would scarcely need any preparation for the purpose."

M. DeGrers, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, is said to be completely satisfied with the result of the recent interview between the Czar and Emperor William. The meeting, he said, constituted a fresh and solemn affirmation of the good relations existing between Russia and Germany and would certainly contribute toward maintenance of the peace of Europe. So it appears that the trip of the "gadabout Emperor" has not been altogether fruitless of

Toronto University and McGill College we to be congratulated upon their good for tune in being included in the list of colonial universities, which have been chosen to share in the annual grant of £5,000 which the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 propose to spend upon the educational institutions of the Empire. The object of the Commissioners is to foster the study of those branches of science (such as Physics, mechanics and chemistry), which are specially important in extending the industries of the nation. The money is to be divided into scholarships of £150 each, tenable for two years, (and in instances recommended by the Commissioners to three), provided that the work done in the previous year is satisfactory to the scientific appointed by the Commissioners. A scholarship when a rarded shall be tenable in any university either at home or abroad, or in some other institution to be approved of by the Commission-The holder of a scholarship must give an undertaking that he will wholly devote himself to the object of the scholarship, and that he will not hold any position of emolument during its continuance. Of the twentyfive provincial and colonial universities embraced in the choice of the commissioners, two are in Canda and four in Australia. The present allotment gives one scholarship each year to Canada, McGill College and Toronto University to take it alternately. It is the desire of the Committee that the scholarships shall be of a higher order than those now existing, and that their functions shall begin where the ordinary educational curriculum ends.

On Monday morning 1st inst., the Toronto World presented its readers with a list of one hundred and twenty-two names of sheriffs, registrars, county attorneys and county clerks whose annual income according to the official records amounts to \$2000 and over, with the respective arounts received by each. An analysis of this list gives the following significant recalts:

122 received	.\$2000 and or	er.
91"	2500 "	
65	3000 "	
40	4000	
21	5000 "	
14	6000 **	
9"	7000	
7"	S000 "	
4	9000 **	
3	10000 **	
2	17000 "	
1		

Taking the whole list the average amount received is a little over \$4000. Nov, it will require considerable effort on the part of the "fat feeders" themselves or of their friends to convince the general public that the privices of these 122 officers are worth on an average \$4000 per year. And it is difficult to believe that the intelligent electers of Ontario, having their attention matter, will continue much

> ancoment is made that in all civilized compinion of a surgeon italkhie increase ssure of the

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kala at least \$150,000 overy

last twenty five years. The struggle for life and position has been more intense than over, and attended by higher nervous excitement. Now in many cases cancor is caused by mental distress, indeed this authority claims that where there is no muchanical exciting cause the disease is always of nervous origin, hence with increased nervous pressure cancer must increase; and "until society emerges into some calmer soa, -or until the conditions under which men and women now commence their voyage are materially improved—a pregressive increase in the prevalence of caucer duly proportionate to the growing severity of the struggle for existence, may be pro-dicted as a matter of course." In the light of fact the wisdom of Matt. vi. 34, is apparently manifest: "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow."

At last a champion has appeared for the cucumber, that despised fruit, which more than any other used by civilized man has had to bear the popular condemnation. This opinion the London Hospital contends is morely a projudice, for that the cucumber is very digestible, if eaten properly, that is in thin allces and masticated thoroughly.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of City Temple, London, is at present wrestling with what he calls a question of consistency and which is whethor it would be any more inconsistent for him, a Trinitarian, to invite a Unitarian to preach in his pulpit, than for Calvinists and Arminians to preach for one another. He quotes Mr. Spurgeon as declaring that "it is nowhere said in the Scripture that Christ died as a substitute for all meu," and points out that the distinguishing, vital doctrine of the Arminian, the doctrine about which he has no doubt, in which he rejoices, which is the very breath of his life and the inspiration of his ministry, is that Christ died for the sins of the whole world. Then he supposes the oase of Mr. Spurgeon and a Methodist minister exchanging pulpits, and says, "Mr. Spuzzeon would go to the Methodist pulpit and declare that it is nowhere said in Scripture that Ohrist died as a substitute for all men," thus contradicting the very basis of Methodist doctrine, while the Methodist preacher in Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit would honestly proclaim that Jesus Christ died as a substitute for all men, that he is the propitiation for our sins and not for ours only but for the sins of the whole world." Others beside the famous Metropolitan divine have been impressed with the feature of the prevailing practice by which the Calvinists are invited to preach in pulpits occupied by Arminians and vice versa. Few, however, who have any interest in the progress of Christ's kingdom would wish to see the practice discontinued, believing that its tendency is to bring about, indirectly, greater harmony of view on this as well as other important points of doctrine.

In its review of the question of female physicians in the New England States, the New England Monthly presents a few facts that ought to be carefully weighed by every Canadian young woman who is looking for ward to the medical profession as a means of carning a livelihood. The Monthly states that, though at one time the female doctors throughput New England could be counted by the hundreds, scarcely a town however small being unrepresented, there are not a score of medical women to-day in all New England who are making a decent living, and these, one half at least, are either nongraduates or are from irregular schools. It accounts for this failure on the part of the female doctors, mainly by the fact that their sisters, other women, persistently decline to employ their services; that these knowing their own physical inferiority, as well as the vast domand for physical strength that the medical profession enforces, profer a doctor in whose reservé force they can rely in case of need. Whether this is the correct ex-

planation or not is really of little consequence, the fact that so many have failed being the principal thing. And this is the fact for the prudent young woman to consider, not the question whether she has a right to enter the modical profession which is no longer debatable, but the more pracsical question whether her chances of success = zufficiently numerous to warrant her in entering this field as a candidate for public patronage. It is a question of dollars and cents ; in many instances, of bread and

The new version of the German Bible is to be printed soon. The comparative time apent by the English and Germans in proparing the new versions is a good example the slower, and more cautious methods of German scholars. Though they began work before the English, the version has been completed this year, while ten new English version was published in 1885. The changes are said to be few, and it is prophesica that the new version will precede Luther's Bible in popular favor but that it will be of less help to critical students than was hoped; the case is the version so far with the now English reverse. prefer it but the people still cling to the King James version.

It is a proof of the complex character of those great social and industrial problems which are engaging the attention of statesmen the world overthat the same fact is often capable of being used by a powerful argument by the advocates of systems that are essentially opposed to each other. For example, the circumstance that English capitalists are coming over and investing their money in the industries of the United States may be made to serve the term of both the Free Trader and the Protectionist. On the one hand the Free Trader may say England has prospered so splendidly under Free Trade that her capitalists are able to go to the United States and expend millions upon millions in the purchase of some of the largest and most important of American manufacturing concerns. Englishmen, in fact, have more money than they snow what to do with, and when foreign countries will not open. their markets to them they can not afford to buy up their exclusive rivals on their own ground. On the other hand, the American Protectionist can claim success for this system by showing that it has had the effect of compelling foreign capitalists to invest their money in American enterprises, instead of supplying America with goods manufactured abroad, as would be the case under Free Trade. It makes a very great difference from what standpoint a person views his facis.

The discussion evoked by the McKinley Tariff Bill, which practically prohibits the principal Canadian products from finding their way to the markets of the United States has led to a resolution by Senator Sherman of Ohio, favoring closer trade relations between the two countries. Following is the text of the resolution : "When; ever it shall be certified to the President of the United States that the Government of the Dominion of Canada shall by law or regulation admit free of duty into all its ports coal minod in the United States he shall make proclamation of that fact and thereafter while such law or regulation is in force coal mined in the Dominion of Canada shall be admitted free of duty into all the ports of the United States. And whenever it shall be duly certified to the President of the United States that the Government of the Dominion of Canada has declared a desire to enter into such commercial arrangements with the United States as will result in the complete or partial removal of duties upon trade between Canada and the United Statos he shall appoint three commissioners to meet those who may be designated to represent the government of Canada to con-

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sider the best method of extending the trade relations between Canada and the United States and to ascertain on what terms greater freedom of intercourse between the two countries can best be secured, and said commissioners shall report to the President, who shall lay the report before Congress. And the necessary expenses of the commissioners appointed by the president, including their compensation at the rate of \$10 a day each for the time necessarily employed in said duty shall be paid out if the appropriation for the collection of the customs revenue."

It will be observed that the scheme proposed in this resolution is very similar to that of the Dominion Government in 1887 at the time the fisheries' treaty was being negotiated, and when the British commis-'zioners acting at the suggestion of the Canadian Minister proposed to take up the whole question of the trade relations of the two countries and settle the fisheries dispute on the basis of a reciprocity arrangement. Under the terms of Schator Sherman's resolution questions relating to the coasting trade, to transportation in bond, to the fisheries, to reciprocal privileges in wrecking, in a word, to the commercial relations of Canada and the United States in their widest sense, can be made matters of discussion and negotiation. The Dominion Government is not called upon to surrender any power essential to political independence her any interest whose conservation is necessary to the material prosperity of the country, and the well-being of its people. On the contrary, the idea is to bring reprecentatives of both countries together for the purpose of ascertaining what arrangement for reciprocal trade can be made consistently with the promotion of the welfare of each, with the relations of Canada to Great Britain and with the perpetuation of Canada's postical integrity. Thus, the acceptance of the Ohio Senator's proposal would be entirely consistent with Canadian honor and Canadian interests.

It is clear that reciprocity in coal would be attended with advantage to the citizens of both countries. Under such an arrangement the manufacturers of the Eastern States could have their wants supplied from Nova Sectia; the people of Ontario from the mines of Ohio and Ponnsylvania, while the States on the Pacific slope could be supplied from British Columbia. The extent of this advantage to the people of Nova Scotia, may be gathered from the report for 1887 of Mr. H. V. Poole, inspector of the mines of Nova Scotia. Mr. Poole mys:- 'In 1850 our foreign exports of coal were chiefly to the United States, and were about half of the total quantity marketed. During the four years provious to the reciprocity treaty, the amount sent to the neighboring Republic was 100,000 tons a year. During the six years immediately subsequent to the making of that treaty the increase averaged thirty per cent. on that quantity. But by the end of the ten years that the treaty lasted, the exports had increased 385 per cent., and in the last year of the treaty, 1865, no less than twenty-three per cent, of the total sales of coal went to the United States. The lap-aing of the treaty laid the foundation of the present trouble."

The first Parliament of Japan under the new constitution is announced to meet in No cember. Politically, it will be a motley crowd consisting of the Progressive Party, the Radical, the Patriotic, the Combination, the Conservative, all having platforms more or less definite. Every member elected is expected at least to be present. If he does not attend the section within a week of its opening, he is to be expelled. No member may absent himself from the sittings without the president's leave, and that leave cannot be for more than a week. The House may by vote extend the leave, but not for an indefinite period. Any violation of this rule

will render the member liable to expulsion. Evidently, the citizens of the Flowery Kingdom do not propose that their representatives shall enjoy the honor without the labor of a place among the nation's Solons.

A rather unique request was received the other day by Montreal's acting mayor from a company of miners in Arizona who desired that official to send out a consignment of wives to thom. The letter calls for young women between fourteen and twenty, and says that numbers of offers await them, substantiated by \$5,000 in each, and that an advance will be made to cover transportation charges. The question of compatibility does not appear to have entered into their calculations unless indeed the stipulation that they should be under twenty is meant to signify that by securing young wives their wills would be the more casily bent. The acting mayor, however, has declined the honor and has instructed the city clerk to reply that he is not the head of a matrimonial agency, and does not feel like organizing a society for the furnishing of wives to miners.

The statement made by his Honor Lieutenant-Governor Anger before the members of the American Forestry Association, which met in Quebec last week, shows how much that province is in need of an application of the principles advocated by the Association Mr. Anger pointed out that "from 1807 to 1887, 10,430,000,000 foot board measure, and 69,600,000 cubic feet of wood were cut down in the province of Quebec, while the revenue derived from lumber has been \$9,800,000. ast year's revenue was above one million dollars." Every person who comprehends the significance of these figures will see that vast as are the timber resources of that province, it will only be a question of a comparatively few years before they will be enturely exhausted, if this wholesale slaughter is permitted to continue. If Onelice is wise she will impose some restrictions upon those who would selfishly destroy this source of her wealth.

A singular demand which may yet require the intervention of the courts to settle was the other day made on the Town Council of Stratford-on-Avon by Lord Sackville, as Lord of the Manor, who laid a claim for encroachment and rent in respect to the fountain and clock tower donated by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, in honor of the peerless poot. The council have decided to oppose the claim, contending that for six hundred years the spot in which the fountain stands like been used as a public market and that unless Lord Sackville can prove his manorial, rights, over the middle of the market square there has been no encroachment. If the representations already received are correct, many will heartily wish that the grasping lord may be taught the salutary lesson he so manifestly needs. that he doesn't own the whole earth.

A peculiar case offstal asphyxiation by gas occurred in Montreal last week. Owing to the bracket having lost the stop pin the unfortunate man in turning off the gas turned the check a little too, far and thus slightly opened up the jet again. At the inquest it was brought out that the jet was 'defective in this particular and that great care would a required to prevent it from leaking. Whether the proprietor was aware of the imperfect nature of the jet has not been established. However this may be, the lesson ought to be borne in mind by these who have to do with gas jets. It is not enough to turn off the gas but one chould be sure there is no gas escaping. To determine, this a good way is to hold a lighted match over the jet when if no flame is struck it may be concluded that the stoppage is com-

There is reason to believe that the bountiful harvest which the Canadian farmers have just reaped will be followed by good prices,

At a recent Millers' Convention held in Edinburgh, it was shown that the estimated wheat harvest of Europe for the present year amounted to 165,700,000 quarters, while the quantity required for European consumption is estimated at 175,000,000 quar-This leaves 19,300,000 quarters to be supplied from America, Australia, India and Africa. Apart from this an estimate was given of the deficiency in the three kingdoms which amounted to nincteen million quarters additional. This also will have to be supplied from foreign sources. Of the four countries above named the United States will not be able to export as much as usual seeing that the crop in that country is considerably below the average. India, too, it is thought will not export so largely as in former years, the increase in the force of silver making it less profitable to the eastern traders who have been wont to buy in silver and sell for gold. These facts encourage the hope that the farmers of Canada will reap the full benefit of their abundant yield.

In another column appears the advertis ment of the Toronto College of Music. On the 4th inst. its doors opened to students, of whom there is a large list. Every thing give promise of a successful year. The import ance of the work already accomplished may be learned by a glance at this year's prospectus in which appear many programmes rendered by the College students. The College has been incorporated by the government, George Gooderham, Esq., having been elected president of its board of directors, and is in affili ation with the University of Toronto. This speaks volumes for the standing of the new institution, which we commend to our readers with its many advantages. A prospectus will be mailed upon application to the wellknown director, F. H. Torrington.

The collision between the children of the new public school at Caer Howell Street and of St. Patrick's separate school, in which fists, sticks and stones were freely used and property injured, signifies the existence of a feeling among certain classes of the community, which, unless sternly repressed, is sure to give endless trouble in time to come. Already Toronto has gained notoriety by the conduct of some of her citizens in connection with the advent of Archbishop Walsh, and by the incipient riot of a few weeks ago when the boys in green were assaulted upon the streets. It does not require a prophet's vision to foretell what will be the result if this kind of thing is allowed to go on unchecked. That the feeling is very bitter is shown by the determination with which the youngsters, some of whom were less than ten years of age, engaged in the fight. For of course it is fair to presume that these children are chips of the old block, that they are in this respect what their parents are If it be true that "the boy is father of the man," the prospect is not reasenring for the future peace and happiness of the city. It is to be honed that the author's ties, in dealing with the ringleaders in this war of children, will administer such reproof as will beget a wholesome fear of the law which will act as a deterrent for all future

The rumor that Sir John, A. Macdonald is about to bring on the Dominion electrons this fall has, in the absence of official confirmation, led many to reckon up the probabilities in the case. Considered from a party standpoint some of these reasons seem plausible enough For example that the Reformers do not desire them, being unprepared; that the crops have been good this section, a good crop always helping a government told be in a better position to resist demand after an election that h make on the Domimion through members at Ottawa thai these claims word pre ing the forthcoming &c. &c But white

TO PRINTERS.

Having just placed in our office a new web printing machine, we have for sale several Improved Cottrell Presses. They are in excellent condition, and are equally well adapted for job or newspaper work. Having no further use for them, these presses will be disposed of at a very low figure, and any publisher contemplating such an addition to his plant can get a decided bargain. Correspondence requested.

it is safe to say that the old Chieftain will not bring on the day of trial until the parliament shall have run its course unless he sees good reason for so doing. He has hitherto shown considerable skill in interpreting the signs of the times and we have no reason to suppose that in this respect he has test his former power.

An accident on the railroad running from Calais to Paris, by which at least one man was killed and several persons injured, has brought to notice the imperfect character of the European locomotive as compared with the American. The accident was caused by a hollow iron girder, about twenty feet long and a foot square, having fallen from a freight train so that it lay parallel with the rails, and midway between them. The engine, being destitute of a cow-catcher, butted against the girder, which found its way under the locomotive, and threw it from the track. Describing the accident, one of the passengers said: "I am confident that this catastroplic would have then entirely avoided had the engine bear provided with a proper headlight, and above all, with an American cow-catcher, which, reaching clear across the rails, would have prevented the girder from getting underneath the engine and raising it off the track."

When the rulers disregard the law and those who have to do with its enforcement wink at its violation it should excite no surprise if lawlessness abounds. This serious charge of breaking down the law is made by the temperance people against Lieutenant Governor Royal of the North West Territories, whose indiscriminate issuances of liquor permits is claimed to be nothing less than scandalous, and as being "a perversion of law and authority under which sin and vice are being fostered and encouraged." meeting held in Association Hall, this city, one evening last week so which Hon. J. C. Aikins, ex-Governor of Mamtoba, presided. Mr. F. S. Spence snowed from official records that the permit system as at present, administered is rapidly tending to free trade it liquor. He pointed out that in 1888 the number of permits issued was 44488 in 1859, 5568. In the same two years gallons of liquor imported were respective 56,388 and 151,629. The evil results, contended, were proportionate. "It loas if," he said, "a special effort when he made to break down the profit of which has been doing sormuch." which has been doing somuch is prohibition in name fait lie tice." Now if the facts are Mr. Sponce and other wise had this subject. guilty 3

Truth's Contributors.

RAMBLES IN STALY.

Spezia's Great Arsenal—Carrara's Ancient Marble Quarries.

At this season of the year the hotels in Italy are forsaken by tourists. The porter therefore leans on his desk and sleeps, with an occasional yawn and strotching of the arms to assure houself that the power of movement has not departed. The waiter has a listless and depressed mien, es though thinking of last winter's fees. Three or four of them watch you as you cat, giving one the feeling of being a child under severe surveillance as regards table manners. When you have singled out the most deserving as the recipient of a franc piece, you observe that the others turn away quickly to control their suppressed emotions, while the head waiter eyes you from a distance with a mournful expression which declares that life has no longer any attractions for him. On the other hand, one has the best apartments in the house, dines in solemn state in the great hall, and sleeps in quiet. Besides, one sees Italy in the gorgeous dress of summerand gets nearer to the people than the winter tourist ever can. So I roamed

LAZILY THROUGH THE STREETS of Spezia, and stopped where a house was building. It was to be of five stories. The walls and partitions were of stone laid in mcrtar, as we build cellar foundations. No derrick was used, but all the material was carried up by hand. The men receive from sixty cents to a dollar per day. Their dinner was bread and macarons, with a few figs. They cat meat about twice in the The square opposite the Arades was full of flowers, the red and white oleander predominating. I measured the trunk of one palm, which was seventeen inches in diameter, and there were several more of nearly the same size. The aloe flourishes and the orange lines the street. The delicate and graceful branches of the Cedar of Lebanon stretch out toward you, as though to attract your admiration. The giant sequois, or redwood of California, grows here - if in its native land. A young man of about twenty-five ; cars passed me a minute later, singing with as much unconscious enjoyment as a yellow bird. Many men of that age here have voices like a boy, which show in the high notes no sign of adolescence. This is the native land :: tenors. As I was turning to catch the last tones of the song, my eye caught the figure of a girl in a fruit-store leaning against the wall. The girl was as pretty and as dirty as the most fassidious artist in search of a model could desire. The women here have none of the witchery of their northern sisters, but there is a dreamy,

APPEALING BRACTY beir dark eyes and plaintive expressions. little girls have it like their mothers. wittle further on was a group of dirty little playing under the arcade. I watched I-was convinced of what I suspect--that they were cherube of raped from some picture-gallery. which matched

trolling

-six in

trim

happy.

which are merely of a military character. It is educating the people, and lifting them more than any other agency since the Crusades. It takes the young men at the most impressible age from their country homes, and out of the rauge of their narrow provin cialisms. The transfer from one camp or garrison to another broadens their ideas in the same manner as travel. They are taught promptness of execution and obedi-ence to law. They acquire a scrupulous neatness in dress, a fine soldiery bearing, a chivalrous attitude toward woman, and a self respect which transforms wom from ignorant peasants into intelligent citia ins. As an educational system the army is we th all that it costs. To destroy it at once we ald be like closing all our com.... echools in country districts. There are regions in Italy where in the last generation all the peasan try were either brigands or sympathizers with them. Now they are peaceable because, more than from any other means, the return ed soldiers have

CHANGED PUBLIC SENTIMENT

o that it supports the execution of law, and values the general security and order. The cost was great, for Italy had to provide herself at once with the whole equipment of a first-class power. A hotel manager told me that he paid a license of \$40, then a tax of 23 per cent of the amount of his rent, and then an income tax of 13 58-100 per cent. Yet Italy's advancing rapidly, the towns are growing, and business increases. The people are fend of the Royal family, though the African schomes of the Ministry are not popular. They call it sentimental politics, and say that the great need of the country is internal improvement, and the opening of new markets a... 3 for their products.

On leaving Spezia, I started to visit the marble quarries at Carrara. The road winds beautifully up the hills, so that one obtains continually new views of the Bay, till at last the whole sheet of water is before you, almost locked in by the surrounding mountains. I counted thirteen war-vessels lying at anchor. Some of them, like the Italia and the Lepanto, look very formidable. Spezia is the great navalstation of Italy, and its construction yards cover 150 acres. There are no fields of grass here. All the land is under cultivation with olives, grapes, figs, peaches, plums, pears and Indian corn. The last is planted in rows little more than two feet apart, and seems too thick. The senson of growth must be very long, for while some of the corn has been topped off, and the cars are getting yellow, in other fields the blade is not more than a foot high. The olives are one-third grown, and will not ripen till November. The

OIL FROM THIS REGION is celebrated, and is said to be very easily made. The ripe fruit is ground as we grind apples for cider, and then water is rul through the mash, which carries the oil with This is allowed to settle in tanks, when the oil rises and is skimmed off. I passed a house where heliotrope was growing on the Whole front to the height of the second story. The stems were over an inch thick and were nearly ten years old. The whole wartyard was full of its luxurious perfume. Passing on, I stopped to talk with a man who was working in a vineyard. He told me that he was thirty five years old and received wageto the amount of 30 cents per day. He seldom cats meat or butter. His diet is macaroni and oil with some vege. tables, principally beans. His cottage, which I visited, was comfortable, but dirty. His wife was spinning flax and making the cloth for the use of the family. reced just below the town of Arcola.

rtistic people would ever have seriou and high bluff shaped icounted nine tiers a so steep that the forge. Our farmers

ought to see the economy with which land here is used. Hills are terraced for olives and grapes. In the wet spots orier willows are grown for basket making. On the gravelly knolls figs ore planted. Every place gets its suitable crop, and thus a great diversity of dulture is given. The fields are very differently shaped, and are generally marked off by lines of fruit trees.

At last we arrived at Carrara, and began the ascent of the ravine of Parachine. I was told that 15,009,000 persons were engaged in the marble working, 6,000 of whom are miners. Wages are good, an ordinary workman getting from sixty cents to a dollar per day, and the more skilled carning up to four dollars. The working time is from 5 in the morning till 12, with an 'vur's intermission for breakfast. Many of the more enterprising work for themselves during the after-They are allowed to trim the smallnoon. er blocks, and to sell them on their own account, thereby more than doubling their earnings.

I WAS OBLIGED TO WALK up the whole distance of three miles, as a carriage could not go, and horses were not to be obtained. The road consists of marble, ground to the consistency of flour to a depth of from two to six inches. This would make delightful walking were it not that half way down the foot strikes an unkneaded lump-We were, at a given moment, obliged to turn out of the read for a team loaded with a block of marble. There were ten yoke of oxen harnessed to it. The bleek which they were dra vice measured thirteen feet long, eight feet broad and five feet high. I saw several larger blocks ready for loading. Line wagon was held back by dragging a block one-third as large as the load, which did not improve the road. We met young girls carrying cans of water on their for the teamsters and cattle. They are prid thirty cents per day by the community. They have the usual beauty and dirt, and the same appealing eyes. Above us the great naked crags narble stand up on either side of the gorge. We hear a cry of warning from a slielf 50 feet above us, and we run for the shelter of some protecting crag. While there the guide tells me that last week a man who took shelter from the explosion near him received a stone a foot in diameter on the top of his head, which killed him instantly. Therefore I hug closer to the rock. Now I hear the mighty explosion, its pulsations reverberating through the mountain gorges. Then comes the moment of danger. We hear a rushing sound, as though waters were let loose above, and then comes the stones a thousand feet away. One of them was estimated to weigh twenty tons. It is not strange that accidents occur here weekly. The sun strikes directly down into this ravino, and there is not breath of air stirring. I consequently experience the feeling of the missionaries who were roasted at the cannibal feasts, without the consolation which they had of being basted every few minutes with the gravy, Here is a quarry which was worked 1,500 years ago by the Romans. They had no explosives, and were obliged to drill off the surface rocks with great labor. Now they are hurled down with powder, and squared below. I saw a man opening a new quarry. He was hung down by robes, and was drilling into the perpendicular face of the cliff, with 1,000 feet of sheer precipice below him. Sometimes hinge ato disengaged by their blows and fall down on them. The marble from this ravine is all white. Most of it is slightly smoky, and is called Sicilian, and is used for buildings. Some is cut for statuary, and has a white ness, and lucidity which is unequalled. I tried to break a chip of it with a stone, but it resisted and rung like metal, and I was obliged to use a steel hammer to break it, The quarries in this ravine have been worked

for nearly two thousand years, and it looks

as though they would endure working for a hundred thousand more. Other kinds of marble are found within a few inites, reddish mottled, the black and gold, and other sarts. The foreman of one of the quarries apologized to me when he learned that I was an American, for the primitive means employed. He said that if the mines were in America the workmen would be supplied with derricks and tramways for moving the blocks, and all kinds of labor and life saving appliances. He seemed to have a very high estimate of our ingenuity as a people. the top of the mountain we were overtaken b, a heavy shower. And yet below the dust remained as deep as ever, and the only sign of the tempest was that the streams, which turned the wheels of the sawing and polishing mills and then ran below to irrigate the vinelands and olive groves, flowed fuller than before.

OUR EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

A Valuable Opinion on Their Practical Utility.

Mr. Henry F. Moore, of the Mark Lane Express, Bell's Weekly Messenger, Farmer's Magazine and agricultural writer for the Loudon Times, the other day called upon the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa who subsequently conducted him to the experimental farm.

Speaking of his viest Mr. Moore said he Speaking of his visit Mr. Moore said he was amized at the extent and value of the improvements that had been made at the farm since he visited it two years ago. "Then," he said, "it was as rough as a person would wish tr see; to-day I found it had been brought to wonderful order and is now in such a good state of tilth that in this respect as well as in general appearance it will be no discredit to the older model farms of England. There is, besides, some magnificent stock on the farm. There some magnificent stock on the farm. There is bound to result from the same. some magnificent stock on the farm. There is bound to result from the establishment of these experimental farms an immense deal of good to the country. You will be able to teat by experiments the most suitable kinds of new vegetables and cereals for this country, thus giving the farmers additional eyes and brains for the business in which they are engaged. The great benent of experiments comes from the fact that they are made on the spot, for the lesson of experiments is only valuable when learned to ticy are engaged. The greet beneat of experiments comes from the fact that they are made on the spot, for the lesson of experiment is only valuable when learned in the locality in which it is to be put in practice." Mr. Moore gave a number of reasons, to support his belief in a higher price for wheat this season, among them the shortage of the American and European harvests and the failure of the potato crop in the British Islands. Speaking of the live cattle trade, he hoped, he said, that the people of Canada would be prepared to support the policy of the Government in maintaining the atringency of the regulations in regard to the somission of U. S. cattle. In no other way could the advantages now enjoyed by Cauadian cattle exporters in England be resintained. The British farmers are favorable to the importation of Canadian cattle, which are landed alive and fattened on English pastures with the aid of English on English pastures with the aid of English capital.

apital.

Asked if the substitution of Ladoga, or Asked if the substitution of Ladoga, or any carlier ripening variety of wheat, would depreciate the superior price now obtained for Manitoba wheat in England, Mr. Moore said not. Canadian wheat is valued for its hardness. That quality is not found in the same red fyfe wheat grown in England, it is given to it by the peculiar soil and climate conditions of the North-west country and of course any other variety would acquire in Manitola that valuable quality of hardness, just as the red fyfe has done. The Ladoga, or a new variety—the Anglo-Canadian—the latter recently obtained in England by experiment, would attain under the conditions that obtain in Canada the hardness that makes your wheat invaluable to English millers since the introduction of the roller process.

Unfeeling Man.

"When you ask your husband for money and he refuses, you what do you do?"

"I go without."

"I saw in the papers the other day that when smiles and cajolicy failed to more a husband tears would, and I tried that method."

"With what success?"
"He told me to dry up."

Dr. Carver, the shooter and "Wild America" proprietor, beat his own record at Berlin, Germany, by 4 minutes and 20 seconds, by breaking 1,000 glass balls with a rifle in exactly 34 minutes. The shooting took place in the presence of 30,000 people.

THE ORIGINAL PATAGONIANS.

What E plorer singellan Found on his First Visit to Them.

Magellan's first American port, writes Edward Eyerct Halo in the August Marper's was the Bay of Rio Janeiro, to which he gave the name of Santa Lucia. I had been explored by Loper four years before, and even before that time. There was one Portu gueso trader sottled on an island in the bay, the ploneer settler of the great city which stands there to-day. The whole crow were delighted with the luxuries of the climate and the cordiality of the simple natives. "You can buy six hens for a king of diamonds," says Pigafelta, the amusing historian of the voyage. "They are not Christians, but they are not identered in the resulting historian of the voyage. "They are not Christians, but they are not identered inquiries. After thirteen days spent in this bay the squadron resumed its voyage of discovery.

They looked in at the great estuary of the River La Plata, but Solis, who had lost his life there, had already discovered that this was not a passage to the Pacific Sill coasting southward they sighted and perhaps landed on the Island of Penguins and the Island of Sea Lions, and there were struck by a terrible storm. Not far from these islands, on the shere of the continent, they discovered the Bay of San Julian, and here Magellan letermined to winter.

Magellan made his ships socure at the shore, built a forge and storehouse and some huts for barracks, and established a little observatory, where Andres San Martin determined the latitude at 40 degrees 18 minutes. Longitude in those times they could not well determine.

While they were thus occupied a little party of natives appeared, and after some froudly signalling one or more of them came on board. Magellan directed a sailor to land, and to imitate every gesture of the first who appeared, as a token of friendship. The man setted his part so well that the gentle savage was preparted, and after some frought provided the results of the content of the first as the children's books say, these were "friendly giants." One of the one was the sailors throwing rats overheard an

Not satisfied with this success Magellan ed to make more captives. He directed tried to make more captives. He directed nine of his strongest men to compel two of the Indians to take them to the station where their women were. One of them escaped but the other was subdued after a hard conflict. He consented to lead them to the receive of the true was the true was subdued after a hard conflict. the wives of the two prisoners.

the women heard of their fate of their lords the women heard of their fate of their lords they ultered such screams that they were heard at the ships far away. The Spaniards had such superiority in numbers that they expected the next morning to carry the Indian women and their children on board ship. But meanwhile two Indian men came, who spent the night with them and at day-break the whole party escaped together. In their flight they killed one of the Spaniards with a poisoned arrow. Magellan sent a large party on shore and burned him.

And so they parted—the Spaniards and the Patsgonians. The two giants were separated; one was placed on the Trinidad and the other on the San Antonio. It was from these experiences that Europe took the

the other on the San Antonio. It was nome these experiences that Europe took the notion, which is, perhaps, not yet fully dispelled, that Patagonia was a region of giants.

HE COUNTS HIS STEPS.

The Blind Man's Method of Finding His Way on the Street.

"How does a blind man finds his way?" repeated a sightless instructor of the blind to-a questioner. "A blind mán finds his tay just as you would in total darkness; for you must remember that he is always in the dark. It is as easy for him to get lost in this room as in a forest. Hencomes in, gets turned around and looses his reckoning. He stops and listens. The twitter of a bird through the open window comes to his ear and in a flash he is right again. 'There,' he says, 'is the window, the door is over here,' and he walks straight to it. Blind people are as timid about venturing into a strange place as you would be about going into an unfamiliar cellar in the dark, but after they have been over the ground once or twice they step with confidence, only exercising ordinary care lest some unusual obstacle should have been placed in the way since they last passed. You see blind men making their way to and fro in the streets of overy large city.

"I live in a place of some thousands of population; and overy morning walk a mile to my school and back again in the ovening. I know every step of the way, and have my landmarks, which, to me, indicate the stages of my journey. It is thirty steps from my gate to the nearest crossing and gutter. I step over this, then fifteeen, stopping stones take me to the next gutter on the other side of the street. Then there is a plank walk, three planks wide, for 311 steps. The walk is about two feet higher than the stræt, and people ofte, wonder at seeing me step along it so briskly; but, bless you! I am in no danger I keep on the middle plank, and ean tell by the sound about where I am. I know when I get to a tree which shades the street level, and ten stepping stones keep my feet out of the mud. Then there is a brick walk for twenty-seven steps, and three steps from the end there is a place where the bricks have sunk. Then comes a pavement of flat-stones, and seven steps, and three steps from the cold there is another plank walk, also three beards wide, and when I set my foot on a sp

house to the school without, so far as I remember, giving a thought to my steps

"So every blind man who goes to and fro, in the city or country, can tell exactly how far it is, in his steps, from one point in his route to another, and what are his landmarks by the way. He will also be able by his sense of hearing to give you many particulars of the surroundings that would surprise you. A stone house gives a different echo from brick and the latter from wood, he can always tell when he is under or near trees, and will name the kind of street pavement from the rattle of the vehicles. In his walks he measures the distance by steps, when riding in a carriage, street ear, or railroad, by time. There are watches specially prepared for the blind. The glasses are taken out, and little points mark the hours. By touching the face carefully here and there he will find the time and estimate the distance accordingly. Of course, no blind man likes to go over a new route unattended, but after he has traversed it once he knows every point of importance to him, and could walk over it, as you would say, 'in the dark.'"

AT THE MEROY OF A SAVAGE.

Theilfing Story of Captivity.

M. Edmond Chaudom, a manager of the trading firm of Fabre & Co., at Whydah, who was one of the hostages seized by the King of Dahomey, has upon his return to France communicated to a Paris paper, L'Illustration, the diary of what occurred during the time that he and twelve other Europeans were in captivity M. Chaudoin and his companions were not only the eyewitnesses of some earnoadinary and terrible scenes, but were subjected to such brutal treatment that it is surprising they should have escaped with their lives. The small garrison, consisting of twelve whites (two were missionaries) and eleven Kroomars, were beleagured for some days, and finany, on an assurance that they had nothing to fear from the King, who was much vexed at their lack of confidence in him, they left the factory. No somer had M. Chaudom and his eleven white companions arrived at La Gore than they were made prisoners. After being maltreated by the negroes, and crossexamined by so-called magistrates, they were leaded with the chains used for the slaves. They were then hurried out into a courtyard, where stood

TWO HIDEOUS PETISHES.

and believing that their last hour had come, the two missionaries promised each other that whichever of the two was executed last should give the absolution to the other. Stripped of all they had on, excepting their shirts and drawers, they were chained together in couples and huddled into a small hut, where they passed the night in great suffering, to be brought up a ain the following morning before the tribunal of La Gore. The magistrate, who failed to extract from them any information as to the rumoured landing of French troops at Whydah, allowed their goalers to torture them in court by beating them over the head with large selssors and pinching their cars and nose with tweezers, then ordered them back to the hut. The next day they were allowed to wash and were given some clothes, being told that they would be conducted the same night to Aboney. They did not, however, go further them Allada, where the King was expected, and the night after their arrival they could hear from the place in which they were confined the and believing that their last hour had come,

SHOUTS AND CRIES

which greeted them. The King was seated in the middle of the circle, beneath a thatched roof which protected his throne from the sun, with his wives and familiars grouped around him. The prisoners were brought before him and made to prostrate themselves, and the King having said something which they did not understand, they were taken back to their prison. But soon afterwards their fetters were all rentoved. They were told they must write a letter to their King in France, ask him to suspend hostilities, and assure him that the King of Dahomey was the freind of France, and this war the work of Lieutenant Bayol. M. Chaudoin and his companions, of course, promised to write to the "King of France," as desired, and the next day they were again chained, and taken to Alomey, in the rear of the army which followed the King to his capital. When they reached the gates of the town the first objects which met their gaze were four large earthenware pots, from which rose

and which emitted a most nauseous smell. These pots contained the heads of four French sharp-shooters who had been killed at Kotonou, the heads, which were in an advanced state of decomposition, having been sent up as a present to the King. The prisoners were not accorded a second audience of the King until the 2nd of May, after some emissaries sent to the coast in order to treat for an exchange of prisoners had returned. The audience took place at three in the morning, and the King was smoking a gilt pipe, and had around him five hand-some negresses, who were very produgal in a gilt pipe, and liad around him five handsome negresses, who were very prodigal in
their attentions to him. The captives were
told to sit down, two on each chair, and in
this uncomfortable position they listened to
his speech. He asked them to write to the
"King of France" and advise him to have
Bayel's head brought to him as a peace offering, and to release the negro authorities of
Kotonou. The letter was accordingly written, and addressed by the King of Dahombyhimself to "King Carnot," after which the
monarch declared that the Frenchisch is
free to return to Whydah. The P
Governor took them under hi
the fort until they emberk
thankful to have assapped. Adams' Tutti Erayl

preserve the teath, is delicious to a sand Confections.

The British Harvest.

The British Barvest.

In the London Times of August the 15th instant appears the annual review of the result of the British harvest, from the pen of Mr. F. Moore, editor of the Mark Lane Express, who is at present on a visit to Canada. He places the crop at 23.50 bushels per acro, on some 2,530,000 acres, giving a yield of 72,105,000 bushels, or about 9,000,000 quarters. The yield is considerably below the average, owing to the prelonged wet season in June and July, the yield being 3,700,000 bushels less than last year, and 10,000,000 below that of 1884. Deducting the reserve for seeding purposes, the quantity available for the home supply will not exceed 3,380,000 quarters, and as 27,000,000 quarters are required Great Britain will be dependent on foreign supplies for 19,000,000 quarters are required Great Britain will be dependent on foreign supplies for 19,000,000 quarters are required Great Britain will be dependent on foreign supplies for 19,000,000 quarters are required Great Britain will be dependent on foreign supplies for 19,000,000 quarters are likely to obtain for their wheat this year. The total wheat crop of Europe is placed at 155,700,000 quarters, of which France will contribute 35,000,000 quarters, Russia 30,000,000 quarters, but as the consumption of Europe reaches 175,000,000 quarters, there will remain a deficiency of 10,300,000 quarters or 154,400,000 bushels to be made good by the United States, Canada, India, Australia and South America. Statistics gathered by the Hungarian ministry of agriculture place the wheat harvest of the world t 725,000,000 hectolitres. The Minister of Agriculture, in his report, lays stress upon the fact their import demand is estimated at 148,000,000 hectolitres. The Minister of Agriculture, in his report, lays stress upon the fact their import demand is estimated at 148,000,000 hectolitres. The Minister of Agriculture, in his report, lays stress upon the fact that, owing to the small quantity required. The crop in that country is estimated by competent authority about 50,000,000 bushels have been carried forward from the last crop year, giving an available supply of 455,000,000. The home consumption will absorb, at least, 300,000,000, and some 68,00,,000 bushels are required for seed and the mechanical arts, leaving available for export nominally 87,000,000 but as the reserve stock nover falls below 20,000,000 bushels, the actual amount to be sent abroad can hardly exceed 70,000,000 bushels. In view of this situation there seems no reason to doubt that the recent advance in wheat will be maintained, and that the farmers of Canada will enjoy the blessing of both a large and valuable crop.

