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LONDON - CANADA.

JOHN CAMERON,

Pres't and Managing Director.

God's in His heaven.

All's right with the world.

London, Saturday, October 19.

PROGRESS OF MANUFACTURES.

Some of the best speeches delivered

during the past couple of weeks have

been made by Mr. Frank T. Frost,

the enterprising manufacturer of Smith's

Falls, Ont.—a gentleman who has done

much to build up that progressive

town.

Mr. Frost accompanied Hon. Wilfrid

Laurier on several of his outings

among the electors of Eastern Ontario,

who have hitherto given a pretty

united support to the high tax party,

but now appear ready to add in effect-

ing that change for the better which

there are many evidences is now im-

pending. Mr. Frost contends, and

many hundreds of his fellow-manufac-

turers throughout the Dominion agree

with him, that the high tax policy has

been an injury to almost every manu-

facturer who is not a member of a

combine. The N. P., indeed, is a flat

failure, and the country is not pro-

gressing as satisfactorily under it as

under the revenue tariff. It is true, as

Mr. Frost points out, that in 1878 a

strong temptation to support a high

tax policy was presented. In the

country farmers were promised \$1.40

per bushel for their wheat; in the city

manufacturers were promised all sorts

of monetary consideration in exchange

for their support, and workmen were

promised steady work at greatly in-

creased pay. We all know what Deas

Sea apple as well as manufacturers

may well lay to heart this statement

by Mr. Frost:

"There was not a greater fallacy

than the idea that the National Pol-

icy had given the workmen work.

When the duty prescribed by the tariff

on a certain article had to be met, if

there was any squeezing down of the

price to meet competition, that squeez-

ing would be upon the workman.

The workmen never had to stand that

squeezing under the old tariff of 15 to

17-1/2 per cent. The Liberal party

had never been able to get the manu-

facturing industry in Canada

into the National Policy as the

old revenue tariff of Mr. Mackenzie.

The Liberals had been accused of be-

ing opposed to manufacturers. He had

no hesitation in saying, as a manu-

facturer, that this was deliberately

untrue. What they were opposed to

was the injustice that had been done

by the imposition of duties, by the

monopolists had been driven from

the people which they had not

earned. In five villages of the county

of Lanark there was not a factory now

that was in operation five years ago.

It was simply a case of allowing the

THE COMING CHANGE.

The Dominion needs and is ready to

command a change of managers at Ot-

tawa so soon as the general election is

brought on.

That much is foreshadowed by recent

elections.

Ponder on the following facts:

The men in power have not won a

seat from the Liberals in the dozen or

more bye-elections which have taken

place since Sir John Abbott was Pre-

mier.

The Liberals have captured the fol-

lowing constituencies:

Vaudreuil, Quebec.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Antigonish, N. S. (the seat held till

his death by Sir John Thompson).

In Westmoreland, N. B., the majority

of over 2,000 polled for the high tax

candidate in 1891 was reduced by over

1,400 in the recent bye-election.

The men in power at Ottawa were

strongly opposed to Premier Blair, of

New Brunswick, and in the recent Pro-

vincial general elections the high tax

press and the influence of the Ottawa

Government were thrown against him.

Result: Premier Blair is sent back to

power with a following of 37, while his

opponents have only 9.

These results are more than straws;

they are the strongest of indications.

The country needs a change.

THE LUDICROUS TUPPER.

All the independent newspapers of

Canada are making fun of Sir Charles

H. Tupper's telegram to Mr. Laurier,

in reference to the Liberal leader's con-

demnation of the McGreevy-Connolly

pardon. The Toronto Star, for exam-

ple, says:

"Sir Hibbert Tupper is not a dense

young man—except so far as his in-

ability to refrain from making himself

ridiculous, and he could scarcely avoid

seeing the point of Mr. Laurier's very

justifiable comment on the glaring

travesty on justice which gave Mc-

Greevy and Connolly their freedom.

The only possible explanation of Sir

Tupper's letter to the Liberal leader is

that he has suddenly grown extremely

punctilious as to the dignity of his

position; and in his anxiety to assert

his claim and the claim of his depart-

ment to be very highest sort of re-

spect, he has again given way to his

constitutional failing and made himself

a laughing stock."

The Star, referring to the same mat-

ter, takes this position:

"A powerful battle cry of the Lib-

eral hosts now advancing on Con-

servative strongholds under the

leadership of the Canadian Demos-

thens, the silver-tongued Laurier, is

the liberation of the bootleggers Mc-

Greevy and Connolly from Ottawa Jail

before the same tender mercies ex-

tended to the subject, Mr.