An Extraordinary Phenomenon.

An Extraordinary Phenomenon. A correspondent of the Manchester Examiner wrote from Chorlton on August 8, callingattention to "the magnificent phenonmenon of Tuesday night last (5th inst.), which appeared in the northern leavens. Returning from the direction of Chorlton Green towards Koppel Road, one's eye with a magic spell by one of the most beautiful sights ever witnessed. I have had the pleasure of seeing a goodly-number of heavenly or solar sights, by if any, surpassing this one. The object mast surely have been more than merenothing destinations of the Triangle of the Pointers, bust with a wide of variously coloured sparks, leavenly of variously coloured sparks, leavenly of the Pointers, bust with a wide of variously coloured sparks, leavenly the distance pointer to the other—a stream of the Colour and resembling stars often called the Whuter's Godle, part of stellation, ston, at that I the with The correspondent of the Manchester Ex

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[Now First Published]

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

BY FRANK BARRETT.

Author of "Fittered for Life," "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXL

MRS. BLOUNT.

One day when Ness land so far recovered that she could sit up in bed with a little help, and even change her position without pain, she awoke out of her afternoon sleep to find a stranger seated at her bedside in the place usually occupied by Miss Arnold. The stranger was a stout, motherly old lady, with a cap and French curls of white, silvery hair, a fresh complexion, a good-natured expression, and a pair of spectules resting on the tip of her nose. She was knitting, and her lips were firmly compressed, giving a certain naracter of decision to the lower part of her face, in protest to the lines about the tain naracter of decision to the lower part of her face, in protest to the lines about the eyes, which denoted a tendency to mirth and laxity. A soft, white kerchief round her throat, fastened with an aque miniature brooch, set round with pearls, and a black silk dress, showed that she was by no means a common sort of person, even if her face and French curls had not proved the fact.

face and French curls had not proved the fact.

After taking half a dozen stitches she glanced round at Nessa, and seeing the girl's eyes wide open, and fixed upon her, her lips expanded and her eyes puckered up in a kindly smile as she nodded and said, "Goodafternoon, my dear."

"Goodafternoon," said Nessa.

"Now I daresay you wonder who I am, and how I came here, and all the rest of it," said the old lady, laying down her work and taking off her spectacles, with her eyes very tightly screwed up. "Well, my name is Blonnt—and blunt's my nature." She shook her carls and assumed an expression that seemed to say, "Do not make a mistake and think I'm ("sasy going, soft-speaking old woman"—"and I've come here to take care of you while. Miss Grace gets a little rest

woman"—"and I've come here to take care of you while Miss Grace gets a little rest and exercise and fresh air. And now fust of all, what do you want my dear?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Then let me turn your pillow. Don't be afraid. I've had children of my own, and if my heart is a little bit tough my hand is tender enough. Now, how's that lovey?"

"Oh, that is very comfortable indeed, thank you."

"Oh, that is very comfortable indeed, thank you."
The old lady gave a nod-of, approval, as she stood with her hands folded before her ample person, looking down on Nessa.
"You have a very pretty voice, and I'm glad to see that you have very pretty manners also," she said, with a certain degree of patronage in her tone. "Now, would you like me to go on with my knitting, or would you like me to talk to you? I would offer to read something, but my sight is getting uncommonly short."
"If you could knit and talk at the same time," suggested Nessa.

"If you could knit and talk at the same time," suggested Nessa.

That's a very sensible idea," said the old lady, screwing up her eyes again to put on glasses. "Do you know, I'm most agree'ble surprised in you," she added, turning her face to Nessa as she adjusted her needles. "Iknow what you were, you know." She raised her knitting and shook her curls as a warning that she was about to be extremely blow. You were horse-rider in a sukkus, lear boy. Mr. Sweyn, told me so, it could hardly believe it when I see hee, honest eyes open, and here your and see how prettily you behave it said if they hadn't told me who had you were when I nussed diffed me, even when I nussed the and children are little to hearts!—there, I never diffet youwereanything lady them and bred." 19 circus may

"Ah, she s an angel, she is," pursued the old lady, with a slow shake of the head over her knitting; "and I suppose we ought to be grateful she is such; but I can't help wishing at times that she would go a pleasurin,' like other young ladies, and take a little more care of herself than she does of others. Has she told you of this new scheme of hers, my dear?" dropping her voice to a discreet undertone.

'Not yet," Nessa said.

"Not yet," Nessa said.

"No more she has me. She's one of those who don't like to be praised, or even to let people know of the good they do. It's something to do with young women like you—massing, or something—I don't know exactly; but, anyhow, it means that she's going to give her time and her fortune to doing good to others. Well, she can't spend her money better, I suppose, than in such work; but I do hope she won't sacrifice health and happiness as well. A dearer gal never lived—nor a sweet, nor a prettier, to my mind; and it deem a pity—though I suppose I ought not to say so—that she can't be content to marry, and have a nice large family, and servants, and gard as, and all the pleasures of life. How is she to keep her husband comfortable, and look at er her dear little children when they come, and enjoy herself going to operas, and Crystal Palaces, and wax-works, and the South of France in the winter a she's got all these.

— Mrs. Blount hesitated a moment between the dictates of high principle and womanly feeling and then leving the latter take its sway, she added, in a tone of deep exasperation—"these horidhospitals and things on her mind?"

"Miss Arnold is engaged to Dr. Meredith,

her mind?'

techng and then leving the inter two-tas sway, she added, in a tone of deep exasperation—"these hor-tidhospitals and things on her mind?"

"Miss Arnold is engaged to Dr. Meredith, is she not?" Nessa asked, with a pardonable curiosity in that subject which will render the most prudent young lady indiscreet.

Mrs. Blount turned round and nodded vigorously, with a significant wink and a becoming smile.

"Yes, my dear," she said in a confidential whisper: "you may say they've been engaged ever since they left off pirafores. They're bound to marry; and it's high time they were, for my boy, Mr. Swoyn—I call him my boy because I nussed him when he was quite a babe; and so I did my dear Miss Grace likewise, the families being related, you understand—well Sweyn is thirty-two, and Grace is seven-and-twenty come May; and so, as I say, it's high time they married. But, you see, she is very rich, and he is very poor, his practice bringing him in next to nothing, and I suppose he would like to feel a little easier before he marries. For he's a rare manly fellow, as you must have seen; and I think it would fret him to keep up a position suitable to his wife's bringing not her money. There, that I think, is the secret of his standing off so long. Though there's no nonsense about him, you know, lovey. He's been to sea as a surgeon, and that makes a man manly. Still, he's got his delicate feelings, being as well born and bred as any gentleman in England. How ever, it will come all right in the end, I'll be bound; and I warrant it will be the saving and the making of my dear gal Miss Grace. For though he is a doctor, and appears to agree with all your new fangled notions about women going out to these lepra, and Primrose Leagues, and one thing and 'nother, I don't believe when they're married that he'll hold with his wife sitting up all night in a hospital and leaving him to take care of the baby. And you may be suro of this, my ducky, that if he don't like it she won't do it. If a husband is strong and manly, as he ought to be,

"Hear Miss Arnoll has been sacrineing level felt me," said Nessa, after a pause. Sheritar, my dear," replied Mrs. Blainfals with a most decided nod. the sacrineing of the most decided herself up for your sake. The major of the most decided herself up for your sake. hen gaves you've needed reeigns be she has watched reeigns be the have gone away tome; and not danger."

ondering. "She

now. I might be the most undeserving creature in the world,"

now. I might be the most undeserving creature in the world."

"That wouldn't make a pin of difference to her; except that I believe she would care more tenderly for you if she thought all the world despised you—bless her dear heart!" The old lady's voice trembled, and laying down her knitting she raised for glasses, and wiped away a tear. "It isn't a craze with her. She's not one of those poor miserable creatures in an everlasting fidget about their souls—like a neighbor of mine, with about sixpenn'orth of furni ure in his liouse, who can't rest o' right for fear of being burned out—who do right because it's a duty. Her goodness comes natural, and is owing to nothing but the loving kindness of her heart; and there's not a bit of fear or selfishness in it—that there ain't."

With these words Mrs. Blount took her knitting, and picking up a stitch went on in her confidential and less-emotional tone.

"She's not strong, you know, my dear, bodily; it's her untiring spirit that keeps her up, and leads her on to do things she ought never have sent for me to help her, but just kept watching you day ani! night

her up, and leads her on to do things she ought never to attempt. Lord bless you she'd never have sent for me to help her, but just kept watching you day and night till she dropped if Mr. Sweyn had not seen that she was overdoing it. He wrote to the telling me all about it—for I live at Brixton, which fa'n tidy way off; and you may be sure I didn't take long to consider how I should answer his letter. Off I came by the very first train this morning, and now I am here I mean to stay till you don't want any morn nussing."

"Oh, I hope Miss Arnold is not very ill," said Nessa, repreaching herself for not having noticed any change in her friend's appearance.

ing noticed any change in her friend's appearance.

"She's not ill, dear. I should hope Mr. Sweyn loves her too well to lot it come to such a pass'as that. But sho would have worked herself ill if he had let her. Sho isn't ill. She won't allow that she is fatigued even, though the glass would show her that he her paleness and the dark lines under her eyes. She only needs rest, fresh air, and shat she can get now I'm here. They're gone for a drive together, and I assure you she looked better the very moment she got out of doors, and wonderful pretty too, with her line eyes sparkling and happiness in her face as she sat beside that fine, bug, handsome boy of mine, as I must call him. And, between you and me, lovey, going out with her sweetheart, and having him all to herself, will do her just as much good as the fresh air and the exercise."

"I am very glad of that. It must make one feel very happy to have the dearest friend in the world to one's self."

"To be sure it does; and it makes even an old, old woman like me happy to see two

"To be sure it does; and it makes even an old, old woman like me happy to see two mee, young people sweethearting honestly too. And now, as I look at you with that sadness in your face, I shouldn't wonder if your're pining for some handsome young gentlemen that you haven't seen all these weeks."

weeks."
"No," said Nessa, quietly.
"Sure-ly you've got a sweetheart, dearie.
I mean one that you like better than all the

"No. There is not one that I care for more than another. Not one that I care for at all in that way—as Miss Arnold cares for Dr. Meredith, for example."

"Then you ought to have, my dear, said Mrs. Blount, emphatically. "Why, every young woman of your ago ought to have a sweetheart. What have you been thinking

"Why, I suppose I have been thinkn, a very much about something else" Nosa inswered, with a smile, thinking of passion the delight she found in the area. But the answered, with a smile, thinking of passion ate delight she found in the area. But the smile died away quickly, and a heavy load seemed to press upon her heart. "I must not think of that," she said to herself, attributing the depression to a before-felt premonition that she should never return to the International. Still that weight lay upon her heart when she turned her thoughts to her friends, Grace Arnold and Sweyn Meredith, and pictured them together in the sunshine, happy in their inutual love.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ear of Corn.

A farmer went with his little son into the A farmer went with ms inthe son into the field one day to see if the corn were ripe. "See, father," said the boy, "how high these cars hold their heads, they are surely ripe, but these than low down almost to the ground must be bod."

The father picked two ears and said:
"Foolisi child, look here. These cars that
hold their heads so proudly are dry and
withered, these that bow down are the finest
corn." corn.

When the head is held too high The brains inside are poor and dry.

Biternry and Art Aotes.

After all that has been said on the subject of alcoholic liquers in relation to the numan body it is not easy for any person to invent anything new or striking. This, however, is the ambitious task which Rev. George Lurcher, Buffulo Plains, N. Y., sets for himself in "Handeuffs for Alcoholism," and which he has accomplished with very great success. Starting out with a discussion of the component elements of alcohol he considers in order the effect of alcohol upon the blood, upon the liver, upon mutrigreat success. Starting out with a discussion of the component elements of alcohol he considers in order the effect of alcohol upon the blood, upon the liver, upon matrition, etc., etc. The work aviness a thorough familiarity with the latest conclusions of science which are set forth in such terms and illustrated by such incidents as render them perfectly intelligible to the most unskilled reader. Though the arguments advanced in support of some on the positions taken, e. g. the substantial identity of carbonic acid and fever poison, may not be considered absolutely convincing by all, the general teaching of the book is unquestionably in harmony with the most modern scientific facts. No one can carefully read "Hand Cuffs For Alcoholism" without feeling that alcoholic liquors are a dead enemy to the human body. The book is calculated to do much good, especially among Father Lurche's co-religionists. It is a defect of this work intended for general circulation that its author should have undertaken to land the Catholicchurch and clergy as he does in the introduction, where he claims that "her clergy are the most invincible moral phalan on earth." Such stattments, which have no vital connection with the subject in hand, will projudice many readers from giving to the work that careful atte tion its merits demand. But notwith ding this defect the book must be classed among the best popular works on the subject that have yet appeared.

No man living is botter qualified to give to the world a biographical sketch of General Grant, the hero of the late American Civil War, than George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, who for more than twenty years lived on terms of the greatest intimacy with, this peerless 2 merican citizen. A full drawn portrait from Childs' pen would be a literary treasure. But though failing to give any elaborate account of his friend, Mr. Childs has not been altogether remiss. Within the mast few weeks he has sent out a modest claborate account of his friend, Mr. Childs has not been altogether remiss. Within the past few weeks he has sent out a modest little volume of 100 pages, containing a number of "recollections" of his regal friend. The story is told in a manner most interesting. The reader is fascinated from the beginning, and he will needs have pressing duties if having once begun to read he lays down the book before the tale is finished. Everybody eight to read these "recollections" which illustrate in many ways the statement found in the opening paragraph that "in his (Gen. Grant's) life the qualities were conspicuously revealed—justice, kindness and firmness."

A Unirassier Runs Amuck.

"I must slay three or four toot soldiers !" exclaimed a cuirasier named Lefrance, as with some of his comrades in the same regiment he stopps Croison, an inoffensive fantasin, in the streets of Angers, in which their respective corps were quartered on the occaing of the National Fete. Suiting the action to the word Lefrance drew his sabra and ing of the National Fete. Suching the activate to the word Lefrance drew his sabre and proceeded to attack the infantryman, who, parrying his thrusts with his bayonet as best be could, drove nearly the whole of the weapon into his adversary's side. The cuircassier recled, and then fell downdead. Croissier recled, and then fell downdead. Croissier recled, and then fell downdead. assier recled, and then fell downdead. Croison returned quietly to his barracks, where he was put under arrest in the course of the night. He has just been tried by court-martial. His officers gave him an excellent character, and he himself declared that he much regretted what he had done, but added that his life was a take. It was uscertained that the cuirassier haddready thrashed a foot soldier belonging to another regimen t on thatsame evening, and Croison was acquitted, the court arriving at the conclusion that he had simply acted in self-defense and had had no intention of killing his opponent outright. French soldiers always go out with their sidearms, and their conduct is, as a rule, so steady and orderly that only on rare rule, so steady and orderly that only on rare and exceptional occasions like the one just cited do they make a bad, or rather any, use of their weapons.

Read on publisher's page particulars of a

Faith may move mountains, but one hasn ;

Tath may nove mountains, but one anapamoved in this country for a long time now.

Voice Culture.—Adams' Tatti Frutti Gum improves the voice. Used by the leading singers and actors. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5 cents.

Tit-Bits.

A Victory Won Too Late.

A Victory Won Too Late.

A wholesule house sent an agent into one of the northern counties the other day to investigate and report on the failure of a dry goods man whose assets were below zero. The bankrupt was perfectly willing to explain how it all happened.

"You see," he said, "I got married about two years ago. Up to that time the postmaster and his wife had been at the head of society here and run the ranch. He had the only swallow tailed coat and she the only silk dress in the town."

"I see."

"We had to make a lead for the head

"I see."
"Ye had to make a lead for the head and Y hought my wife a twelve dollar bonnet and a diamond ring."
"Yes."

"Yes."
"The postmaster responded by buying his wife a broucho pony and a pair of diamond carrings."
"Yes."
"Yes."

"Then I subscribed \$200 to a new church, gave two lawn parties and bought a top carriage and a pacer."
"Yes."

" He came up smilingly with a new brick house, a progressive euchro party and gave \$250 to the leathens of Africa."

"I see."

"Well I had gone in to smash him or lose a lung and so I pledged myself for the preacher's salary for a year, lost \$\footnote{0.00}\$ on deal in wheat, kept two hired girls, bought three Persian rugs, backed a barber shop, took a half interest in our home newspaper and presented every church in town with a bell."

That must have laid him."

"It did. He threw aphis hands and sur-rendered; but when you fellows in Detroit drew on me at three days' sight I was dish-ed. I'm sorry it happened, but you can't blame me. If that posumaster hadn't made a fool of himself I'd have been able to pay one hundred and fifty cents on the dollar."

He Had Been Wasting Valuable Time.

He Had Been Wasting Valuable Time.

"I hope, Mary," hesaid, gently, "tho suddenness and intensity of my love will not come upon you like a shock. Possibly." Lo continued, still more gently and taking her hand with respectful tenderness, "you are not prepared for this avowal. The language of passion may be new to you. Am I the firstman, my dear, timid littlegirl, to address you in this way?"

"No, Horace," she replied, "I have never spoken of my past life, because there are portions of it full of pain and sadness. But I was beloved once by as good a man as the sun ever shone on. He is dead now, but during the short year of our married life..."

I was beloved once by as good a man as the sun ever shone on. He is dead now, but during the short year of our married life—" "You are a widow, then. Mary?" "Yes, Horace, I—why, Horace, dear?" For the young man had strained her to his heart with a force that took her breath away. He had been wasting valuable time.

Papa Getting in His Work.

"Ethelinda, darling," murmured the en-"Ethelinda, darling," murmured the enraptured young man, "this is the happiest moment of my life. I came here this evening hoping yet fearing. I could not put it off any lo ger. I felt that I must know my fate. The suspense was killing me. But now—I swear it by this lovely head resting so confidingly on my shoulder, by this kiss on your sweet lips, I but what was that clicking noise I heard just then?"

"Nothing, Walter, nothing but papa. He'sa lawyer, you know, but he amuses himself with all sorts of queer fads. He's practicing on us with his Kodak. Go on, Walter, dear What were you about to swear?"

He Was a Little Off.

Old Gentleman "You haven't been quarreling with that young man who calls on you, have you, Julia!"

Julia - "Why, no, pa; why do you ask such a question?"

Old Gentleman—"I noticed that he has kept away somewhat lately. Ho has only been here any times this week so far."—[Boston Hereld.] been here at ton Herald.

Trapped Again.

"Were you ever in love before, Edwin?"
"Great Casar," he cried in arguish, "and I nover to be free of that awfrequestion?"
"And what is strange about it?"
"All the girls I ever loved have asked it and when I tell them yes, they answer they wouldn't have thought it from the way I acted. And now you are laying wires to ring in the same old conundrum."

Mr. Bowser Demonstrates the Theory of Epontaneous Combustion.

Soon after suppor the other evening Mr. owser slipped up stairs, and as his actionoked very mysterious to me I followed in. I found him overhauling the clothes

min. I found him overhaining the clothes basket.

"Mrs. Bowser," he bogan by way of explanation, "do you know that we have had a close call—a dozen close calls from being burned alive in our beds?"

"Lands, no! What do you mean?"

"I mean that there hasn't been an hour in the twenty four since ve moved into this house that it was not itable to take fire. In other words, we have been slumbering on the edge of a volcane."

"Why, Mr. Bowser?"

"Nothing but the hand of Providence has prevented a great disaster," he continued, as he dumped the last of the clothes out of the hamper.

hamper. "But what has that hamper to do with

"Everything. Mrs. Bowser, did you ever hear of spontaneous combustion?"
"Of course."
ell, there hasn't been a day that all

the ciments necessary to spontaneous com-bustion haven't been present in this hamper; also in various other places in this house. I shudder over our narrow.escape.

"You—you haven't gone, and got another fire-escape, have you?"
"There you go! Always ready to throw up something I suppose you'll call this a notion of mine?"
"When here

notion of mine?"

"What has spontaneous combustion got to do with our clothes hamper?"

"Everything. Here are the elements right here to stirt a fire. Here are cotton, we's and silk crowded together in a temperature of at lee*thinety degrees. Nothing could be more favorable."

"I don't believe it!"

"What! What!" shouted Mr. Bowser, belding up a pillow slick in one hand and

"What! What!" shouted Mr. Bowser, holding up a pillow-slipein one hand and one of baby's stockings in the other. "You don't believe in spontaneous combustion!"

"Under certain conditions, yes, but hose conditions cannot be found here. some one has been working on your imagina-

tion."

"Oh! They have! On my imagination!" he softly whispered. "When every scientist and scientific publication believes in spontaneous combustion—when it is practically dem instrated every day in the year—when it is a fact as well known as that a horse has teeth, you staid there and tell me that I' been played on! Mrs. Bowser, will you have the kindness to go down stairs!"

I went down, and he took every article Twent down, and no took every article from the hamper and spread them out on the floor. Then he went through every clothes closet and bureau drawer, and it was fully two hours before he came down and heaved a great sigh of relicf, and said:

"There! We shall not be burned alive—not to night!"

"There ! We shall not be builted and to night!"

"There was no danger," I replied.

"There wasn't, ch! Mrs. Bowser, I—I—"
His emotion overcame him and I got opportunity to say:
"Why don't other people's houses burn

up through spontaneous combustion

No answer.

No answer.

I haven't seen anything in the papers about a clothes hamper explosion."

Mr. Howser gritted his teeth.

"If it has got to that pass that the sheets off the spare hell can't come in contact with the baby's stockings without striking fire, we'd better fill the cellar with tin boxes." tin boxes."
Mr. Bowser kicked at the cat, but missed

Mr. Bowser Kicken at the eat, our mossible by two feet.

"But there'll be a fire, of course. You have overlooked an old vest somewhere, and it will get down off its hook and walk over to one of your shoesand arrange for a bonfire. I shant sleep a wink it-right."

Mr. Bowser eircled around the room three times with great dignity and then went off to bed. When he was out of the way I went t and had a talk with the cook. The result was that we brought an iron kettle into the front hall, got out some cotton batting, and as I went upstairs she whispered to me:

ing, and as I went upstairs she whispered to me:

"I understand ma'am. In exactly half an hour I'm to touch a' off."

sir. Lowser was in bed, and though I spoke about the cool wave, haby's cold and other things, he had nothing to say. I wasn't hart, however. I got into bed and waited. It wasn't over ten minutes until the odor of burning cotton was plain enough in the room, and I sat up and gave Mr. Bowser a dig and asked:
"Don't you smell smoke?"

"Smoke!" he shouted after a sniff or two. "I smell fire."

"Perhaps the cook lighted the gas with paper."

Perhaps the confounded house is afire! (he jumps out of bed) of course it is! (he goes to the door). She's all ablaze down stairs! Fire! Fire!"

Fire! Fire!"

"The lxby!" I shouted as he danced around, but he was gone, carrying his pantaloous and one shoe under his arm. He ran down the half shouting "Fire!" at the top of his voice, came back and grabbed his necktic and shouted again, and the next I heard of him he was in the front of the house yelling like an Indian. Half adozen men were going by on their way home from some sort of convention, and they rushed into the house and soon located the fire. I heard Mr. Bowser telling them that he had long expected it and that he had the most careless wife in the world and that he hadn't slopt sound for three months, and then there was a pause. They had found the kettle with the smoking cotton.

ing cotton.

I didn't hear Mr. Bowser laughing with the rest. Perhaps he tried to and it was a failure. It took all the rest of the beer in failure. It took all the rest of the beer in the case to get the mon out and they also ate up all the cheese and crackers, but when they had gone Mr. Bowser came up stairs. He struck every step with the tread of a Roman Emperor. Baby and I were in bed and apparently sound asleep. He came in, walked twice around the room with his hands under his coat-tails and then loomed up over the bed and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I have come to kiss my child good-by before I go."
I didn't say anything.

"Mrs. Bowser, I shall take the child with me!"

me!"

I didn't answer.

"Mrs. Bowser!"

At that moment the cook came down the hall and asked who was there.

"It's I," answered Mr. Bowser.

"And what are you doing?"

"N-nothing."

"Then you'd better he in bed and let the neor missus and baby and me get a few poor missus and baby and me got a few winks of sleep. Such a house! Such carryings on! Such spontaneous combustuous kick-up-a-fustabus! I give you notice, sir, that I quit me place before the dishes are washed in the morning!"
She went off to bed and Mr. Howser made

two more circles of the room, kicked the footstool under the bed and then crept into his accustomed place and was snoring away in the usual manner in less than fifteen minutes. - [Detroit Free Press.

A Moonlight Sonata.

Young man (with young lady on his arm)

"Can you tell me the way to Maple street,
sir?"

"Young lady—"And please, sir, will you
tell us the longest way, around, because we
are in no hurry at all, sir."

A Wise Girl.

Sunday School Teacher-"Miss Fanny

Sanday School Teacher—"Miss Fanny, what are we to learn from the parable of the wise and foolish virgins?"

Miss Fanny (aged ten years)—"That we are always to be on the lookout for the corring of the bridegroom." [Texas Siftings.

The Flowers of Social Intercourse.

Wife I'm writing to Mrs. Van Cortlandt Lake, dear, shall I put in any word from

you?

Husband -That woman makes me deadly tired. Give her my kindest regards, of

As Good As Caught in the Act.

Pat (after his first dip in the surf)-Say,

Pat (after his first dip in the surif—say, Mike!
Mike—Hello, Pat!
Pat = W had dye tink de bloody Dutchman dat kapes de hotil's bin doin'?
Mike—Shure oi dunno.
Pat - He's salted the water for to mek us dhrink his beer.

A Great Invention.

"Steam is a great thing," remarked a French travel'er i.. a railway carriage to his

risaris.

"So it is," was the reply; "Lywo my fortune to it."

"Monsieur is manager of a compination of the compination of the

"No."

"An engineer, perhaps?"

"No. I have lost a nule the tives by railroad these the their coin."

of leprofitations with their coin."

Like a large with think of the warm wether their coin. term to it.

Working the Patriotic Racket.

A man wearing a number of badges wend into a Chicago saloon kept by a German, and calling the proprietor said: "I had come in here to take a drink at your b v, but I have discovered that I should not patentize you."

ronizo you."
"Vell, how yas dot?"

ronize yon."

"Vell, how yas dot?"

"Recause, upon looking round after coming in, I see that you have an awning made in imitation of the flag of my country. It is a shanne, sir, a miscrable shame. I fought for that flag, fought for it while you were dong the work of a slave in an oppressed empire. I stood in trenches knee deep in water watching for the enemy while you occupied a bed of straw in your master's stable. Now you come to this blessed country where there is no oppression, no slavery, and, with the freedom which wo grant you, get money enough to start a saloon; and how do you repay this country for the chance it has given you? The first thing you do is to take the blessed emblem of the republic and use it for an awning. I say it is a shame, and furthermore, I say that you are an ingrate—a man that has no heart of appreciation."

The German was staggered. "Vy, mein frient, I no thought me of dot. I don'd wander brink de vlag of de goundry in disgrace."

"But you have done it. Look at that

graze."
"But you have done it. Look at that

"How can I hole it?" How can I help it?"

"How can I help it?"

"I dell you You haf sumedings mit me—bottle wine."

"Well, as you seem to be penitent, I guess I'll join you."

After the fellow had gone the German stood for a time with his elbows on the bar, and then musing said: "I do belief dot man haf made a fool of myself."—[Arkansaw raveller. raveller. T

An Observant Youth.

"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy. "You must bring an excuse, said the teach-

er. "Who from ?"

"Your father."

"Ho ain't no good at makin' excuses. Ma catches him every time."

An Uncle to Look Like.

"We have decided that baby looks like Uncle Joseph," said the happy manma. "Why, Joseph is as ugly as a mud fence." "Yes; but he is worth \$2,000,000."

That is So.

Mrs. Gazzam—God made an excellent fish when he made the shad!
Gazzam—Yes, but you can't say that he made no bones about it.

Don't Want Any Conscience in His.

"Can you recommend me to an artist who

can make a picture of my hotel?"

"Yes, try Smithkins. He's a straightforward conscientions fellow."

"Then he won't do. The hotel is on a side street. I want a picture of it facing the square, with four-horse omnibuses and barouches passing up and down."

Couldn't Preserve the Peace.

THE OTHER MAN'S WIFE.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER

AUTHOR OF "BOOTLES' RABY," "BEAUTIFUL JIM," "BUTTONS," "DINNA FORGET," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER J.

EDWARD, BY PIVINE PROVIDENCE.

"We must all die, and not the old alone, The young have no exemption from that doom.",

The chill of each reigned over the Bishop's house Episcopal Palace at Blank-hampton, the awe of a great change had fallen over the old city. For on the previous day, Edward by Divine Providence, Lord Bishop of the Diocese, had been carried to his last long home in the Cloisters of his Cathelral Church.

The townstolk had scarce as the beginning

Bishop of the Diocese, had been carried to his last long home in the Cloisters of his Cathedral Church.

The townstolk had scarce as yet begun to wonder who would be the new lishop. They were full of the quiet scholarly graces of the departed prelate—they had forgotten how often they had blamed him for not having been more prominent among them, for being so gentle, so full of humility and all those meek qualities which, as a kind of sop to our consciences, we make a point of attributing to Christ, and which almost universally we utterly despise in the man! Yes, they had forgotten all the irritations, the petty irritations of the past; their spiritual head, sanctified by great sufferings had become to them a dear saint in glory, whose blameless life among them would be a bright beacon to guide them on that dark road which we must all tread one day.

Perhaps there is no irony so caustic as the irony of events! A great spiritual lord was looming in the distance, the not far distance, who would be in most things what the good folk of Blankhampton had wished in him who had just left them; a heavy-jowled man of great dignity of bearing, ponderous and arregant, a patron of Christianity rather than a servant of Christ; a man who would make a rule of being prominent among his people, who would so their superior in things of earth as well as in things of heaven, a man who would seldom try to be affable and if he did would invariably make all beholvers wish fervently that he would not, a man of the world worldly, a Bishop of Society, not the society of his own See but that portion of the world which is called the "Upper Ten Thousand," and is commonly speit with a capital S.

As yet, lowever, Blankhampton was untroubled by the personal attributes of Bi-

Thousand, and is commonly spelt with a capital S.

As yet, however, Blankhampton was untroubled by the personal attributes of Bishops still to come; it mourned him who was just gone, and over the Falaco where he had held gentle sway during nearly fifteen happy and peaceful years there still hung the dim shadow of his departed presence, a cloud of mourning and woo.

It was not generally known that Bishop Trover, as already they had begun to call him, had a very romantic history. The little world of Blankhampton knew that he had been called early to the dignity of the Bench, that he had married a lady of title immediately on his taking up his new office, a judy who had once been beautiful and young but who was then some five or six and thirty years old. They had seemed very happy years old. They had seemed very happy together and after two years Lady Constance bore her lord a son, and in giving birth to the child her own meek and gentle life had vears old. ipped away.
The child flourished and throve apace:

he nurse who had charge of him was in the nurse who had charge of him was in the nurse who had charge and the gov-mes by a tutor, and when Jack Ireby a tator, and when Jack Tre-rais a little over twolve years old Listop, after many months of intense ting, died, and no other matress had comeso take the place of the gentle llo-sayd limits who had come home to lace as any fifteen years before. It Blankhampton know of the more. They did not know that year ago a son of the light had sarried for love and father; and that their Bis-

are; and that their Bis-ild of the guarriage—

head of his house or seen the home of his ancestors, and one gay or lerdly lever after anotherwent sadly away with "no" for an anwer, and all the best years of her fife went by waiting for what she had no hope might over come to pass. Dear, dear, what tender romances there are sometimes in lives that romances there are sometimes in lives that seem to the outer world both common-place and uneventful. It happened one fair June morning that Lady Constance had been driving with her mother. They had been to see her youngest married sister - they were all married except Constance—and my lady, the Countess, had been expatiating on the sin gularity of Constance remaining so long a spinster. "I cannot tell how it is, Connie," gularity of Constance remaining so long aspinster. "I cannot tell how it is, Connie," she said, 'you mus' have been hard to please—Margaret will not compare with you for an instant and she never was half so agreeable or so sweet tempered, and jet she is the Marchioness of Orinsby and you are Constance Gascoigne yet."

"I suppose I was hard to please, dear Mother, answered Lady Constance, smiling, softly as her heart flow to a great public school which the had never seen—where he ruled supreme.

"Not but that I should miss you dread fully, Connie," my lady went on tenderly, "but I don't like to see Margaret's little

fully, Connie," my lady went on teuderly, "but I don't like to see Margaret's little airs and graces and—"
"Never mind, dear Mother," said the other smiling broadly now.

They reached home a moment later, a handsome house in Grosvenor Square, and a tall servant in livery came to meet them.
"There is a gentleman, my lady," he said—"the Bishop of Blankhampton—he aiked for Lady Constance."
"I will go to him—"said Lady Constance." I daresay it is about the Home of Rest. You'll come, won't you, Mother?"
"Presently dear. Carry my books into the library, James."

The daughter went upstairs and the mother went into the library.
"Shall I lay another cover for lunch, my lady?"James enquired.
"I think not, James. We don't know the Bishop of Blankhampton."
"Pardon me, my lady," James answered, "but he has been here several times. He nsed to be Dr. Trevor."

"Dr. Trevor—" and then her ladyship sat down and stared at the servant with all her eyes—"the Bishop of — Beeth. James

"Dr. Trevor." and then her ladyship sat down and stared at the servant with all her eyes - "the Bishop of —Really, James, you have surprised me. Certainly another cover must be laid. He will probably stay to luncheon."

And when she was left alone, Lady Gas-coigne knew both past and present as clearly as if she had been Dr. Trever himself—she

coigne knew both past and present as clearly as if she had been Dr. Trevor himself—she knew why so many men who had loved her beautiful daughter had ridden away hopeless and disappointed, she saw it all plainly enough now and she went straight past the bondoir door to her own roomand never put in an appearance until the lunch-bell rang. Meantime Lady Constance had gone unsuspiciously to her visitor and found, instead of a portly old Bishop, an eager eyed broad chouldered man who held out two trembling hands and came to meet her with two eager words upon his lips—"My darling," and for answer Lady Constance went to him without any pretence of shyness, like a child to its mother.

I did not know who it was, she said, with a gladdening in her voice.

And by and bye when her ladyship came in, which she did with outstretched hand. Lady Constance cried, "Mother, you knew:" James told me." she answered, and then she looked rather hand at her daughter and held out her hand.

"I am so happy, Mother," Lady Constance."

she looked rather hard at her daughter and held out her hand.
"I am so happy, Mother," Lady Constance whispered with a blesh.
"Lady Gascorgne—" began the Bishop, when she stopped him.
"You need say nothing—I see it all," she said. "You shall talk to Lord Gascorgne presently. Will you give me your arm down ting stairs?"

the stairs?

It was not usual for them to go down with orientony at that hour, and Lady Gascoigne herer II it the need of an arm at any time, but do led the few steps they took together. I'm his pew hours had made the way this new hours had made the way dry for him.

bon gave the intelligent James reigniche (we he left the house, this terminant of that function

or were married and d Blankhampton. I do od folk there had ex-Lady Constance Tre-tivery much upon

them. Perhaps she did not try to do so. Anyway, it is certain that when she slipped quietly out of life nobody seemed to think that an irreparable loss had fallen upon the lishop—they thought it was a pity that the baby, poor little thing, had not gone too, and they made sure that the bereaved husband would marry again when the year was over, and if they did not say it, they most of them thought that it was to be hoped he would marry a more energetic woman next time.

thought that it was to be hoped he would marry a more energetic woman next time. But they knew nothing of a terrible hour when the gentle Bisho, had knelt beside his dying wife's bed, when he had watched the life that was all the world to him, quickly ebbing away, "Conty, Conty,"—he had always called her Conty—"don't neave medon't leave me," he cried.

"Dear Eddy," she answered, "I than't have to go "—it was, oh! such a faint, faint voice—"But I'll wait in Heaven for you and—and—you'll have the child."

"I'll come as you leave no, Conty," cried the poor Bishop in an agony of grief, with the tears streaming down his face.

"That is in your hands, darling that said tenderly.

It was soon over after that, and Blank.

It was soon over after that, and I It was soon over after that, and Ink-bampton waited and waited for a new tress to reign at the Palace, waited waited in vain; no other woman ever came to supplant the love of his youth, the dear wife of his days of success, and Edward, Lord Bishop of Blankhampton, as he had promised went, when his time came, to seek his Conty in the other world, as she had left him in this case. him in this one.

CHAPTER IL

CIRL AND BOT.

"A boy's will is the wind's will."

"A boy's will is the wind's will."

Sunday came and went! An immense congregation gathered in the Parish—as the Cathedral is familiarly called in Blankhampton—to do the last honours to the dead Bishop, and to listen to the address of culogy which was given by the Dean.

In one corner of the Palace pew sat Lady Cascoigne—the Countess Dowager now—weeping copiously, as much out of genuine affection for him who was gone as for the painful remembrances of her dear lost daughter which the past week had brought back to her. And in the other corner—his secustomed place—sat young Gascoigne Trevor, more commonly known as "Jack."

That service was a terrible ordeat for the boy! He was only thirteen year-old, and the

That service was a terrible ordeal for the boy! He was only thirteen year alold, and the new apportioned to the Palaco was like the corresponding on: belonging to the Deanery, so prominently placed that its occupants were the observed of all observers. Every sob that escaped his grandmother's lips tore his 'ceart afresh with an agony that was almost past bearing. But onbothaides he had come of a proud stock; he had inherited the blood which can go to the stake with a smile and will accept triumph or ruin without so much as the quiver of a single muscle. He could not keep back the tears which would could not keep back the tears which would force their way from under his u willing ero-lids, but he would have died before he would have lifted a hand to wipe them

would have lifted a hand to wipe them away!

And when all was over he had to face the ordeal of passing down the crowded nave between the ranks of eager spectators, each one semining more anxious than another to get a good look at the Countess and the Rishop's only son. What do you say, my Roader? That you don't believe that cary one would linger at such a time to gaze at the fresh grief of the newly bereaved? Well, all I can say is that young Jack Trevor knew Blankhampton better than you do! He, poor boy, re-called clearly enough, the time two years before when the old Dean had died, when the people in their anxiety to miss nothing of such a raree-show as three heart-broken girls, had not heatated to climb the three steps which led to the Deanery pew and har—an to the door so as to get a really satisfy. Ig look at the sobbing crape-shrouded figures still kneeling with their faces hidden in their hands?

So Jack knew well enough that there was no escape for him, and he gave his slight young arm to his grandmother and passed steadily through the throng of people, his face pale as death, his eyes dimmed with thears, yet with his head well up in air, a boy with the heart or a man?

The Bishop had left his son to the guardianship of his uncle, Lord Gascoigne, coupled with a wish that he should spend as much timewith his grandmother, Lady Gascoigne, as that lady and Jack himself abould wish. "I should like him to be as much with you as possible," he had said to Lady Gascoigne the week before his death. "He is a good boy, very brave and truthful, and I don't think you will find him much trouble" "Edward," said the old Conntess steadily "Jack is the very light of my old age—my Connie's bey whom she Lardly saw. As you And when all was over he had to face the

say, he is brave and truthful; but if he were not—if he were horrid, as many boys of his age are, I would still carry out all your wishes if only out of my gratifude to you for having been the best of husbands to my girl and for never having put another woman in her place."

"I never thought of it," he said.

"But," persisted the old lady, "many men would have thought of it, for after a wife like Connie, you must have been often lonely and wretched. Many a man would have married again because the empty life was too grievous to bear."

"I never thought of it," repeated the Bithop simply, and even then he did not tell her of that last and promise he inad made his Conty; that was a thing between him and her too sacred to repeat even to her mother.

Well, Lady Gascoigne and Jack went hack

and her too sacred to repeat even to her mother.

Well, Lady Gascoigno and Jack went back to the Palace and tried to cat a miserable meal, which ended in the old Countess going off to her own room to keep quiet until time for the afternoon service at the Parish, and Jack forlorn and wretched, not liking to go to the stables, as was usual with him after luncheon on Sundays, found himself somehow walking slowly and aimlessly through the West Garden.

Now the West Garden was one of the prettiest bits about the Palace: Jack smother had loved it, and the Bishophad been accustomed to spend many hours pacing slowly up and down its neatly-kept pathways thinking out his sermons and his addresses to the young—thinking often too of her who had so often walked there hand in hand with him. So Jack, hallowed by thoughts of him for whom his grief was yet freah, found himself walking among the bright-hued over beds towards the bank of the river. And as he walked a voice called to him soft-ly—"Jack." it said—"Jack."

"Jack," it said--"Jack."

Jack," it said..." Jack."