Laurier has made the assertion and re-

peated it time and again that there

are convicts in the jails of Toronto

and Montreal who had just as good

reason to regain their freedom as these

two political tricksters.

"The point was obvious. But the pre-

sident Minister of Justice, Sir Charles

Hibbert Tupper, who has been given

credit for more common sense, im-

mediately sent a communication to the

WHAT IS THE MATTER?

Mr. Mowat finds no difficulty in find-

ing good practical farmers for Min-

isters of Agriculture in his Cabinet,

and they have been among the ablest

and most reliable of his colleagues, too.

What is the matter with the Conserva-

tives? Are there no intelligent farm-

ers in their ranks?—Canada Farmers'

Sun.

A PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

If a man needs a new overcoat and

his wife needs a new cloak and the

household income will warrant the pur-

chase of only one, which gets it?—

Alcholson Globe.

SHE IS BUT SECOND BEST.

Next to newspapers, women are the

best advertising media that we have.—

Louise H. Wall.

HER STAR TALENT.

She has mastered Greek and Latin,

She has read her Huxley through;

She can sit in silk and satin

And discourse on Tribby, too;

She can argue evolution,

She is up in elocution

And a connoisseur in art.

She's the fountain head of knowledge

And at tennis she can play;

She came riding home from college

On a bike the other day;

But I've heard of something better,

Since with her I pledged troth—

She can draw upon her papa

For enough to keep us both.—Truth.

GRAND TRUNK AFFAIRS.

Points From the First Report of the

New Directors.

A Thousand New Freight Cars Ordered—

Friendly Relations With

the C. P. R.

London, Oct. 19.—Sir Charles Rivers-

Wilson evidently does not propose to

"plod along" in handling the Grand

Trunk affairs, and Mr. Chas. M. Hays,

the new general manager, is to have

some brand new rolling stock with

which to cater to the business of the

continent. Sir Charles has "sized

up" the situation, and even now, so

soon after his arrival in England,

has made up his mind what steps to

take. The first report of the new

Grand Trunk directors is issued today.

It says that the president and other

directors returned from Canada with

a distinctly favorable impression of

the material condition of the rolling

stock and the work shops of the road

along the St. Clair River, but the

equipment of permanent way and the

controlled lines west of the St.

Clair are defective.

The board has ordered 1,000 new

freight cars. The board cannot recom-

mend any immediate methods for re-

moving the burdens of the unprofitable

extensions and amalgamations into

which the Grand Trunk has en-

tered. They have, however, ordered

that the train service on the Toronto

and Montreal lines be discontinued. The

report states that the Grand Trunk of

the states the traffic agreement of

the Grand Trunk of the states the

should be discontinued. After noting

of its worst difficulties. After noting

that Mr. Hays has been appointed as

general manager, the report says that

other plans regarding the staff will

increase the economy and efficiency of

the board is hopeful of the gen-

Chase & Sanborn's

Seal

Brand

Coffee

Universally accepted as the

Leading Fine Coffee of the World.

The only Coffee served at the

WORLD'S FAIR.

CHASE & SANBORN,

BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO

EXPOSITION OF 1900.

France Has Already Begun Preparations

for the Big Show.

Washington, Oct. 19.—Ambassador

Patton has returned from France

with a large fund of information con-

cerning the International Exposition to

be held in Paris in 1900 on a scale be-

lieving the advent of a new century.

The French Government is in charge

of the undertaking, and the ambas-

sador will communicate an official in-

sult to take part in the exposition.

The exposition will open April 15, 1900.

Plans have already been constructed for the

erection of palaces, and outbuildings and

the laying out of parks and gardens.

The location will be in the heart of the

city, near the Champ de Mars, partly

in the immediate neighborhood of and

in the Bois de Boulogne, and the

planade des Invalides, and the

Champs Elysees known as the

Palace de l'Industrie, which was a

former exposition, will be torn down

to make place for a much larger build-

ing. The grounds are to extend along

both sides of the River Seine, and

great bridges are to be built across

the river.

One of the most interesting features

of the exposition will be a retrospec-

ive view of the nineteenth century just

ended. It will be a glance backward of

100 years, showing the progress made

by the world in all branches of science,

industry and art.

On the assembling of Congress it is

expected that the American commis-

sion will be created and provision made

for proper representation of the United

States at the exposition.