Jack Trovor quickened his footsteps as he heard it. "Is it you, Ethell?" he mawered.

The garden at this point ended in a narrow shabbery, which in its .urn led into a strip of meadow-land which ran to the bank of the river. A little wooden gate led from this shrubbery to the meadow, and at this

of the river. A little wooden gate led from this shrubbery to the meadow, and at this gate when Jack, reached it he found the owner of the voice standing.

"Oh! Jack dear," she cried, "I wanted so to see you—I did write. We are so sorry, Jack, so sorry all of us. And I was in the Parish this morning, Jack, and I cried all the time."

"Let's go and sit on the bank. Ethel."

all the time."

"Let's go and sit on the bank, Ethel,"
said Jack holding out his hand.
So together they went, Jack and his friend
Ethel, and sat down on the river's bank in Ethel, and sat down on the river's bank in the bright August sunshine, and as Jack sat with his hand in her's—not because they were by way of being sweet-hearts or in the habit of showing endoarments towards one another, but only and solely because Jack was in trouble—he began in some indefinable way to be comforted. His grandmother had tried with all her heart to comfort hum, it is true, but with indifferent success for had tried with all her heart to comfort him, it is true, but with indifferent success, for every tear and sob that escaped her lady-ship had only seemed to rive the heart of the boy more cruelly. Lady Gascoigue was big, and so—so aloppy, yes, I know it's a vulgar word, yet nothing else seems to express her so well. Her tears were so ready to flow, her tongue was incessant, her reminiscences agonising. Ethel was different, she was so gentlo and so protty, she had known the lishop ever so much better than his mother-in-law had done. She mourned for him with all her true and tender childish heart, yet tears did not have the effect of fir rrying yet tears did not have the effect of fir rryin her whole face as always happened with Lady Gascougne—tours only made her eyes look like forget-me-nots after a shower of

rain.
"Mother says, Jack," said Ethel presently "that you will be going away from the Inlace now."

"Yes. I am going to live with my grand-mother," he answered.
"In London?"

"Yes."
"Will you never come back to Blankhampton 'gain?"
"Oh! yes, some day." It was a subject on which jurt then Jack was very loth to enter; but if the very young are good comforters, sometimes they prove themselves unconscious inquisitors of the first degree. All unconsciously Ethel went on.
"When do you think, Jack!"
"I don't know, I shall come back when it

"When do you think, Jack?"
"I don't know. I shall come back when I have a chance. I should have had to go next month in any case."
"Yes," Ethel sighed—"Roys do have to go to school—but I missed you awfully last year; and I shall miss you now, I know"
"You will have Mary Bamfylde—"he becam.

began.
"Yes—but Mary Bemfylde likes dolls."
with contempluous emphasis on the word,
"and she screams if she sees a rat, and a

wasp sends her out of her mind. She doesn't know h w to batta fish-hook nor climb a tree nor-nor anything!"

"Oh! well, Mary is a duffer, there's no doubt about it." Jack said in a tone of quiet conviction—"There's Dolly Tennent—she's no good, she's such a mean little thing; and there is Lucy Vivian, she isn't much better, Well really, Ethel, unless you can put up with the Lawrences, I don't see what you will do."

will do

can t bear the Lawrences,"

Ethel.

"They'll be better than nothing," said Jack—"and when I get my holidays perhaps Mrs. Mordaunt will ask me do an here—and I'll tell you what I'll do, Ethel, I'll ask Granny to invite you to stay with us in Eon don or wherever we are."

"Will you, Jack? Oh! that will be lovely. I have Mother will ask you down here—I'll get, ner to ask Lady Gascoigne be fore she goes. I know she will."

"So in hushed yet eager voices, the two children laid their plans for the future, and presently a servant came in search of

resently a servant came in search

"Miss Ethel," he said, breaking in upon their talk—"the mistress has gone to get ready for service."
"Yes. 1 ll come in James "hand

"Yes. 1 Il come in James, thank you,"
Ethel answered she was a very polite little soul, whom the servents about the Cliffe worshipped. "Are yea going to service, Jack?" she asked as James turned away.

Jack? she asked as James turned away.

"Oh! yes."

"Is Lady Gascoigne going?"

"Yes—at least I believe so."

Ethel pressed a little nearer to him.

"Jack," she said in an awed voice—"Wasn't it auful this morning?"

Jack could no help shivering in spite of the bright sunshine which was streaming down upon them. "Yes, it was—horrible," he answered.

"People think 't interesting to see any

"People think 't interesting to see any one in trouble," said Ethel, with unconscious irony—"and instead of looking the other way, as they ought to, they stare as if it was a peep-shew."

"Yes," said Jack.
Then, was a moment's silence, already

"Yes," said Jack.

There was a moment's silence already they were walking along the pathway running through the shrubbery which divided the Palace grounds from the gardens of the Cliffe, and as they reached the little gate through which James had just passed, Jack turned to his little friend. "Ethel," he said "look here -I'm going to leave you my bull pup."

said "look here -I'm going to leave you my bull pup."

The ready tears began to fill the child's lovely eyes "Oh' Jack," she cried then by a sudden impulse she flung her arms about him and held up her sweet little face to his. "Dear dear Jack," she sad "but won't you want him dreadfully ifor your self!"

"Ye I daresay I shall," Jack answered with a boy's delightful candour "but Crummles is very fond of you and he'll be happier down here than he would be in London."

Jack," said Ethel, "I will take care numles for ever"

"Jack," said Ethel, "I will take care of "rummles for ever"

If Jack Trever had been ten years older he would have had a tender little remark to make then: "Happy Crummles" or some thing of that kind; as it was re rather rough by for him—disengaged himself from the tender clasp of the clinging arms, and tore himself away with all a boy's aversion to anything approaching to a scene.

"Oh' I deressy Crummles won't mind, he'll get a very good time," he said gruffly, then went back to the Palace through the shrub bery and the West Garden, winking hard to keep the tears which would come into his eyer, from falling.

When he resched the house he found the carriage at the door and Lady Gascoigne just coming down the stairs, looking oh' so large and so hot in her voluminous crape laden garments that the boy's heart fairly sank within him at the prospect of sitting through another service at the Parish.

However, happily the afternoon service at the Parish is now a very long one just the

through another service at the Parish.

However, happing the afternoon service at the Parish is n-x very long one just the evensong and an anthem, and while his grandmother was settling herself in the carriage, Jack had time to run upstairs and dash some cold water into his wash-basin, into which he plunged his quivering face. A good rub with a rough towel made him look almost himself again, and in two minutes he had brushed his fair hair into a smooth wave across his head and was downstairs. reaction sew has head sid earne on

again.
And the Parish was fuller than it had been And the l'arish was fuller than it had been in the morning even; men and women was standing three deepjinthe broad centre aide, and in groups about the corners of the state ly old pews, and as soon as Lady Gascoigne and Jack were scated, a very coune to ask in an agenized whisper whether he might fill up the remaining stalls in their pew as usual? Lady Gascoigne assented, of course—she had a heavy crape veil behind which to hide

her tears and immediately three smart. young soldiers were put between her and Jack. Jack was thankful. He know them all, had seen them at his father's tabloseveral times and he know that they would not stare at him unmercifully as three women would have done

However, the service passed off better than might have been expected. Lady Gascoigne did not begin to weep until theanthem began; even then she only went softly and noiseless in

The souls of the rightcous are in the hands of

God
And there thall no forment fouch them
n the sight of the unwise they seem to die
And their departure is taken for meer), but
they are in peace.

they are in peace."

Then followed Spohr's "Blest are the departed," and then the congregation subsided into their scats while the offertory was collected. In less than ten minutes after that Jack was leading his grandmother through the crowd once more, and the dreadful day of public suffering was over.

Looking back in after years, Jack Trever always declared that his real boyhood ended on that day, that he then became a man

always declared that his real boyhood end ed on that day, that he then became a man in reality although he had but the form of a boy. In truth at that time he was his grandmother's chief stay and comfert. And it was well that it was so; for her son, Lord Gascoigne, being laid up with a had attack of gout, had not been able to go down to Blankhampton even for the funeral, and,

of gout, had not been able to go down to Blankhampton even for the funeral, and, necessarily, it was imperative for the executors to lose no time in arranging the Bishop's affairs and in deciding which of his belongings were to be kept for his sonaid which were to be sold, as he had directed, by nuction.

But at the end of a week Lady Gascoigne had arranged almost everything, had separated the pretty modern furniture which the dead Bishop and Conty had bought, from the stately suites of carved oak, black and shining with the polish of years, which be longed to the Palace, she had set wide all the most valuable of her daughter swedding presents and all her jewellery, and these had been packed ready to be taken to her house in London. The horses were all delivered over to the tender mercies of a local dealer and were to be sold during the following week, with the exception of a particular, handsome grey soby highland been for several years a great favorite of the Bishop's and which Lady Gascoigne thought would besuit able for Jack to ride. And last but certain 13 not loust, the evening before Jack and Lady Gascoigne were to leave the Palace, the boy went over to the Cliffo to take Crummles, the bull pup to his new home and mistress.

"You know, Jack," said Ethel's mother,

and mistress.

"You know, Jack," said Ethel's mother,
"I really don't think a bull pup is quite the
dog for a little girl of ten years old—but
Ethel has set her heart upon Crummles so I
suppose I must give in."

"Oh! yes, Mother," cried Ethel.
"Oh! yes, Mrs. Mordaunt," echoed Jack
wistfully.

wistfully.

"Oh! yet, Mrs. Mordaunt," echoed Jack wistfully.

It was perhaps a little hard on him to have his parting gift to his old playfellow and friend regarded in the light of a personal favour towards him rather than from him. He had given Ethel his dearest possession, a ball pup of the true Matcham strain, he had offered it after a fierce struggle with himself, and had with difficulty kept himself from going back on his word, giving as a pretext his doubt that Crummles would settle in a new home on the coachman's fear that the dog was not yet over the distemper. And then to have his precious pap received as if he were being gion a gradging home out of charity to him said kindness to the giver. Well, it was hard, and that is where grown up people are often so stupid out of charity to him and kindness to the giver. Well, it was hard, and that is where grown up people are often so stupid and so unseeing. If Mrs. Mordaunt had realized the depth of unselfishness and nobility which had their home within young Jack Trever's boson, her line of action from that day would have been so different that this story probably could never have been written for the simple reason that it would not have been there to write. As it was she had yielded to Ethel's entreaties and understoed nothing that was going on in the boy's heart. Ethel did, but at that moment Ethel hardly counted, Jack only knew that the was the pluckiest little chum he had ever had.

"He's a nice bey," said Mrs. Mordaunt to

"He's a nice boy," said Mra Mordaunt to her husband a little later—"but really I am not altogether sorry that he is going away, although it is true that we shall never get such a neighbour as the dear Bishop again. But Ethel is getting as wild as a hawk, more like a boy than a girl."

"She might be worte," remarked Major Mordaunt, who had always been a great friend of Jack Trever's—"the boy is as honest as the day and as placky as—"0h 1 yes, yes," his wife broke in—"but there are other thungs to consider in a girl's training than those."

"ITm." muttered the Major "I den't know as much there are secured.

"If m," muttered the Major "I don't know so much about that—honoity and

pluck make a very decent ground work we -ry decent, my dear."

(TO DE CONTINUED.)

OANADIAN LEPERS.

Settlement at Gloucester County, New Brunswick.

One has not to go so far as Molekai to ritness that awful blight of the flesh, eprosy. Here in this out of the way spot leprosy. Here in this out of the way pro-of New Brunswick, on the shores of the great ocean, are sights to make the soul sick, writes a correspondent of the Cleveland Leader. Here are literally immured a score or more of wretches touched with a foulness or more of wretches touched with a foulness which, for no fault of their own, excludes them forever from the world. It is true they are treated with more consideration than the lepers of Scriptural times, who dwelt in the open sepulchres about Jerusalem, subsisting on the fragments that accidental charity dropped on the ground in the wilderness. Nor is heard from them that terrible gry as of a lost soul in the Juntean wilderness. Nor is heard from them that terrible cry as of a lost soul in the Dantean hell, "Unclean, unclean." No; the lot of these unfortunates is made as endurable as the ghastly majady of which they are the victims will permit. The Dominion Government has erecyed a commodious hospital on the hanks of the Tracadio river, overlooking the gain into which the slender streamlet falls. It wend be difficult to find anywhere all or little wombustion of the transfer and the complete a lovelier combination of "streamlet and hill" than this. Would that one could forget the hopeless fate of their fellows. But alas! they are, "the world forgetting, by the world forget." All that makes life worth enduring has been withdrawn from them.

Nevertheless it is pleasant to know that their lot is more endurable than it was years ago. When the lazaretto was established, their lot is more endurable than it was years ago. When the lazaretto was established, about forty five years ago, the poor creatures were lassoced like beasts, drawn by ropes, and beaten with long poles to force them toward the lazaretto. No one would touch them. They were torn from the bosom of their families, although in many cases they were the sole support of wife and children. The cottages which then constituted the hospital were fifthy and uncared for. Males and females were cast together, and the contamination of immorality was added to the other horrors. Their food was laid down on the gruand, to be eaten where and when they choise. To there opton in the surrounding country the name "lazaretto" was clothed with all the herrors of gehenna. Little wonder, then, that when a member of a family was attacked with the loathsome disease his relatives took every precaution a family was attacked with the research of disease his relatives took every precaution to conceal his condition. It may well be supposed that this secrecy tended to spread the disease. The condition of the lazarthe disease. The condition of the larar-etto at length became a public scandal, so much so that in 1868 it reached the cars of Sister St. John (Miss Viger), of the Hotel Dieu, Montreal. She volunteered to go and care for these poor out-casts. Other volunteers were asked for, and every auter in the house tendered her serevery sister in the house tendered her services. Seven were chosen, carefully instructed in the treatment of leprosy, and then they started a mission compared with which the task of cleaning the augean stables was a light one. They found the lacketto a veritable abode of the damned. But the sisters cheerfully set to work, and in a very few years everything was transformed. The provincial government of New Brunswick, glad to have the scandal removed, provided all necessary funds for moeting the expenses of the institution. From being a lost home, tharnel house it was transformed into a home. The immates and the house itself are kept scrupulously clean.

transformed into a home. The inmates and the house itself are kept scrupulously clean. Hired sttendants do all the work. The inmates have no tasks imposed on them.

Their path to death is smoothed and relieved of cares. They have a small farm with which they may do what they choose. They have boats, in which they may fish and trawl, or simply idle away the summer days.

As to the origin of the disease, some find it in the deterioration caused by generations of intermarriage. The county of Glonces ter, which is the scat of the disease, is set-tled by Canadian-French. The little of intermarriage. And county of Groces ter, which is the seat of the disease, is settled by Canadian-French. The little community married and intermarried until nearly everybody was related to everybody elso. One story is that 140 years ago a bark from the coast of Syria was wrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, just off the should foll of St. Lawrence, just off the should foll of some countil and the receipt stayed for some countilerable time and from these the tracted the first case of Jerney version has it that a stranger to the still another story is the contracted through set it has a legacy to his a still another story is the contracted through set eating putrid fash.

The disease is called

is probable that it is in many respects dif-ferent from the leprosy which whitened the skin and rotted the bones of the Hebrows of old. A recent authority thus describes its symptoms:

"The first indication of the disease is the appearance of finy tibercles on the skin, and especially on the face. The, increase from the size of a pin head to that of a hazle nut. The nose and the lips become thick ened and swellen, so that the mouth is distorted and the features unrecognizable. The eyes droop, and eyelashes and dyebrows and sometimes the hair drop out.

"After a time the tubercles break, ulcreate and discharge, the disease even at tacking the cartilage and bone, and piece by piece joints and itesh fall off until death gives the sufferer freedom from his terrible lot." The average duration of the disease from the time the first symptoms are discovered until death ensures is about ten or twelve years The first indication of the disease is the

from the time the first symptoms are discovered until death ensues is about ten or twelve years

The lazaretto was taker charge of by the Dominion Government in 1830, and Dr Smith was placed in charge, who keeps a sharp lookout for infected persons. In a conversation had with the doctor he said

"I am not yet satisfied that the disease is incurable. I discharged one man from the hospital several years ago, and he has had no return of the symptoms. Last year I discharged a girl, who had been admitted to the lazaretto just as soon as the first symptoms of infection developed themselves. Still, though these two are apparently fres from the malady, I do not regard the cases as permanently cured, and I still hold them under close surveillance. Of late the disease has been dying out in Tracadic, its original seat; but out of the five new cases taken in last year one was from Cape Breton and four from the parishes which adjoin Tracadic I have traced a new focus to the disease, situated between Shippegan and Caraquet, and from this centre I have traced it to other settlements."

Crossing a Swellen River in the Andes.

Crossing a Swollen River in the Andes.

Grossing a Swollen River in the Andes.

After examining the works of the line in the vicinity of Punta Negra, where I over took the paymaster, Don Carlos, I started off ir his company to the next camp of Vermeito, which is 2100 metres above the level of the sea. Here we spent the night, and the next morning, after admiring the grand black basaltic rocks that render the scenery in these parts all the more dismally impressive, we started, together with two of the engineers of the camp, who volunteered to see us safely across the Rio Blanco, which was reported to be dangerously swollen. When we reached the bottom of the deep ravine through which this torn at flows, we found the report to be only too true. The water, white as mila, was feaming and dashing over a part of the narrow planks which had been anchored across the stream below the best fording place. After working an hour at the risk of their lives, the two young engineers, who were as agile as goats—one was a Swede and the the best fording place. After working an hour at the risk of their lives, the two young engineers, who were as agile as goats—one was a Swede and the other an Italian succe ded in taking one of the planks a foot, so that it could be crossed with comparative safety, the dash of the water over it remaining only about six inches. The human element of the party then felt reassured, but how would the mules get over? The "arrieros" were in a state of great agitation, and the paymaster, was anxious about the thousands of dollars that he had in his money lags. However, every man lent a hand. The mules were every man lent a hand. The mules were unloaded, and, with the aid of criss and whirling lasses, they were driven into the turbulent torrent, and waded or swam across bravely, one only getting catried away for a few minutes, and losing a big piece of his flesh against a sharp bowlest. Whe next thing was to carry over the be see side saides A lasso was flungacross have and on the other by the two and on the other by the two and on the other by the "viring gendarme, who accompanied the "to prevent him running to company's money," at we hand tall along the said was flundard the "to prevent him running some and held on one side by the two and the other by the "viring gendarme, who accompanied the "to prevent him running some properties of the limit of the said was flundard."

The first that the said of the "viring gendarme, who accompanied the "viring gendarme, w moans of repeated or or, 14 to 15 to

Fow First Penasner.]

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That is what you gave me when I came to

Not and begged you to help me!"

A sudden noise interrupted him. The postillions, with torches in their hands, were running up and down the banks of the Angara, and cried out:

"Where is the frageller? What can

"Where is the traveller? What can have become of him?"

lave become of him?"

They noticed at last the horse with Miller and Schelm in the incidle of the river.

The torches were extinguished and the cries became more threatening. Miller cut the handkerchief which had stopped Schelm's mouth and said to him:

"Now you may ery, dear Schelm! Now I'll enjoy your sweet cries. Cry away!"

The unfortunate man drew a long breath and tried to fell his lings with air. This

and tried to fill his lungs with air. This metion made him again dip a little into the water; he clung with his fettered hands to the saddle and eried as loud as he could:

"Help! Murder!"

"Help! Murder!"

"They are coming to your assistance, dear Schelin. I'll soon let you go. Unfortunately the people have no boots at hand, and the Angara is nearly two verstswide. We are in the middle of the stream. You may cry, now, to your heart's content!"

"Miller, forgive me!"

"Do you think I am Vladimir Lanin? or are you mad? Why should I possibly forgive you?"

The water reached Schelm's face: it took away his breath and kept him from seeing what was going on. Full of despair heseized the horse's mane and raised his head a few inches above the water.
"Miller." he said in broken secents. "I am

"Miller," he said in broken accents, "I am rich. Perhaps you can make use of money. I possess nearly a million roubles. I will give it to you. You can escape to France and hive comfortably there. Only set me free, take pity on me!"

The man from Courland bent down close to his face.

"What do you offer me?"

"My whole fortune!"

"Really? And will you be able to keep your promise?"

"I have large sums of recease in my tor also.

"Really? And will you be able to keep your promise?"

"I have large sums of money in my tranks—but what are you doing, Miller?"

"Never mind that. I cut your fetters, but that does not keep me from listening to you attentively."

Miller cut the straps with which Schelm had been bound to the saddle. The revisor sank half into the water, and felt at the same time a terrible pain in his hands, which now alone supported the whole weight of his body.

body. ... 'Help! I am drowning! Have pity on

me!"
"Not yet. What was that you were saying just now?"
"Take the whole of my fortune!"
"Perhaps you are deceiving me once

"I swear it; I do not deceive you. Miller

Enough!" exclaimed Miller at last.

have seen enough of your despair. There must be an end to all pleasures on earth?"

must be an end to all pleasures on earth?"

The right ank of the Angara became indistinctly sixible in the nightly gloom. Miller stoeped once more and cht the last bonds that held Scholm to the saddle. The scoundrel sank into the waves. The eart of the exiles gave the spur to his horse and it swam on snorting and splashing furiously. Schelm sank, but in a few seconds he reappeared on the surface.

"Miller, have pity on me! I repent my sins: take my million."

"I am coming to help you," replied Miller, "Int it is in vain; the current is too strong."

have pity

ACE OF CLUBS. THE

A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

AUTHOR OF "SAFAR-HABLI, A STORY OF TURKISTAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV. (COSTINGIA)

Miller gave a sign, and it stantly the bound man was litted up, pused through the open window, and received on the outside by two other men stationed there. Miller, with his two companions, followed him in the same way, and quarkly all of them hursed down to the had of the Angura. Here, on the river lank, they found a uddled horse. The exilest itsel Schelm securely to the saddle without segmenting the handle gehief with

The exiles tiel Schelm securely to the saddle without removing the handkerchief with which they had gagged him. Miller again cilently watched the proceedings and laugh edsconfully. When they were ready he leaged on his horse, and said. "Goodly my friends."

The exiles spurred their horses, climbed the rocks and were soon out of sight. Milleralone pushed his horse into the river. The moon was penefully silvering the water of the quiet river; all around silence reined, and only Miller's horse, bravely breasting the waters in an uncanny, gruesome way. Schelm's pale face, marked with the still blood red marks of his punishment, was turned to heaven as his back touched the water. His eye met the glance of his adversary and he closed it.

be closed it.

"I almost think, dear Schelm," said Mill cr, "that since our schooldays you and I have never been so near to each other." We are alone now and can converse. What fate, do you think, is awaiting you. You must bear in mind, dear —"eague, that I have much to complain of in which you are concerned. You have injured many men, who forgave you or disdained to avenge them selves. When I heard that they were send ing you home, unpunished, and that these people, intoxicated with the effect of their regained happiness, disdained revenge, then I said to myself: Not so: I shall punish you, as you deserve to be punished?"

Schelm was writhing like a worm in his fetters and tried desperately to tear the gag from his mouth, but in vain.

"Not yet! The time has not come yet! But, you need not fear; you shall have time enough to cry! My oar shall revel in your cries of anguish. You need not be afraid of the water, Schelm." You may get a little wet, as we cannot let you sit upright in the saddle, Schelm, but you shall not drown. My horse swims us well as any fish. But, Brother Schelm, what have you made of me? I was, to be sure, poor and unhappy when you knew me at school, but I was at peace with the world and cheerful. One day—you may remember it, Schelm one thay I asked you to lend me money. You be closed it.
"I almost think, dear Schelm," said Mill

peace with the world and cheerfal. One day—you may remember it, Schelm one day I asked you to lend me money. You refused. You said you would rather buy me. Perhaps you will tell me honest men do not make such hargains. But I do not pretend to be honest in that sense of the word, and I'll show you presently what I am. You will find out the difference between me and those good people who have forgiven you and refuse to be avenged on you."

you."

Miller bent lower over the prostrate prisoner, and thus forced him to look at him.

"Look at me, dear Schelm; I must enjoy the sight. Do you know, dear Schelm, that for the moment I could almost love you? You afford me the same enjoyment which you felt my maleft my cell in the fortress to into Vladimir's cell to examine him that had thus each one has his

closed his eyes. He was men

that mean? I cannot permit to the end.

fresh horse which Ivan had prepared for him there, for fortunately he and several other exiles had on the fatal day of the skirmish escaped the enemy's balls. They tuned round once more to see what was going on at the station. Everything there seemed in a state of great excitement. On the river also, a number of boats were searching evidently for Schelm. He never reappeared.

"There is nothing more to do for us here" said Miller to his companions; and absorbed in profound meditation he made his way in the direction of the Chinese frontier.

EPHLOGUEL

Two young men were engaged in lively conversation in the beautiful gardens of the Conversations Haus at Raden-Baden. It was in the year 1800, when the whole elegant world used to meet here more for the aske of pleasure than to restore ruined health. A famous artist had given a grand concert which was just now ended amid enthusiastic applanse. The audience scattered slowly in all directions; some went to the rooms where play was going on, others to the terraces. The young man were so deeply interested in their conversation that they did not notice the crowd by a hich they were surrounded. One of them was a French career, the other a colonel in the they did not notice the crowd by which they were surrounded. One of them was a French clarer, the other a colonel in the Russian lifeguards. They had become acquainted under the walls of Schastopol and there formed an intimate friendship. Since then they had strangely enough, never met till this very day, and their mutual delight was great.

At the same moment a gentleman passed them, accompanied by a lady of astonishing beauty. A few steps from the two friends he sud? by stopped.

"I should like to go for a moment into the sast. You have no objection, Jana?"

"Oh, certainly not. Besides, I have just noticed Rita, and I should like to speak to her and settle matters about our excursion to-morrow."

She left him. Vladimir looked leisurely around, and his eye fell on the French officer, who bowed to him politely. The Frenchman followed Jana with his eyes.

"What a splendid figure!" he said to his friend.

What a splendid figure!" he said to hi

Certainly! She is a countrywoman of

mine."
"What is her name?"
"Tana I

"The Con. ess Jana Lanin."
The Frene, officer-started in surprise.
"Is she perhaps the wife of Count Vladimir Lanin?"
"Yes!"

"Yes!"
"That is a most fortunate meeting! I have looked for her now for three years and always in vain. You do not object to presenting me to the count!"
"With pleasure. Here he is coming towards us!"
"Count Lange," said, the French officer

"Count Lanin," said the French officer, after having been duly introduced, "it is now three years that a letter was handed to me for you, and under such very peculiar circumstances that I have ever since been most anxious to make your acquaintance. It was in Shanghai, and the Tacpings were besieging the city. The French government had sent me, in special mission, to China. The seige was not very oppressive, and every now and then there was a truce. During these times we were at liberty to walk about in the vicinity of the fortress in our European uniforms. One day I was observing the camp of the Tacpings from a walk about in the vicinity of the fortress in our European uniforms. One day I was observing the camp of the Taepings from a distance, when three men came out of it, towards me, and waved a white flag. They did not seem to harbor any hostile intentions, and I waited for them. They were Europeans, but were Chinese uniforms. Their light hair and their features induced me to think they were country men of yours. One, who seemed to be the leader, made a poculiarly strong impression upon me, on account of his loffy stature, and because of his brilliant eyes."

"That was Aliller:" exclaimed Vladimir.

"Pray give methat letter! Hearty thanks He

"Pray give methat letter Hearty thanks He is one of my oldest friends, of whom I often

"I do not know his name. He said to me:
'You are a Frenchman and will probably soon return to Europe—I hope shall!—
There is peace allover Europe now, —— , —
may by good luck at some time or other meet
a dear friend of mine, a Russian, who was
going to France, a Count Vladimir Lanin.
You will maily receptize him and his wife,
if you should ever meet them; he is a man
of large fortune and great influence in the
highest circles, and she an extraordinary
beauty. Vlease hand then this letter."

"At first I did not like to take the letter
Who knew whether I should ever meet you
in this life." I doubt not, you will meet
him some time or other; he so kind as to
take the letter." I was going to sak for
more details, but I had no secure taken the
letter than he was summoned to return to "I do not know his name. He said, to me:

camp. And here, count, is this letter, which I have carried about with me nearly four

cars now."
Vladimir was rejoiced to receive the lox

Vialimir was rejoiced to receive the tor-ter.

"My best thanks. Pardon me if I do not at once satisfy your well founded curiosity: I must go aside to read my friend's letter at case. I hope you will not decline my invita-tion to dine with me te-morrow, and then I shall take pleasure to make you acquainted with the history of this remarkable man."

"I accept your invitation with pleasure."

"I accept your invitation with pleasure,"
"And you," said Lann to the Russian licer," "will of course accompany your iend,"

"With pleasure, count."

"With pleasure, count."

"Then—till to-morrow, gentlemen," said Vladimir, leaving them. He sat down on a bench in the garden and read as follows:

"At last I am a really great chieftain; they negotiate with me on a footing of equality, both the Son of Heaven and his rival Taepingweig. An old name is is not? And yet

both the Son of Heaven and his rival Taeping-waig. An odd name, is it not? And yet these people are powerful and influential and lead the same life as we do. Here I have attained importance and power. My name, which no one in the West would recognize in its present garb, has a good sound from the Eobi desert to the mouth of the Pai-ho. More than once the fate of one of the greatest realms on earth has rested in my hand. The Emperor of China fears me, Giente trembles before me. I am respected by Kighis and Mantchoo; I am beloved by my subjects and my companions in arms. The Car hears my name every now and then.

Kirghis and Mantchoo; I am respected by subjects and my companions in arms. The Czar hears my name every now and then, when I invade his empire.

"You think, perhaps, I have reached the goal of my wishes? I write you these lines, dear Viadmir, to confess to you that I suffer from bitter nostalgia in my heart. I long for the misery even I suffered in Europe; I long for the days when I knocked, a beggar at the portals of your palace in Petersburg, even for the aleepless nights which promised me a better, a glorious future. And yet I dare not return. Here all kiss my hand, the hand which, perhaps, no one will ever shake in Europe Here, I am a great chieftain and a cunning diplomat—there 2 robber, a spy and a murderer. Even our conscience acknowledges a different law here and in Russic.

"And yet I am sad and almost a victim of desprir whenever I think of Europe. If I

here and in Russic.

"And yet I am sad and almost a victim of desprir whenever I think of Europe. If I ever should return—and it is very probable that I shall do so some time or other—tell me, Vladmir, will you then take my hand in

"I kim the han of thy wife's robe.
"Muter."

Vladimir gave the letter to Iana, who passed him on her return to their hotel. She read it in silence, and took a seat by his side. Ict. 'I into deep meditation. The charming place at which they were staying, the merry mingling of all races and nations, the glorious beauties of the famous gardens, the matchless music that came to them from afar, the splendid sunset which impresses even the most trabulent scenes of our life with the feeling of meace and repose—all with the feeling of peace and repose—all this formed such a terrible contrast with their former history, of which Miller's let-ter had reminded them, that the whole past ter had reminded them, that the whole past rose before the mind's eye, the imprisonment and hanishment, Irkutska, the lake Baikal, the Angara, the wretchedness, the fears and hopes, the sorrows and sufferings in Siberia. Suddenly a military step approached. They turned round eagerly; before them rived the gray-haired governor-general of Fax; Siberia who was also staying at Raden-Balen.

"What occupies your thoughts to such a degree that you do not recognize your old friends."

Vladimir told him and handed him Miller's letter.

Vladimir told him and handed him Miller's letter.

"Indeed," he said a moment later, "if I remember that precaution that drove me to the very end of Silberia. I cannot comprehend by what wondrous good fortune I have escaped such unspeakable misery and am now here a free man and a happy man."

"You ungrateful man!" exclaimed Count M., reverently seizing Jana's hand, "no one need wonder who has such a guardien angel at his side and can rely on such a noble heart!"

ITHE END.

A Pocket Telephone.

A Pocket telephone has been introduced in Berlin. The idea upon which its use is leared in that electric hells are found everywhere, and there is no reason why they should not be used for telephoning as well. The pocket telephone is to be connected to the hell wires of hotels and hespitals as well as private houses, and it is claimed that people will be able to speak to distant places by simply taking their telephone out of their pockets as they would their watch.

Something delicious and healthful to chew Adam' Tutti Frutti Gum; 5 cents.

ler, "Int it is in vain; the current is too alreng."

Schelm's hands and feet were tied together; he could consequently make no ceffort to save his life by swimming. The people from the post station had in the meantime rowed in a beat up the viver, while the left hank was pretty well lighted up by towhes. Miller swam swiftly in the explosite direction, see looked around every strent, because he hoped he might see the first to feel the sandy feel of the first has brook he perceived the pale, in his one in the dayinging man help opened his month as if list the water flowed into the the dark waters.

Schelm: " cried Miller, the reverse he mounted a

io rorable enemy had Edictiver be mounted a

18 M. C.

NOISES IN THE SUN.

EDISON'S LATEST INVENTION.

El Will Enable Ca to Henr The Reports of Soinr Disturbances.

The laboratory of Edison, the great electrican, is a great acquisition to any country. Supplied with instruments of exquisite precision and the finest make for physical experiments, it affords excellent opportunities for scientific discoveries. It is capable of extension and equipment which may make it arival of the celebrated laboratory of the Royal Institution, where Sir Humphrey Davy labored and the renowned Faraday made those splendid electrical discoveries the practical applications of which are now the world's delight. Many an inventor, for want of experimental facilities, has spent years in effectual struggles to settle some perplexity in his mind which could be settled at Llewellyn Park in a few days or hours.

As the public is familiar with Mr. Edison's varied enterprises in past years and our reperter has detailed his latest work, we need not here dwell on these. His carbon transmitter, used in the telephone; his electric glow lamp and his phonograph are now household words. By the latest improvement of the phonograph, this instrument can be worked by a water motor instead of electricity, thus greatly extending the sphere of its nscfulness.

The most interesting and perhaps the most important of all the experiments.

The most interesting and perhaps the most important of all the experiments he is now prosecuting is

A GIGANTIC ONE

designed to catch and record the sounds designed to eaten and record the sounds made in the sun's Thotosphere when solar spotsace formed by those mighty eruptions from beneath its glowing surface, sometimes sixty thousand miles in diameter, and usually associated with beautiful but awful flaming "eruptive prominences" of hydrogen gas which occasionally shoot out to elevations of two hundred theusand and even four

or two numered themsand and even four hundred thousand miles—phenomena which Professor Young says "it is no exaggeration to speak of as veritable explosions."

At Ogden, N. J., there is a mass of iron ore a mile long standing perpendicular and extending into the bowels of the earth to creat but unknown double, said to contain extending into the bowels of the earth to great but unknown depths, said to contain several hundred inillion tons of magnetic material. As the violent storms and uptashes in the sun produce disturbances of the earth's magnetism which are recorded on the magnetomers at the New and other observatories, it has occurred to Mr. Edison that the strength of the solar disturbance, as exerted on our planet, could "be increased enormously by utilizing a vein of magnetic iron ore, and running round the body of ore several miles of wire, forming an inductive circuit, into which powerful electric currents would be thrown by any disturbance of the earth's magnetism." "By the use of instruments every change," he says, "could be recorded, and by the use of the telephone all sounds produced on the sun would be

HEARD ON OUR PLANET."

ITEARN ON OUR PLANET."

He is, accordingly, erecting telegraph poles on each side of the Ogden ore hill and parallel with it, on which he is coiling an insulated wire many times around the whole area where the earth's magnetic lines leave the iron mountain and extend into space. The two ends of the long wire will be taken into his Observation Station and connected with the receiving telephone.

Fram every point of view—po. ic, spiritual and scientific—this prumises to be one of the most thrilling experiments evermade. Its successful conductor—like Wordsworth's—curious child, who dweld poins truct in Inland ground, applying to his ear. The convolutions of a smooth lipped shell hearing "sonorous cadences" and holding

on manu ground, applying to his ear. The convolutions of a smooth lipped shell hearing "sonorous cadences" and holding converse with the unseen universe itself—will be able to listen to the awe inspiring rush and roar of the sun's mountainous billows of fire as they splutter forth in inconceivable fury from his cyclopean formaces. What a sermon will be preached into the receiving instrument? A voice from the central orb of our planetary system—type answering to anti-type—thundering forth the eterns! power and to otheral of Him whom the Christain pulpit, often too feelby for our dull cara, proclaims, "the Light of this world."

From a scientific point of view the value

From a scientific point of view the value From a scientific point of view the value of this experiment may be immonse. Every new fact brought certainly to light respecting the actual phenomena in "the regions leyond," however imagnificant it may seem at first, becomes to science in her onward path of research the keystone of an arch serving to bridge some hitherto impassable chaim. Almost every great outburst of

AZAEVTO ALIOS A

is followed by a magnetic storm on our little

planet, and simultaneously the ices of its Polar circle glisten in the light of the Aur-

orn Borcalis.

Familiar examples of this are found in all Familiar examples of this are found in all astronomical and magnetic observations. The magnetic storm of November 17, 1882 (succeeding the appearance on the 16th of a sm spot which, measured at Allegheny Observatory, covered 2,200,000,000 square miles), scriously interrupted the telegraph lines at New York and cable messages were delayed nearly an hour, while at Chicage the switchboard was a dezen times on fire. As an experiment one of the Western Union wires between Washington and Baltimore was worked with the earth current alone. There is every reason, therefore, to expect that the strength of all such disturbances will be increased enormously in Mr. Edison's inductive circuit of the Ogdeniron mountain; that by the use of his instrument the variations of intensity can be recorded and, as he hopes. by the use of his instrument the variations of intensity can be recorded and, as he hopes, "sounds produced on the sun will be heard through the telepone."

There is a well known case in which a meteor was seen to fall into the sun, while

ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY

a magnetic disturbance occurred on the earth, showing an increase of direct solar action. As Profe or Stokes has shown, an increase of solar adiation will be greedily absorbed in the upper regions of our atmosphere, increasing electrical conductivity. It is possible, therefore, that the Ogden mine experiments may materially and in determining variations of solar heat seriously affecting the earth's meteorology.

Though, we understand, Mr. Edison does not claim to be a leader of science, all scientists should co-operate with him in this undertaking. When Faraday announced his greatest discovery, mathematicians rejected his method of stating his law as unworthy of the precision of their science. But nearly half a century later Professor Clerk Maxwell asserted that they had never been able to improve upon his statement. The lesson is one which all scientific men should remember in connection with the work of member in connection with the work of every true laborer in the rough and rock-girt mines of physical research.

Hard Summers of the Past.

Hard Summers of the Past.

A German writer, dealing with certain prognostications (usually heard at this time of the year) of great summer heat, goes back for precedents. In 627, he says, the springs were dried up, and men fainted with the heat. In 879 it was impossible to work in the open fields. In the year 993 the nuts on the trees were "roasted" as if in a laker's oven! In 1000 the rivers in France dried up, and the stench from the dead fish and other matter brought a pestilence into the land. The heat in the year 1014 dried up the rivers and brooks in Alsace-Lorraine. The Rhine was dried up in the year 1132. In the year 1132 the heat was to great that eggs could be cooked in the sand. In 1227 it is recorded that many men and animals came by their death through the intense heat. In the year 1303 the waters of the Rhine and the Danube were partially dried up, and people passed over on foot. The crops were burned up in the year 1394, and in 1338 the Seine and the Loire were is dry land. In 1556 a great drought swept through Europe. In 1614 in France and even in Switzerland the brooks and the ditches were dried up. Not less hot were the years 1646, 1679 and 1701. In the year 1715 from the month of March till October not a drop of rain fell; the temperature rose to 58 degree Reaumur, and in favored places the fruit trees blossomed asceond time. Extraordinarily hot were the years of 1746, 1756, and 1811. The Summer of 1815 was so hot (the thermometer atanding at 40 degrees Reaumur) that the places of amusement had to be closed.

Great Australian Estates-

Roman nobles sometimes whole provinces for estates; but i are almost interest for estates; but i interest estates are numerous. Three are advertised for sale in a Melbourne paper. The area of the first is 454 square miles, of which the rent is £E21 is, 6d, only, and the cattle on the pasture are valued at £2 10s, each. The second comprises 648 square miles and the third £33 square miles. All three are in Queensland. The first lot is described as watered by a river and having a town 20 miles distant on one sale and 150 on the other. The advantage of the second is that it lies between three towns, which are, respectively, 180, 300, and £50 miles away, and the third, apparently most fortunately situated of all, is "within 100 miles of a railway." whole pro Roman poliles sometimes

How to cure dyspepus. - Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum before and after reals. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5

A Terrible Vengeauce.

"Hark, Cyrus! What was that?"
"Nothing, Emily. Let me go to sleep, will you?"

For a few moments silence reigned in the

For a few moments shence ividice in sleeping-chamber,
"Cyrus Winterbottom, there's somebody in the house i I hear a noise in the kitchen?"
Cyrus sat up in bed and listened,
"It's the cat," he grumbled, drowsily.
"A cat doen't wear boots and go around opening doors. Hark!"

"A cat doesn't wear boots and go around opening doors. Hark!"
The baby stirred and Mrs. Winterbottom soothed it to rest again.
"I don't see what anybody wants to get into our kitchen for," growled Cyrus, with a yawn. "There's nothing to—heigh-ho!—to steal in that part of the house, is there?"
"Nothing to steal! There's a plateful of tarts, a pan of doughnuts and a sponge cake."

"Some of your—heigh-ho—your own concoction Entily?"

"Yes, some of my own making. Then
there's all the silverware, and—"

"He'll never get to the silverware, Emily,
if he tackles the doughnuts first. You will
find his horribly distorted body in the morning—"

"Hush! Hark!" "Hush! Hark!"

He listened again. All was quiet. But presently an immistakable sound, as of some-body moving about on the floor below, aroused even Cyrus's dulled senses. Steps seemed to be approaching the stairway. Cyrus took his revolver out from under his pillow, climbed softly out of bed, went to the door of the room and got behind it, first having cautioned his wife in a whisper to make no noise and leave matters entirely in his lands.

Softly and stealthily came the steps up

in his lands.

Softly and stealthily came the steps up the stairway, and in a few moments the dim light of the night lamp on the dressing-case fell upon the stalwart form of a man whose face was concealed by a mask.

Mrs. Winterbottom screamed at sight of him, the haby woke up and howled, and before the burglar could recover from the momentary confusion into which this unex pected reception had thrown him Cyrus confronted him with the revolver.

"You infernal scoundred!" he hissed. "Don't you move a muscle or I'll put a ball through you!"

The revolver hadn't been loaded for a year or more, and Cyrus knew it, but the burglar didn't.

The pitiful wretch stood perfectly still. "Take off your mask!" sternly command-

The burglar complied. With ashen face and mean hang-log look he stood there and said not a word. Mrs. Winterbottom had recovered her self-possession, but the baby continued to howl.

continued to howl.

"It would serve you right, you sneaking, contemptible villain," said Cyrus in a deep, tragic voice, "if I should shoot you where you stand. I believe I'll do it, anyhow.

"Mercy! Mercy!" pleaded the trembling wretch. "It's the first time I ever broke into a house. I'll ne er do it again. I'lease let me go."

into a house. The ne er do it again. Frease let me go."

"It's the first time you were ever caught at it' It'll be the last. Downon your knees?"

"Don't kill him, Cyrus!" begged his wife.

"Think of the carpet!"

"Listen!" said Cyrus, coming closer to the kneeling buglar "Hold up your hands."

While the fellow's hands were up Cyrus rified his pockets. He took therefrom two loaded revolvers, a bowie knife, a dagger, a bottle of chie; oform, and a sandlag.

"Your first effence, is it?" said Cyrus.

bottle of chir i oform, and a sandleg.

"Your first effence, is it?" said Cyrus.
"For a novice at the business you carry a pretty good kit of took. Stand up!"

The burglar obeyed.
"Are you a man of family?"

"Yes, sir; O, please -?"

"Stop your whining."
A look of hard, stern, releatless purpose settled on Cyrus's face. He pointed the revolver at the abject seounded's head again.
"Go and take that lady!" he comanded.
"Wh—what for?"
"Never mind what for! You go and take that haby!"

that haly!"
"('yrus?" exclaimed Mrs. Winterbottom, in dismay, "what do you mean?"
"I know what I am about, Emily. Pick up that squalling infant, you villain!"

The man obeyed. "Handle it carefully I"

"Handle it carefully I"
"Yes, sir !"
"Now walk the floor with it "
For four long hours Cyrus Winterboltom held that empty revolver levelled a light of the miserable man and compalate walk up and down the room with squirming infant in his arms.

At daylored the cipping, a was permitted to meak arms mises, a broken-hearted politics, a broken-hearted politics are night.

one night

It was a horrible retribution, but who shall say it was not deserved? And thus we learn, my children, that crime sometimes brings its own punishment, and that the way of the transgressor continues to be hard. hard.

Masculine Women.

To every distinct quality belongs its own kingdom. The woman who can stride round her farm and keep her workmen in kingdom. The weinsn who can stride round her farm and keep her workmen in proper subjection, who can drive her yoke of oxen afield, red and blowzed and muscular, has her own rule and empery; but it is not of the sort of which we are speaking. There was not, perhaps, much womanliness about such individuals as Elizabeth of England, or Catherine of Russia, or Christina of Sweden; all their lovers put together could not give them a charm they did not possess—the charm of Mary Stuart, of Josephine; for the possession of lovers by no means proves the possession of this charm. Yet where one accomplishes her ends by mastery of purpose and manner, many women accomplish theirs by using the iron hand, it may be, but always in the velvet glove; their will is no less strong because it is not made evident in season and out of season, although, in fact, the graceful yielding of that will now and then is a strengthener of all the bonds by which empire is held.

The masculine woman is strong only with

held.

The masculine woman is strong only with other women and with womansh men. The womanly woman conquers every one. With men her power is in the inverse ratio of her approach to anything resembling themselves; the woman, not the man in her, attracts; and, singularly enough, her power is greater with most women also from this heightening of her feurinine side. This, however, is a very insignific at matter beside the circumstance that a woman is fulfilling her destiny, and living the line appointed her, and developing herself on the lines of nature, by keeping in view the greater use size can be, and the greater joy and comfort she can give, through the exercise of those traits which seem to have been set apart for her characterization. And if it is the intention of nature that the qualities of the sexess sall so differentiate, it is not the part of wisdom for her to contravene such intention and make of herself that conglomerate and hybrid thing, a masculine woman. The old story of the vine and the oak does not come into this question. In the womanity woman the growth is as strong and integral and self-supporting as it is in the manly man. She is a distinct an entity, and she is more in unison with eternal purposes and the creative power, the more utterly and thoroughly she is womanly. The masculine woman is strong only with

The Baby at the Gate.

I've heard unplensant stories

'If our neighbor 'cross the way
Those ugly little rymors,

Of the things that people say.
That he's very fond of pleasure,
That his hours are very late;
But I rather like to see him
Meet his baby at the gate.

I like to see the toddler Keeping watch each afternoon, And to note his eager glances When the mother ways "real so Tho" it stars a chord within me As I see and runnmate;
Stell I like to watch my neighbor
Greet the laby at the gate.

I has w not what his faults may be This neighbor cross the way. But I am sure his nears a service.

He proves that day by day.

And while it always pains no.

I lost my child and male, I live to see my neighbor Kus his tally at the gate.

"Fray, my lord, to quered a judge, "what is lade, if commendate and of the end," response rnon kayyon. The look of is outly said ha

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WORLD'S DESIRE THE

BY H RIDER HAGGARD AND ANDREW LANG.

Helenam vero immortalem fuisse indical tempe. -Senvius. Annio II., 601.

BOOK IL-CHAPTER III.

THE BATHS OF BRONZE

Even out of this night of dread the morning rose, and with it came Rei, bearing a message from the King. But he did not find the Wanderer in his chamber. The Palace cunuchs said that he had risen and had asked for Kurri, the Captain of the Sidonians, who was now the Queen's "eweller. Thither Rei was lodged with the servants in a court of the Royal House, and as the old man came he heard the sound of hammers beating on metal. There, in the shadow which the Palace wall cast into a little court, there was the Wanderer; no longer in his golden mail, but with bare arms, and dressed in such a light smock as the workmen of Khem were wont to wear. Even out of this night of dread the morn-

wont to wear.

The Wanderer was bending over a small brazier, whence a flame and a light blue smoke arose and melted into the morning light. In his hand he held a small hammer, and he had a little anvil by him, on which lay one of the golden shoulder-plates of his armour. The other pieces were heaped beside the brazier. Kurri, the Sidonian, stood beside him, with graving tools in his hands.

"Hail to thee, Eperitus," cried Rei, calling him by the name he had chosen to give himself. "What makest thou here with fire and anvil?"

hinself.

and anvil?"

"I am but furbishing up my armour, "said

"I am but furbishing. "It has more than

"Vanderer, smiling. "It has more than "I am but furbishing up my armour, "said the Wanderer, smiling. "It has more than one dint from the fight in the hall;" and he pointed to his shield, which was deeply scarred across the blazon of the White Bull, the cognisance of dead Paria, Priam's son. "Sidonian, blow up the fire." Kurri crouched on his hams and blew to

blaze to a white heat with a pair of leathern bellows, while the Wanderer fitted the plates and Lammered at them on the anvil,

plates and Lammered at them on the anvil, making the jointures amouth and strong, talking meanwhile with Rei.

"Strange work for a prince, as thou must be in Alybas, whence thou conest," quoth Rei, leaning on his long rod of cedar, tipped with an apple of bluestone. "In our country chiefs do not labor with their hands."

"Different lands, different ways," answer-

Different lands, different ways," answer-

"Different lands, different ways," answered Eperitus. "In my country men wed not their sisters as your kings do, though, indeed, it comes into my mind that once I met such brides in my wanderings in the isle of the King of the Winds."

For the thought of Æolian isle, where King Æotus gavehim all the winds in a bag, came into his memory.

"My hands can serve me in every need," he went on. "Mowing the deep green grass it spring, or driving oxen, or cutting a clean furrow with the plough in heavy soil, or building houses and ships, or doing smith's work with gold and bronze and gray iron—they are all one to me."

"Or the work of war," said Rei. "For there I have seen thee labour. Now, listen,

there I have seen thee labour. Now, listen, there I have seen thee labour. Now, listen, thou Wanderer, the King Meneptah and the Queen Meriamun send me to thee with this scroll of their will," and he drew forth a roll of papyrus, bound with golden threads, and held it on his forchead, bowing as if he brayed.

hispel. "What is that roll of thine?" said the Wasderr, who was hammering at the become pear-point, that stood fast to his hiss.

Bei sadid the golden threads and opened What have we bere!" said the What have we bere?" said the "Here are nictures, tiny and it was a manual and little or standing, axes and collect hings or standing, axes and belies? My father, and he gave the "A" Chiefa Seribe if the Royal a was a manual and a manual an

to her crying:
"Land to us those golden ornam at thou whout a word, she took her gold full thains and rings and let them has pather feet. The women of them all and morked her,

thy husband and thy son at thou who art of Phar od payest us for the lab-

wherever she be," said the Wanderer. Here or otherwhere.

"Then, what answer shall I carry to the

[Now First Poblished.]

King?"
"Time brings thought," said the Wanderer; "I would see the city if then wilt

"Timo brings thought," sau the wannerer: "I would see the city if then wilt guide me. Many cities have I seen, but none so great as this. As we waik I will consider my answer to your King."

He had been working at his helm as he spoke, for the rest of his armour was now mended. He had drawn out the sharp spear-head of bronze, and was balancing it in his hand and trying its edge.

"A good blade," he said; "better was never hammered. It went near to doing its work, Sidonian," and he turned to Kurri as he spoke. "Two things of thine I had: thy life and thy spear-point. Thy life I gave thee, thy spear-point thou didst lend me. Here, take it again," and he tossed the spear-head to the Queen's Jeweller. "I thank thee, lord," answered the Sidonian, thrusting it in his girdle; but he muttered between his teeth. "The gifts of enemies are gifts of evil."

The Wanderer did on his mail, set the

mies are gifts of evil."
The Wanderer did on his mail, set the helmet on his head, and spoke to Res. "Come forth, friend, and show me thy

But Rei was watching the smile on the face of the Sidonian, and he deemed it cruel and warlike, like the laugh of the Sardana of the sea. He said nought, but called a guard of soldiers, and with the Wanderer he passed the palace gates and went into the

city.

The sight was strange, and it was not thus that the old man, who loved his land, would have had the Wanderer see it.

From all the wealthy houses, and from many of the poorer sort, rang the wail of women mourners as they sang the dirges for the dead.

Rut in the meaner quarters many a hovel was marked with two smears of blood, one dashed on each pillar of the door; and the sound that came from these dwellings was the cry of mirth and festial. There were the cry of mirth and festial. There were two peoples; one laughed, one lamented. And in and out of the houses marked with the splashes of blood women were ever going with empty hands, or coming with hands full of jewels, of gold, of silver rings, of cups, and purple stuffs. Empty they went out, laden they came in, dark men and women with keen black eyes and the 'catures of birds of prey. They went, they came, they clamoured with delight among the mourning of the men and women of Khem, and none laid a hand on them, none refused them.

One tall fell's snatched at the staff of

Rei.
"Lend me thy staff, old man," he said, sneering; "lend me thy jewelled staff for my journey. I do not borrow it; when Yakub comes from the desert thou shalt

My journey. I do not borrow it; when Yakub comes from the desert thou shalt have it again."

But the Wanderer turned on the fellow with such a glance that he fell back. "I have seen thee before," he said and he laughed over his shoulder as he went; "I saw thee at the feast, and heard thy great bow sing. Thou art not of the tolk of Khem They are a gentle folk, and Yakub wins favour in their sight."

"What passes now in this haunted land of thine, old man." Said the Wanderer, "for of all the sights that I have seen, this is the stranges. None lifts a hand to save his goods from the thief."

Rei, the priest, greaned aloud.
"Evil days have come upon Khem," he said. "The Apura spoil the people of Khem cre they fly into the wilderness."

Even as he spoke there came a great lady weeping, for her husband was dead, and her son and her brother all were gone in the hearth of the nextlienes. She weef the

weeping, for her husband was dead, and her son and her brother all were cone in the breath of the pestilence. She was of the Royal House, and richly decked with gold and jewels, and the slaves who fanned her, as she went to the Temple of Ptah tower thip, were gold chains upon their necks. Two women of the Apura saw her and ran to ber cryise:

our of our hands and for the bricks that, we

our of our hands and for the bricks that we made without straw, gathering leaves and rushes in the sun. Now thou payest for the stick in the hand of the overseers. Where now is thy husband and thy son and thy brother? and they went still mocking and left the lady weeping.

But of all sights the Wanderer held this the strangest, and many such there were to see. At first he would have taken back the spoil and given it to those who wore it, but lied the Priest prayed him to forbear, lest the curse should strike them also. So they pressed on through the tumult, ever seeing new spectacles of greed and death and sorrow. Herea mother wept overher babe, herea birde husband—that night the groom of her and of death. Here the flerce-faced Apura, clamouring like gulls, tore the silver trinkets from the children of those of the baser sort or from mummies of those who were laid out for burial, and here a water-carrier wailed over the carcass of the ass that won him his livelihood. over the careass of the ass that won him his

At length, passing through the crowd, they came to a temple that stood near to the Temple of the God Ptah. The pylons of this temple faced towards the houses of the Templo of the God Ptah. The pylons of this temple faced towards the houses of the city, but the inner courts were built against the walls of Tanis and looked out across the face of the water. Though not one of the largest temples, it was very strong and beautiful in its shape. It was built of the black stone of Syene, and all the polished face of the stone was graven with images of the Holy Hathor. Here she were the cow's head, and here the face of a woman, but she always bore in her hands the lotus-headed staff, and the holy token of life, and her neckwas encircled with the collar of the gods. "Herodwells that Strange Hathor to whom thou didst drink last night, Eperitus," said Rei the Priest. "It was a wild pledge to drink before the Queen, who swears that she brings these woes on Khem. Though, indeed, she is guiltless of this, with all the blood on her beautiful head. The Apura and their apostate sorcerer, whom we ourselves instructed, bring the plagues on us."

"Does the Hathor manifest herself this day!" asked the Wanderer.

"That we will ask of the priests, Eperitus. Follow thou me."

day ?" asked the Wanderer.
"That we will ask of the priests, Eperitus.

"That we will ask of the priests, Epentus. Follow thou me."

Now they passed down the avenue of sphinxes within the wall of brick, into the garden plot of the Goddess, and so on through the gates of the outer tower. A priest who watched there threw them wide at the sign that was given of Rei, the Master Builder, the beloved of Pharaoh, and they came to the outer court. Before the second tower they halted, and Rei showed the Wanderer that place upon the pylon roof where the Hathor was wont to stand and sing till the hearers' hearts were melted like wax. Here they knocked once more and were admitted to the Hall of Assembly where the priests were gathered, more and were admitted to the Hall of Assembly where the priests were gathered, throwing dust upon their heads and mourning those among them who had died with the Firstborn. When they saw Rei, the instructed, the Prophet of Amen, and the Wanderer elad in golden armour came forward and, greeting Rei, asked him of his errand. Then lef took the Wanderer by the hand and made him known to the priest, and told him of those deeds that he had done, and how he had saved the life of Pharach and of those of the Royal House who sat at the feast with Pharach.

"But when will the Lady Hather sing upon her her tower top?" said Rei, "for the Stranger desires to ne her and hear her?

her

her?
The temple priest bowed before the Wanderer, and answered gravely:
On the third morn from now the Holy Hather shows herself upon the temple's top," he said: "but thou, mighty lord, who artrisen from the sea, hearken to my warning, and, if indeed, thou art no god, dare not to look upon her beauty. If thou dost look, then thy fate shall be as the fate of those who have looked before, and have loved and have died for the sake of the Hather."

"No god am I," said the Wanderer, laughing "yet perchance, I shall dare to look, and dare to face whatever it be that guards her, if my heart had me see her nearer."

"Then there shall be an end of thee and thy wanderings," said the priest. "Now follow me and I will show thee the men who last sought to win the Hathor."

He took him by the hand and Icu him through passages hewn in the walls till they came to a deep and gloomy cell where the golden armour of the Wanderer shone like a lamp at eve. The cell was built against the city wall, and scarcely a thread of light came into the chink between roof and wall. All about the chamber were baths fashioned. came into the claim between root and wall. All about the chamber were baths fashionest of bronze, and in the liaths lay dusky shapes of dark-skinned men of Egypt. There they lay, and in the faint light their limbs were being announted by some sad-faced attendants, as folk were anomical by merry girls in the shining baths of the Wanderer's home.

When Rei and Eperitus came near, the sad-faced bathmen shrank away in shamo as dogs shrink from their evil meal at night

dogs shrink from their evil meal at night when a traveller goes past.

Marvelling at the strange sight, the bathers and the bathed, the Wanderer looked more closely and his stout heart sank within him. For all these were dead who lay in the baths of bronze, and it was not water that flowed about their lumbs, but ovil smelling hatron

that flowed about their lumbs, but ovil smelting hatron.

"Here lie those," said the priest, "who last strove to come near the Holy Hather, and to pass into the shrine of the temple where night and day she sits and sings and weaves with her golden shuttle. Here they lie, the half of a score. One by one they rushed to embrace her, and one by one they were smitten down. Here they are being attired for the tomb, for we give them all rich burial."

"Truly," quoth the Wanderer, "I left the world of Light behind me when I looked on the blood-red sea, and sailed into the black gloom off Pharos. More evil sights have I seen in this haunted land than in all the cities where I have wandered, and on all the seas that I have sailed."

"Then be warned," said the priest, "for if then dest follow where they went, and desire what they desired, thou, too, shalt lie in yonder bath, and be washed of yonder

if thou dost follow where they went, and desire what they desired, thou, too, shalt he in yonder bath, and be washed of yonder waters. For whatever be false, this is true, that he who seeks love ofttunes finds doom. But here he finds it most speedily."

The Wanderer looked again at the dead and at their ministers, and he shuddered till his harness rattled. He feared not the face of Death in war, or on the sea, but this was a new thing. Little he loved the sight of the brazen baths and those who lay there. The light of the sun and the breath of air seemed good to him, and he stepped there. The light of the sun and the breath of air seemed good to him, and he stepped quickly from the chamber while the priest smiled to himself. But when he reached the outer air, his heart came back to him and he began to ask again about the Hather—where she dwelt, and what it was that slew hereaver.

she dwere, and lovers.

"I will show thee," answered the priest, and brought him through the Hall of Assembly to a certain narrow way that led to a certain to of the court stood the holy shrine of the Hathor. It was a great chamber, built of alabaster, lighted from the roof alone, and shut in with brazen doors, before which hung curtains of Tyrian web. From the roof of the shrine a stairway ran

before which hung curtains of Tyrian web.

From the roof of the shrine a stairway ran

overhead to the roof of the temple and so to

the inner pylon tower.

"Yonder, Stranger, the holy so

dwells within the Alabaster Shrine, said
the priests. "By that staircase she passes to
the temple roof and thence to the pylon top.

There by the curtains, once in every day,
we set food, and it is drawn into the sametuary, how, we know not, for none of us have set foot there—nor seen the Hathor face to face. Now, when the Goddess has stood upon the pylon and sung to the maritude below, she passes back to the shrine. Then the brazen outer doors of the temple court thrown wide and the doomed rush on are threwn wide and the doomed rush on madly, one by one, towards the drawn curtains. But before they pass the curtains they are thrust back, yet they strive to pass. Then we hear a sound of the clashing of weapons and the men fall dead without a word while the song of the Hathor swells from within."

"And who are her awouldmen?" said the

And who are her swordsmen?" said the

Wanderer. That we know not, Stranger; no man

"That we know not, Stranger; no man has lived to tell. Come, draw near to the door of the shrine and hearken, maybe thow wilt hear the Hathor singing. Have no fear; thou needst not approach the guarded space."

Then the Wanderer drew near with a doubting heart, but Rei the Priest stood afar off, though the temple priests came close enough. At the curtains they stopped and listened. Then from within the shrine there came a sound of singing wild and and listened. Then from within the shrine there came a sound of singing wild and sweet and shrill, and the voice of it stirred the Wanderer strangely, bringing to his mind memories of that I thaca of which he was Lord and should see no more; of the happy days of youth, and of the God limit wallsof windy lifes. But he could not have told why he thought on these things, nor why his heart was thus strangely stirred within him.

"Hearken! the Hather since as she

ithin him.
"Hearken! the Hathor sings as she
excessible down of men," said the priest,

"Hearken! the Hathor sings as she weaves the doors of men," said the priest, and as he speke the singing one c.

Then the Wanderer took counted with himself whether he should then and there burst the doors and take his fortune, or whether he should forbear for that while. But in the end he determined to forbear and see with his own eyes what seld, those who strove to win the way.

So haden both proportion win he and

So he drew back, wondering much; and, bidding farzwell to the aged pricat, he went with Rei, the Marter Builder, through the town of Tania, where the Apura were still spoiling the recople of Khem, and he came to,

the Palace where he was lodged. Here he turned over in his mind how he might see the strange woman of the temple, and yet escape the baths of bronze, which he loved not. There he sat and thought till at length the night drew on, and one came to sumuon him to sup with Pharach in the Hall. Then he rose up and went, and meeting Pharach and Merianun the Queen in the outer chamber, passed in after them to the Hall, and on to that dais which he had held against the rabble, for the place was clear of dead, and, save for certain stains upon the marble floor that might not be washed away, and for some fely arrows that yet were fixed high up in the walls or in the lofty roof, there was nothing to tell of the great fray that had been fought but one day gone.

Heavy was the face of Pharach, and the Heavy was the face of Pharaoh, and the few who ast with him were adonough because of the death of so many whom they loved, and the shame and sorrow that had fallen upon Khem. But there were no tears for her one child in the eyes of Meriamun the Queen. Anger, not grief, tore her heart because Pharaoh had let the Apura go. For ever as they sat at the sad feast there came a sound of the tramping feet of armies, and of lowing cattle, and songs of triumph, sung by teu thousand voices, and thus they sang:

Sova on the Apura

SONG OF THE APURA.

A lamp for our feet the Lord hath litten, signs hath Ho shown in the Land of Khem The Kings of the Nations our Lord hath smitten, His shoe hath Ho cast doer the Gods of them. He hath made him a mock of the helfer of Isis, Ho hath broken the chariot reins of Ra, Un Yakub Ho cries, and His folk arises And the knees of the Nations are loosed in

He given us their goods for a spoil to gather.
Jewels of silver, and vessels of gold.
For Yahveh of old is our Friend and Father.
And cherisheth Yakub He chose of old.
The Gods of the Peoples our Lord had chidden,
Their courts bath He filled with his creeping

Their courts but no new things:
things:
The light of the face of the Sun He hath hidden
And broken the scourge in the hands of kings.

He had chastened His people with stripes and

Our backs hath He burdened with grievous weights, But his parameter with grevous weights, But his people shall rise as a sea that surges, And flood the fields of the men He hates. The Kings of the matiens our Lord bath smit-

Ilis shoe hath he east o'er the Gods of them. But a lamp for our feet the Lord hath litten, Wonders hath wrough, in the Land of Khem.

Thus they sang, and the singing was so wild that the Wanderer craved leave to go and stand at the Palace gate, lest the Apura should rush in and spoil the treasure-chain-

should rush in and spoil the treasure-chamber.

The King nedded, but Meriamun rose, and went with the Wanderer as he took his bow and passed to the great gates.

There they stood in the shadow of the gates, and this is what they beheld. A great light of many torches was flaring along the roadway in front. Then came a body of men, rudely armed with pikes, and the torchlight shone on the glitter of bronze and an the gold helms of which they had spoiled the soldiers of Khem. Next came a troop of wild women, dancing, and beating timbrels, and singing the triumphant hymn of scorn.

brels, and singing the triumphant hymn of scorn.

Next, with a space between, tramped eight strong, black-bearded men, bearing on their shoulders a great gilded coffin, covered with carren and painted signs.

"It is the body of their Prophet, who brought them hither out of their land of hunger," whispered Meriamun. "Slaves, ye shall hunger yet in the wilderness, and clamour for the fleshpots of Khem!"

Then she cried in a loud voice, for her passionovercome her, and she prophesied to those who bare the coffin, "Not one soul of you that lives shall see the land where your conjurer is leading yon! Ye shall thirst, ye you that lives shall see the land where your conjurer is leading you! Yo shall thirst, ye shall hunger, ye shall call on the Gods of Khem, and they shall not hear you; ye shall die, and your bones shall whiten the wilderness. Farewell! Set go with you. Farewell!

wilderness. Farewell! Set go with you. Farewell!"

So she cried and pointed down the way, and so fierce was her gaze, and so awful her winds, that the people of the Apura tremt ed and the women ceased to sing.

The Wanderer watched the Queen and starvelled. "Never had woman such a hardy heart," he mused: "and it were ill to cross her in love or war!"

"They will sing no more at my gates," murmured Meriamun, with asmile. "Come, Wanderer; they awast us," and she gave him her hand that he might leas her.

So they went back to the bann of hall. They hearkened as they sat to lear in the night, and still the Apura prised, countless as the sands of the sea. At length all were give and the sound of their feet died away in the distance. Then Meriamun the Queen turned to Pharaoh and spake bitterly:

"Thou art a coward, Meneptah, ay, a coward and a slave at heart. In thy fear of the curse that the False Hather hath laid on

us, she whom thou dost worship, to thy shame, thou hast let these slaves go. Otherwise had our father dealt with them, great Rameses Miamum, the hammer of the Khita. Now they are gone hissing curses on the land that bare them, and robbing those who nursed them up while they were yet a little people, as a mother nurses her child."

"What then might I do?" said Pharach.
"There is nought to do: all is done," unswered Meriamum. "What is thy counsel, Wanderer!"

Wanderer!"
"It is ill for a stranger to offer counsel,"

"It is ill for a stranger to offer counsel," said the Wanderer.
"Nay, speak," cried the Queen.
"I know not the Gods of this land," he answered. "If these people be favoured of the Gods, I say sit still. But if not," then said the Wanderer, wise in war, "let Pharnol gather his host, follow after the people, take them unawares and smite them utterly It is no land and them come in its land.

take them unawards and smite them utterly
it is no hard task, they are so inixed a mulitiude and cumbered with much baggage!

'This was to speak as the Queen loved to
hear. Now she clapped he- hands and

"Listen, listen, to good counsel, Pha-

rach."

And now that the Apura were gone, his fear of them went also, and as he drank wine Pharaoli grow bold, till at last he sprang to his feet and swore by Amen, by Osiris, by Ptah, and by his father—great Rameses—that he would follow after the Apura and smite them. And instantly, he sent forth messengers to summon the captains of his host in the Hall of Assembly.

Thither the captains came, and their plans were made at messengers hurried forth to the govern of other great cities, bidding them send troops to join the host of Pharaoli on its march.

on its march.

Pharaoh turned to the Wanderer

"Thou hast not yet answered my message that Rei carried to thee this morning. Wilt thou take service with me and be a captain

in this war?"

The Wanderer little liked the name of service, but his warlike heart was stirred within him, for he loved the delight of battle. But before he could answer yea or nay, Meriamun the Queen, who was not minded that he should leave her spoke

nay, Meriamin the Queen, who was not minded that he should leave her spoke hastily:

"This is my counsel, Meneptah, that the Lord Eperitus should abide here in Tams and be the ptain of my Guard while thou art gone t. smite the Apura. For I may not be here unguarded in these troublous times, and if I know he watches over me, he who is so mighty a man, then I shall walk safely and sleep in peace."

Now the Wanderer bethought him of his desire to look upon the Hather, for to see new things and try new adventures was always his delight. So he answered that if it was pleasing to Pharson and the Queen he would willingly stay and command the Quard. And Pharaoh said that it should be so.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Short Sunday: Texts.

If you are a good man what are you good for?

Toy pistols kill more people than sixtyfour pounders

If Christ is anything to the soul he must excrything.

If happiness is your object in this life don't try to get rich.

It is human nature to want the garden omebody else has made.

No man can preach an much higher than his own experience. The most dangerous sinners are the most espectable sinners.

A really good man never wants to climb tree to be looked at.

A vacant mind is a standing offer to the

devil of free house room.

If you have parted with your sins don't hunt them up to say good bye.

A rotten post will tell you the truth about itself the minute you shake it.

What are you for the Lord in your own home? A giant or a grazilopper? If you don't live your religion nobody will want to hear you talk much about it.

Example is more contagious than small-ox, and there is no way of vaccinating

If churches were built without lack seats, it would be hard work to get a backslider into one.

When the devil has a chance to go into a family of boys and take his pick, he always takes the best one.

Long faces and cheerless hearts in church members have done much to keep devil in good spirits as the distilleries.

QUIT YOU LIKE MEN.

By the Rev. H. C. Riggs, D. D.

"Quit You Like Men. These words are found in the thirteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of the first epistle of I'aul to the Cornithians.

Corinithians.

It is surprising at how many points Christianity is misapprehended by men. It almost seems that the world, which knew not Christ when he came to it in person and lived in its midst so beautiful an exhibition of divine truth and grace, has been willfully unwilling to receive the true conception of his gospel ever since. Certain it is that at almost every essential point of doctrine and claim and practical principle it has been persistently if not resolutely misconceived.

The text suggests one of these widely prevalent misconceptions, as prevalent to day rainst misconceptions, as prevalent to day probably as at any other time since Chris-tianity was introduced to the world. I mean the notion that the religion of Christ has re-lation almost exclusively to the passive and tianity was introduced to the world. I mean the notion that the religion of Christ has relation almost exclusively to the passive and gentle-elements of human nature, that in it self there is very little of the robust and the rugged; that its influence upon human character is far more largely in the direction of mildness than of strength, of womanly beauty than of manly vigor. This notion betrays itself in the productions of Christian art. In the multitude of its representations of Christ, many of which are magnificent paintings from the greatest masters, it is the rarest thing to find a face of Jesus which manifests aught of strong manliness. Almost invariably the idea of energy and force is either wholly wanting or so subordinated to the effort to portray his gentleness as to give but little sign of itself in the picture. There are exceptions to this statement certainly; for example the face of Jesus in the celebrated 'Last Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci at Milan, to which, as his pencil left it, no copies do more than approximate justice; another is Raphael's face of Jesus in the Transfiguration' in the Vatican. But such exceptions are extremely rare. In the great body of its productions Christian art is perplexed by the idea that the more perfect the religious character and spirit the more mild and nerveless. It is the same idea which embodies itself now so often in the feeling that religion is especially suitable for women and children, but rather a hindrance than a help to carnest men in the rugged enterprises of life in the world.

This certainly is a mistaken idea of the Christian religion. It must be confessed indeed that it borrowssome apparent confirmation from the history of the Christian church in some periods and in ome phases of its development. It must be confessed that many individual Christian snow do much to encourage it. Nevertheless it is a mistake. Let any one who is chorishing this idea of the religion of Christ go down into the dungeous where Christian men and women and even children have

achievements of Christian faith in the public history of the world and in the private lives of Christians in connection with the enter-prises which have done so much to clevate mankind, for the regeneration of the race, and his misconception must give way before the gathering testimonials; he must feel him-self constrained to confess that nothing has brought forth such fruits of genuine and atrong manliness in human character as the Christian faith

brought forth such fruits of genuine and atrong manliness in human character as the Christian faith.

These words have been uttered by the great statesman William Gladstone: 'I amgled to say that about all the men at the top in Great Britain are Christians. I have been in public life fifty-eight years and forty-seven years in the cabinet or the British government; and during these forty-seven years. I have been associated with sixty of the master minds of the century and all but five of the sixty were Christians.' Such suggestive words may best be left to make their own comment.

For the Christian to be manly is for him to be righteens and truly hely, removed by the spirit into the likeness of Christ Jesus, developed into rounded completeness of every point of his being; is for him to be wisely brave in his loyalty to the liand hid devotion to right. Whatever with and hid devotion to right. Whatever with the property our real manhood, be it physical under social or spiritual and the devotion to right.

ual or social or spiritual into hature, falls within it ligious life. Let us not details of Christian cult tion of our health is, a our piety. The Christian

sically a healthler, cleaner, stronger, sweeter mun because he is a Christian. His body is the temple of the holy ghost and in ne respect ought to permit it to be weakened or stilled. The grace of Christ in his heart ought to reveal its power in the tidiness of the Christian's person and home, in the courtesy of his manners, in the guilelessness and pureness of his speech, in the spotless integrity of his business life, in his superiority to every form or shade of meanness, in his quick sympathy with every worthy cause, in his broad philanthropy, in his loyal heatred citizenship, in everything which pertains to the noblest manhood in all its most practical relations and details.

The world in this age cannot be touched

Inost practical relations and details.

The world in this age cannot be touched by a religion that smells of a cloister. It is indifferent to sackcloth and ashes as proofs of special spirituality. The hand that is to move and mold the world 'o-day must have the touch of a human hand, must make men feel that though it touch themwith a divine power it is power which reaches them through the heart and hand of a brother

Nazareth.

Nazareth.

Nazareth has maintained a continuous social life from the time of Jesus until now. It is almost certain that the town stands precisely where it did when Josephand Mary took up their abode there. The olive and fig trees, which line the gardens, are direct living descendants from the time of the Gospels. At the lower end of the sloping main street are still gathered the girls and women, to chatter at the well-side as they did ere Mary had yet received her call from heaven. The women are famed for their beauty, and here, better than anywhere in the world, can artists find models to inspire their ideas of the Virgin Mother More than one carpenter's shop gives us a picture of what the abode of Joseph must have been. The conservative habits of Eastern populations continue in the town the same modes The conservative habits of Eastern populations continue in the town the same modes of life and even the same fashion of garments from generation to generation through thousands of years. It is impossible, of course, to suppose that Nazareth can have been so long frequented by Western pilgrims without receiving some impress of European innovations. The churches and the schools, which by the way do more credit to modern Christianity than anything found in Jerusa lem, belong to the new world, not the old. Still, the square, flat-roofed houses, latticed windows, and dark interiors are in all probability very much what they were when Jesus played as a boy in these narroes streets. Altogether the pilgrimage to Naza the leaves a much pleasanter impression, and is more refreshing to our spirits, than a visit to Jerusalem.

The Sabbath Chime.

How shall I follow Him I serve? How shall I copy Him I love? Nor from these blessed footsteps swe Which lead me to his sent above?

Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?

'Twas thus he suffered, the' a Son, Fore knowing, choosing, feeling all; Until the perfect work was done. And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

Lord, should my path through suffering lie, Forbid it I should o'er repine; Still let me turn to Calvary, Nor heed my greef, remembering Thine.

To faint, to grieve, to die for me,
Thou camest,—not thyself to please?
And dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more that

Yes, I would count them all by
To gain the notice of Things?
Flesh shrinks and tremble.



MILLINERY.

No half-way ideas are tolerated in millinery, as will be seen in Figs. 84-95 where many different styles to suit all faces, tastes, and purses are shown. No. 1 is a tiny capote having a lace frame trimmed with loops of veivet ribbon pointing forward over a fine jet diadem, with stringate correspond. No. 2 gives a becoming arrangement for a mourning bonnet, with the veit thrown back after forming a soft puff, smooth crown, and folds along the sides; the strings are of crepe, if the veil is; or of gross-grain ribbon, if the veil is of nun's veiling.

No. 3 is a pretty shape in brown straw.

No. 3 is a pretty shape in brown straw, turned up in the back, with an edging and crown-fold of brown velvet. Several loops of velvet ribbon trim the left side, with shaded foliage on the right.

No.4 is of fancy black straw, fantastically bent, having two bias folds of velvet on the inside of the brim, and a large bow of fancy ribbon in bright colors on the left side of the

crown.

No.5 is a stylish carrage shape, of black lace edging about five inches wide, with pale yellow roses on the crown and brim, and a how of yellow ribbon toward the back.

No. 6 is a large "boat" shape, packed toward the front and broadly turned upin the back, where there is a bow of light-colored ribbon in contrast with the dark straw, and long ostrich plumes surrounding the crown.

No.7 illustrates a large shape of black

No. 7 illustrates a large shape of black crinoline, bent to suit the face and fancy; it has a fold of black velvet on the edge, large fans of black lace back and front, black tips almost flat over the crown, and a coquetish bunch of roses low in the back.

No. 8 represents a round, slightly rolling shape, trimmed with lace on the brim, roses and brownish folinge suitable for the autumn, and erect loops of stripped ribbon.

No. 9 is lined with velvet, jauntily bent, and trimmed with five ostrich tips over the crown, and a bow of ribbon in the back.

No. 10 shows a turban shape that is very fashionable in London. It is of net, drawn in folds over the crown, with a brim of fine jet lacework over velvet, and a high back triuming of striped velvet and silk ribbon, arranged as illustrated.

No. 11 shows a round toque of silk, matching the costume worn. The material is arranged over the crown to represent a bow of two loops in front, and several others pointing back. Vandyke points of silk braid like the dress-trunming form the brim.

Among the bonnets is one which merely consists of a reath of close-set full-blown roses, with a pair of narrow black velvet strings and a hovering jet butterfly. Another has a wreath of velvet burrage flowers (a novelty in artificial millinery), with loops of velvet the shade of the leaves springing up in front, and two ends drawn backward to form a rown and then if required ward to form a crown; and then, if required,

attings.

Two detached rolls of gold tinsel, connected at the back by velvet strings, with a group of black ostrich tips in front, and another group curling over the hair at the back, form a most graceful, becoming headdress—for bonnet it can scarcely be called; and the same style is carried out in soft pink grepon, with an openwork cut jet cuche-peipse connecting the two ends at the back, reating on the hair.

Though a great many are without strings.

Teating on the hair.

Though a great many are without strings, most of those worn by well-dressed women listed them of narrow velvet, and these are tied in a small, compact bow under the chin, with the ends fastened back by fancy-head-ed pins, or small brooches, under each ear. Planond-headed pins are the most fashion-tianond-headed pins are the most fashion the long, narrow, velvet strings of ather tied in a small bow and the back over each shoulder, or in fader the chin, with the ends

the complete two rows of kilt-the males other, resting the court wery effective with a count



charming example has two rouleaux, one of channing example has two rouleaux, one of green, one of heliotrope velvet, an admirable mixture. The lats are as large as the bonnets are small. One large-brunned one, principally composed of jet, has roses in tront, and a couple of butterflies; while another, with the hap brim, has been twisted into a most becoming shape, quite that in the hand, and liberally trimmed with flowers.

the hand, and liberally trimmed with the hand, and liberally trimmed with flowers.

Many homets seem to consist of a Grecian hand of small flowers, a how of velvet, and an upright tuft at the back; a roll of figured muslin with a how in front, a smaller roll set as a comb, and the two tied together by marrow velvet strings emanating from a hanch of flowers, atmight on end; a large black jet butterfly hovering over the highly dressed hair of the wearer, emerging from the roll of black lace encircling the head, or that of soveral kinds of flowers tied with how at tree, represent the fashionable of day. And the hat and home how a paint brish in metal, all of the hand had an oar, a paint brish in metal, a paint brish in metal, a first specimens, to say st specimens, to say ble comblets, high cep the frail struc-

tures of millinery on the heads of their owners, and the long, dagger shaped pins of shell or metal, that might become weapons in some hands.

in some hands.