THE OLD, MIDDLE-AGED AND

CHILDREN,

Are One and All Cured of Kidney

Trouble by South American Kid-

ney Cure.

Kidney troubles are not confined to those

of any age. The gray-haired searier, and

keenly sometimes. The man in the vigor of

life has his happiness marred by distressing

disorders of these parts. Much of the trouble



In Advanced Years

The strength and pure blood necessary to resist the effects of cold seasons are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have for the last 25 years of my life been complaining of a weakness of the lungs and colds in the head, especially in the winter. Last fall I was again attacked. Reading of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was led to try it. I am now taking the fifth bottle with good results. I can positively say that I have not spent a winter as free from coughs or pains and difficult breathing spells for the last 25 years as was last winter. I can lie down and sleep all night without any annoyance from cough or pain in the lungs or asthmatic difficulty."

E. M. CHAMBERS, J. P., Cornhill, N. B.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

Golf in London.

Result of the October Handicap Matches on Local Links.

Talk of Forming a Canadian Professional Baseball League.

Guelph Players Kick at Their Salaries—50-Mile Cycling Record Broken by a Boy.

THE TURF.

At the sales of blood stock at Newmarket recently, Lord Rosbery gave 1,000 guineas for Serpentine, a brown filly by St. Serf.

The St. Thomas Turf Club, owing to insufficient entries, have declared off the races announced for the 22nd and 23rd inst.

BASEBALL.

PAID GUELPH "AMATEURS."

Guelph, Oct. 19.—The Maple Leaf Baseball Club would open the season's business Thursday evening.

The annual report showed that when all expenses were paid, and a small balance set aside for next year, the dividend to each player would be \$113.75. Some of the players expressed dissatisfaction at the financial results. They expected more money. A rather stormy time ensued, during which most of the directors paid their farewell compliments to the club. The dividends last year, it may be mentioned, amounted to \$102.

PROPOSED PROFESSIONAL LEAGUE.

The clubs in the Canadian Amateur Baseball League have decided to strike out boldly and enter the professional ranks. This step is not such a big departure from the old order of things after all, as it is generally believed that all the clubs have remunerated their players for some time in the past. There is some talk of dropping the league a four-club one—London's efforts to organize an International League with the Michigan clubs is regarded as certain failure, and the western city is therefore counted upon as a member of the Canadian League in 1896, along with Guelph and Hamilton.

St. Thomas has the baseball fever, but not to the extent of putting up the funds to carry a club through the season as a member of a professional league. The annual meeting of the league will be held in Guelph early in the spring.—Toronto Mail.

THE WHEEL.

HALF-CENTURY RECORD SMASHED.

Freeport, Ill., Oct. 19.—William Brooker, of Chicago, the 18-year-old boy who recently lowered the Elgin-Aurora century run record, started to establish a fifty-mile un-paced track record and covered the distance in 2:28.45.

The race was run according to the L. A. W. rules and is the first fifty-mile record recognized by the L. A. W. The distance has been covered in 2:30.00, but the record was not recognized by the league.

BOWLING.

A LOCAL GAME.

A very friendly and close game of bowls

ADVICE TO SMOKERS

Who are going away on a fishing or holiday trip. Don't be without a good cigar. Don't trust to luck and run the chance of getting poor cigars when you are away. Get a box of

VIRGINIAS

and you can rest assured that you will have GOOD SMOKING at any rate. Five cents each; special price by the box.

H. McKenna's

225 Dundas Street.

NEW FALL GOODS

New, Bright and Sparkling.

Harry Lenox,

Merchant Tailor, Richmond and Carling Streets.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

was played yesterday on the green of the London Rowing Club between the following finks:

W. T. Edge, W. C. Bullen, J. Pope, Ed. Weld, skip—6.
Dr. Allen, J. H. Pritchard, J. H. Brown, J. S. McDougall, skip—9.

GOLF.

LONDON CLUB HANDICAP MATCHES.

The play in the October handicap match of the London Club closed on Wednesday, Oct. 16. The match resulted in some close contests. Mr. H. Cronyn, with a handicap allowance of nine strokes, eventually winning the silver button. Mr. Inglis, with a similar handicap, and Mr. A. E. Carpenter, were a close second, being only two strokes behind. The full score, showing the actual number of strokes and the net result, after deducting the handicap allowance, is as follows:

Player	Strokes	Handicap	Net
G. T. Brown	115	115	0
F. P. Betts	117	117	0
J. W. Hamilton	118	118	0
T. L. Anderson	119	119	0
Rev. W. A. Cook	120	120	0
H. Cronyn	121	112	9
Capt. Heming	122	103	19
Major Denison	123	94	29
H. E. Gates	124	85	39
V. Cronyn	125	76	49
A. E. Carpenter	126	67	59
J. M. McWhinney	127	58	69
G. B. Harris	128	49	79
G. A. Somerville	129	40	89

The handicapping and drawing for the club trophy match, which begins on Saturday, Oct. 19, has been completed, and (as far as at present possible) the opponents in each round have been drawn up to the final stage as follows, the winners in each match playing together as indicated by couples:

1. Rev. Canon Dunn, F. C. Leonard.
2. V. Cronyn, J. D. Kilgour.
3. J. M. McWhinney, bye.
4. H. S. Blackburn, J. H. Gillespie.
5. Major Denison, bye.
6. John Pope, bye.
7. J. W. G. Andras, Capt. Heming.
8. H. E. Gates, Col. Vidal.
9. F. D. Widder, R. Inglis.
10. H. B. Beddome, bye.
11. A. B. Patterson, bye.
12. G. A. Somerville, A. E. Carpenter.
13. John Nicholson, G. B. Harris.
14. H. Cronyn, J. L. Anderson.
15. F. P. Betts, J. W. Hamilton.
16. G. T. Brown, bye.

Play will close on Tuesday, Oct. 22. Play for the second round will begin on Thursday, Oct. 24, and close on Saturday, Oct. 26.

The table showing holes at which handicaps are to be taken is as follows, the double round (18 holes), and is as follows, holes 10 to 18 indicating the second round:

Strokes conceded.	Holes at which taken.
1-3	1-12
4-6	1-12
7-9	1-12
10-12	1-12
13-15	1-12
16-18	1-12
19-21	1-12
22-24	1-12
25-27	1-12
28-30	1-12
31-33	1-12
34-36	1-12
37-39	1-12
40-42	1-12
43-45	1-12
46-48	1-12
49-51	1-12
52-54	1-12
55-57	1-12
58-60	1-12
61-63	1-12
64-66	1-12
67-69	1-12
70-72	1-12
73-75	1-12
76-78	1-12
79-81	1-12
82-84	1-12
85-87	1-12
88-90	1-12
91-93	1-12
94-96	1-12
97-99	1-12
100-102	1-12
103-105	1-12
106-108	1-12
109-111	1-12
112-114	1-12
115-117	1-12
118-120	1-12
121-123	1-12
124-126	1-12
127-129	1-12
130-132	1-12
133-135	1-12
136-138	1-12
139-141	1-12
142-144	1-12
145-147	1-12
148-150	1-12
151-153	1-12
154-156	1-12
157-159	1-12
160-162	1-12
163-165	1-12
166-168	1-12
169-171	1-12
172-174	1-12
175-177	1-12
178-180	1-12
181-183	1-12
184-186	1-12
187-189	1-12
190-192	1-12
193-195	1-12
196-198	1-12
199-201	1-12
202-204	1-12
205-207	1-12
208-210	1-12
211-213	1-12
214-216	1-12
217-219	1-12
220-222	1-12
223-225	1-12
226-228	1-12
229-231	1-12
232-234	1-12
235-237	1-12
238-240	1-12
241-243	1-12
244-246	1-12
247-249	1-12
250-252	1-12
253-255	1-12
256-258	1-12
259-261	1-12
262-264	1-12
265-267	1-12
268-270	1-12
271-273	1-12
274-276	1-12
277-279	1-12
280-282	1-12
283-285	1-12
286-288	1-12
289-291	1-12
292-294	1-12
295-297	1-12
298-300	1-12
301-303	1-12
304-306	1-12
307-309	1-12
310-312	1-12
313-315	1-12
316-318	1-12
319-321	1-12
322-324	1-12
325-327	1-12
328-330	1-12
331-333	1-12
334-336	1-12
337-339	1-12
340-342	1-12
343-345	1-12
346-348	1-12
349-351	1-12
352-354	1-12
355-357	1-12
358-360	1-12
361-363	1-12
364-366	1-12
367-369	1-12
370-372	1-12
373-375	1-12
376-378	1-12
379-381	1-12
382-384	1-12
385-387	1-12
388-390	1-12
391-393	1-12
394-396	1-12
397-399	1-12
400-402	1-12
403-405	1-12
406-408	1-12
409-411	1-12
412-414	1-12
415-417	1-12
418-420	1-12
421-423	1-12
424-426	1-12
427-429	1-12
430-432	1-12
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463-465	1-12
466-468	1-12
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472-474	1-12
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478-480	1-12
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499-501	1-12
502-504	1-12
505-507	1-12
508-510	1-12
511-513	1-12
514-516	1-12
517-519	1-12
520-522	1-12
523-525	1-12
526-528	1-12
529-531	1-12
532-534	1-12
535-537	1-12
538-540	1-12
541-543	1-12
544-546	1-12
547-549	1-12
550-552	1-12
553-555	1-12
556-558	1-12
559-561	1-12
562-564	1-12
565-567	1-12
568-570	1-12
571-573	1-12
574-576	1-12
577-579	1-12
580-582	1-12
583-585	1-12
586-588	1-12
589-591	1-12
592-594	1-12
595-597	1-12
598-600	1-12
601-603	1-12
604-606	1-12
607-609	1-12
610-612	1-12
613-615	1-12
616-618	1-12
619-621	1-12
622-624	1-12
625-627	1-12
628-630	1-12
631-633	1-12
634-636	1-12
637-639	1-12
640-642	1-12
643-645	1-12
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649-651	1-12
652-654	1-12
655-657	1-12
658-660	1-12
661-663	1-12
664-666	1-12
667-669	1-12
670-672	1-12
673-675	1-12
676-678	1-12
679-681	1-12
682-684	1-12
685-687	1-12
688-690	1-12
691-693	1-12
694-696	1-12
697-699	1-12
700-702	1-12
703-705	1-12
706-708	1-12
709-711	1-12
712-714	1-12
715-717	1-12
718-720	1-12
721-723	1-12
724-726	1-12
727-729	1-12
730-732	1-12
733-735	1-12
736-738	1-12
739-741	1-12
742-744	1-12
745-747	1-12
748-750	1-12
751-753	1-12
754-756	1-12
757-759	1-12
760-762	1-12
763-765	1-12
766-768	1-12
769-771	1-12
772-774	1-12
775-777	1-12
778-780	1-12
781-783	1-12
784-786	1-12
787-789	1-12
790-792	1-12
793-795	1-12
796-798	1-12
799-801	1-12
802-804	1-12
805-807	1-12
808-810	1-12
811-813	1-12
814-816	1-12
817-819	1-12
820-822	1-12
823-825	1-12
826-828	1-12
829-831	1-12
832-834	1-12
835-837	1-12
838-840	1-12
841-843	1-12
844-846	1-12
847-849	1-12
850-852	1-12
853-855	1-12
856-858	1-12
859-861	1-12
862-864	1-12
865-867	1-12
868-870	1-12
871-873	1-12
874-876	1-12
877-879	1-12
880-882	1-12
883-885	1-12
886-888	1-12
889-891	1-12
892-894	1-12
895-897	1-12
898-900	1-12
901-903	1-12
904-906	1-12
907-909	1-12
910-912	1-12
913-915	1-12
916-918	1-12
919-921	1-12
922-924	1-12
925-927	1-12
928-930	1-12
931-933	1-12
934-936	1-12
937-939	1-12
940-942	1-12

When the War Was Over

BY FREDERICK R. BURTON.
Author of "Her Wedding Interlude,"
"Josef Helmuth's Goetz," "A Pot of
Gold," "The Strange Object of
Thornton Wetmore," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—A COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY.

When at last Mr. Warren descended from the hay loft he was all of a tremble. He sat down on a milking stool and tried to think. The fact that he was unable to find other trace of the intruder than the dead hen was not in itself so disturbing as that it was characteristic of the mystery that surrounded Dutton's diamonds. The man himself was a puzzle with his unexpected return, his unexplained errand into the Adirondack Mountains with apparently the wealth of an Astor in his possession. And then this man, Golding, who hinted much and claimed more, and explained nothing. What could be the history of the diamonds that they should carry crime and tragedy in their course? It was not fear that agitated the old soldier, not fear in the ordinary sense. There had been no trepidation in his ascent to the hay loft to pursue an unseen burglar; there was at fear in him now as he sat an easy target to any foe above who might choose to destroy him. The roots of his trouble lay deeper than in the mere surface that responds to the ordinary causes of fear. The diamonds and the episodes attendant upon them were secondary to the greater drama upon an act of which the curtain had risen when Dutton stepped upon the threshold the evening before.

All this in one form or another occurred to Mr. Warren as he sat with the pebble clenched in his hand, trying to understand how the attempt to break open his tool box had come about. He thought back over the chain of circumstances since he had found the pebble two or three hours earlier, beginning at the time where he had placed it in the box.