Sailor hats have two hands of inch-wide velvet, with a little how at one side. The black and colored lace straw hats are too erratic to describe. Some have a velvet run in and out of the brims, apparently drawing them up in a wildly undulating style, while others are aureoles of black net or lace, resting on a velvet head-hand, and covered with flowers. Another style is almost covered with colored limistels in that short wings. One has a series of how-over the crown, and erect loops in the back. This shape was never more taranted, therefore never as benever more termined, therefore never as be-

A most picturesque wide brimmed hat in black velvet is all curves and feathers, both black and red. The Toreador, in fine black straw, is a good shape for young girls, and those who wear no fringe of hair. The brim is rather more turned up an one side than the other, and is generally softened by a row of velvet, rosettes of lace trimming the crown.

Some hats, with brims of gold lace straw,

are particularly worth mention, one kindhaving a prommer' brim, sharply turned up at the back, with a few small white tips curling on to the hair, the low gold wire crown veiled with delicate sprigged white lace, kept in place by another group of tips, surmounted by a large winged tinsel butterfly preparing to settle in the centre. The same style is carried out with black lace—pink ostrich tips, and a jetted butterfly.

Another hat, also in gold straw, is naller and sits smartly on the head, with narrow cream velvet threaded in and out of the crinkled brim, and danty velvet loops set in among the mass of curly, creamy tips that smother the crown. A similar shape is carried out in silver lace straw, with black velvet and white and black tips. This hat is specially ordered to wear with a black—and white costume.

specially ordered to wear with a black and winte costume.

Black straw toques are quietly trimmed with a rolled twist of China crepe, and wings, or a tiny white, black, or yellow bird. Others have two reactes of crepe, velved, or actin ribbon in front; one is of black with velvet ribbon atrings from the back, pinned under the chin, with pointed ends laid toward the ears, or tied in a bow on the left sale.

Eric's Trip to the Polo. BY PAYSIT.

One bright beautiful winter day Eric sat by the window in the cozy sitting room, watching with eparkling eyes the snow glistening in the sunshine and listening to the merry jingle of the sleigh bells mingled with the egy shouts of the happy riders.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "how beautiful the winter is; the black roofs look so clean and white with their covering of snow, and the frost makes the field and trees shine like diamonds."

like diamonds."

"It is, indeed, beautifut," sighed the mother, who for several years had been totally blind; "and I wish I could enjoy the sight with you. But I can remember how it all looks and the recollections are very pleasant."

The bey's bright face became thoughtfut, and he said: "Mother can nothing be done to restore your sight?"

"Nothing, my dear child," was the reply. "There is but one remedy, and that is beyond our power."

yond our power."
When Bric wished to know this remedy, When Fric wished to know this remedy, his mother told him that astrange physician had once visited aer, and had said that near the North Pole grew a flower called the Wonder Flower, with which all blindness might be healed. But no one had ever penetrated this region of snow and ice, and so the flower could not be obtained. Eric thought much of this story, and even when he went to his room that night the remembrance of it was with him. Just as he was he went to his room that night the remembrance of it was with him. Just as he was dropping off to sleep a slight noise at the window aroused him, and looking up he saw the sash thrown open, and a boy near his own size, wearing a dazzling white robe, enter the room. He thus spoke to Eric: "The wonder flower is very easily found by those who wish it. I shall leave this small box for you. Within is a slender stick, which will guide you to the home of the flower."

Then the stranger, having placed the box on the table, disappeared, and Eric fell asleep. When the boy awoke the next morning, the first object that met his gaze was the small box. He shouted with delight: "Then I was not dreaming; and can

was the small box. He shouted with de-light: "Then I was not dreaming; and can really find the one remedy for my dear

Hustening to the breakfast room he cried :

mother.'

Hostening to the breakfast room he cried:

"Mother, mother, now you shall see, for I have a guide to the wonder flower."

He then related his adventures of the night before and handed the box to his mother, who felt it carefully and then said:

"You have been dreaming, Eric. This is only a pocket compass, whose needle always points to the north."

"But, mother," said Eric, "the boy told me it would guide me to the wonder flower. Please let me go."

At first the mother refused, but finally, unable to resist his carnest pleadings, she promised that if he would wait till spring she would then allow him to begin his. search. The remainder of the winter passed very slowly to the impatien, boy. But finally spring did really come, and when the fields and trees were again in bloom Eric l—gan to talk of his journey to the North Pole.

One night his former visitor appeared to

Pole.

One night his former visitor appeared to him, and said: "You must start at once in quest of the wonder flower. I shall give you a companion who shall advise and guide you, and also a staff which will help you through many difficulties."

The stranger knocked three times on the floor, and suddenly a score or more of little creatures not more than a foot high entered, carrying a light reed cane, which they placed on Eric's leed. Then all vanished, with the exception of one, whose name was Muckabold, and he was the companion which was to be sent. Eric arose and hastily made his preparations to depart. Taking his compass and staff he hurried to his mother's room, and before she had time to utter a word in remonstrance, he had bidden her goodby, and was gone.

All that melt and the port day Frie and

remonstrance, he had bidden her goodby, and was gone.

All that might and the next day Eric and has friend followed the guidings of the compass, and in the evening found themselves in a large field in the midst of which stood an old wide-spreading elm tree.

"What do you say to steeping here for the night?" said Muckabold.

"It is a very good place," said Eric, "but where shall we find food?"

where shall we find food?"

Muckabold only laughed and told him to strike three times on the ground with his cane. When Eric had done this, many of Muckabold's brothers appeared, saying that they were ready to obey orders. Learning that food and shelter were required, the little men led the way to a rock, into which was an entranceso narrow that with great difficulty Eric passed through. But once within, the narrow hall extended into the wine room where stood tables rovered with the choicest food. At first Eric was at a loss to know hew he should eat from such small dishes; but his littlefriends were very attentive, and

saw that their guest was well supplied; and after he had sotisfied his hunger he was led to a downy couch, where he slopt soundly till roused in the morning by Muckabold, who saidlt was time to continue their journey Again theyfollowed the guidings of the compass, which led them to the shore of a wide

pass, which for them.

"Now, what shall we do?" asked Eric "looking about in vain for a bout; "we certainly cannot swim this great ocean."

"Swim?" laughed Muckabold; "throw your cano in the water and see what happens."

aric did so, and found that the cane, inaric did so, and found that the cane, instead of floating away, seemed to grew and widen out until a handsome sailboat rocked before them on the waves. Scarcely had they taken their places when hundreds of mermaids appeared above the surface of the water, and stretching forth their long white arms, they seized the boat and pulled it along in the direction which the compass indicated. For many days they glided by sunny lands and blooming fields; then gradually the flowers began to disappear, and the traces became fewer until at last snow covered the ground, and great ice-bergs were to be seen. Now the mermaids also vanished, and the boat floated to a cold, frozen shore, on which stood a band of also vanished, and the boat floated to a cold, frozen shore, on which stood a band of soldiers arrayed in snewy armor, and wearing shields and swords of crystal ice. Eric and Muckabold stopped ashore and were met by the captain of the company, who said: "No one is allowed to enter the realm of the snew king; and if you attempt to advance we shall strike you with the sword."

of the show king; and it you with the sword:"

"If you'do not lead us to your king," said Eric, "I shall strike you with my caue;" and raising his staff he struck the shield and sword of the captain with such force that they broke into a thousand pieces. Alarmed at the sight of such strength, the other soldiers fled, while the captain, with fear and trembling, led the way to the king, who wast first very angry with hismen for their lack of courage. But when he had heard Eric's story he said: "You have come for a good cause. The wonder flower grows in "to Northerz part of my kingdom, and my rendeer shall carry you there.

Eric was not long in mounting this strange steed, and with Muckabeld clinging to the horns; he was soon speeding over the frozen snow. A few hours' ride brought him to the shore of a great lake. Here no ice was to be seen, and the clear placid waters reflected the deep blue of the heaven. On the green banks grew daisies and violets in profusion, and covering the ground like a scarlet carpet were the large beautiful wonder flowers. Eric quickly gathered a dozen or more of the great red flowers, and then hastened back to the king to express his gratitude. But the ice king allowed him to take only one flower, and exacted a promise that he should tell no one of his trip to the North Pole.

And now Eric, happy in the thought that North Pole.

And now Eric, happy in the thought that the blind eyes of his mother should be open-ed, hurried on his way home. Muckabold ed, hurried on his way home. Muckabold still proved himself a faithful guide, and led his friend safe through all the control of his friend safe through all the dangers of the return journey. The mermaids guided their ship, and the little elves, whose home was in the narrow cave, again provided food

and shelter.

There was great joy in Eric's home when, having been welcomed withloving embraces, he waved the wonder flower three times before his mother's eyes, and the sight was

Muckabold disappeared as suddenly as he had come, and hereafter visited Eric only in his dreams.

A Dainty Birthday Gift.

If you are in-doubt as to the best way to If you are in doubt as to the best way to mark a birthday, of a daughter or favorite nicee, give her a silver teaspoon, and repeat this each year. Let there be no effort to match the spoom; for the more they differ the better. Such a gift costs no more than many a pretty trifle usually presented on an anniversary, and has the mort of use as well as that of beauty to commend it to sensible people.

Sometimes this custom is established at the birth of a laby, and each succeeding

Sometimes this custom is established at the birth of a laby, and each succeeding birthday adds another spoon, until the favored mortal has a collection that will furnish as interesting a subject for conversation at a lunch or tea as did ever a dainty bit of china.

It is the custom c f some travelers when in It is the custom c i some travelers when in a foreign country 10 purchase a spoon in each large city visited. The spoons thus collected and marked with date of purchase as well as the names of the city wherein bought serve as delightful souvenirs of the

How to cure Dys pepsia.—Chew Adams' Tutts Frutti Gum alter meals; 5 cents.

Moral Impressions in Common Life.

In the Union Signal a practical writer speaks of the influence of surroundings on the young people, in such terms as the fol-

the young people, in such terms as the following:

The child does not, as a general thing hear the same anxiety expressed with regard to the truth of an idea as to the stylishness of an outfit, nor does it hear the wonders of scientific discovery spoken of as enthusiastically as are the wonders of a display of millinery. In the common conversation it is likely to hear eager discussions over fashion plates; a great deal of gossip and of unfriendly criticism. It will see far greater leniency shown to a neglect of the diolden Rule than to a neglect of the observances of society, far greater leniency shown to a gossipy defamation of character than to the wearing of a dress or gloves different from

Rulo than to a neglect of the observances of society, far greater leniency shown to a gossipy defamation of character than to the wearing of a dress or gloves different from what society prescribes for the occasion. It will observe that the thoughts of the family are centered che"y, perhaps wholly, upon their own interests. In regard to outward distinctions the child will see that persons placed by social position above its own family, are, on account of that position, hold in respect; that their example is copied; their notice desired and courted are boasted of; their opinions quoted. This would be particularly noticeable in case of relatives who had attained to such position, while relatives in correspondingly inferior position would be regarded with indifference. If its own family is in genteel circumstances, the child learns to look down upon "working people," and to consider labor as in a measure disgraceful.

Beginning at the top of the social scale and proceeding downward we see that a child is likely to learn, in the family, that appearing is more than being, that moneyworth is more than character-worth, that wealth and areial position are the objects chiefly to be striven for, and that success in life means success in gaining these. The emphasis is put in the wrong place, in a great many wrong places, as if in reading an important paragraph the small words were emphasized—the ofs, and ands, the thes, and tos. What, then, can we expect other than that the child's mature life will be based on these unworthy ideas of values which are causing blight and and and which are imbreathed, as we may say, from the nome atmosphere. This home atmosphere is what, the young and forming character feeds upon and grows from. Every expression of opinion, every chance remark upon people, every subject talked about, every motive appealed to, refinement or its-opposite as expressed in speech, and manner, every one of these, as well as each word, look and tone, does its work on character.

Ages of Man and Wife.

Ages of Man and Wife.

It is always better for a man to be several years the senior of his wife. And I'll tell you why. The average girl who marries—God years the senior of his wife. And I'll tell you why. The average girl who marries—God bless her—stays at home, and makes home a blissful abiding place for her husband and her children. The man goes out into the world and has the responsibility of caring for those who are at home; and yet, time does not seem to set its seal on him as it does on a woman. The little cares of life ruffle her and too often make her look, aswezay, "old, before her time." Now, even when this does not happen, she does proportionately grow old in appearance sooner than a man, and for that reason she wants to take the benefit of old in appearance sooner than a man, and for that reason she wants to take the benefit of the doubt and let him have the added years to start with. Then, too, you should desire to keep your heart and mind young: to be his intellectual companion, and this is much easier when your husband is old enough to be "the guide, philosopher, and friend." The love of a woman to her husband always has a little of the maternal in it—that is right and cender—but she does not wish to be mistaken for his mother.

Be wise and marry a man older than your-

Be wise and marry a man older than your-self; one who has seen life in its many phas-es and who can guide you over the rocky place; one who has learned that it is not always wise to obey impulse, but that any important duty should be well thought over.

The Young Women of To-day.

It is not enough that the young women of to-day shall be what their mothers are, or were. They must be more. The spirit of the times calls on women for a higher order.

of things, and the requirement of the woman of the future will be great. I must not be misconstrued into saying that the future woman will be one of mind rather than of woman will be one of mind rather than of heart. Power of mind in itself no more makes a true woman than does wealth, beauty of person, or social station. But a clear intellect, a well-trained mind adorns a woman, just as an ivy will adorn a splendid oak; a true woman has a power, something peculiarly her own, in her moral induceco, which, when duly developed, makes her queen over a wide realm of spirit. But this sha can possess only as her nevers But this she can possess only as her powers are cultivated. Cultivated women wield the are cultivated. Cultivated women wield the scepter of authority over the world at large. Wherever a cultivated woman dwells, be zure that there you will find refinement, moral power, and life in its highest form. For a woman to be cultivated she must begin early; the days of girlhood are transitory and fast-fleeting, and girls are women before we know it, in these rapid times. Every girl has a certain station to occupy in this life, some emplace to fill, and often she makes her own station by her capacity to create and fill it. The beginning influences the end.

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A GHOST AT HIS FIRESIDE.

The months went on after that less pain fully than Philip would have believed possible. He was a distinct success in jour ial ism. His letters to the London Bulletin were continued, but they were the smallest part of his work. He began with reviewing, for which his university training—his know ledge of the best things that have been said and done in the world—served him well. Then he wrote editorials; and, before two years had passed, he was second in command Then he wrote editorials; and, before two years had passed, he was second in command on a leading morning paper. He took rooms in an ap-town apartment house, and began to collect a library and really to enjoy his work and his life, despite the deep 'mer solitude, into which no one save Rose had ever entered. There had been change in his lengths home. The good year had died suddenly, and his widow and Bella had gone to live in quite a ther part of England; so that Philip heard no more through them of Rutheer House and its inmates.

As for Rose, she had accepted Halltree

As for Rose, she had accepted Halltree Standish in a mood of desperation. She must either marry him, she thought, or live on under the roof of the father she had learn on under the roof of the latter she had early him would be a change from the thraldom that was growing intolerable. She had yet tolearn that there can be a thraldom more intolerableatill han that in which the sternest father

ble still han that in which the sternest father a hold his daughter.

When Halltree Standish asked her to marry him, they had been dancing together, and had gone afterwards into the conservatory, for a breath of its cooler air. Standing beside the fountain, with the ralms for a background, she listened to the words of her new wooer. She was looking down at a bunch of tuberoses she held in her hand, and she idly picked them to pieces while he spoke. The air seemed full of their stifling odor. How she will hate it till her death day! He made his speech pretally enough; and when he hadfinished it she looked up at him, and there was not one trace of emotion in, her face.

of emotion in her face.

"I do not love you the least bit in the world," she said quietly.

He caught her meaning.

"Well," he answered, "will you marry me all the same !

"Would you take me without an atom of love?" she asked, still very quietly.

He looked down into her eyes a moment.
"Yes, by Heaven, I would. You are safe.

to love me some day; and if you don't—"
"If I don't!" she inquired.
"If you don't—well, then, I will love you enough for two—that's all."
"It seems to me rather a dangerous experiment."

"It seems to me rather a dangerous experiment," she suggested.
"Dangerous experiments do not frighten me—I have tried too many of them," he answered; and then he reached out his hands and took hers. "You are engaged to me, mind," he said, with a curious smile; and suddenly a kiss like a flame burned the lips she had meant no one save Philip Girton should ever touch; and then she felt that the past was already slain—the new life already begun.

the past was already slain—the new life already begun.

She really wondered that she did not suffer more; but she went on, from that night to her wedding day, as one in a dream. Mr Sheldon was more unctuous and more joval, than ever. The world was going well with him in those days. He would have a son-in law after his own heart—a man both of family and of fortune. Of course, Rose would be happy. To do him justice, he never doubted that. His own nature was so a different from hers that he could no more never doubted that. His own nature was so different from hers that he could no more modestand her than the barn-door fewl second like the heavenward quest of the yescoing lark. He based his expectations by her on his knowledge of himself. Who the found herself the mistress of vall that, with the county families asking thinger, she would be glad enough haid sent the vicar's penniless son trainings.

Justinest:
Savishin, his preparations for the Revolted liven an earl's daughter and let live more beautiful or let live more beautiful or live from really and weak-

When they started on their journey to Italy, he was all gentleness. He would try soft means first. Every wish of the fair bride's wasantleinated—every step guarded from fatigueor discomfort. And then he waited for his reward and his reward nover came. She was cold compliant, obliging, graceful, sub missive—everything, in short, but loving She had loved in the old, winged days, when she stood with Philip Girton beside the sea I believe that some women love twice or more in their lives. They are so to say, in the habit of loving. That was not the nature of Rose. She had loved once and for all—even though that love did not give her the courage to dy in the face of her father's will, which 'o her meant so much more than flying in the face of Providence.

At lest Standish began to weary of the aloofness of his ice maiden. He swore an oath, not loud but deep, at her accursed pride, and determined to have the thing out with her. In his eyes was the look which his dogs and his horses knew. There were red spots in them, like glints of fire. But he began to speak to his wife quietly enough. They were in Rome, and they had driven to the Pincian Hill. The hreath of the lovely Roman spring was in the midst of the procession of carriages; but Standish spoke a word to his coachman, and soon they were alone in a tree-bordered path. Then he put out his hand and took his wife's into it.

"Do you love Rome, my dear?" he asked with a curious gentleness. "I suppose you and some idea of it before you came. Is it all you fancied it would be?"

She was glad of the safe impersonality of the question.

"Yes." she answered. "I have longed."

She was glad of the safe impersonality of the question.

"Yes." sate answered "I have longed all my life to see Rome, and I have dreamed what it would be; but I think it is levelier than any of the pictures my fancy had made

of it."

"You know I knew it well long ago," he went on. "I came here now only for you; so when you are tired of it we will move on. We could go to Sicily or Constantinople or Egypt—anywhere you please. Fancy that you have wings, and decide where you will fly with them. You can go whither you will." vou will.

A sudden color burned for an instant on her check, and a swift glezm of longing shot from her eyes, and her husband noted it

from her eyes, and her curiously.

"You were about to say?" he suggested.

"Nothing," she answered.

"Then you do not want to fly away?
You are content in Rome? It is the spring, when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. The laureate says so, and he knows. If a young man's fancy turns to love, why not a young man's fancy love, why not a young woman's? love me, Rose?"

"No! I told you that before."

"But, you see, I kept on hoping. I had a free heart—so I thought—to deal with, and everything in my favor. Was it a free heart Rose."

His hands held hers more tightly than ever; and his oyes sought her eyes, and held them also. She did not speak.

"You will answer me, please." It seemed to Rose that his voice had never been so offer and yet, that he could never been so

soft, and yet that she could no more resist its command than she could the summers of "Is there-has there ever been ther man whom you loved, as you do not

"Yes."

"Ah! you did not tell me that."

"No, because you did not sek me; and I could not bear to speak of it. It was so brief a thing, too. One day he told me that he loved me, and the next day he told my father, and—that was all of it. He went away to America. Would you not have married me if you had known "

He looked at her for a silent moment, and then he said:

then hosaid :

then no said:

"Yes, I should have married you all the same. Do not let that trouble you."

And then he bent forward and spoke to the Italian coachman, who had not understood one word of all that had gone on behind his back; and in another instant they were back again among the ever-moving worksion.

Halltree

procession.

I think that from that moment Halltree

I think that from that moment Halltree Standish lated his wife with a bitter and an undying hatred. But it took the strange shape of the mer ardent devotion. He could not caress her enough. His kisses burned on her lips like fire.

Wiffirst Ricco-did not understand. She thought the ardor meant the struggle of a livesper structure that was trying to snatch her thought the ardor meant the struggle of a livesper structure that was trying to snatch her thought the that was trying to snatch her thought the that was trying to snatch her that the same that it cant; and then she gave liatons shernever could have follow. In May they came that There had been some taking a house in London but Standish said—and

how the red lights glowed in his eyes as he sa'd it—that he could not share his wife with the world. He must keep her quite to himself at Halltree Hall. And there the summer went by them; and the winter came and went, and then yet another summer and winter and Reserve them. and went, and then yet another summer and whiter, and Rese wondered that the spring found them both alive. Nover once did Standish give her anything to complain of. He scarcely left her for a moment, of night or day. He was killing her by inches with his odious fondness; with his unwelcome presence, that had grown to seem a horror to shudder at.

At last—they had been married then for more than two years—there came, one day, a request from Rose's father that she would come to London. Some business arrangements—some transfer of

day, a request from Rose's father that she would come to London. Some business arrangements—some transfer of property in which her interests were concerned—were to be made, and her presence was required. To Mr. Sheldon's eyes—which were holden by the very force of his nature from seeing the truth—the marriage of Rose appeared to have turned out all that he could have in well. Rich, honored, addred—that was the samether life rever to him. he could have need. Hich, honored, adored—that was the aspect her life wore to him. He meant to add to her prosperity by a generous gift. Rose read the letter which her maid had brought her, and a cry of some thing like joy sprang to her lips.

"Did Madame speak?" the maid asked.

"Yes, we are going to London by the next train. We shall stay over two nights. Pack what is needful."

what is needful."

It chanced that, for the first time in months.

Standish was absent. Ho had gone to attend to some business connected with another to some business connected with another estate which had recently fallen to him; and he would not be back until the evening of the next day. This London plan would extend his wife's respite from his presence for twenty-four hours longer, and she caught at the chance eagerly. She left her father's letter inclosed for him, and she took the next train for London. She reached there barely in time for dinner.

Her mother welcomed her with a tearful in the for there were wars symething in her too.

joy; for there was something in her too white face and strangely self-contained man-ner at which the mother-heart took alarm;

though the father saw nothing in it but a natural accession of dignity.

"You should have waited for Halltree," he said, when she had explained how it was that she had come alone. "There was no such immediate haste." But Rose was silent

silent.

The next day all the business matters were adjusted. In the afternoon Rose drove in the park, with her mother. She began to understand, what she had hardly known of old, that she and her mother had loved each other—and that a mother's love for her child, whether congeniality exists between them or not, is a real factor in life. As they drove toward home, in the May twilight, she put out her hand and touched her mother's:

"Mother," she said in a low, half-stiffed voice, "Mother, I hate that man."

twiligut, s...
her mother's:

"Mother," she said in a low, half-state, woice, "Mother, I hate that man."

"What man, darling?" and her mother's tone was frightened.

"Halltree Standish—the man to whom my father married ma."

"O Rose! How dreadful!"

"Yes, it is dreadful—quite the most droadword. But it is true, all "O Rose! How dreadful!"

"Yes, it is dreadful—quite the most droadful thing in the world. But it is true, all the same. I will bear life with him just as long as ever I can. If the time comes when I can't bear it a day longer, I shall come to you; and you must help me and hide me."

"O Rose, your father would kill me."

"Yes, if he knew it, very likely he would kill both of us. But he must not know. Mother, I am your only child; and I we now.

Mother, I am your only child; and I've no one in the whole wide world to turn to but you. I will bear my life at Halltree Hall just as long as I can Brit if a time ever comes when I can not bear it any longer,

comes when I can not bear it any longer, you must promise to help me."

The mother looked into her child's face in the waning light. Sorae slow courage was born of that lingering look. "Yes," she said faintly. "I promise—I do—I do."

That very night, when this promise had been given and received. Standish came home to Halltree Hall, and found his wife's letter, inclosing her father's. His amile when he read it was not good to see.

"Seven took advantage of my absence to

"So you took advantage of my absence to get up to London? Wait until I have you back again, fair lady. I will watch you more lovingly than even."

The next day Mrs. Standard started on The next day Mrs. Standard started on her return journey. She and her maid had a compartment to themselves, and the day were on slowly till it was not afternoon. Then, suddenly, came a hideons crash—an instantaneous sense of awful horror—and then they knew nothing more. It was late afternoon when Rose Standish opened hereces. She was lying on a low bod in a humble room; and not far off, and a sort of couch, was her maid, dead—her poor face braised and battered out of all accognition. Even her mistress know her only by her clothes. They were some which she herself had given her—a black gown and some partly worn wraps of her own.

wraps of her own.

Life came slowly back to Mrs. Standish, but she welcomed life reluctantly. It means going to the home she hated—the man she loathed. She fancied just how he would kiss her—just the soft tones in which he would congratulate himself that she was restored to his hate. Heavens I How she envied the dead girl lying there I Why should she not be that girl? She raised herself on her elbow and contemplated the possibilities. An awful tempiation assalled her. What harm would it do any one if she put her own wraps on the dead, and took those which the girl had worn, and shipped away in them. away in them :

It would mean to lose herself—her name—her place in the world; but it would free her from that man. Kow she hated him! her place in the world; but it would free her from that man. Kow she hated him! and, oh, what bitter reason she had to hate him! She had money enough with her to last her for some time. She could put her own outside clothes, and various trifles of her own, on the dead maid; and the girl would be buried as Mrs. Standish—and she herself—she would go free. Free! She almost shouted the word before she thought. Then she remembered that she must be both swift and silent. The people who had brought them into that cottage had, no doubt, believed them both dead, and so gone away from them to the aid or other sufferers; but they might return at any moment. Now was her time. She slipped from the bed. She felt strangely weak and dizzy; but her strong will sustained her. She put her card-case, with her name and address into the dead girl's pocket—her watch in the girl's belt. She slipped under the maid's shoulders her own wrap, and tied on the poor, battered head her own bonnet. Last of all, she took off her own wedding-ring, and its diamond gard, and put them both on the dead maid's finger, thanking Heaven that the girl's heads were almost as well kept as her own.

"He will naver know the difference, she said to hers in. "I know what a desperate horror he has of dead people. He will never come near enough to know."

Then she put on Lerself the long close which the dead girl had worn, and tied en

Then she put on Lerself the long clook which the dead girl had worn, and tied on her own head the hat which had tallen back from the bruised, lifeless face; and, this done, she slipped noiselessly out of the back

Four weeks after that a letter wa handed to Mrs. Sheldon, who was thon at Ruthven House, from whence her husband had gone up to London a few days be-

"Be quiet, mother dear," so the letter be-

"Be quiet, mother dear," so the letter began, "do not scream or even speak. It is I—your living child--who am writing to you. I know by the papers that my father is in London, and I write to tell you all."

Then came the story of her escape. She had got out of the house unseen, and then it seemed as if some good spirit had guided her. She had been led on and on until she came to a quiet farmhouse, and there she her. She had been led on and on until she came to a quiet farmhouse, and there she lind taken shelter, telling the simple, incurious people of the house only that she had escaped from the accident, as by a miracle. Next morning she had rewarded them for the shelter they had given her, and gone away. She had hidden herself in the first for the shelter they had given her, and gone away. She had hidden herself in the first large town she came to, and she had read in the daily papers the accounts of her own leath, the dissappearance of her maid, who was probably—so said the papers—among the unrecognizable dead. Later on she read of her own imposing funeral, and of her burialin the family vault of Halltree Church; and then she had waited until she knew that her mother was alone at Ruthven Honso before writing to her.

that her mother was alone at Ruthven House before writing to her.

"I cannot come to you," she said in conclusion. "I must be dead to you and dead to the world. I will never go back to that man alive. I shall make my way to Paris, and when you can you will send monoy to Miss Agnes Irwin, care of Truro & Co., 11 Rue Rivoli, Paris, burn this letter when you have read it. Do not let an atom of it escape the fire. Think how butter my life must have been when I was willing to escape it in this manner, and remember your promise. If you fail me or betray me, I am lost indeed. But you will now-you are my mother."

mother."
The news came to Philip Girton, in far-off
New York, that the girl he had loved was
dead. His sister sent him the papers, with
their account of the railway disaster, in which
dozens had been killed and among them Mrs.
Halltree Standish, of Halltree Hall. Later mother.' Halltree Standish, of Halltree Hall. Later on came other papers with the accounts of the funeral. It was strange how differently all this affected Philip from what he would have supposed possible beforehand. He thought of Rose with the tenderest pity. He remembered her bright young lovelness, and how much more alive she seemed than other girls. And now she was dead. This eager young life was cold in the cold grave. It was pitcous beyond all words, and yet it was not sorrow that he felt.

She seemed infinitely nearer to him than she had ever seemed since she parted with him that summer day, nearly three years ago now. She had been another man s wife for more than two years; now, again, she was his only, as, he told himself, her soul had been always. He tried to mourn for her, but his heart defied him. He began to fancy that she was near him, that the know all he did, and then again she cluded him, and he was not sure of her even in the grave. Had she gone on, beyond the reach of his longings, where his heart could never overtake her? She seemed infinitely nearer to him than

her?
A curious strength came to him from the thought that she was no longer in that other man's house. Dear eyes—bright lips—soft hair—oh, it was better that the grave held

hem!
He went on working hard for the next
two years, but in his scanty leizure he made
some congenial acquaintances, and some of
them were women. One was a real friend,
to whom he went with all his interests, all to whom he went with all his interests, all his ambitions. He began to feel a certain need of her. No work quite satisfied him until he had her verdict upon it. Sometimes he thought she was to him what Rose might have been, with the passionate love he felt for Rose left out. And then, as time went on and on, he began to think that life might be brighter for him if he could install Miss Van Courtlandt at his own fireside.

"It would have to be a different fireside, though, from this," he said, pulling himself together with a laugh, and looking round on his simply furnished library, rich only in books. Miss Van Courtlandt wasan heiress, and used to hife's luxuries. He went to see

and used to life's luxuries. Ho went to see and used to hie's luxuries. He went to see her more afternoons than not in the Leisure, hourortwo-beforedinner; and she grew to look out for his coming with so real an interest that she would let many a pleasant thing go, rather than be absent all the hour when he was most likely to call. Did she love him? No—I do not think so. She was twenty-six, and she had seen a good deal of the world, and was not likely to give her love unasked. But, I think, had Philip Girton sought her it, would not have been in sought her it would not have been in

She was one of the four hundred, and she She was one of the four hundred, and she knew how to dance and make merry; but a talk over the fire, about her favorite books or his own editorials, with Philip Girton, had grown to seem to her quite the pleasantes: way of amusing herself; and this had gone on for more than a year. Philip had scarcely known her before the news of Rose's death or the line that his life. death came to him; but since then his life had been enlarging its boundaries. It was October, and he was reckoning up the years that he had been in New York. He had come in the summer. It was a little more than five years ago now; and those five years had made him more American than English. His interests were here. He meant to live and die here—and he was seriously contemplating the deairableness of an American wife.

"I shall not love her." he said to humself. came to him ; but since then his life

American wife.

"I shall not love her," he said to himself, as he walked up and down; "at least, I shall not love her as I loved Rose. That is over with me for hife; but it is a solitary business to live alone and I'm tremendously attached to Miss Van Courtlandt." (The lady's name was Edith; but he always called her Miss Van Courtlandt, even in his thoughts.) "I think it would be good to so home at, night. think it would be good to go home at night and find her—I'll go and see what she thinks about it herself."

He smiled an undoubting sort of a smile just there. The best of men have their lit the vanities. He stepped into a florist's and bought some roses such as he knew she loved, and then on he went to the house on loved, and then on he went to the house on Murray Hill, where he was an almost daily visitor. He found Miss Van Courtlandt at her best. The sitting-room, which was her own especial haunt, seemed full of her own charm. It was a rich, luxurious place—in as perfect taste, however, as was Edith Van Courtlandt's own dress, of which one never thought about the cost, but only of the heauty and the fitness.

She was a handsome woman, too-not in She was a handsome woman, too—not in Rote's style, but a regal creature, as he thought to himself, who would have defied a hundred fathers. He gave her the roses he had brought, and she pinned one of them on her holom and put the others into a vase—a miracle of royal Worcester—that stood beside her. Philip looked at her—so regal, so gradients, so wise and good—this woman whom he had come there on purpose to ask to ke his wife. And then suddenly he became conscious that Rose had entered with him into the room. him into the room.

He had not known it before, and even now his eyes were holden that he could not see her. but, all the same, he was aware of her presence, and he knew that she was waiting to hear what he would say her presence embarrassed him cruelly. The words he had

said to her beside the summer sea came back said to her beside the summer s.a came back to him—above all, the solemn onth he had sworn, to go to her, at whatever cost, if she ever needed him. "But I said any time until the "Lay on her death," he argued with hims.if, "and she has been dead more than two years now." Yet this excuse did not satisfy him. The presence tayed close be side him—blose—as intimute as his own heart, he felt it.

side him—blose—as intimate as me own heart, he felt it.

He could not ask Edith Van Courtlandt to marry him, with the presence waiting so shrowdly by. He began to talk with her of books and they got into an old argument about Stevenson and Sir Walter Scott. Manlike, Phillip refused to even them. To his mind Sir Walter was head and shoulders the bigger man; but Edith fought stoutly for her Stevenson. Scott was the bigger perhaps; but, if you please, who wan the subtler? above all, who had the finer style? who know the better what to do with the point of his pon?

And so they chatted on until Girton's time was up, and he took his leave and walked on honeward. And still the presence walked with him. If Rose had been in this world, he would have said that some curious telepathy was uniting them—but can the dead, he wondered, thus link themselves to the living? On and on he walked until he reached the house where was his hone. He opened the door with his key and went in.

His man had lighted the fire on his hearth and, but for the firelight, the room was vague with the soft twilight ghoon. And already it seemed that the presence had come in before him, and sat there in the low casy chair, in the fire glow. He went across the floor. It seemed to him that something drew him on. And he stood there, with the firelight on his face, looking down at Rose. She reached up her timid little hands and he took them in his o in, thinking still that it was her ghost.

"And did you love me enough, then, to come to me out of the grave—you who had heart, he felt it.

He could not ask Edith Van Courtlandt to

"And did you love me enough, then, to come to me out of the grave—you who had not the courage to dare a little poverty for

"It was not that," she cried, "oh, it was never that."

With what a human voice a ghost can

never that."

"With what a human voice a ghost can speak!" he thought.

"I never minded the poverty," she went on. "It was only that I feared my father. I almost fear him still "hat, oh, thank God, I am dead to him now."

"And not dead to me?" Philip asked curiously, thinking still it was the ghost with whom he held discourse.

"No, not to you. And I was bold enough to come across the sea to find you. He is dead—that man whom a married; and when I knew that he was dead I came.

"And you—you are not dead? You were not buried in Halltree Churchyard?"

"No, I am not on "he had a was not buried. Sit down here, and hear it all."

And so, with the firelight glowing on her fair young face, she told him all that had happened since they had parted, sparing her self in nothing. Her mother had always contrived to send her more than money enough to live on, and she had stayed on in France. When, at last, Halltree Standish died—thrown by a wild horse he had tried, as his habit was, to conquer—Mrs. Sheldon had begged her to come home; but the old fear of her father had withheld her. She must be dead to him still.

"And then," she said, "I wanted, above all things, to see you, and I came. You know

must be dead to him still.

"And then," she said, "I wanted, above all things, to see you, and I came. You know it was easy enough to find you after I got here. You are not unknown in New York."

The dear eyes looked up at him, with proud exultation in their timid dopths "Of course I know I ought not to have come. And if you are married, your wife will not like it. Are you?"

it. Are you?"
"I think I should have been engaged to be married," he answered gravely, "if you had kept away from me between hive and six

this afternoon."
"But I did," she cried earnestly. "It was "But I did," she cried earnestly. "It was after six when you came in. I came here at four, I think it was, and I persuaded your man to let me come in and wait for you. I told him you would be glad to see me, for I was an old, old friend of yours, from your native place in England."

"And then, while you sat here, what did you think of?"

"Why, you—you, of course. I was wishing so that you would come—wishing—wishing—and the time seemed so endlessly long."

"Just as I thought I suppose that is what they call telepath; You made a call with me, and I could not get away from you I went at five to see a lady whom I intended to marry, and you went in with me—it was very strange of you—and you made me come away, with my question unasked "You can ask it to morrow"

"I shall ask something else of Miss

"No-I shall ask something else of Mist Van Courtlandt now-I shall ask her to be your friend."

"But I know you can't care for me again. You said I was a coward—and your sister said so too—and you cannot love a coward."
"Yes, I thought me that old time that you want of your said to constant."

were a coward; but you were not a coward when you took that dead gul s right to freedom, and left her to be buried in your stead; and you were no coward when you came alone across the sea to find me, and sat down here to wait for me—a gentic ghost at my own fireside." own fireside.

'And you don't disapprove of me a lit-

tlo?"

"Not the least little but." Then suddenly his soul spoke. "Rose, I love you, I never loved any other woman—never for one instant—I never could. Where souls are made, they made yours and mine to grow together to all eternity. Fate could not separate us, for it was God who has joined.

And drawing her toward him he kissed her with a lover's passion, a husband's reverence, and the immortal love of an immortal soul.

Philip kept his word. He asked Miss Von

mortal soil.

Philip kept his word. He asked Miss Van Courtland to be the friend of his refound Rose. He told her only so much of the rory as was necessary, but he made her understand what this return from the dead meant to his lite—a life which only Rose could make whole. She was not a Van Courtlandt for nothing. If any pain or disappointment were in her heart she did not own it, even to hereif. She was present at the marriage cereself. Sho was present at the marriage ceremony which gave Philip his Rose of the world to wear on his heart forever; and better friend than Edith Van Courtlandt no

better friend than Edith Van Courtlandt no married pair ever had.

In only one respect Rose was obstinate. Philip would fain have persuaded her to let him take her to England in triumph; but she always said: "No, my father would never forgive poor mamna if he knew. If she is ever a widow she shall come to us; but as far as all the rest of England is concerned, I am dead." And she had her way.

[THE KND.]

Her Refrain.

"Do you love me?" she said, when the sky

was blue,
And we walked where the stream through
the branches glistened;
And I told and retold her my love was true,
While she listened and smiled and smiled

and listened.
"Do you love me?" she whispered when days ere drear,

And her eyes searched mine with a patient yearning, And I kissed her, renewing the words so

dear,
While she listened and smiled as if slowly learning.

"Do you love me?" she asked, when we sat

at rest
By the stream enshadowed with autumn

glory; Her check had been laid as in peace on my breast.
But she raised it to ask for the sweet old

atory.

And I and I will tell her the tale again—
I will swear by the earth and the stars
above me;
And I to.d her that uttermest time should

prove
The iervor and faith of my perfect love;
And I vowed it and pledged it that naught

should move.
While she listened and similed in my face
and then

She whispered once more, "Do you truly love me" -John Bottle O'Retter

The Search for Pretty Wives.

The Search for Pretty Wives.

Girls to be successful to-day, must have something more than pretty features. The men who are worth marrying are looking for something else than pretty faces, on ma ners or fetching gowns. They are recognizing full well that women are progressing at a pace which will quicken, rather than slacken. They realize that the woman of to morrow will be brighter in mind than bar predecessor of to-day. Hence, they are looking for whee who will be the equal of that of her neighbor. Beauty is being used as an adjuact to common sense. "I want a wife who knows something, who is worth having for what she knows: not one of these social butterlies "sail one of thegreatest tentches" of the last New York season to me at the winter's close. And he expressed the sentiments of thousands of the day. The seent for party the look out for linguither the proposal and the girl without the girl without the proposal and the girl without the gir begun. And the girl i

Improves digestic voice, cleans and prese Tutti Frutti. Gum.

Household Rusts.

Fill mice holes with choride of line, hey will leave the premise

Cold sheed potatoes fry an I taste better by prinkling a teaspoonful of lour over them prinkling a thile frying.

Flaunds should never be abbed on a rubing board, for this fulls and rains them, at them in hot suds.

Never wash bronzed lan as, chandeliers, c., but dust them with a feather brush or soft woolen cloth.