Just previous to that he had finished his work in the milk shed, and before that he had talked with his wife, and before that—

There was the critical point! He had sat in the full light of day with the pebble in his hand, working over it with a file in an absurd attempt to test its capacity for brilliancy. Somebody must have seen him then, and it must have been somebody who was cognizant of the diamonds, and who had reason to suspect the farmer of knowing something about them. Else why should he have been on the watch for the inference was inevitable that he had been watched?

Was it Golding? Golding had passed the house after the conflict at the ruined cabin, but he might have come back secretly—he had come back and talked with Martha, and he might have seen Warren groping for the diamond in the grass. He might then have committed the attempt upon the tool chest.

This supposition did not seem satisfactory, reasonable as it was, in the light of other events. Who had borrowed Dr. Nason's horse for a swift ride? Who had swept up the ashes of the cabin? Who had struck down Freeman Dutton?

Mr. Warren rose more troubled than when he had sat down, but he had come to a decision. Diamond as this pebble undoubtedly was, he would restore it to Dutton's pocket, and thus, if possible, elude further anxiety on account of it. He left the barn intending to go directly to the spare room and replace it, even at the cost of exposing his operation to his wife.

Just turning in at the gate were Turner, King and Alvah Newcomb. They met him near the log where he had attempted to file the stone.

"Mornin', Nick," said Turner, "how's the stranger?"

"Pretty comfortable," replied Mr. Warren, "but he ain't been wholly conscious yet."

Their faces were grave, and Warren noticed that they avoided looking directly at him. It was like his neighbors to call early when anything of unusual interest had happened that concerned him; they had strolled in like this on rare occasions of illness in the family, but it was not like them to glance sideways and shift from one foot to the other as if they were debating whether to make some disagreeable announcement.

King sat down on the log, and putting his elbows on his knees, stared with assumed indifference at the milk shed. Turner followed suit, and Newcomb remained standing with one foot on the log and his elbow on his knee.

"Guess we're going to have a clear day," remarked Warren.

"Guess we be," assented Newcomb, breaking off a piece of bark from the log and crumpling it in his fingers. "How'd the thing happen, Nick?"

"You know well enough what I mean—the attack on this man and the burning of Sam's cabin."

"I'm not so sure that I should know what you mean. There's been a good deal happening round here since last evening."

"Well, you know what we mean now."

"I don't know," Mr. Warren meant this remark honestly enough as a reply to the original question, but Newcomb misinterpreted it.

"Nick, you're dodging," he said, almost sternly. "You know we meant to ask you about the attempt to murder the stranger in your house."

"And I told you I don't know."

There was a dissatisfied expression on Newcomb's face as he examined the bark dust on his fingers' ends, and Turner and King remained immovable and glum.

"I don't know what right you've got to say that I'm dodging," said Warren, after a pause. "You've known me here for twenty-five years, and I don't believe there's a man in Granite, or the country either, that will say I ever deceived him or was afraid to face the facts."

"That's right, Nick," assented King, without looking up; "that's the kind of reputation you've got."

"Yes, that's right," admitted Newcomb, sadly; "and I don't say that it's

wholly, but it's partly the reason we come to ask you about this thing."

"I don't deny your neighborly interest in what happened yonder," said Warren, "and I ain't unwilling to tell you what I know, but that's mighty little. I'm as much in the dark as anybody else about it."

"We'll low that, Nick," cautiously remarked Newcomb; "but about this man: Ain't there something you know that the rest of us don't know?"

Warren compressed his lips, and for the first time since the conversation began he caught Newcomb's eyes.

"Yes," he answered, "there is."

Newcomb's eyes fell under the steady gaze of the old soldier.

"Wal," he said awkwardly, "of course every man's got a right to keep his business to himself, but we thought that under the circumstances you'd feel like telling us all about it, and we kind of thought, too, Nick, as how we had a right to know."

"I don't see it," responded Warren, firmly. "What circumstances do you mean, Alvah?"

Newcomb looked appealingly at Turner and King, but one averted his eyes and the other had not changed the direction of his stare into vacancy. Both were silent.

"The fact is, Nick," resumed Newcomb, "thus forced to continue as the spokesman, 'we live in a little district all by ourselves, where there ain't usually no occasion to break the laws. We get along together as neighbors had always ought to, and we don't have no need of constables or courts. Didn't you never reckon that we have no officer of the law roundabout here, and no township, and no official postmaster?"

"I've thought of it often," replied Warren, "and been proud of it."

"And when there comes along a breaking of the law we're rather hard put to it to know what to do. We can't stand by and see the law broken and not do nothing about it. 'Twouldn't do for the good name of Granite."

"Well, what are you coming to, Alvah?"

"Here's been an attempt at murder," said Newcomb, "and for what we know it may come to be murder. The law demands, and the residents here have a right to demand, that the guilty man shall be found and punished, and to that effect I may say we have a right to know all the facts."

"I have said that I can tell you nothing."

"And we think you can," Newcomb was more positive in his speech now. His prefatory remarks had rolled off better than he had feared they would, and he was now ready to spring the mine he had prepared.

"You was heard to say something powerful harsh about this stranger last night, Nick. These neighbors of yours require explanation."

He stopped as if satisfied that Warren was caught in a corner from whence he could not escape.

"So you heard me, did you," said Warren, with desperate calmness, "and you repeated what you heard. Well, that's natural. It's like you."

King kept his eyes down, but Turner looked up and said:

"We hain't been no tale bearers, Nick. We ain't the only ones who heard you wish the man had died."

"Which some people remarked Newcomb," "would say was a soft kind of saying you was sorry you hadn't killed him."

Warren's eyes flashed indignantly upon his neighbor, and Newcomb drew back, involuntarily, when the old soldier smiled his contempt.

"See here, neighbors," he said, "I've listened patiently to all you've had to say, and I suppose what Alvah says is said for all of you. Now, I'll take my turn, and I shan't keep you long. I regret what I said in the excitement last night, and I give you my solemn word that it had no reference to the attack made on Freeman Dutton."

"What's the name of the man now sick in my house?"

"We understood his name was Dutton," interposed Newcomb.

"Yes; just wait a bit, Alvah. I'm coming to your understanding. You've got a lodger at your house, I believe, whose name is Golding."

"He's stopping with us, yes."

"And he's talked this over with you, and told you how I went up the mountain alone, and how I came back to say that I found Dutton dead, and so on. He's told you all that, hasn't he?"

He naturally gave us the facts, Nick."

"And he felt as keenly as you do, no doubt, that the reputation of Granite would suffer if the assailant of Dutton wasn't caught, and you told him that there wasn't even a constable short of five miles, and him the only one in the township, and he suggested to you that in such a case the village should take the matter into its own hands. So you three appointed yourselves a vigilance committee to come up and see me and get evidence. Don't interrupt. You've read about vigilance committees in the papers, haven't you? Perhaps Golding made up the committee for you. Huh! the next thing I suppose will be a return of this committee with the whole village tagging along, and there'll be a trial in my dooryard with Golding for judge, witness and judge advocate, and my neighbors will come with a rope and serve as jury and hanging committee. Now, see here, Alvah, and you, too, Seth, and you, Jim, I've told you I know nothing about the attempted murder on the mountain. If so be that an officer of the law comes to hold me responsible for my deeds, even if he's only Jere Smith, the township constable, I'll go with him peaceably, and answer in any and every court every question that is put to me. But, hear me, neighbors, if you and the rest of the village take it into your heads to so much as touch me, I'll barricade my house, I'll become a soldier again, and the boundary line of my land shall be a dead line, and the first man of you that crosses it, I'll put a charge of lead through him."

Warren's neighbors heard this passionate outburst with bewilderment and consternation. Their jaws dropped, their eyes were staring, and a pallor like something like terror came over their sunburned faces. They had not calculated on this. In fact, for Warren had analyzed their visit with a fair approach to correctness, they had not been a legislative committee of investigation they would have called their trip a fishing excursion, for Golding had encouraged them to think that if they impressed themselves upon

Warren in the manner taken by their spokesman, the old soldier would make admissions, or at least say something that would tend to a breaking down of his reticence as to what had happened between him and Dutton.

Having delivered his ultimatum, and having stood a moment before them with clenched fists and flashing eyes, Warren turned abruptly and strode toward the house, where Elsie, who had been attracted by his rising voice, and who had heard the last part of his speech, stood waiting in a new fright for the strange scene to come to an end. Warren stopped as abruptly as he had started, for Golding was coming around the corner of the house, having entered the premises at the front gate instead of at the side, as the neighbors had done.

"Good morning, Mr. Warren," he said, with serenity; "may I have a word or two with you in private?"

Warren's profound anger was not of the kind that destroys anger as a lightening stroke, and his attitude betrayed frank hostility, but he answered with composure:

"What do you want? Is it some new charge you bring against me, or some new trick?"