Three parts of rand, two f soft soap and one of line make an excelle, t scouring mix ture for all closets and boards.

If you set anything hot on oilcloth and it turns white drop on a little spirits of camphor; rub with a dry cloth.

A frying pan should never touch water. Scout them out with salt the moment they are done with and wipe clean with a cloth. A washed omelet pan makes a poor omelet.

In ventilating a room ope i the windows both at the top and bottom: the fresh air makes its way in at the bottom, while the foul air, if waim, makes its cit at the top; thus you let in a friend and expel an enemy.

For Maccaroous, pound toll fine one pound of blanched almonds, add one table spoon of extract of lemon, on pound of pour dered sugar and the white of three eggs, Roll out, cut in small roun and bake on buttered paper.

If food is to bekept warm! someone who could not join the rest of the family at the regular meal do not set it in he oven to dry up, but on a covered plate set over hot water, or, better still, in secante covered dishes set in a pan of hot out not beining water.

water.

Children enjoy what are caned dominoes. Cut a thin layer of sponge cake into small oblong pieces the shape of a commo. Frost the top and sides of them. When the frosting is hard draw the black hoes and make the dots with a small brush that has been dipped in inclted chocolate.

A very light colored butter is always deficient in flavor and very dark yellow butter is likely to be dyed that color with anatto or carrots. Choose a clear gold color, fine in grain and sweet to the taste. If mottled, the butter milk has not been worked out, and it will soon become rancid.

Tender and tired feet may be relieved by bathing them in a pail of host water, holding in solution a good hand dof common salt. When the water constricts the feet and legs in upward direction with a rough towel.

legs in upward direction with a rough towel.

legs in upward direction with a rough to rel. This is a domestic remedy by a useful one after long standing or walking.

Is it known that mixing the extracts of lemon and vanilla makes the notest of flavoring? To a teaspoinful of the former add a few drops or one third as ruch of the latter. The next whipped cream cake you make try it. If you did not know you would call it a new flavoring you had not tasted, much superior to either alon.

For elothes lines nothing in be better than galvanized iron a tre, who himever rusts and simply require wiping of before using If rope must be used, never level event exposed to the weather, but bring it a after each

if rope must be used, never lette exposed to the weather, but bring it a after each washine. A darty weather stated him will often rum, once garment. CI these pins reliquing the same care and should have a baseliet or bag of their own.

The real value of old newspapers about a house is fully comprehended by but few. Many people in wrapping up violen goodless to put away for the summers a something that must soon be done for the coming that that must soon be done for the coming that that must soon be done for the coming that that must soon be done for the coming that that must soon be done for the coming that that must soon be done for the coming that that must soon be done for the carting the observed to be very obnoxion when it is a promitted by placing a layer of old in the carpe paper spread unlike as it is a promitted to energe the verning, which is so often the carter paper spread unlike the interest of the carpe paper spread unlike the carpe pape vernin, which is so often the ceuseful attribute of paper set son
is for preserving position.
Fill the pitcher wile it is an
in the center of
the paper set.

ends in the

COURTSHIP STRANGE

CHAPTER XXIII.

ronebodings.

Brackmere is a small but growing town, at the mouth of a great tidal river, but boldly asserting a self to be a marine resort. Some of its more enthusiastic partisans (who have also house-proporty in the place) have even gone to the length of calling it Brackmere-super-Mare; but the post-office authorities have not admitted this claim, and enemies have freely translated the againmentor in the marsh, and in the mind. The fact is, Brackmere is too near a great manufacturing 'centre of industry' to be fashionable; it is got at too easily to have a high reputation; and the cheapness of its general accommidation attracts Excursionists. From its very beginning—with the subline exception of a visit from the Princess Charlotte—the British public which dines early, and takea's rimps with its tea. Its terraces, streets, and crescents consist of houses that in haruly any case exceed two stories in beacht and which are packed with children. streets, and crescents consist of houses that in hardly any case exceed two stories in height, and which are packed with children from June to September as closely as herings in a barrel. In laying out the ground, these tenements, which are all alike, were so disposed that the spectator who beholds them for the first time ejaculates: "Why, this is a penitentiary!" From wherever he places himself, he beholds every individual house, and every individual house beholds him. The man who desires privacy would obtain it in a hip bath in Fleet street more completely than in perambulating Brackmere.

completely than in perambulating Brackmere.

The first idea of the stranger is, that he has been brought down to this spot for exhibition. He burns and blushes to find inneelf the focus of a thousand windows. It is sometime before Reason reassumes her sway, and he says to himself: "I comprehend this arrangement has been irade in order to secure for every tenant an uninterrupted vier of—well—the Sea. At high-tide, and for two hours after at Brackmere, there in a splendid expanse of ocean; but suddenly—like some miracle of the Red Sea accomplished lengthwise—the waters vanish, and give place to an expanse of mud. After a heavy dinner or two, the newly arrived Pater familias looks forth from the window, and congratulates himself that he has acceded to his wife's wishes, and brought the dear children to the sea-side, instead of putting his brutal jest into practice of letting them have "Tidman's sea-salt and 'the shingles' at home," in place of it; blinks, puts his handkerchief decently over his face, and enjoys his map. His forty winks—which last forty minutes—over, and Hi, prested: Open, sessure!—Abracade ra!—he wakes, and finds himself in the Fen country. The hearth-rug has been an enchanted carpet, upon which, like Prince Houssain, he has been transported inland.

The ships that enlivened the prospect have disappeared with their natural clement. The shis that enlivened the prospect have

The ships that enlivened the prospect have disappeared with their natural element. "No wonder they calls it an offing," says the astonished citizen. Where they rede, or "walked the waters," is now by comparison dry ground; where the red buoy bobbed and rolled, there is now a juvenile population (white) cockling where the cockle floatied, which now lies upon its side, as though protricted by the phenomenon that has taken still the production of the word of the cockle floaties, which is of such amazing the is sail to be used to the cockle floaties. pier, which is of such amazing it is said to be used to teach per-is become an unnecessary viaduct. lonkeys surge (or are urged upon) fareer where the sea-horses reared formers and a received the sea horses reared arear where the sea horses reared it. The flower which the dark leaves of ocean bear—the perilielesed in myriads; but "it is locally the flowers," since (in adjustity of a rance) they have yet being gibble, and are sold the light, and caten by the control of the light, and caten by the control of the light of of the l of philosophic poets composed his ode "On the Intimations of Immortality":

Here in a season of culm weather, Though inland far wo be, Our glass still sights that intermittent sea Whick.— Which—
meaning the favourable representations of
which by partisans—
brought us hither.
We see the children sporting on the shore,
But hear the mighty waters roiling there no
more—

or words to that effect. Twice a day, a transformation scene takes place at Bruck mere such as is witnessed only at those theatres (such as Sadler's Wells) which have the advantage of "real water;" but let me add that no scenery devised by Telbin was ever ore beautiful.

The commerce of the world is borne upon the bosom of that Partolian stream, rich with the scells of pations when sweets by

The commerce of the world is borne upon the bosen of that Pactolian stream, rich with the spoils of nations, which sweeps by Brackmere's shores. Whole argestes 'drop down,' or are tugged up it, daily; and ever and anon, a countless flect of lesser vessels wind bound, or waiting for a wind, lie off it, far as the eye can reach; the red sailed fishing boats, with sweeps for ours, thread in and out their laffled line; and along the shore creeps t'e deep laden targ; with its tall store of corn or hay to feed the city's cattle. There are no wastes of and about Brackmere, nor those bare rolling downs which at so many sea side places seem to initiate the waves they fringe. The meadows stray down to the very water's edre, so that stranger cows mistake it for feeth water, and endorse, with complaining low, the fiat of "the high analytical authority," who the local guidebook tells us, has pronounced it to be "as saline as the sea at Margate." The trees grow close to the very margin, from which they tentatively thrust forth their roots, like nervous beliefs. On one side of the fence are sheep; on the other, ships; here is a steeple, and there a mast; the "smell of the sea" mingles with the scent of the clover; and the time is told to the lerdsman by the bell on shipboard, as aucably as by the church clock on the hill.

It is at night, however, that Brackmere looks its best. In the moonlight, and when the tide is in, it is no longer picturesque but absolutely subline. The stars in the

at is at night, however, that Brackmere looks its best. In the moonlight, and when the tide is in, It is no longer picturesque but absolutely sublime. The stars in the heavens are outnumbered by the stars upon the deep—the lights upon the foreheads of the stately ships. Mabel gazed upon them from the window of her little room, ere she went to rest that night in wonder. And as she gazed, there fell upon the silence a solein sound—the throb of the great heart of some steamship which was pulsing its way from the other side of the world, perhaps from China, whither Ju. was gone. (That China which seemed almost as far as yonder heaven, where her father dwelled. Should she over see him more, or the face of a single friend, save one, again?) Along that silent highway sped the eager-eyed, pan ling messenger; she watched it thread its way through fixed stars, that were the anchored ships, and past the harbour lightrathe pierhead, and round the Foreland, where the Pharos stood and flashed a thou and facerally. Pharos stood and flashed a thou and fare-

The Phan 2-yes, that was what Mr. Flint had called the ancient light-house which stood by that they went to see at Old-

which stood by that they went to exe at Oldborough.

How short a time ago, and yet low long! The place where she had first seen. Richard, and where he had saved her life. O cruel, cruel Richard, to have done so: Then she kneeled down be ide her bed, and prayed to be forgiven for that thought. For why should she desire death, and ha wher life, merely because it iowined before her without colour: Duth, and gray, and chill, it would be doubtless; but it was deller, grayer, chiller to many another. What had Martha Barr, for example, to live for how that had Martha Barr, for example, to live for how that had Merch had in the way of pleasantin so had yet she had trodden her apointed path with firmness, and thought was sonarrow, had himself had been her fellow traveller, and walked with her all the way. She would take heart, and do the like, or strive to do see Martha was poor, and yet so carrecked by the blessings of the sick and sorrowful, that with them she had bought "a manifol incorruptible" in the glorious city; and if she died to night, so much the better, save for those who had so had no home, no had no had so had so had no home, no had no home, no had no had no home, in the way in the same, having willage visitations, had her the freendly with the freendly with the freendly in the freendly her lot was

Though mer lot was

hencefe-th to be est in the by-stream and back-water of life, was there not as much scope for duty there, as in the main-current! She would do her duty, she would be helpful, and self-reliant. Her kind heates should find her a prop instead of a burden. Perhaps she might even do something, if it were ever so little, towards keeping house. Her lace work had been praised of yore, when praise was more thought of than pudding; it was quite likely and he would be to pour it into Martha's ask wished hand!

She did not shrin! vom work of any sort; she made up her mind, to begin with, to 'do' her own room, so that Rachel should have as little extra trouble on her account as possible. Employment was what she needed. Nor was it the melaincholy of her future lo' that east its shadows upon her; on the contrary, what she dreaded more, were its possible amenities. From certain hints which Martha harr had le, fall—by no means in the way of apology. Mable had a presentiment that she was to be the victim of much tea table festivity. She had not relished this description of dissipation even at home; and a Brackmere it was likely to be more wearisome. Here was a certain Dorcas club, of which she had heard a good deal, and it had filled her with the liveliest apprehensions. Gossip, when it was good matured, was very dear to Martha Barr, though she was averse to what is termed 'going into society; and Mable would be expected to share all her pleasures. Well, it should henceforth be her cadeavour to do so, or to seem to do so. But she felt that this would not be easy. Often had ou, and she agreed together (judging from their old friend's own description of her Brackmere acquaintances) that 'dear old Martha must know some very queer people.' Their father had once explained to them, that as the fixed stars of literature attract about them satellites of an inferior order and doubtful light, so the genuinely good are surrounded by apurious varieties of the religious world: the 'earnest,' the 'cheerful,' and the serious.' Huw hile, in the

sides, her present circumstances were much too serious to admit of her attaching importance to such a mere inconvenience. But what she would have desired above all thougs now was solitude, or at most the compationship of Martha only; and this she had a foreboding would be denied to her. Martha had openly expressed her intention of "not permitting her dear child to mope," which she felt to be a menace, involving not only what Fred used to call "tea-lights" and "muffin-worries," but all the horrors of "scrious" hospitality. These might not be pressed upon her immediately; her recent trouble would doubtless afford her protection from them for the present at the hands of her kind hostess, unless she took it into her head that they were fer her good. But there was a woe within her, if not so sharp as her regret for her dead father, more likely to endure, and of which Martha knew nothing the burden of a hopeless love. She would have to carry that about with her in the scenes of gaiety for some substitute for it), and to smile with alien lips and an aching heart.

(TO DE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Tibetan Account of the Origin of the World.

The Times of India says that at a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal Rabu Saratchaudra Das exhibited some very curious Tibetan relies, amongst them being carved ornaments of soap stone, giving the Tibetan signs of the zodine and a description of the origin of the zodine and a description of the origin of the zodine, in the beginning, what existed from eternity in nothingness, was called the tortoise. The Inddhas of the nest, present, and future sprang out of was called the tortoise. The Buddhas of the past, present, and future sprang out of him. The three worlds, and all the animal beings also, originated from the eternal tor-

torse. Time, without the distinction of past, present, and future, was in him, and the whole universe rested between his head and tail. From the vapour of his mouth rose the seven atmospheric strate which encompass the earth, and gradually the sphere of azure space, and thereafter "Swastika," the emblem of the divine cross, was formed. From the saliva of this primeval tortoise spring forth the oceans; and from his flesh wereformed the lofty mountains, the islands, and the great continents, having trees for their hair. His head pointed to the south, his tail to the north, and his four limbs stretched towards the four corners of the world. His white back shaped the old father heaven, called "Khon," wherem rested the celestial regions with the mansions of the gods, Mahadeva, Brahma, and angels of pure habits, who possessed the forefold organs of sense. The celestial regions were formed above, and "Rirab" the sublime mountain, stood below, holding the mansions of the 33 "Davas" and of the gods of the "Paranirmanaraticya" on its top. On the flanks of "Rirab" resided the four guardian spirit kings of the world, together with the sun and moon, the planets and stars. The sun and moon sprang from the eyes of the great tortoise. From the sound of his throat issued the dragon's peal of thunder, and from his outstretched tongue flashed forth lightning which produced thunder botts and and hallstorms. From his breath originated the wind, the five internals essences, and the five physical elements; and when he shook his body there was earthquake. Time, without the distinction

Heir Wanted to a Million and a Half.

Heir Wanted to a Million and a Half.

It is seldom our lot, says the Darlington Echo, to record such a story as that which has just reached us through trustworthy sources. The stupendous fortune of a million and a half of money is awaiting the result of a hitherto fruitless search for the rightful heir or heirs to that princely patrim my. In the year 1815 among the schoolboys of Bishop Auckland comprised a lad of the name of Carr. In 1820 this boy went or was taken to Hamburg. The story of the young heir's career is at this remote distance of time necessarily obscure and imperfect; but it is known that he went t. Hamburg, there married the daughter of a merchant, and became himself a wealthy man. The next thing we hear is that within the last few days a private inquiry agent, bearing a foreign name, but carrying on business at a London address, has been in the north making a diligent and careful inquiry, from which it appears that the vast fortune named is practically unclaimed so far as Carr's heirs are concerned. Those who have charge of the inquiry have satisfied themselves that the Carr's of Northumberland have no connection with the family by whom the fortune has been founded. The agent has been in Bishop Auckland; but so far as he learned, the clue to the missing heir has not been obtained. The name of Carr is common in the no.th, and also in other parts of the country, and that may embarass rather than facilitate matters. In 1815—the date of Waterloo—the only educational institution in Bishop Auckland was the Grammar School. The scholars at that day would be boarders, and it was then a general thing to find lads from the Millary's and the south sent down to schools in the north for their education.

How the Car Reads the News.

How the Czar Reads the News.

How the Czar Reads the News.

At present the Czar eschews all Russian newspapers; their pieans and lamentations never reach his ears. Among the many departments of the Ministry of the Interior there is one called the "Department of his Majesty's Journal," which is charged with preparing day by day a carefully worded resume of some mild articles and items of intelligence theant for the Emperor's eye. A technoral of the Censure rises from his bed in the grey of the early morning and hurries off to the department, where advance sheets of the journal come in damp from the press. These he reads over, marking with red pencial all the paisages the interest of which is not marred by injudiciousness. The marked passages are then cut out, pasted together on sheets, and handed over to the director of the department, who, after carefully considering, and if needs be curtailing them, signifies his approval. The extracts are then copied caligraphically on the finest description of paper, 40 or 50 words to the page, and the journal in this state is given to the Minister of the Interior or his adjunct. If this dignitary is satisfied it is passed on to the General-in-Waiting, who deposits it on his Majesty's table about four o clock the following day. The news that slowly dribbles through this official filter is seldom of a nature to discompose the feelings of the Car or disturb his sleep.

Oarsmen and canocists all chew Adams' Tutti Fritti Cum, keeps the throat moist.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

STORY OF A STRUGGLE.

Middleton's Bravery—The Campure— Mercy was Neither Asked nor Civen— Capture Meant Beath.

"General Middleton was as brave an officer as ever lod a charge," said ex-Sergt. James Fisher of the Army Corps, now residing withhis family at 39 St. Clarens avenue, "Corpute."

Toronto.
"You knew him then in India?" queried

"You knew hand the reporter.
"Why, I served under him," said the old soldier. "We were together at the capture of Lucknow, and it was in an engagement where he commanded that I nearly lost my fife."

"Were you at the relief of Lucknew then? Tell us the wholestory, won't you?"

"It's protty long," said the old veteran, "but there were few men in the Indian mutiny that saw more fighting and bloodshed than I did."

mainy that saw more ngating and bloodshed than I did."

"In 1857, some time after returning from
the Crimea, on the Fall of Sebastopol," said
Mr. Fisher, "a military train was organized
to take the place of the old transport corps,
and I among others in the Scots Greys then
stationed in Ireland, volunteered. We were
at onco ordered to China, where there was
war going on, but on reaching Singapore
found fresh criders awaiting us there. The
China war had collapsed and the Indian
mutiny had broken out. As a result we
were ordered back to Calcutta in great haste.
When we reached Calcutta the 8th Madras
native cavalry had mutinied against going
to Bengal, and we were asked to volunteer
for service. As the second battalion of the
Military Train comprised nearly all cavalry Military Train comprised nearly all cavalry men we at once did so, and the horses and accourrements of the 8th Madras horse were turned over to us.

POISONED BREAD.

"Then we had our first narrow escape, and it was a close one I can tell you. Previous to going up the country we were sent out a short distance to a riding school at Dum Dum for a couple of weeks. There were there about 600 men and 400 women and children. One morning as we were sitting down to breakfast the bugle suddenly sounded the rally and we all harried out Then the bread was hastily collected and destroyed, and we were told it had been poisoned. Had the bugle sounded five minutes later it would have been all up with us.

us. "Well, the chief baker and five of his "Well, the chief baker and live of his assistants were arrested, and, as they couldn't give a satisfactory recount of how the poison came in the bread, we hanged the six of them. All the explanation they could give was that some one must have come in the bakehouse and put it in the dough, but that was all rubbish and they deserved their fate.

TO RELIEVE DELRI.

"We were first ordered to relieve Delhi, and we started on the road to Cawapore. It was a fitteen hundred mile march, and it took us about two months to make it. The bridges had all been destroyed and we had a number of encounters with hill robbers, but we finally reached the scene of the most atrocious massacre of modern days without mishap. You will remember that it was at Cawapore that General Wheeler, after a brave resistance, laid down his arms to the Sepoys, on condition that he and his men, with the women and children, were to be allowed to depart unmolested. Nana Sahib agreed to the terms and the soldiers were about getting on the boats in the river when the mutineers fell upon them, and massacred the whole brave hand. Only three men escaped, and they did so by swimming the river, and hiding in the bush. The women and children were detained as prisoners until at the approach of the British troops Nana Sahib ordered them to be slain and their bodies thrown into a deep well. A monument to day marks the site of the slaughter at the well. This barbarous order was carried out and when we reached there a few weeks afterwards the place presented a gloomy and a terrible appearance. It is said that by order of Nana Sahib an English minister and a Romau Catholic priest were hanged face to face and then thrown into the and we started on the road to Cawnpore. It was a fifteen hundred mile march, and it minister and a Roman Catholic priest were hanged face to face and then thrown into the well, along with the women and children.

TO HAVELOUGE'S RESCUE

"We intended to march on Delhi from tawipore, but when we reached there found that it had already fallen. It was then determined as soon as reinforcements, came up that we should attempt the relief of Lucknew. You will remember that a short time before this when the hand, all of Europeans I. Inches were not about on the variety of in Lucknow were just about on the verge of giving up, t-eneral Havelock with a couple of thousand men threw himself into the place

but his force was too small to get out again, and he was still besieged there

"As soon as Sir Colin Campbell arrived with reinforcements we started for Lucknow, six thousand strong, crossing the Ganges on a bridge of boats. The distance from Cawapore to Lucknow was about fifty offe miles, but we had scarcely made more than ten when the enemy began to show fight. They would conceal themselves in the bush while we kept to the open, and shelled them out with our guns. We captured quite a few prisoners as we went along and most of them met the same fate. If they would not show conclusively that they were not at the massacre in Cawapore a blank cartridge was placed in a cannon, they were strapped across the mouth of it the cartridge was exploded and the Sepoy was

BLOW. INTO THE NEXT WORLD

mass all places. We asked no quarter and gave none. If our men were infortunate enough to fall into the hands of the enemy it meant death, and if the enemy fell into ours they knew what they had to expect. We had no room for prisoners.

"Well, we fought on day by day, but it was not until we were within four miles of Lucknow that we found the Sepoys in force. They occupied the King of Lucknow's summer residence, known as Dalkooka palace. We executed a flank movement by engaging the enemy with artillery in front and getting round to the left of the palace. All that day we fought hand-to-hand, and when might came the palace was ours. We lay right down there on the ground and slept among the slain each man with his horse's bridle twisted round his wrist.

"The second day after some hard fighting we carried Martiniere College at the point of the bayonet. On the third day we got a position near the bridge which leads to Lucknow, and captured it with a charge. We held it, too, in spite of the fact that the enemy made several desperate attempts to blow it up. The fourth day we spent in Oannonadding the City, and succeeded in burning most of it down

OANNONADING THE CITY,

Dlow it up. The fourth day we spent in

OANNONADING THE CITY,
and succeeded in burning most of it down with rockets. It became too hot for the enemy, and they fell back, leaving a small section in our possession. On the fifth day we crossed the bridge altogether, and get a good foothold in the city. By this time we were close enough to enable Havelock to make a sortie from the Residency where he was besieged. The enemy attempted to provent a union of our forces, but failed, and Havelock and his brave band were recued.

"We then fell back to Alumbaugh, a fort a few miles away, and situated in an open country. Here after three or four days poor Havelock died, and although the doctors didn't say so, I ave always thought that joy at being ret. ed was too much for him. We remained at Alumbaugh until reinforcements could arrive to enable ut to capture the city and hold it. At this time. Sir Colin Campbell was suddenly called back to Cawnpore, and just got there in time to prevent the Galway contingent of the native army about twelve or thirteen thousand strong, from capturing that place. There was some desperate fighting, but he managed to hold it. If it had fallen we would all have been cut off in the heart of India and nothing would have saved us. While we remained at Alumbaugh the enemy attacked us nearly every day, and it was an ordinary occurrence to have to turn out and drive them back. One day they came in large force and we got our guns on them and they left about five hundred men on the field. After that we were not bothered so much."

BEHEADED THE SERGEANY MAJOR.

"What did you do wit their wounded?"

BEHEADED THE SERGEANT MAJOR.

"AVhat did you do wit i their wounded?"

asked the reporter. "Well," said Mr. Fisher, "we had so pince for prisoners and they were put out of the way. We lost our sergeant-insjor, though, at Alumbaugh. He undertook to visit the pickets one night for one of the officers. In the darkness he wandered away

officers. In the darkness he wandered away and got inside the enemy's picket line. They pouncial upon him carried him to Lucknow, publicly beheaded him and carried his head around on a long pole announcing it as that of a British General.

"About two miles from Alumbaugh we's the Fert of Jallallabad, where our stores and ammunition were under guard. I was made a corporal at Alumbaugh and placed there with four men, and while we were at the place it was attacked several times. One day after be ting the enemy we observed a the place it was attacked several times. One day after he ting the enemy we observed a big Sepoy rush to the front and endeavour to urge them back to the attack. I at once galloped out and with a blow of my sword brought him down. I saw a medal on his breast, and thinking I had killed him, seized the medal and carried it back with me into the Fort. It was a medal given by the British Gevernment to Suj. raide Singh for bravery. Superside, however, wasn't killed,

and we 'ok him prisoner, and he afterwards gave us very valuable information and advice.

A HAIRDREADTH ESCAPE.

A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

"A fow days later Jallallabad was again attacked. This time the enemy moved up with greateaution and suddenness, and they were between us and the camp at Alumbaugh almost before we knew it. On previous occasions we always sent to Alumbaugh for assistance as soon as we saw them coming, and I at once directed one of our mer. to go there now. In a few minutes he camp back and said it was impossible as the enemy had cut us off. I reported this to the officer in command. command.

"' Corporal' he replied, 'you will have we go yourself.'
"I went, but you could have brought my

go yourself."

"I went, but you could have brought my life for a five cent piece. I had to ride right through the enemy, but in the dust and confusion, although I was rubbing shoulder to shoulder with them they nover noticed me. I got through safely enough, but as soon as I got clear of them a short distance they noticed me separating from the main body, and at once sent volley after volley after in but I escaped all right. I reached Albumbaugh just in time to find the troops on the move. I joined my own corps and we returned to the attack utterly routing the enemy and capturing tive guns and a Howitzer. The enemy fought desperately, and in some cases the Sepoys would climb the trees and shoot down at us as we passed underneath. We would shoot them up in the trees and they would fall from limb to limb and finally drop like squirrels on the ground dead.

LUCKNOW CAPTURED.

LUCKNOW CAPTURED.

"On the 10th of March 1858 sufficient re-inforcements had arrived to enable us to attack Lucknow, although it had a native attack Lucknow, although it had a native garrison of seventy thousand Sepoys. We removed all our stores and ammunitien from Jallallabad and the engineers blew it up. On the 14th of March, with 25,000 men and 10,000 Gourkhas we commenced the attack on the city, and it is needless to describe to you the two days' fighting that ensued and its final fall. But few of them escaped and the rout to them was most disastrous. It was here I first saw Captain Fred Middleton.

was here and ton.

"After the fall of Lucknow a column under General Lugard was ordered to march after Kaooz Singh and raise the sieze of Asizgunaih, where the 13th Light Infantry were hemmed in. On reaching there we found that the Sepoys had retreated without waiting for us to come up, and a detachment ing for us to come up, and a detachment consisting of two troops of the military train, four hundred of Hudson's Horse and three guns from the Horse Artillery, under command of

STATE OFFICER CAPT. MIDDLETON

were ordered to pursue Kaooz Singh. After marching about nine miles we came across some of their baggage and took possession of it. A litte further on the detachment came to Koore bridge. This was a narrow bridge crossing a stream with an embankment leading up to it on each side. There was no sign of the enemy here but as it afterwards turned out they were concealed in force in the bushes on the right hand side of that embankment. Hudson's Horse were ahead and had almost crossed the bridge when there was a rear and a volley of bullets was poured into them from the bushes on the right. They were thrown into great confusion and crossing the bridge wheeled down the left side of the bank out of range of the enem; instead of charging them. We were next. As soon as Capt. Middleton saw what had occurred he dashed forward brandishing his sword in the air. Riding in front of us with flashing eyes he shouted—

"Don't show the white feather.—Charge! "And he lead the way down the embankment in among the bushes with us riding pell mell after him. We cut and slashed and fought hand-to hand for fully half an hour. In the meantime Hudson's Hoise had rallied behind the bank and came to our assistance. Then the enemy began to rotreat. The last few shots were being fired when I got two of them, one through the right arm and the other through the right arm and the other through the right shoulder. My horse was shot through the lead at the same time and

FELL ON ME and I didn't remember a seven days. The rest of the you from hearsay. Had of the military train if Hudson's Horse the seized the military train if Hudson's Horse the would have been didn't an's promy charge turned the combankment after the had and thirty also lost heavily. thing more for the I must tall south bath. It

Col. Hamilton, was among the killed. Two men Morloy and Murphy, in trying to save him, earned the Victoria Cross. They used their colonel, but it was only to see him die of his wounds. When the doctors came to me they said I couldn't live, and attended to all the other wounded first, but at the end of a week I recovered consciousness, and when I was strong enough I was sent down to Calcutta and home to England with a convoy of wounded, and hore am I in Toronto to-day as hale and hearty as any man in the city, and yet after the bettle of Koore Bridge the doctors said I hadn't a ghost of a chance for my life."

Mr. Fisher not only hus medals for the mutiny, but also for the Crimean and Abyscinian wars and for long service and good conduct.

conduct.

A Remarkable Escape.

An exeiting scene was recently witnessed on the Pankower Chaussee, outside Berlin. While thousands of Sunday excursionists were on the road to Pankow, Schonhausen, and Schonholz, a carriago and a pair, containing a lady and one child, passing along, nearly came into collision with a breyele, the rider of which rang his bell loudly. The horses, which were very restive, took fright and bolted, scattering the foot passengers right and left. The coachman completely lost control over the animals, and in a very short time both he and the servant sitting boside him were thrown from the look. A An exciting scene was recently witnessed side him were thrown from the box. A drugoon who was in the crowd bravely atdrugoon who was in the crowd bravely at-tempted to stop the horzes by catching at their reins; he succeeded in seizing the horse's reinnearesthim, but the speed at which they were going was so great that the man was thrown down and dragged along the road for several yards. When the soldier horse's remnearesthim, but the speed at which they were going was so great that the man was thrown down and dragged along the road for several yards. When the soldier was picked up it was found that his uniform was torn to pieces, and that he had received two or three serious bruises. The horses meantime rushed on, striking a cab and knocking several foot passengers down. A new danger now presented itself. The carriage reached a point in the road which is crossed by the Stettiner Railway; the barrier was already in the act of being lowered to allow the express train that was in sight to pass. To the onlookers the destruction of the carriage and its occupants seemed inevitable, as it was certain that at the rate the horses were going they would dash through the barrier into the railway line. The animals' fright was increased by the screams of the horrified spectators; and it was only when they had arrived within a few yards of the line that two policemen sprang into the road; one of them seized the horses' reins, while the other tore a red flag out of the signalman's hand and waved it in front of the animals' heads, by which means they were brought to a standstill just as the express swept by. The owner of the carriage, a French countess, and her little gir!, were taken out, and found to be quite unhurt. The lady, with an extraordinary amount of courage, had not moved from her seat, and in spite of her narrow escape seemed quite calm and collected. Sho wished to present a large sum of money to her preservers, who, however, refused to take anything, saying they deserved no reward; they had only dono their duty.

A Speck of War.

A Speck of War.

An incident is reported in Venezuela that may lead to one of those iniserable petty little wars in which England, even if victorious, always appears in the light of the l

The Home.

The distorwill eguadionave short letters from any of his iriends who feel disposed to write askie equestions giving advice times to other hose skeepers, receipts, or any times which they him would add to the interest of this distortion. But communications ought to be a struct as possible.

Match-Mr ters and Match-Making.

American i others have acquired some reputation for skill and energy in connubial management n behalf of their daughters. A Parisian new spaper come time ago recorded an esceedir fly clever bit of match-making, executed by an American lady of this order in brillia it style. Her eldest daughter had sailed fror Naw's ork with some friends for a tour of E cope, and after "doing" the Continent had returned to the French capi tal for several months of rest, and pleasing, attractive and dawer, she had many suitors, some more, some ress desirable. She could not marry them all, so she advoitly reduced the number to two the best of the lot, of custoe. Then he wrote home to her mam ma, explaining the exact situation of affairs, adding that they were both so handsome. agreeable, well-connected, and rich, that she could not decide between them, and closed with the question, "What shall I do" Ten days later sho received a cablegram from mimma "I sail to morrow; hold both till I come." The next transatlantic steamer brought Mrs. Black with her second daughter, just turned eighteen, and fresh from school. On her arrival the old lady at once took the helm of affairs, and steered so deftly through the dangerous waters that in a few weeks the had reached port with all colors flying. To drop meta-phor, she attended the wedding of her two

port with all colors flying. To drop metaphor, she attended the wedding of her two daughters at the American chapel on the same moraing. After due examination she had decided that neither of the nice follows should go out of the family.

Here is an illustration of a much less skillful attempt at match-making, with a very different denouncut. A certain member of Parliament, who owned extensive estates, was spending a few days at the residence of a nuble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honorable member showed every attention. Just as he was about to leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him upon a matter which, she declared, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the countess, "that you are to marry my daughter Licy, and what shall we do? What shall we say about it?" "Oh," replied the considerate M.P., with much adroitness, just say she refused me."

It is said that men do not as a rule, figure conspicuously as match makers, nor do they; but the judgment and policy exhibited in this connection by a knowing old gentlemen of our acquaintance could hardly be surpassed by the most accomplished tactician of cither sex. "Brown," said a neighbor to him one day, "I don's soon as the state of the consult, while none of mine can with the surpassed of the onough he replied, while none of mine can be the surpassed of the onough he replied, while none of mine can with the surpassed of the onough he replied, while none of mine can with the surpassed of the onough he replied, while none of mine can be the buck head.

1! that's simple onough" he replied, striven guils off on 't is buckwheat "their buckwheat hat's never heard that ? never heard that ?

and to raise a good deal of buck-puzzled me to know how to straw. Nothing would cacheff eat bother to me. The straw is a straw of the s day simpled to ear the simple of the same and the same an

fl:o

that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works exactly as I wish. The young folks begin to pity and sympathize with each other; and the next thing I know is that they are engaged to be married. When I see they are determined to marry, I of course give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it.

to be married. When I see they are queermined to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it.

An old lady who had several unmarried daughters fed them largely on a fish diet because, as she ingeniously observed, fish is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches. If the phosphoric diet caused the young ladies to shine in society, they in all probability did no adopt it in vain, for, just as fish are casily attracted ir tim night by any bright light thrown upon the water, so young men are invariably found to flock after any girls who "shine", even though her accomplishments may be of a very shallow, superficial or phosphoracent character. No experienced match-making mamma requires to be taught the value of display as a., almost certain means of attraction. That is the secret of ball suppers and iced champagne, the heavy dressmaker shills, and the thousand and one items of extravagance that have to be met in order that young ladies may make a "respectable" appearance, and may finish with a successful match, and that is why so many of these match making centures have so often resulted in the most deplorable sequels. Display is met with distance shall an unprincipled adventurer; and the merchant who was supposed to be little if anything short of a millionaire is found, also when it is too late, to be found on the verge of bankruptey. Very often in such matches both parties are sold, and then the universal cry is "Serves them right."

O. S. YATE Georgetown, West Washington, D. C.

Several Nice Broakfasts.

Apples and Bacou. Brown-Bread Toast-Canned Peach Short-Cake.

Brewn-Bread Toast.—Cut stale Boston brown-bread into slices, and toast, taking care not to scorch it. Butter ruther libe.—Lly, and send hot to table.

CANNED PEACH SHORT-CAKE. CANNED PEACH SHORT-CARE—Alake a short-cake according to provious directions: cover canned peaches with sugar, and stow them gently for half an hour in the syrup thus made; lay the sliced peaches between the layers of short-cake, and pour the syrup over each piece after it is spilt and buttered

Broiled Blue Fish. Baked Potatocs. Cold Bread. Corn neal Griddle Cakes. Maple Syrup.

Maple Syrup.

Coen. Meal Griddle-Cakes.—Two cups corn meal, I cup flour, I cup boiling water, I table-spoonful lard, I indic-spoonful molasses, 2-cups sour milk, I teaspoonful soda, salt-spoonful salt. Seeld the corn meal; add the shortening, the milk an soda, the molasses, and the salted flour Beat hard.

Meat Loaf. Baked Tomatoes Fried Bread. Hot Luke.

Hot Cake.

MEAT Lo'F.—Two pounds raw or underdone beef or veal, minced fine; quarter-pound ham, also minced 2 eggs: half cup ine broad crumbs: I table-spoonful melted batter; pepper salt, chopped onion, and herbs for seasoning to taste. Work all the ingredients well together, and press closely into a brick-shaped tin. Cover this, set it in a pan of boiling water, and bake an hour and a half, taking care that the boiling water does not cook away. Turn out and slice when cold.

Furn Br. an —Beat one egg into a cup

FRIED By AND —Beat one egg into a cup of milk, soak in this slices of stale bread from which the crust has been trimmed. Cook on a griddle, as you would cakes.

Hor Cake—Ore cup buttermilk, 2 eggs, 3 table-spoonfuls butter, 13 cups sugar half teaspoonful soda, flour for a good batter (about two heaping cupfuls). Bake in a lost, and cat garm.

Broiled Lisolts Hashed CRaised Mullins, Cerealine Fritters. Hashed Potatoes.

gerealine Fritters.

FINS.—Two eggs, 2 cups milk, all hitter, I table reponful salt.

Lattle carly morning, omitment. Miles in a quick involunt.

Limour, but and a half place and a half pilk, salt-spoonful

ilk, salt-spoonful

salt. Cook the cerealine in the milk, beat it up light, and set it aside to cool in a shallow pan; cut it into squares or rounds when cold, and fry in deep fat; sprinkle with powdered sugar, and put a spoonful of jelly on top of each just before sending to table.

Stewed Kidneys. Potatoes au Gratin.
Plain Mußns.
Sliced Oranges.

Flain Mushus.

Sliced Oranges.

Stewed Kidneys in Sliced Oranges.

Stewed Kidneys — Soak two kidneys in sit and water half an hour; take out the core, and cut the remainder into small pieces. Brown a table-spoonful of butter and one of flour together with a quarter of an onion sliced; lay the pieces of kidney in this, and let them cook five minutes. Add a cup of cool gravy; or if this is lacking, half a cup of leding water. Let the kidneys simmer i., this ten minutes; take out, and serve on slices of tosst, pouring the gravy over and around them.

Potatoes au Grafin.—Two cupfulls of raw potatoes cut into dice, half cup fine bread crumbs, 2 table-spoonfuls butter. Let the potato dice lie in cold water several hours, drain them, season with salt and pepper and put them in a well-greased pan; dot them thickly with bits of butter, sprinkle them with the crumbs, and add more butter. Bake, covered, for half an hour uncover, and brown.

Plats Muffins.—One egg, 2 cups milk, 1 table-spoonful lard, salt-spoonful east, half yeast cake, flor for batter. Set them early in the morning, and let them rise until noon.

A Laugh Producing Plant.

A Lough Producing Plant.

While the Stanley expedition was crossing a portion of the southern extremity of the Sahara Desert, they were made acquainted with the peculiar properties of a plant known only to that region, called by the Arabs culli koia, or the laughing plant. Prof. Salchi, attached to the expedition, was fortunate enough to procure several fine specimens of this peculiar plant, which he is at present cultivating with a view to recical experiments.

at present cultivating with a view to acticul experiments.

The production of laughter by artificial means, it is thought, ean be reduced to a science now that the discovery of a plant, the properties of which are a direct incentive to laughter, has been made. Any amount of eachinnation can be produced by simply increasing or diminishing the laughmoducing dose.

simply increasing or diminishing the laugh-producing dose.

There was a time when the somnolent effects produced by the poppy were not generally known, but the soporific properties of this plant are now beyond cavil, and in a short time it is expected that Prof. Salchi will have a crop of the laugh-producing plants large enough for practical experiments. The now almost unknown plant will soon become a staple article of commerce, and the principal cereal cultivated in many a vast garden will be the laughter-producing plant. As opium is certain to produce aleep, so can the laughter plant he as all times relied upon to produce laught. Li all animated creatures from the micro-liganisms of the oscillatorim up the micro-limins of the oscillatorim

duce laught. Li all animated creatures from the micro-leanisms of the oscillatorism up to the genus home.

This stange plant grows in the arid deserts of abia and on the mast see of the white sand abown as the Desert of Sahara, in Africa. The plant is of moderate size, with bright yellow flowers and soft, velvety seed pods, each of which contains two or three seeds resembling, small black beans. The natives of the district where this strangs plant grows dry the seeds in the sun and reduce them to a fine impalpable powder by a process of maceration between two stones. A small dose of this powder has similar effects to that arising from the inhalation of laughing gas. It causes the most sober person to dance, shout and laugh with the bolsterous excitement of a madman, and to rush about cutting the most ridiculous capers for about an hour. At the expiration of this time exhaustion sets in, and the excited parson falls asleep, to awake after an hour or more with a more or less vivid recollection of having been in the seventh heaven of enjoyment.

Fastidions Snakes.

Fastidious Snakes.

The quickest thing next to electricity is a snake. Well-behaved serpents are always interesting. A Cleveland snake professor says tha "hissing pythons and course will eat at sa," time except when they are blind and shedding their skin. They won't touch anything then. Arother queer thing about them is that they won't eat any'thing but white animals. "ait? I'll show you," and taking a young rabbit out of its cage he placed it in a bex with the snakes.

They did not: "vefor abouts minute. Then one of the pythom raised its head and fastened its eyes upon bunny. The rabbit's ears dropped, its eyes closed, and it began to tremble. All at once the snake shot forward, and, seizing it by the back of the neck, coil-

ed itself around it and began crushing out ed itself around it and begen crushing out its life; then, turning it over, legan to swal low it. The python's head under ordinary circumstances was not larger that a thumb joint on a man's head, yet when it seized the rabbit its jaws became dish cated in such a way that it was able to asart the rabbit's head into its mouth. Then by a peculiar motion it began slowly to swallow its prey. As the anake worked backward and forward its head stretched to sany times the natural size, until finally bunny's mouth.

month.
"That supper will last him a couple of weeks," said the showmar, as he picked the

They Blockade the River.

The solmon, most abundant in the Alas kar striams, is the humpback or garbusche. At times they are so numerous in the Karluk river that it is impossible for a boat to force its way through them in crossing a stream. On one occasion a seine 90 feet in length took an enormous draft of fish. About 7,000 salmon were dressed out of 'from 6a. m. to 6 p. m., and afterward the men were ou cupied three hours in cleaning the seine. The remainder of the fish were in a mass four feet deep. During 1889 250,000 cases, of eight pounds each, of salmon were pittup on the Karluk. The whole eatch for four months amounted to 12,000,000 pounds of canned fish. In one day 150,000 red salmon of an average weight of ten pound were taken. The capital invested in the canner: so f Karluk is more that \$4,000,000, and the product about \$1,000,000, that and the plant representing nearly the entire cost of the Territory. The season extends from June to 02-tober.

Training Boys and Girls.

Training Boys and Girls.

The choice of a school is very important, almost as much so as the choice of a home. This choice is in the hands of parents chiefly. Let them investigate fully the claims of schools and colleges. Those that are doing honest work are always ready to give names of students and full particulars. The surroundings of the school should be morally pure. For instance, a billiard room in the same building would neutralize a great deal of the good a boy would get. The new premises of the Canadian College of Commerce, 385-335 Yonge street corner of Gerrard St., are beautifully situated, handsomely furnished, and the surroundings are specially choice. Messrs Bengoughand Warriner, are experts in shortband, bookeeping, and the other subjects taught in the college. Visitors will be made welcome and shown through the spacious an extrements.

Visitors to Toronto.

Will now find with us the largest at d nest stocks of Wools, Fancy Goods and Em-roideries we have ever imported and all soli-

VERY LOW PRICES.

Berlin Wool, 4 and 8 fold, 8c proces
Shotland Wool, all colors, 10c per oz.
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This is quite a new wool, specially used for
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In Stamped Work We Have a Large Stock Stamped Toilet Sets, 5 pleces, all fringed, 80c per set. al lidics, Egures or Nowers, fringed 250

cach.
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oach.

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30c per dozen.

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THE WILSON ADVERTISING AGENCY.

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If you could see your own scalp through an ordinary magnifying glass, you would be amazed at the amount of dust, dandruff. and dead skin thereon accumulated. The best and most popular preparation for cleansing the scalp is Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Economy is wealth of a very disagreeable

A feeling of lassitude
Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.
Unpleasant taste in the mouth
Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.
Sleep, tired feeling
Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitter
Large Bottles 50 cents.

An editor's knows is always read.

Money saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbage, rheumatism, reuralgia, exceriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

The politician who points a moral seldom lives to adorn the tale.

A Lett ar From Emerson.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I think it is the best remedy for summer complaint. It has done a great deal of good to myself and children."

Yours truly,

MRS. WM. WHITELY, Emerson, Man. The scashore never could stand what it does if it didn't have the sand.

When Baby was zicz, we gave her Castoria When she was a Child, she exist for Castoria. When she become Miss, she crung to Castoria When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

A man who is full of himself is always empty.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always boused for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, a lays alipsin, cures wind coile and is the best remedy for diarrhea. 250 a bottle.

A FREE VOYAGE TO ENGLAND AND RETURN.

We will give free to the person sending us the largest list of words centained in the name of THE TORONTO TRUTH a First Cabin Ticket to England and return from Montreal, by the Allan Steamship Line. This offer will only remain open till the last day of September, inclusive. Therefore send now. In addition to the above everyday till further notice a fine China Dinner Service, of 101 pieces, will be given to the person sending in the largest list of words made from the same name. THE TORonto Truth. Send one dollar for a four months' subscription, with your list of words, and your subscription will be extended four months. Address, The Publisher of TRUTH, Torento, Can. Webster's Dictionary will be used in deciding who are the winners. No proper names allowed, and no letters in any one word to be repeated oftener than they occur in "The Toronto Truth." Each percon will please add up the number of words they form. If the winner desires it the cash equivelant instead of the ticket to England will be given.

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and D spoptic Cure is a splend'd medicine. My cut omers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of Indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

Fig. 3.3.1 know the sement was leaded.

Eve didn't know the serpent was loaded.

The Sambro Lighthouse

is at Sambro, N. S., whence Mr. R. E. Hartt, writes as follows:—"Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done me a lot of good, I was sick and weak and had no appetite, but B.B.B. made me feel smart and strong. Were its virtues more widely known, many lives would be saved.

In these degenerate days a man broken word isn't seriously crippled.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to usc. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

It is impossible to "steal" a million dol-

Athletes all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum healthful and beneficial oc.

Wit is the gravy of thought.

Wit is the gravy of thought.

Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through Rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit, until recommended to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured.

The married bees make the beeswax, while the single ones gather the honey.

Desfaces Cared.—A very interesting in page illustrated Book on Desfaces, Noises in the head. How they may be cur at your home. Post free 3d.—Address, Dr. McCHOLEON, 30 St. John street, Montreal.

That dead men tell no tales is not so re-

That dead men tell no tales is not so remarkable as that dead women do not.

That "Toesin of the soul, the Dinner Bell," as Byron calls it, suggests no pleasing reflections to the dyspeptic, bilious sufferer. He partakes, of course, but the subsequent torment is egregiously out of proportion to the quantity of food he eats, which lies undigested, a weight like lead in his unhappy stomach. There is a remedy, however, and its name is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. No case is entirely hopeless.

The more needle know the less they brag

The more people know the less they brag

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Every man lies when he says 'to does not like to loaf.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, BIRTH-MARKS Moles and all facial blemisher vermanently removed by Electrolysis. Dr. Fuster, Electrician, 133 Church street, Teronto.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, a d save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize wimers must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight;

—Planes, \$20; Cabinat Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Service, \$1,50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses \$1; Other Dress Goods, 50a; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, \$1,00; Family Bules, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1,00.

Eprs's Cocoa.—Gratefil and Comforting.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy dectors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up antil strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"James Eprs & Co., Homæopathic Chemists, London, Eng." EPPS'S COCOA. - GRATEFUL AND COMFORT-

Very few persons resent the blow when an idea strikes them.

If you feel out of sorts
Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.
If your liver is singuish
Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

If your kidneys are tractice of Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Blee of Large Bottles 50 cents, The light that never was on sea or land

must be a sky light.

It's must be a sky light.

If you have a cough or cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that here-litary disease have drifted into a consumptive's grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold. Ifad they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was to late, their lives would have beer spared. Mr. A. W. Levy, Mitchell, writes: "I think Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the best preparation on the market for coughs and severe colds. About six years ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and for three months I had a cough. I had a physician attending me, but gradually grew worse until I was on the verge of Consumption, and had given up hopes of being cured, when I was induced to try Bickle's Syrup. Before I had taken one bottle I found myself greatly relieved, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I was completely cured. I always recommend it for severe colds and consumption."

We suppose a beaming smile is one that is drawn from the wood.

Differences of opinion regarding the popu-ar internal remedy, Dr. Thomas Executive Differences of opinion regarding the popular internal remedy, Dr. Thomas Enectric Oil—do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrents that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, cheeks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauscating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

The best illustration of mingled hope and fear is a lazy man looking for work.

fear is a lazy man looking for work.

Mr. T. C. Berchard, public school tracher,
Norland, writes. "During the fall of 1881
I was much troubled with biliousness and
Dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable
to attend to the duties of my profession.
Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery
and Dyspeptic Cure was recommended to me,
and I tave much pleasure in stating that I
was entirely cured by using one bottle. I
have not had an attack of my old complaint
since, and have gained fifteen poulds in since, and have gained fiftee weight."

Never fight with a sweet blacken him, but he may black

Sallow and leaden-hued give place to the lovelie when the use of Ayer's sisted in, and cosmetic Nothing can counterfei fect health which bles medicine.

Golden Thoughts For Every Day.

Monday—Stop fault-finding. If the sun is hiding behind a cloud lessen the gloom by making sunshine within. If there are home trials lift the soul above them and find inward peace of mind. Does the condition of the church look discouraging? Since the days of its earliest history there have been lead to the fault. of the church look discouraging? Since the days of its earliest history there have been periods when it seemed so, but all the fault-inders in existence can not shake its foundation, which is built on the rock Jesus Christ. In striving to do a duty has life seemed more prosperous to you than with others? Neither moth nor rust corrupt treasures in beaven. Perhaps in giving to the Lord's work you note others who make no response, and your interest is weakener thereby. Rather, with renewed zeal, take up the work of the Lord.—Anonymous.

Tuesday.—

Tucsday. -Have courage! Keep good cheer! Our longest time is brief. To those who hold you dear! Bring no more grief.

But cherish bisses smail, Grateful for least dolight That to year lot doth fall, However slight.

-Celia Thaxter.

Wednesday -Religion is often confounded with emotion 'Tis a serious mistake, which of many professors. Of course there is emotion in religion as there is in life. But of many protesters. Of course there is emotion in religion as there is in life But these two are not synonymous. Religion is being and doing. There is thought in it, but thought is not the chief thing. There is feeling in it, but feeling is not the main ingredient. The Scriptures emphasize the value of the heart; but they use the word in a comprehensive set so as significant of the motive power in human conduct. The heart is demanded because it stands for being and doing. The only religion that is of any practical value is the religion of being and doing. A man may be a teacher of painting without being an artist. A man may know the theory of music without being a performer. And a man may be a preacher of religion, or a professor, without being a Christian. The scriptural injunction is: "Be ye doers of the word, and not hevers only, deceiving your own selves." St. James was the apostle of right living, and his epictle is the epistle ofcommon sense. "Faith without works," quoth he, "is dead, being alone." A religion of more emotion is a without works," quoth he, "is dead, being alone." A religion of mere emotion is a religion of gush.—Dr. Huntingdon.

Thursday-If the Nation would remain Thursday—If the Nation would remain free its young men must be the most important factors in its politics and its parties. They alone possess the element which over turns rings and upsets combinations and all other artificial creations for the suppression of popular sentiment. They alone possess that quality so necessary at times where audacity leads caution, and imagination and enthusiasm command judgment. The day that marks such a disappearance of activity public life, such a disappearance of activity in the affairs of the State and of the Government, as will make it bad form and unpopular for young men to be active, will mark the decadence to be followed by the overthrow of the liberties of the country.—

"Mortal." they soldy say,
"Peace to thy heart."
"We, too, yes mortal
Have been a thou art.
Hope lifted, doubt depressed,
Seeing in part,
Tried, troubled, tempted,
Sustained, as thou art.

-Gouhe.

Saturday—Gideon's army was only strong, but they were soldiers who were afraid to neet the hordes of the enemy there are laggards is the church do the matter by becoming one you you are not faithful in perform duties, the Lord will never choos great, work. "Rejoice, method ways, "gain I say rejoice, such cause to carry a joyal cout the child of God. It was the child of God. The ways, countenance doet a soul that rests love has not desponded bring res

mons.

Our Moung Holks.

JACK'S STORY.

Ontside the wind was howling as though air the lad and indifferent speads had been let loose, and were holding a carnival in find an. The shutters rattled, the rain beat many against the window panes, the trees creaked and mouned, and their long, bare branches and strapping against the house with a creeping, gentary some I that was uncausy.

hat made all was light and warmt. A larger fire, was 10 the grade sont eye of angle fire, was 10 the grade sont eye of against and war the corners of the troop, the attention were drawn, and carything bedeel eight and homelike here, in space of wall and weather. In front of the fire, whose oftomans, and nestling on the nearth rug, were four grave little folks, salendly gazing into the fire. As silence was not their strong point, there was something remarkable in it.

Why, what is the matter with my pets that they thus quart. Hilding a Quaker meeting."

O papa papa ' Have you come ' When I you come ! I'm so glad; so glad so

glad.
Such a chorus of screeches and screams;
such an valanche of kisses and hugs as he
full me. I was soon comfortably ensconced
by the fire, and then said:
Well, why was the room so quiet when
I entered?"

I entered?"

O, papa, Bers said she was afraid, and beneved there were ghosts around there were such singular noises outside. I didn't believe her though, and told her she was a goose. Don't you think so too?" replied

But what made you so quiet?"
Owe were just kind o' thinking it over,

So my litt. Bessie thinks there are chosts about does she? What put that into her head?"

O, papa it is such a dreadful night; and this afternoon Jack read such a dreadful

atory—"
"Alia! Master Jack again! And he is
the young man who has been calling his
aster a goose because she was nervous. I
told you not to read such states to your
sisters."

siters."

"It wasn't so very had, and I didn't suppose she would be so silly as to get frightened over it. She didn't say a word until night. But I'm sorry, and I'll promise not to do so again. And now, papa, please tell us a story, won't you? It will make less forget what a night it."

"O papa, please do!" chimed in all the

"O paps, please do: connect to be rest.

"I don't believe Jack meant to be naughty; don't scold him any more," came softly from the region of my rhoulder.

"And we do want a story."

"But I've told you every story I ever real, heard, dreamed or manufactured, over and over again."

"O, paps, you surely havn't," piped up Jack. "Tell us a real true story about when you were a boy. Tell us about the solves. I've heard you say there were wolves around you were a boy. Tell us about the a olves. I've heard you say there were wolves around here when you were small "

here when you were small "
O pape, please not that kind of a story
to night," and a curly head nestled best down or n, shoulder "It sounds as falses,
is a whole pack of wolves around the house

Awhole pack of Wolver around the home of the control of the contro

man, afely attacks afely attacks. It is a packs human

many sop-afely attacks

they kept the shoop nights, along with the cattle. Then whom Mr. Wolf got into the enclosure, which he sometimes did, he could not get back over the high funce sloping inward. Then the cattle, thinking him a stray dog, would kill him, or at least keep him from hurting the sheep.

hurting the sheep.
"One morning my father came in and reported that a nuce large sheep was dead out
by the Larn- killed by a wolf. Father set
traps for that wolf, but never caught him. trips for that wolf, but never caught him. When your grandfather first came to this country (on April 1st, 1701) this pretty valley was nearly covered with woods, the only clear spots being Indian corn patches large and there. Then the woods were full of animals. Bears and wolves were abundant, and deer resimed fearlessly about.

As I was the youngest of a large family, the country was partially cleared in my earlier recollection, and most of the wild animals were gone, but I have heard my father tell a great many stories of his adventures.

The impetuous Jack here burst in. "I wish I had lived then! I would have just slayed the wolves and bears and deers. That would have been just glottous. What fan boys must have had to have some fun then, as all boys do; but they had to work much harder then than you do now, and did not have so many privileges."

"But duin't you ever see any bears or wolves yourself, pape?" Jack asked in a disappointed tone. "I thought you were going to tell us about what you had seen."

"Yes, I've seen a great many wolves—"
"There !that sounds rather more like it," murmured Jack. The impetuous Jack here burst in .

murmured lack

And their akins had scalloped red flan

"What!" and a curly head popped up suddenly from the shoulder it was keeping straight. "What funny wolves they must have been. Was you a little boy when you saw them?"

saw them?"

"Come now, papa," expostulated Jack,
"that ain't fair. You're just a teasin' a
fellow. It isn't a story at all; and I shall
go upstairs and read. Ghost stories are
a great deal more interesting than thia.
Besides, you never saw any such wolv a;
you saw only their skins."

"Well, if it will do you any good, I can
tell you that I have seen a wolf—a real live
four legged wolf outside a inenageric.

tell you that I havegeen a wolf-a real five four legged wolf outside a menageric. One an across my road when I was a little chapmoing to school. We had a long way to g to school, and part of the way was through the woods. One morning as we were racing along, just as we reached this piece of woods, a big fellow bounced out of one side and disappeared with a livelet on one side, and disappeared in the thicket on the other side."

the other side."

"Really, papa! What did you do?"

"Do? Nothing, but run along to school as fast as we could."

"Well, that was a pretty thing to do! I just wish I'd been there."

"What would you have done Jack?"

"I should have followed right after him,
I had have in your place."

If I had been in your place.

If I should have done so, I would probably be following him yet, for he ran so fast I never could have caught up; and then you wouldn't have had any father or story either.

"I've got the father, but I don't know

"No got the lather, but I don't know along the story. Didn't they have any bears when you were small."
"No, the wild hears were all gone then. But there were plenty of deer; and what pretty creatures they were. They used to come in our fields and cat the wheat, of pretty creatures they were. They used to come in our fields and cat the wheat, of which they were very fond; and they used to drink at the river not far from our house. We used to kill them to cat—venison is very nice meat. I was quite a lad unen I killed my first deer, and now proud when I killed my first deer, and now proud I was of it, too. An old tady who virited its, sometimes, had a tame deer that fol lowed her about like a dog. She was very fond of her pet, and lead a bell fastened to its neck, so that no one would kill it by mistake. She got it when it was a little fawn and raised it herself; so when she mistake. She got it when it was a little fawn and raised it herself; so when she came to our house the deer always followed her, staying in the yard until she was ready to go home. Occasionally it would come up and peep in at the windows, to see if she was there yet; and then after finding that she was really there, the deer would lie them, awaiting the appearance of her mist as quiet as a kitten.

"It see the word with the peep in th

"He naturally thought it was a wild bear, and nearly tore his clothes off in a struggle to get away. When he get loose and seized his ax to strike the bear, he saw a strap his ax to strike the hear, he saw a strap around its neck, and knew it was a transbear, that had broken its cliain and left for the woods. Your uncle went home and sent word to the owner of the bear, who came

word to the owner of the bear, who came and took him home.

"I remember seeing that bear come down the road one morning following his master like a little dog. That was when he was a cub-before he gave your uncle that hearty embrace. And when he got opposite our house, our big dog rushed out and frightened him so that he climbed a tree, and I had to take the dog to the house before his master could coax him down. And when he came down, he went cowing along the rall fence until he was quite a distance from the house, before he ventured upon the ground.

down, he went cowing along the rail tenes until he was quite a distance from the house, before he ventured upon the ground.

Bears are very fond of milk, and this one was no exception to the rule. One day an old woman passed him with a pale of milk: Mr. Bruin walked up with her on his hind legs grasped the pail in his tore-paws, took it away from her, and drank up the milk.

"It is queer how a bear walkh on his hind feet, and carries burdens in his arms."

"Arms, papa?"

"Well, you little puss, in his fore-paws, then. I have heard your grandfather tell about a huge bear that came into his father's yard and carried off a full grown pig; walked off with it in his arms—beg pardon, his fore-paws—as if it had been a baby. Right in the day time, too. How the poor pig did squeal and cry; but as my grandmother—your great-grandmother was there alone, she had to let him go. Probably if your grandfather had been there, Mr. Bruin would not have gotten off so easily with his booty.

"Your grandfather was out hunting one

Mr. Bruin would not have assessed as all with his booty.

"Your grandfather was out hunting one day, when he met a very large bear. He fired and broke one of its shoulders. He had no more bullets and he knew not what to do. What would on have done in his

"You know bears were valuable. The meat was good to cat and the skin and out was the roots of an out the roots of an out the course was the roots of an old tree and killed nim.

A Strange Scene in an English Court.

It is a rare thing, remarks a contemporary, to see in an English Court what was seen at the Old Bailey on Tuesday, an instance of cympathy with a criminal overpowering the sense of his crime. The prizoner had attempted to murder his aweetheart and to make away with himself, but when judge, jury, sheriffs, and aldermen had heard the details of the story their admiration and compast sheriffs, and aldermen had heard the details of the story, their admiration and compassion rather than their abhorrence were aroused. The jury recommended the prisoner to mercy, the judge let him off with a nominal sentence, the prison chaplain expressed a desire to marry the prisoner and his victim, and judge, jury, sheriffs, and aldermen all joined in raising a fund to start the couple on their matrimonial voyage. The prisoner delivered a sort of thanksgiving from the dock, and after a trying duplay of emotion the parties left the court to arrange for the wedding, all really going "merry as a marriage ding, all really going "merry as a marriage bell." In this case it would seem that all parties regarded the prisoner's crime as a momentary madness, the result of despair, momentary madness, the result of despair, atoned for in advance by the remarkable devotion of the young man to hissweetheart. The girl and her brother were in want, and the prisoner, though only saining one pound a week, half of which he allowed his mother, took sisterand brother out of the workhouse and maisted on their sharing his trilling income. The girl, unable to endure the thought of heing such as burden to him, left the house, the devoted admirer then lost his senses. the devoted admirer then lost his senses, and rashly tried to take her life and his own. The details were too pathetic even for Justice to begiera.

Electric Motors During War Times.

It is proposed to use the electric motor extensively in military operations in England. One of the latest ideas in carrying on active warfare is to build a milway at the scene of bostilities for the transportation of ordinance. It is highly desirable that the trains used for this juripuse, which are armor-ulated and armed with Galling guns, should be as rapid and inconstituous as possible. It is proposed to use the electric motor

" BOX CAR CAZEY."

The Notorious Desperado After a Yenr's Hunt is Kun Down in Toronto.

Box Car Carey, which is the only name Box Car Carey, which is the only name he was ever known by, is, as some will probably remember, the western desperado who a year ago robied the post-olice at Hillsboro', Trail county, Dakota, and afterwards shot down in cold blood a detective by the name of J. B. Stufford, who attempted to retain from the by the name of J. B. Stufford, who attempted to arrest him after his escape from the county jail at Caledonia, where he was taken by Detective Grant E. Stevens for robbery. Stufford was a companion of Stevens, who had a brotherly affection for the brave detective who had shared his dangers on hundreds of cases, and who had saved his life more than once white hunting evidence against the Blind Pigs and their distillers in the territory during the year of 1888. Detective Stevens was so greeved at the death of his companion that in addition 1888. Detective Stevens was so grieved at the death of his companion that in addition to the five hundred dollars' reward offered by the Caledonia authorities, he added five hundred more, and throwing all business andeset out himself in quest of the marderer, with the full determination of bringing

THE SCOUNDREL TO JUTTICE

even though it took five years and all of the little fortune he had laid by.

The desperade had plenty of Uncle Sam's money, and the detective made up his mind that he would have a long chase, but he went at it and stuck to it with bulldog persistency. After travelling over most of the states undterritories on false scents, through some lucky chance he managed to locate a woman in the state of Michigan with when the outlaw was still, agin former times, deeply infatuated. By scraping an acquaintance with her he soon located hisman at Sarate with her he soon located hisman at Saratega from a letter which he managed to secure. He arrived at Saratoga just in time to miss him, but again located him in New York city, for which r'are no immediately bought a ticket Arriving there, he frequented the race surses at the reaside resorts, and after j tient watching, ran across his man at Coney island. The man was so changed that he was not sure of his identity and followed him on his return to the city. Arriving at Brooklyn he took the King's county elevated road and stepped off at Flatbush avenue, closely followed by Stevens. The fellow started across the track, which is against the rules there, seemingly with the intention of catching a passing train for the intention of catching a passing train for the other direction. This decided the detective who quickly intercepted him, and in the struggle which followed Stevens was shoved through the trestle work to the street below which laid him up at the King's hospital **. Flatbush over three weeks. As soon as he had partially recovered, he pluckely continued the long chase again locating him at Montreal. Missing him there he went to Toronto and accidentally intention of catching a passing train for the other direction. This decided the detective

BAN ACROSS HIM AT HANLAN'S

Point on civic holiday. Following him back to the city he located his retreat on Richmond street and telegraphed for another man, who came on immediately. He so worked himself into the good graces of the scoundrel that he inveigned him across the line, where he was taken into custody. The prisoner seemed to break down completely and went on west peacefully without even a requisition.

requisition.

Ar. Stevens is a tall, broad-shouldered young man of about 30, with foathers at only marked with character and determinaly marked with character and determina-tion. He is a native of Toronto and reterm-ed here to spend a few days among I is many old friends before going west. He expressed his intention of giving up the vocation of man hunting and going into business of a more pleasant nature in the city of his chor-and birth.

A Sabbath Day.

There is no sound upon the grassy plain,
The calm of summer silence lies screne, And sunlightfalls along the winding main Upon the hills and vales that intervene.

In golden rest the busy comfields lie, Ungathered shows in yellow clusters

stand. Ne cloud moves over the blue expanse of

aky,
Nor song of bird upon the starless land. The graing cattle in the pastores green.
Seem alently to move with husbed tread,
And on the sloping meadow lands are seen.
lices here and there among the clovers.

Save on the clear, sweet air the clame of

lells Echies across the level stretch of ground, ach ringing note a varied story tells. Of that far land where love and light

- The Pocts' Corner

_For Truth.

Lines to Babe Cowley. Jr.

Hall to this planet, little stranger!
To an odd world thou art a ranger.
Here, where we hope to thee no danger
Will come, since Ho
Who went to glory from a manger
Was snoo like thee.

Thy coming to this scene alone
Is the best news wo'vd lately known.
I thought last orening's sunset shone
For some new wonder.
For thee the moon smiled from her throne
On all things under.

Choice rose of Flora's thorny stocks, May sweetest dows adorn thy locks, And all thy fields with grain and flocks, With goodness gifted, Till, like an ack tree on high rocks, Thy held be lifted.

Soon as you're old enough to read it
I'll preach—I know you'll never need it—
Of all the things I should have heeded,
I'll with some precepts to precede it,
I'll make it plana.

And then—without undue digressing— To render wisdom more impressing I'll rise, and, with a voice caressing— (Both hands outspread) Call heaven's best angels for a blessing On thy bright head.

But, the' a had world thou art into.
Hall, welcome babe, all but its sun to;
This prayeris His whose feet have been thre'
All cares but esture,
Therefore he hopes a I worth thou it win to,
Serone, sublime.

A. RAMSAY.

A Reply to Messer Sxinburne.

Oh, incuntations mouther of solehills, weak wielder of terrors out we.
Discharger of sulphurous sais es, effetely fereclous in seem.

A Beply to Messer Swinburne.

Oh, mountainous mouther of solchills, weak wielder of ferrors outwo?

Ulscharger of sulphurous sais cs, effetely feroclous in scorn.

Shrill shricker and sosquipedallam, befoamed and befumed and immenso.

With the worls that are wind on an occan, whose depth is unfathomed of sense, lied fury that miltest at shadows, black shadows of blood that is red.

In the face of a soulless putrescence, doomed, damed, deflowered, and dead.

Oh, robed in the rags of thy raging, like tempest that thunder nfar.

In a night that is fastioned of Chaos discerned in the light of a star.

In a night that is fastioned of the free.

Take then from the shape that is Murder, none ther will thank thee, thy fee.

Yea, Freedom is throused on the Mountains; the cry of her children seems vain.

When they fall and are ground into dust by the heel of the lords of the plain.

Calm-browed from her crags she beholded the strife and the stringile beneath.

And her hand clasps the hilt, but it draws not the sword of her night from its sheath.

And we chiddher aloud in our anguish, "Cold mother, and carcless of wrong.

How long shall the victims be form unavenged, unavenging! How long!"

And the laugh of oppressors is scornful, they reck not of ruth as they are;

The hests that are treless in forture, the fiends with the chain and the scourge.

But at last—for she knoweth the scason—screen she descends from the height.

And the tyrants who floot her grow pale in her sunrise, and pray for the night.

And they tremble and dwindle before her amazed, and behold, with a breath,

Unhasting, unaugered advancing, she dooms them to terror and death.

Unhasting, unaugered advancing, she dooms them to terror and death.

In a hight that is darker than doom on the famishing face of despair.

And they tremble and dwindle before her amazed, and the swent of the weak,

What lot or what part has her glory in madmen and glown, so and stab as they hark from behind.

It is a man that is farter than doom on the famishing face of despair.

-Iondon Puncil

When Love is at its Best.

As tired children go at candle light. The glow in their young eyes quenched with the

The glow in their young sun, sun, sun, and any state of angula new that play is done. To seek their father's knee, and my "Good-

night:" So to our great Father out of eight. When the brief gamut of the day is run Infeats endered, and petry triumphs we Wo kneel, and indusely tils care invite.

Then with no sense of gain, no tender thrill, As when we leave the presence of a friend, No lingering content our souls to steem. But reckening our gains and losses still. We turn the leaf upon the dull day's sand, And, earloss, drift out to the sea of sleep.

Not such is prayer when love is at its best. And if our lagging soul do not outsour

The words we utter, though our chamber floor Be hallowed by our knees, twere vainly pressed. Nay, be each prayer with our soul's seal im-pressed,

pressed, And let us send no courier to heaven's door To speak our thanks, and further gifts implore, In any sort of mask of livery dressed.

liather, as friends sit sometimes hand-in-hand, Normar with words the speech of their eyes; So in soft silence let us of their bow. Nor try with words to make God understand. Longing is prayer; upon its wing we rise To where the breath of heaven feats upon our brow!

Woman

Woman
Uncomprehended and unes uprehending.
The darling, but the despet of our days.—
Salling shownites us—fooding us, she flays.
Still madly loying us, yet still contending.
And promiest when her conquered heart is bending.
And most unyielding when she most obeys.—
She is a fashioned that her face betrays.
The struggle ended, long before the ending.
She is like a bubblo borne along the air.
Forever brightest just before it breaks.—
Or like a lute that's mutest ero it wakes.
In trembling octasies of love divine;
Woman is always just across the line
Of her own purposes. Beware! beware!

. Happiness.

"Thou shalt be happy!" So I told my heart One Summer morning many a year ago: "Thou shalt be happy; they shalt have thy

of mirti and feastings in the great world's Ahow.
They shalt have health and wealth, high fame and pruise.
They have alimited by with those who sit above:

and pruise.

Thy place shall be with those who sit above; iton shalt have sunshine on the dullest days, And, bost of all, my heart, thou shalt have love."

love."
Thus, in the morning of my days, I spake Unto my heart, and gladly it replied:
"T-e world is all before us, we can make Joy for ourselves, a nover-obbing tide."
So we set out, my heart and I, in mirth, To sock for happiness—upon the car's.

Gol gave us lealth and wealth, and we were

Got gave us reason waiting joyato come; God gave us fame and praise, a little sad We were, my heart and I, unld the hum Of voice landing us, till one, more dear Than all the rest, syake gentle words and

aword.
Then we grow jubliant with right good cheer,
And happinoss came on with figing feet.
Drow near-but passed, Anal my heart and I,
We could not hold the radiant wanderer fast.
One reso-teach of her lips in fleeting by
Was ours; one precious look—the first, the

last. Will return, we said, with love's new birth, ero must be imppinessfor us on earth.

Wo lost fair health, my heart and I. and fell Soro sick, were sorrowful, found dreary ways We lost our wealth, and none draw near to tell Of coinfort waiting us in betterdays. But where is impliness I Alack I we find She is not ours to becken as we list: We have no magic spoil wherewith to bind This rare, bright visitant to earth. We

We have no manus that the earth. We missed
This reare, bright visitant to earth. We missed
The royal road to happiness; but lo!
Something is saved as from the wreck of all:
We have content, though doubtful blessings

And prace cutwines our crosses great and small. Wo learn, my heart and I, the world s worth.

And seek for happiness—but not on earth. my heart and I, the world's true

Asters and Golden-Rod.

When the autumn frosts upon our hearts are

When the autumn errosts upon our hearts are falling.
And the summer sweet is past;
Whon the reliects through the gloom are softly calling.
And the shadows, longer grown, are early railing.
Days and dreams behind us east;
May we stand.
Hend clasped in hand.
As we stood amid June's rose, loving, trusting to the last.

When the night-time and the slience falls be

Tween us.

The last silence of them all:
When the frosty chill of midnight comes to
won us
Of this tondaces, may our evening star be

Venus, whose rays shallfull,
Star of Love, whose rays shallfull,
Clear and bright,
Above the night,
With a radiance failloca, deathless, which
the gloom can never pall.

May we say, good-night courageously, believ-

will be right in God's good time;

sy we naver doubt its well, though sadly May we never doubt 'tis well, though saily griaring O'or the old Joys which forever we are leav-

ing:
May this make our grief sublime;
We shall meet
In life complete
We shall say a find good smorning in a brighter, happier clime.

er. happer clime.

Yes—wher-one of us with folded hands is lying.
Host-aches over, labour done:
When the gladsome summer-time of earth is
dying:
Let there be no black despair, no hopeless crying:
Intight beyond the set of sum,
Love's clear light.
Silines through the night.
If we keep that trust which cheered us when
the journey was begun.

Love has been the one clear day-star of our being. Whereso'er our feet have tred;

Ando the heart more strong, the eye more clear for seeing; So, at last, when summer's gladsome flowers are

flucing, And the frost-flowers deck the sod,

And the free found,
As we found,
In Spring's glad round,
In the buttercups and daisies, thoughts of love In the butteroups and dables, thoughts of love and hints of God. May we find Him in the asters and the nutumn golden red.

War in the Future.

War in the Future.

In fiture wars railways, the number of which. Europe is daily increasing, will play an unterdeadly, but also tactically. For mobilization and concentration at the outset of war their value was shown in 1870; with armies of increased size they will be still more essential. After the commencement of operations they will still decisionally—especially in the case of the army which as sun a the defensive—be used for the rapid conveyance of troops, but as a rule they will chiefly be employed for the transport of food and stores. It has been calculated by the Americans, from the experience of their civil war, that to supply an army in the field of a hundred thousand men by means of a single line of rails there should be twenty-five locomotives and six freight carriages to every mile of road. It is therefore evident that even with double lines an army of hundred thousand men working a hundred miles from its base would require—setting aside the requirements of seiges—an immense quantity of rolling stock.

As to the movements of troops by rail, experience on the Continent shows that time is not gained when the proportion of bayonents and sabres to a mile of double line is greater than four hundred and thirty-five. Apart, therefoon, from the fact that once

nents and salves to a mile of double line is greater than four hundred and thirty-five. Apart, therefron, from the fact that once the army in the field, the railway resources will be absorbed in bringing up stores and taking back sick and wounded, the railway transport of troops will seldom be profitable for an army on the offensive. The strain on the railways needed for the conveyance of food and stores will be largely sugmented, seeing that in all probability the size of armies will be much increased. The limit to their size will be fact, he practically determine ies will be much increased. The limit to their size will, in fact, be practically determin-ed by the carrying capacity of the railways. Hence, two things are obvious: First, that Hence, two things are obvious: First, that for strategical operations railways will, after the commencement of a campaign, be used comparatively little: second, that even if only employed for the transport of stores, their capacity will have to be largely increased by the addition of sidings, the construction of platforms, and the doubling of lines. For this reason all armies are daily paying increased attention to the formation augmentation, and training of military railway lattalions, we, perhaps, least of all.

For operations which lie in the border land between tactics and strategy, occasional use with great effect will probably be made of railways for the conveyance of troops for short distances. Had Bazaino turned his railway facilities to full account turned his railway facilities to full account at Forbach, the result of that battle might have been different. It can easily be understood that, though there would be no saving of time in transporting an army corps, with all its impediments a distance of thirty miles by railway, it would be fessible and desirable to convey a brigade of four battal ions, with a field battery attached, a distance of fifteen miles.

In the former case 185 trains would be required, and the operation, under the most

quired, and the operation, under the most avorable circumstances, would occupy four lays. In the latter case the troops moving with nothing but men, officers, chargers, and what the French call a train de combut, the what the French call a train do combat, the whole force could be transported to its destination in two hours from the time the first man entered to the time the last man quite ted the train. As to armor clad trains, they will on exceptional occasions be used and by of great value, as was shown in the case of Sir Archibald Alison's operations at Alex andria in the first Egyptian war.

London's Only Rookery.

London's Only Rookery.

The only rookery in London proper exists in Gray's Inn Gardens, Hollorn, and has existed for generations; indeed, ever since the gardens were planted in the first year of the seventeenth century by Frincis Bacon. The wanderer who finds his way to these gardens can never fail to be supprised at the posceful quiet which reigns there, so near to one of Leidon's busiest thoroughlacers and this feeling in much enliand sight of the supprised him hard the farlens have then only of time. A evening come their way over the noist of fir trees at Highgais, break, to keep an eye to the precincts of Gray's

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Marriage Customs And Superstitions.

Marriage Oustoms And Superstitions.

Although superstations generally may be to a creat extent relegated to the category of relings of the past, the minds of many are still influenced by superstations and fapiles as they approach to marriageable age. Probably no period in a woman a life socompletely changes her whole existence as marriage, and this may account in his presistence in looking for lucky or unlucky omens bearing on this imporant event. There are, even now, very few women who will not hesitate before making Friday their wedding day, and it is arting in annal that happy is the bride the san sames oc. I will juste a large amount of composure to assume a smiling face if a storm of rain accompanied by black clouds, mars the brightness of the wedding morn. edding morn.

It is an unlucky omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has been fired, and some believe that much harm will eneme if a bridgroom stands at the junction of

in a unnegroom stands at the junction of cross-roads, or beside a closed gate, on the morning of his marriage.

June and October have always been considered the most propitious months, and a happy result is to be made doubly certain if the ceremony is timed so as to take place either at the full moon, or when the sun and morn are in confunction.

if the ceremony is timed so as to take place either at the full moon, or when the sun and moon are in conjunction.

The Romans were very superstitious about marrying in May or February. They avoid ed all celebrated days and the calcuds, nones, and ides of every month. The day of the week on which the fourteenth of May fell was considered very unlucky in "merry England" formerly. It is a bad sign if the bride fails to shed tears on the happy day, and; again, if she indulges herself by thoughtlessly taking a last glance at the looking-glass after her toilet is completed. In the Orkney Islands a bride selects her wedding-day so that its evening may have a growing moon and a flowing tide. In Sotland the last day of the year is considered lucky, and should the moon happen to be full at any time when the wedding takes place, the bride's cup of happiness is expected to be always "full to the brim." If a couple have their banns published at the end of one quarter, and are married at the beginning of another, they can never be expected to make "both ends meet." Should the bride lose her slipper, then will she lose all troubles she might otherwise have lad and

od to make "both ends meet." Should the bride lose her slipper, then will she lose all troubles she might otherwise have had and the person who picks it up will gain raches. The day of the week is also of great importance, Smday being a great favorito; and although an English lass would not care to marry on Friday, the French girl thinks the first Friday in the month particularly fortunate. Then we have the well-known old saying concerning the wedding-day:—
"Monday for wenith. Tuesday for health. Wednesday the best day of all Thursday for crosses, Friday for loses, Saturday no luck at all."

To look or go back before raining the

To look or go back before gaining the church door, to marry in green, or while there is an open grave in the churchyard, are all equally unfortunate, and the bride must be careful to go in at one door and out

must be careful to go in at one door and out at another.

In Yorkshire, when the bride is on the point of crossing her father's threshold, on her return from enurch, a plate or tinining a few pieces of cake is thrown from an upper window of the house by a male relative. If the plate is broken she will be happy: if not she must not expect to escape miser. Of course the higher the window (from whith the plate is thrown) is from the greans, the greater is the chance of procuring "happy days to come."

in leaving the house or church air mass in leaving the house or church air mass in the account first-put her left foot for wall, obtained anyone to speak to be hustened to be her hustened to her has called him by name. If in the land see a strange cat or hear a real songer wedding day, then will show that a bend if on the morning of the land at the land if one her bed on to a mention of the land of

Our Trade With Great Britain.

During the month of July the export trad

Our Trade With Great Britain.

During the month of July the exp ort trad of the Dominion was satisfactory, the values of the shipments to Great Britain according to London Board of Trade veturus, being £1,595,398 as against £1,469,328 during the same month last year. Since the beginning. The year the exports have aggregated £3, 163,159, as con-pared with £2,772,533 during the corresponding period of last year. The shipments last mouth show an increase in cattle and sheep, flour, wheat and cheese; while the exports of butter and fish show a considerable decline. As regards the lumber trade, hewa timber was exported to a smaller amount by £40,657, but in sawn lumber there was an increase of £63,079.

The imports from the United Kingdom to Canada for a month of July were valued at £575,717 as against £633,320 for the same month last year, showing a diminution of £57,609. The imports since January 1 ag gregate £2,731,010 as against £3,072,920 during the same period of last year, being a decrease of £33,839. There was a reduction of the imports during July in cotton goods of £15,560, in jute goods of £6,565, in linen of £8,437, in silk of £184, in woolf in fabrics of £18,130, in worsted fabrics of £22,520, in carpets of £7,022, and in hardware and cutlery of £1,118. There were increased imports of railroad iron, pig iron, tin plates and steel.

Extrao.dinary Accident on a Bailing Vessel.

Extrao.dinary Accident on a Sailing Vessel.

A sad accident happened at Milazzo on the 4th inst. A sailing vessel from Genoa entered the port in the morning, and the crew proceeded to expty the barrels of sea water which formed the ballast. The first sailor who descended into the hole to take sailor who descended into the hole to take the bungs out of the barrels was overcome by the gas which issued, and fell suffocated. As he did not reappear a second, a third, and a fourth sailor followed, and met, one after the other, with the same fate. Meanwhile the fetid water was running out of the barrels, and the corpses were soon covered with 2. At last the captain, surprised at the long alsence of the sailors, went below and approached the hill hear when low and approached the hat hway, when, the gases have arisen in greater quantity, he was also sufficiated. The boy, the only member of the crew now alive, became a ware of the herrid event, and crying to the people on shore, there soon arrived a crowd with some doctors. The bodies were dragged up, and every means employed to restore animation, but without effect.

Corn Fed Oysters.

Most people, when they hear of "corn fed oysters," laugh at what they take to be a little extravagance intended to convey the idea of fatness, the association of ideas with extreme fatness and corn fed hogs being natural. But corn fed oysters are as much a fact as corn fed hogs. Oyster cultivation in all the bays and sounds of the east is conducted with asmuch science as the cultivation of agricultural products, and in many places ducted with asmuch science as the cultivation of agricultural products, and in many places on the Cherapeake hay the oyster farmer everymorning strews with a liberal hand upon the surface of the water covering his beds of the hivalves quantities of finely ground commeal, which rapidly sinks to the bottom and is devoured or absorbed by the gaping shell fish, the result being an especially fat and luscious oyster.—St Louis Globe-Democrat.

Only Four Phonographs in England.

In England, I am told, there are only four phonographs, including the one in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley; but they manage things better than this in such places as Mexico. There a phonograph is to be placed in each principal post office, and those people who can neither read nor write, or are too lazy to do so, simply deliver their message into the phonograph, the cylinder is forwarded to its destination, and due notice having been given him that his presence is required, the receiver of the message attends the office at the other end, and the words are spoken off to him. I dare say, if all goes well, we may start the same convenience in England about 1900 A. D. In England, I am told, there are only

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kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or
body, itching or peculiar sensationabout the
scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness,
specks before the eyes, twitching of the
muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, baanfulness,
deposits in the urine, loss of will power,
tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and
flabby myscles, desire to alcep, failure to be
rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of
nearing, loss of voice, desire for selitude,
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Monday, Sept. 15th, 1890,

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THE LECTURES

Will commonce on Friday, Sept. 18th. Intending investigation can obtain all investigation of applications to the andersigned

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"Only a Little Chap."

"I know," said the conductor, as he finished counting up and lighted a cigar, "that most people consider us a hard-hearted lot, but we've get to be, or at least must appear to be. A railroad company has little to do with sentiment, and a great deal to do with business. I can't afford to let people ride at my exvense, and so what am I to do."

No remiedy being suggested, he amoked away in ailence for two or three minutes, and then continued:

"I didn't use to have so much heart about it, always excusing myself on the plea of duty; but one night about three years ago something happened which has kept my heart pretty soft ever since. It was on the run out of Buffalo, and when I came to take up the fares I came across a woman and child. She was pale-faced and poorly clad, and she had a world of trouble in her face I saw that in a general way, but it was not my business to pity her. The child with her, a boy of 7 or 8, was lying back on the seat, with her old shawl for a pillow. She offered me one full-fare ticket to a point about forty miles below, but I demanded one for the boy.

"Please, sit, she said, 'we are very poor, and he's only a little chap, and I'm taking him home to die."

"That was no excuze, and I plainly told her that she must pay for him or he'd have to get off. I thought she was trying to beat his way, but in that I was mistaken. It was a dark and rainy night, and she'd never have got ready to leave the train at the next stop if she'd had money to pay for the boy. I felt a bit ashamed when I saw her making ready, and it hurt me to see her lean over him and both cry together, but one of our men had been discharged only the week before for over-looking a one-legged soldier who only wanted a lift of ten miles.

"And no one offered to pay the boy's fare?"

"And no one offered to pay the boy's

"And no one offered to pay the boy's fare?"

"For a wonder, no. There was a full crowd in the car, but all seemed to look upon the pair with suspicion. I hated to put them off, and I was hoping the woman would make one more appeal and give me a show to back water, when the train ran into ———, and she made ready to get off. The least I could do was to help her with the boy. I picked him up and started to fe'low her out, but I had scarcely taken note of his white face and tear-wet, checks when he uttered a shrick of fear, straightened out in my arms, and next instant I knew I held a corpse. Yes, sir, the life went out of him in that cry, and the mother turned on me with a look I can never forget, and cried:

"He's dead! He's dead! And you have killed him!"

"He's dead! He's dead! And you have killed him!"
"I don't like to think of it," whispered the conductor after a long silence. "I had my month's wages in my pocket, and I gave her every dollar of it, and the passengers raised as much more, and when I left her with her dead at the next station I had done everything I possibly could, but that didn't clear me. I had been too harsh and cold. She had told me the truth, and I had doubted her. She had as 'ted for mercy and I had ordered her out into the night and the storm with a dying boy in her care. She has never forgiven ms, and never will, and try as hard as I may I can never forgive myself.

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An Immense Entry-of Exhibite—Numerous Special Attractions.

If Toronto can't get up a summer carnival there is one thing, it can do, said that is to maintain an Anhual Exhibition that has no superior on this continent. Successful as have been the past Exhibitions held by the Industrial Exhibition Association, that to be held at Toronto this year from the 5th to the 20th of September promises to colupse them all. The list of entries is the largest and it includes the best exhibits that have ever been made in Canada. The special attractions as announced in the official programmes are very numerous, and are of a character that cannot fail to attract the people from all parts of the Dominion and adjoining States. The railway arrangements are good, and cheap fares will provail during the whole exhibition, and with fine weather the attendance of vinitors at the Toronto Fair this year will probably be greater than ever. All who take a special interest in the manufacturing departments should endervor to go the first week, as the belillings are not so crowded as later on, and apart frum the show of his etock, agricultural products and the dry show, the Kith is not and all the special features are just as good the first week as the second

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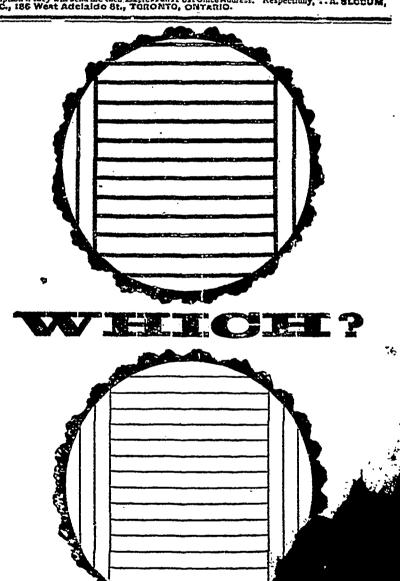
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THE WINNERS.

TRUTH COMPETITION.

No. 20.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the prizes at specified. They may be had on application to this office. See notice to winners following this lat of names. The questions are as follows - Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1, Wines; 2, Leas; 3, Feet.

If there is no province given after a name and place it is to be understood that Ontario is meant. We make this explanation to avoid repetition.

avoid repetition.

1st Wings, Exodus mneteenth (19th) chapter, fourth (4th) verse; 2nd Legs, Exodus twelfth (12th) chapter, minth (9th) verse; 3rd Feet, Genesis eighteenth (18th) chapter, fourth (4th) verse.

VIRST REWARDS. First, one very Fine Toned, Well Finish ed Uprigh Pano, by celebrated Canadian firm. Mrs. Albert Paxton, West Toronto Junction. Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch. 1 Mrs Frank Plint, 30 Rose Act, Toronto, 2 Annie Collett, 693 Yonge St. Toronto, 2 Annie Collett, 693 Yonge St. Toronto, 2 Annie Collett, 693 Yonge St. Toronto, 3 Mrs Simeon Flint, 88 Rose Act. Toronto; 1 Jas Carter, Toronto P O. 5 Fanny Livermore, Harrisburgh; 6 Jas Cotton, Pitson; 7F Langolo, Belleville. Next fifteen, each Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring. 1 Jas H Vale, Papalote, Texas; 2 Miss Scruggie, 53 Sussex Ave city; 3 Mrs John Whitehead, 51 Walton St city; 4 Mrs S H George, 32 Grove Ave city; 5 Mss A Forsyth, 114 Maitland St city; 6 Annie Livingston, 189 Brock St Kingston; 7 Edith Clark, 12 Glen Road city; 8 Mrs T H Plair, 140 Grange Ave city; 9 A C Treaham, Black Horse Hotel George St city; 10 W Beatty, 27 Grosvenor St city; 11 Bessie Worth, 390 College St city; 12 State Brigan, 221 Seaton St city; 13 Peter Johnston, Aurora Ont; 14 Jas Anderson, Whithy Ont: 15 Mary A. Jones, Peterboro, Ont. Next ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, S30. 1 W H Mulkins, 45 Adelaide St Ecity; 2 Arthur Thompson, Barrie; 3 Abel Kennedy, Plantfield N J; 4 Geo Oakes, Plantfield N J; 5 Francis Carr, Port Huron; 6 Julia Carr, Port Huron; 8 Carrie Hudson, Port Huron; 9 Mabel Parkes, Renford; 10 F Canniff, Toronto P.O. Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols., \$20. 1 R Jobbut, 22 Humber St city; 2 W E Booth, 21 Adelaide St W city; 3 W F Romain, Oakville; 4 Jas Patterson, Orillia; 3 Lottic Colbourne, 100 Esy St Ottawa; 6 Sarah M Cross, 60 Edward St city; 7 Mrs P Elles, W Toronto, Ont: 12 Jane Farqular, Toronto, Ont: 12 Jane Farqular, Toronto, Ont: 12 Jane Farqular, Toronto, Ont: 13 L M. Olds Port Hope; 14 tec. Olds, Port Hope; 15 Frank Parker, Port Arthur; 17 Mary A. Jinks, Winnipeg; 18 Jane-Jinks, Winnipeg; 19 Teterbore: 23 M. Domald, Peterbore, 24 Leaber, 19 Teterbore: 25 M. Domald, Peterbore, 10 Edward Mary, 10 Ea

Cook, Goderich; 41 Mrs Jas Utter, St Thomas; 42 Hannah Pascoe, 70 Murray St Toronto; 43 Annio S Lockton, Galt; 44 Mrs Jas Ellis, Galt; 45 Mary Cromarty, Galt; 46 Louisa Churchill, 240 Crawford St city; 47 Mrs J W Outhat, 343 King St west; 48 Mrs. E E Soady, Wiarton; 49 Jas Jones, Aurora; 50 J J Houdge, 160 Argyle St city.

SECOND REWARDS.

second rewards.

First one, Fifty Dollars Cash: 1 Mabel Harrison, Poterboro. Noxt ten each five dollars in each. 1 Julla Parker, Brantford; 2 Mabel Oaks, Brantford; 3 J M Cam, London East; 4 Peter Cain, London East; 5°C Carson, Port Stanley; 6 J Logan, Winnipeg Man; 7 M A Dixon, Jackson Mich: 8 Caroline Dixon Jackson Mich: 9°CF Puddy, Owen Sound; 10 A J Burzer, Burleigh. Naxt fifteen, each a Superbly Bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated. 1 R F Irwin, 3 Maitland Terrace London; 2 H G Bryant, Division St N Kingston, 3 Mrs T Barber, 57 Niagara St city; 4 Elizth Taylor, 97 Queen St W city; 5 Mrs J F Miller, Shelbourne; 6 A B Carson, Brantord. 7 D F Cayley, Huron; 8 Jos Pa sons, Oshawa; 9 Flora Parsons, Oshawa, 10 Henry Oak, Cobourg, 11 Manna Oak, Cobourg, 11 Manna Oak, Cobourg, 12 Kate Burleigh, Guelph, 13 M M Dixon, Stratford, 14 F F Wilson, Galt, 15 D M Davis, Windsor. Next seven, each a Gentleman a Fine Gold Open Face Watch good movement \$15. 1 Alex Dawson, Ayliner, 2 Jas Jones, Peterboro; 3 F C Cousins, Ogdensburg N Y; 4 Robt Abel, Ogdensburg N Y; 5 Jas. Burden, Oswego N Y; 6 F D Darter, Brockville; 7 Dora P Carroll, Cornwall, Next ninoteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Doro Bible Gallery: 1 G TWitchell, 74 Bruce St London \$; 2 E Yard, 56 Strange St city; 3 Mrs Jno L Oir, 37 Princess St Kingston; 4 Robt Dinweodle, Campbellford; 5 Julia Mauthie, 753 Queen St Ecity; 0 Mrs G Bain, Whithy: 7 H W Baker, Owen Sound; 8 Mrs W J Redford Jr, 220 Broadview Ave city; 9 Geo Toyne, Coleman; 10 Mattic Foster, Coleman; 11 Mrs J Spring, Colema; 12 Mary A Smith, Scotland; 13 Mrs A Harris, 83 Charles St city; 14 Maud Anderson, Orilla; 5 Jas Pattorson, Orangeville; 16 Mrs J P Hunter, Newmarket; 17 Cassie Hall, Hornby; 18 Jas Jones, Brockville; 19 Margt Jamicson, Owen Sound; Next twenty-one, each a Fino Silver Plated Sugar Shell. 1 Maria Johnston, 47 Ferre St W Hamilton; 226 Duffern St city; 3 R J Free, 94 Division St Kingston; 9 Helen Russel, 240 O'Connor St Oritawa; 10 Geo J Smith, Orangeville; 11 Saml First one, Fifty Dollars Cush: 1 Mabel Har-17 Jas Patterson, Oakville; 18 Carrie Archer, Collingwood; 10 Lizzie Watson, Georgetown; 20 Mrs W F Anderson, Brampton; 21 Arthur Russel, Collingwood.

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25. II Therapson, 05. Brueo St Jondon. Next cloven each a Gentleman's Open Faco Solid Silver Watch. I Mrs Dunlop, Pedrolca; 2 Isral L Editor, St Thomias; 3 Mrs J P. McKenna, 722 Queen St W City; 4 Henry S Green, Pout Hopo; 5 Arthur Jameson, Orillis; 6 Frank Duncan, London; 7 Mary IP Duncan, London; 8 Henry Oldvillo, Icelleville; 9 Catherine Watson, Poterboro; 10. Arthur Capello, Simcoc; 11 C D Butchen, Gardfillo-Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet: 1 Mrs J A Thompson, Whithy; 2 B A Cooper, 84 Davenport Rd city; 3 Mrs Wm Austin, Georgetovan; 4 W H Jackson, 2 do; 5 Jno MacDonald, 31 Kensington Ava city; 6 Mrs Hubert Macrae, 11 Borden St city; 7 Mrs W D Campbell, 31; Hārbord St city; 7 Mrs W D Campbell, 31; Hārbord St city; 8 Minnie Hiller, Aurora; 9 Francis A Linbor, Brantford: 10 Peter-Jones, Port Huron Mich; 11 A J Austen, Brockville; 12 Ann. 8 Moran, Port Dover; 13 Edna J Hamilton, Aurora; 14 Thos Townsley, Suncoc: 15 Mrs Hattic Spickott, 59 Stewart St city; 16 Mary Madill, 44 Mary St W Toronto Jet; 17 Sarah Webster, Whitby; 18 Lowis Jones, S5 Davenport Rd city; 19 C McCormick, Kingston; 20 Jas Jackson, Oakvillo; 21 Arthur Smith, Aurora; 22 Katro Harper, 55 Bellovuc Placa city; 23 Victoriz Shelton, 35 Spruco St. city; 24 Jas H Campbell, St Catharines; 25 Mrs E Paull, 615 Wellington St London; 26 Alico Martel, 84 Bellevuc Avo city; 27 Mrs J H Elliott, 419 Wellesley St city; 28 R Jones, Aurora; 30 Mary Patterson, Brandon-Man Fourth Rewards.

POURTH REWARDS.

First seven, an Elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TITH 1 Edward Hartley, Merritton; 2 Mrs Jas Bye, Thoreld; 3 Emily Mussen, Deans; 4 John Thompson, Sarnia: 5 Mrs M C Parsons, 17 Grango Ave city: 6 Arthur Jones, Peterboro; 7 James Patterson, Brandon Man. Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 44 pieces, specially imported: 1 Fannie Quescott, 65 Catheart St Ham; 2 Ida Crawford, Stoney Creek; 3 Jas Jackson, Petrolia; 4 Lizzie Dale, Clifford; 5 Mrs Arthur Crawford Pt Edward: Next seventeen, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, 1 E Disher, Merritton; 2 W Philip, Sarnia; 3 Emily Eaylie; 107 King St W Ham; 4 Mrs W W, White, Aylmer; 5 M A Johns, Ayr; 6 Arthur Smith, Peterboro; 7 Mary Moran, Scarboro; S Edna Patterson, Orangeville; 9 Jas Aylesworth, Tanworth; 10 Ars G M Carter, Bath; 11 Mrs Jas H Hagan, Gananoque; 12 Mrs Go. Tompkins, 445 Hotten St Buffalo; 13 Mrz A H Albro, 75 E Parade Ave Buffalo N Y; 14 Margt Anderson, Merritton; 15 Jas Merrill, Pt Colborne; 16 Mrs Jno Beckett, Markdale; 17 Anne A. Moran, Campbellford, Ont. Next eighteen, each a landsomely bound Volume of Life in the Highlands. 1, Geo Slingerland, Stoney Creek; 2, Alex Clark, 124 Emerald St, N Ham; 3, Carrie E Parks, Stanfordville N Y 'Flijah Davis, Oliver; 5, Annie Brown. Antoine St. Montreal; 6, Mrs B B Hall, Hepwarth St; 7, Win Thomson, hi, a ingford, Que; 8, S Trorey, 308 Richmond St W, City; 9, R Dunn, Port Hope; 10, Mrs Wm Farmer, 1909 Niagara St, Buffalo N Y; 11, Mrs A McIntyre, Aberfoyle: 12, Sam'l E Townsend, Hollowsy; 13, Geo Flower, Belleville; 14, Daisy Archer, Port Hope; 15, Lizzie Valentine, Pickering; 10, Mary A Snell, Dashwood; 17, Annie Broadheld, Ancakter; 18. W L McKenzie, Milton. Next one, Family Knitting Machine, 1, H L B Ross, 585 King St, Ottawa. First seven, an Elegant China Dinner Ser

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irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible conchs. About four years ago, when so afflicted. I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively ascure."—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

The Swiss watch makers have invented a watch for the blind. A small peg is set in the middle of each figure. When the hour hand is moving towards a given hour the peg for that hour drops. The owner finds which peg is down and then counts back to twelve.

The consumption of beer by the German singers at the festival in Vicuma amounted to 24,000 gallons. There were 20,000 singers, and the consumption was spread over a day and a half. It would thus appear that each singer drank between six and seven pints a day. Yet the singing was, we are told, magnificent throughout.

Further details of the floods in the Bolan Pass state that a great wave rushed down the valley, carrying huge boulders which smashed the bridge girders. A gang of 35 on lies was swept away. It is stated that it is impossible to reconstruct the line. The recent Ganges floods interrupted communication between Campore and Lucknow for some days, and are believed to have caused great loss of property and some loss of life, but particulars are not yet known.

At Nantes the Givil Tribunal has been called upon to decide a curious testamentary document. A rich merchant long before his death, wrote a letter to M. Mahe, who was a great favorite with him, in which he used the words, "At my death I leave you £5000." When the inerchant died, there was no mention of this legacy in the will, but M. Mahe claimed the £5000 on the ground that the words were not "I will leave you," but "I leave you." Due to be valid, and allowed M. Mahe's claim against the estate. Nantes the Civil Tribunal has been

claim against the estate.

A dreadful demestic tragedy has occurred at Menyoe, Hungary. A rich farmer of that place named Gezagoly murdered his wife for going to a dance, and afterwards fled to a neighboring forest to hang himself. The rope with which he had provided himself, and which he tied to the branch of a tree, broke with the weight of his body. Regaining consciousness after several hours, he heard the bell of the church tolling for his wife's funer. I, whereupon he returned to his house, broke into the death chamber, and looding a rifle blew his brains out.

A very young student, a mere boy, who

looding a rifle blew his brains out.

A very young student, a mere boy, who on Tuesday last ascended the Eidex Spitze, which is 2750 metres or over 9000 feet high, mear Vint in the Tyrol, missed his footing and slipping down from a great height was killed on the spot. Two other Austrian tourists also had a narrow escap, on Friday last. They went up the Fundinger Spitze, or Five-finger Peak, a mountain 10,000 feet high, belong to the Langkofel Group, and considered one of the most difficult in the Tyrol. They barely managed after a desperate straggle to get down in safety, but they declare that they would never at any price attempt such a risk again.

Messra Zitzmand & Co's varnishing and

price attempt such a risk again.

Messis. Zitzmand & Co's varnishing and glazing works at Sonneberg have been partly destroyed by an explosion. A workman upset a small vessel containing "matter-lock," a most powerful explosive. Herr Zitzmand, who happened to be present at the time, ordered the, the explosive should be at once collected and put into another vessel. An employer get some water to wash up what remained or the floor, and no sooner had the water come in contact with the mattlock than an explosion ensual. Four persons were killed on the spot, and nine sustained grievous injuries. Zitzmand was blown through a doorway, but his wounds are not serious.

In connection with the coming census a

was blown through a doorway, but his wounds are not serious.

In connection with the coming census a correspondent reminds the Times of India of an odd story which went the round of the last census period. During the taking of the census in India, 1881, in a district in the Central Provinces some of the tribes took fright and ran away. The district officer finally induced their head man to listen to explanations. Relying on the fact that wagers of various kinds figure extensively in Indian folklore, he solemnly assured them that the Queen of England and the Empress of Russia, have, a quarrelled as to which ruled over the most anbjects, had laid a big let on the point. He went on to explain that the census was being taken it order to set the the the point. He went on to explain that the census was being taken it order to set the hot, and he warned his hearers in a apirit i percration that if they stayed in the jungle and refused to be counted, the quoen would lose her money and they would be disgraced for ever as traitors to their salt. The story served its purpose.

Dr. Colombat de l'Ivere, ex Professor of the Natior 2 Deaf and Dumb Institution, well known in the medical world of Paris for his writings on stammering and other impediments of speech, was suddenly seized with an attack of mental alienation late on Friday evening, at his apartment, 53 Boulevard St. Micheal. The doctor, who has

been in bad health for some time past, been in bad health for some time past, or-dered his corvant to propure an egg beaten up in warm milk for him. As soon as he bad tasted the co. tents of the bowl, he ex-claimed, "You secondful tyou have poisoned me! Seiring a revolver, he fired twice at the servant, fortunately without wounding him. The report of the pistol and the cries of the servant drow the attention of the preclubeurs, who speedily came to the man's of the servine afrow the attention of the man's auccour. To eductor allowed himself to be disarrned and taken to the Commissaire de Police, who sent him to the infirmary of the depot.

A trial which has taken place at Bruenn shows that morals are not improved by enigration. Bohemian peasant 12 years ago sold his little farm and emigrated to Nebraska with his wife and nine children. After nine years had clapsed he owned a farm, which he again sold and returned to the Bohemian Fatherland with four of his children and about £300. He thought himself a rich man, and in three years had spent his little capital. As poverty set in quarrels arose, and his wife repeatedly threatened him in the hearing of neighbours, that she would have him sent to prison for the crimes he had committed in Nebraska. With a view of getting rid or her, he cut her throat in a wood near the allage where they stayed. The trial has shown that in Nebraska his farm had been a den of thieves and murderers, that three of his daughters had served in families as spice for burglars, and A trial which has taken place at Brueur ved in families as spics for burglars, and served in families as spies for burgars, and that one son had been hanged for murder. Notwithstanding these revelations, the jury did not think him guilty of murder, but of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to six years imprisonment.

manslaughter, and he was sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

Horrible news, says a Canea correspondent, comes from Sphakia. Three shepherds, Christiani, whose cattle had been stolen, wishing to go in search of them on the mountains, demanded and obtained permission to go out armed in search of them. Meeting a patrol; although they showed their permit, they were disammed, arrested, and conducted to the nearest guard-house. Here the commander fore up the permit. The three unfortunates were then dragged into the mountains and killed by bayonet stabs. One of them, having fainted, was left for dead. After some hours he revived, called for help, and, having told the facts, died. The Sphakiots threaten revenge, and have taken up arms openly. It is feared that they will surround and take vengeance on the detatch ments of troops, and all the force disposable is being sent from here to Sphakia. The Medical Commission which was sent to examine the dead bodies returned and reported that the men were killed by the beyonet, one having received 26 wounds, another 34, and the third 36. Djevad promises justice, but sends to the locality another battalion. The tollman at the Ternes gates of Paris was surprised, on Thursday, to see three

and the third 36. Djevad promises justice, but sends to the locality another battalion. The tollman at the Ternes gates of Paris was surprised, on Thursday, to see three dusky and half-naked forms approaching him. He immediately challenged the strangets, and refused to let them pass, owing to the scantiness of their attire. A policeman was sent for and the trio arrested. They were Jomalis from the Jardin d'Acclimation who had taken Fre ch leave of their Barnum, and were about to do a nomadic journey on their account. The Africans now on view in the garden are well watched as a rule, and their encampment issurrounded by a double palisading. The three runaways, who were caught at the Ternes harrier, however, were able to get out of their enclosure, and even to leave the Jardin d'Acclimation without being observed by anybody. After having been brought before the Police Commissary of the district, the Somalis were taken back to their camp, where they will have to return to their menotonous occupation of exhibiting themselves to Parisians until the time arrives for their departure to their native wilds in North-Eastern Africa, where they can retheir departure to their native wilds in North-Eastern Africa, where they can resume their wanderings once more.

A dreaded

sume their wanderings once more.

A dreadful apidemic of crime has (says a Dalziel's telegram from columbia) broken out here, there having been four murders in the past three days in this city. A man named Nelson Nash had occasion to beat the two children of his dead brother, whereupon his wife suggested to the two boys that they should kill their uncle. They took her ad vice, and while Nash was sitting at dinner the eldest of the two children, Samuel, aged 12 years, stealthily crept behind and dealt the man a fearful blow with a hatchet. Nash fell from his sent, whereupon the boys, the the man a fearful blow with a hatchet. Nash fell from his sent, whereupon the boys, the younger being only ten years of ago, beat him to death with a hatchet and a hoc. They then attached the body to chains, and with a horse dragged the body neroes a cot ton field to a culch, in which they concealed the corpse. The body was, however, discovered, and the boys have been arrested, and have confessed their crime—Edward Burton, being jealous of his wife, killed her with an axe, and then hanged himself.—

Peter Ashley, seein a man named Charles Jenkins talking to a 'oman with whom he was in love, crept bohind Jenkins with a knife and stabled him to the heart.—The fourth murder was that of Rosa Wilson, who was shot dead by her lover because she permitted another friend to escort her home from church.

mitted another friend to escort her homo from church.

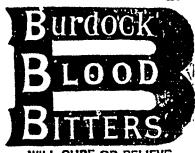
A swindler, giving the name of Count Dion, and his place of residence at Paris, to quested the well known banking firm of Guth & Co., 5 Kohlmarkt, Vienna, to send 2000 florins in bank notes to his room at the Hotel Erzherrzeg, there. The banker warned the clerk not to enter the Count's room nor part with the notes without receiving the equivalent in hard cash. For half anhour the nobleman attempted to persuade the clerk to transact the necessary business in his private apartment, but all to no pur pose. He then left the official in the half whilst he went up to his room to fetch the money. After three hours detention, there being no sign of Count Dion, the peculiar circumstances of the transaction were reported to the lotel manager, with the result that the door of the apartment was forced open. It was then discovered that he had left secretly by the servant's staircase with his valot, a man of herculean strength. The room contained an immense trunk with padded sides, hig enough to hold a man's body, and a bottle of chloroform was found near by. The room had been darkoned. The keyholes of the room and of those adjoining had also been plugged. It is surmized that the count intended to overpower and chloroform the clerk, with the sid of his valet, and had also been plugged. It is surmized that the count intended to overpower and chloro-form the clerk, with the aid of his valet, and have secreted his body in the trunk, to decamp with the money.

Music and Crana.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE .- The opening week of this season, notwithstanding the warm weather and strong counter attractions, was in every way satisfactory. The attendance at each performance was good, and Miss Verona, as Jarbeau, nade a splendid hit Monday evening of this week, the great unapproachable musical farce-comedy, "Later On," began a five nights engagement. The piece which proved so popular last year has been changed and improved in many respects, and the large audience on Monday night laughed and applauded till the "raft era rang." The company includes John E. McWade, the popular baritone; Ada Somers, soprano; Messra, Murpho, character comedian; Harry Hilton and Sam. P. Cutler, temors; and George O'Donnell, basso; Mollic Fuller, Annio Lowis, Blanche De Clairemut, Edith Merrill, Miss Ennia, Millic Price, the dancer from the Alhambra, London; Charlès Keeltor, R. Read and Fred Gagel. 'A big time is in store for those who see "Later On." Reginning on Saturday and for the following week the attraction will be "Faust up to Date." of this season, notwithstanding the warm

ALADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Academy of Music management opened the season on Monday night not only with a first-class attraction but in an entirely remodelled home. No one that contributed his patronage to this place of amusement last reason will recognize the new temple of the drama. It has been so completely transformed that its interior for comfort, ventilation and general effect will compare tavorably with any similar institution in the Dominion. There are eight handsomely appointed stage boxes, an ample promenade at rear of the parquette, a well-arranged beloony, comfortable quarters for the "goos" and elegant orchestra chairs. The house will be entirely lighted by electricity and many other of the improvements of the modern playhouse have been added. The staff of the Academy is. Manager, Percival T. Greene; Treasurer, fred Streuss; Leader of Orchester, R. L. Faller; Master Mechanic, C. Scott; Stage Carpenter, T. Legg; Master of Properties, William England; Head Usher, H. Glasgow, Doorkeeper, R. Londom. Mr. C. H. Garwood, the general manager of Mr. Whitney a circuit, of which the Academy is one, arrived in the city on Friday and remained over for the opening. The fide of the Monday evening, and the lahad the honor of opening the Monday evening, and the lahad the honor of opening the Monday evening, and the lahad the honor of opening the Monday evening, and the lahad the honor of opening the Monday evening and the lahad the honor of opening the Monday evening and the lahad the honor of opening the Monday evening and the lahad the honor of opening the Monday evening and the lahad the honor of opening the Monday evening and the lahad the lahad the honor of opening the Monday evening and the lahad the lahad the honor of opening the Monday evening and the lahad the lahad the lahad the honor of opening the Monday evening and the lahad the la ACADEMY OF MUSIC.-The Academy of Ideals will hold the board the attractions which & secured for the season and M. B. Curtis, Roland; Woman Hater, Margier or A Straight Time "A Straight Time", Miles, "Gilmort, King, Madams, Minstely, and & Lion and the Las

Euganio Blair in "The Gladiator," "Goreman's Minstrels, "Michael Strogoff, Redmond Barry in "Erminio," J. K. Emmet in "Fritz in a Madhouse," A. M. Palmer's "Aunt Jack," Barry and Fay in "McKenna's Fliration," Frank Daniels in "Little Pack" Fay Templaten at Mandael Hed. "Fay Templeton in "Hendrick Hud-



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J. E. HAZRU Date College

Benli'i Department.

Mineral Water Treatment in Heart Dis-03668.

The following interesting and valuable paper is by an eminent Paris physician; The advisability of the use of mineral waters in the treatment of diseases of the heart is a question that has been not a little discussed of recent time; and during the last few years the waters of Aix-les-Baines, of the Mount Dore and the mud baths of Dax have been especially recommended.

The use of the latter, when they are handled with skill, is quite supported by the heart. They give it a relative amount of rest by lowering the arterial tension without hastening its contractions and at the same time they are an energetic stimulant to the general nutrition of the body, which may possibly have a certain influence over the different forms of myocarditis, which are, after all, connected in some way with a disorder in the cardiac nutrition.

This physiological action justifies in a measure the use of certain springs and mud baths in the treatment of diseases of the heart, but I cannot go so far as to share the convection of a grant nelses of physicians who

baths in the treatment of diseases of the heart, but I cannot go so far as to share the conviction of a ortain class of physicians who are in favor of sending rheumatic patients with heart tro-ible to some warm mineral spring at the carliest pussible moment—in other words, twenty-five or thirty days after the acute cardiac manifestations have disappeared—in the dangerous hope that the more recent the lesion the greater the chances of its being benefitted by the waters.

https://linear.teach.com/ HTDEO-MINERAL TREATMENT RAD FOR OLD VALVILAR COMPLAINTS.

NAIN TLAIR COMPLAINTS.

As a general thing valvular complaints of long standing are an absolute counter indication to all hydro-mineral treatment of whatever kind it may be.

The only things that we ought to treat and that we can treat are the general diseases under the influence of which cardiac trouble is produced and grows I refer especially to rheumatic complaints. At the Mount Dore, at Neris, at La Malore, at a Eaux Chaudes, at Chaudesaigues, at a sint Nectaire, at Nauheim and sometimes at Air-les-Bains, the fits of palpitation and of oppression, and in some rare cases, the cardiac murmurs of certain rheumatic patients have been observed to disappear.

Certain cases are cited in which Bourbon-1 Archambault has caused percardiac deposits to disappear. Young patients suffering from repeated acute rheumatic attacks and with nortic insufficiency have been known to bear for many years an energetic treatment at Dax without being at all inconvenienced thereby and have had their rheumatic manifestations greatly benefit d'without increasing in any way their card, ac lesions.

conclusion which I draw from all these facts is that certain mineral waters and mud baths can be used with perfect safety with young rhoumatic patients with whom the cardiac disorders are neither too recent nor too far gone, with whom the compensation is well established, and especially with who, there are no signs of endarteritis.

endarteritis.

But to infer from these facts that all diseases of the heart can be benefited be mineral springs or mud baths is an immense mistake, as the two ideas are separated by a wast above which will not be closed for

TREATMENT OF MYOCARDITIS.

TREATMENT OF MYOCARDITIS.

Whiteresting chapter could be writtened be hydro-mineral treatment of the thoughous of myocarditis, but in the fall sociate of our knowledge we have not when the his facts which could give to there is the facts which could give to there is the facts which could give to the myocarditist of the place myacli on a face present aground but at the lift of the facts with the facts with the facts of the myacli on a face present aground but at the

which are in direct contact with a lympathic cavity, pour into it constantly products of this nature. If the elimination of these products is lessened for one reason or another, (superabundance of waste products, temporary insufficiency of the passages by which they are carried off, sluggishness of the lympathic current, &c.) these products will exercise their power of irritation on the intra-cardiac connective tissue, which will proliferate, while the muscular fibre will react and become hypertrophied. Such will be the first act of an interstitial myocarditis, of which the ulterior evolution will depend on the length and decree of the source of irritation and on the nutrition of the muscular fibre. which are in direct contact with a lympathic

In presence of a pathogenesis such as this what should theoretically be the treatment to be advised? It will be a treatment capable to be advised? It will be a treatment capable of putting a stop to the unnatural process of disassimilation which is producing these irritating substances, to hasten the lymphatic circulation and to favor all forms of climination; it is, therefore, a treatment which both lessens the formation of irritating products and also the length of time during which they remain in the lymphatic spaces of the heart, in order to reduce to a minimum the interstitial process of irritation, which is the greater number of cases of myocarditis.

MINERAL WATERS DETER THAN DETERS.

MINERAL WATERS DETTER THAN DRUGS.

er number of cases of myocarditis.

MINERAL WATERS DETTER THAN DENGS.

Certain mineral waters can fulfil this purpose far better than all the drugs of the pharmacopecia put together. I will take for example the treatment AAix-les-Ikains.

Let us imagine a patient of hereditary anthritic temperament, with a slight degree of arteric sclerosis, not very active, following the scdentary life led by fashionable women in the country, endowed with a vigorous appetite, and satisfying it very fully at a well provided table. Little by little she notices that she loses her breath in walking; she has palpitations and irregular movements of the heart, but the ear can detect no abnormal sounds by auscultation. Slight, painful manifestations of rheumatic nature attract the attention of her physician, who advises a course of treatment at Aix-les-Bains. While there she takes a douche massage for ten minutes every other day and a short bath on the intervening days. At the end of three weeks she is obliged to interrupt the course of treatment, during which the cardiac symptoms had not seemed to have been affected in any way; but on returning to her home she soon perceives that she can now walk more easily, that she is less liable to get out of breath and that she has fewer and less intense palpitations. On comparing the analyses of disassir dation has been modified and that the extractive substance and uric acid, which are irritating for the different tissues, have "minished in quantity.

Have we not the right to think that there is some connection between these changes in the nutrition of the elements and the improvement in the functional cardiac symptoms? And as this patient, who is already affected, with arterio sclerosis and in all likelihood predestined to interstitial myocarditis, finds that the symptoms, however slight they may have been, which betrayed the first stage of the disease, are lessened, can we not establish a relation from cause to effect between our therapeutical action and the result that has be obtained, and

can we not establish a relation from cause to effect between our therapeutical action and the result that has by a obtained, and de-duce a species of proof in support of the truth of the pathogenesis which I formulated a little above.

The walking cure, which, connected with a special regime, has given such good results to certain physicians in Germany in the treatment of fat around the heart, probably acts in a similar way. Absolute quiet, which has for so long been enforced with cardiac patients, does them actual harm in some cases, as it favors the stagnation of the irritating substances in the lymphatic spaces of the heart. Regular and moderate exercise helps to carry off the irritating elements, inclinationally afterward, by hastening their combustion. If the incisans of exit (the kidney) be sufficiently promiable the elimination of these products proceeds just so much the better. It has the first had been that at the present the likely to follow when the definer of the likely to fall with the first likely to follow when the committee that the prophylactic seems o have a great future of the different of The walking cure, which, connected with

point in a consider in applying this way numerous. To

be added Badenweiler, with its large baths, which render such great service in cardiac neuroses brought on by sexual exhauston, hypochondria, the abuse of tobacce, &c.

In the same order of idear the waters containing sulphate of sodium, combined with a strict regime, seem to me also worth trying. It is already known that Saint-Nectaire with its slight mineral qualities, has, when the treatment is well handled, an action-which is very like the one of which I am speaking. This would lead me also to try Carlsbad, Brides and Mirs, but in slightly laxative doses. laxutive doses.

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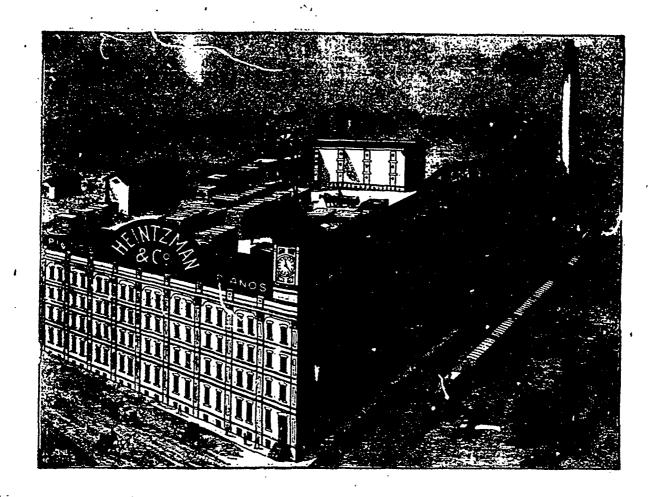
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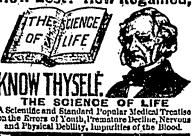
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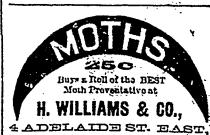
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