"Nothing of the kind," returned Golding, in a low voice. "I hoped to find you alone."

Warren looked him over a moment, and then remarking, "Come along," led the way to the barn. They stood in the open door, while the three neighbors, recovering their senses slowly, as if they had been stunned by a lightning stroke, discussed the extraordinary situation in low voices, and lingered to see what would be the outcome of the new scene.

"I suppose these good people," said Golding, "have been tormenting you with their crude inquiries."

"Instigated by you," interrupted Warren.

Golding bit his lip.

"Hold on," he exclaimed Warren, sternly. "You're going too mighty fast for me to keep up with you. You take it for granted that I'll strike a trade with you to rob a helpless man of his property."

"There's no robbery. The property is as much mine as his."

"I won't dispute you. I don't want anything to do with you. You'll get no help from me in recovering the property if it is yours, and as for the threat of consequences that you have brought to me through your cowardly torture of my wife and the stirring up of my neighbors, I tell you to go hang yourself with them."

"The hanging will be for another party," suggested Golding, suppressing his disappointment at Warren's attitude.

"I've nothing to say," responded Warren. "There's the doctor. You'll want to talk to him after he comes out of Dutton's room, and when you've had your say with him you'd better clear out. I won't have you in my house again."

He went toward the house, Golding slowly following, and both men were surprised and startled to see a buggy follow the doctor to the gate, and a priest get down from it.

Dr. Nason waited until the reverend man had hitched his horse, and then conducted him to the front door.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

The Age of Niagara Falls.

The savants are having a very interesting time in determining the age of Niagara Falls, and from the most recent papers on the subject it is clear that the greatest diversity of opinion exists among those who have made it a matter of investigation. Life is full of problems. The diversity of our common nature suggests equally interesting questions. Why are things so? Why not otherwise? Now for instance the minor details of life are full of problems. Why should so many fraudulent and flesh-eating substitutes for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor be imposed upon the people? Putnam's is sure. Putnam's is safe and painless. Putnam's makes no sore spots. Use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

All around us we notice a general sense of uneasiness, and a mental irritation which assumes in one mind the form of grief or anger at the unbearable state of affairs in this world, and in another produces a decided longing for a change in all the conditions of modern life.—Max Nordau.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

One learns to have compassion for fools by studying them, and the fool, though nature is wise, is next door to nature. He is naked in his simplicity; he can tell us much and suggest more.—George Meredith.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION. C. H. AND, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint."

Mr. Charles A. Smith, Lind-say, writes: "Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these Pills have cured her."

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.—Gibson.

A Fact Worth Knowing. Consumption, La Grippe, Pneumonia, and all Throat and Lung diseases are cured by Shiloh's C.

Morris Schoenholz has been sentenced at New York to 48 years in prison for arson.

Pills Do Not Cure. They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels.

The mutineers in Goa have refused to accept the amnesty offered to them by the Portuguese officials, and have looted the treasuries in the city and wrecked several buildings.

Nerves on Edge. I was nervous, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy.

The British steamer Ruahine, from Lytleton, New Zealand, on Sept. 2, was wrecked on the coast of the island of Easter, reports passing innumerable icebergs between latitudes 51 south and longitude 148 west, and 52 south and 130 west.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer. Buell & Company have purchased the timber lands belonging to the Moore Lumbering Company on the Kippewa for \$400,000. The limits are the finest in the Ottawa Valley.

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Our New Story.

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Read the Conditions Given Below.

1. The London ADVERTISER Printing Company will pay \$100 in prizes to the readers from whom it receives by mail at the publication office, Richmond street, London, Ont., the most nearly complete and absolute solution of "When the War Was Over," as it shall be disclosed in the final chapter of the story to be published Friday, Nov. 15, in the London ADVERTISER. The following list of prizes is offered to those readers who send us a correct solution of the story on the conditions mentioned below:

1st. Trip to New York and return.....\$25
2nd. Trip to Chicago and return..... 15
3rd. Lady's lambkin collar..... 10
4th. Lady's silver watch..... 12
5th. Set of Tinsley's works, complete..... 8
6th. Six cash prizes, \$5 each..... 30

Total\$100

2. The first prize awarded will be for the explanation which comes nearest to the true solution; the second prize to the person sending the explanation next nearest, and so on for the third and fourth prizes. The remaining six prizes of \$5 each will be awarded to the persons sending the explanations next nearest to the fifth prize, as the judges may determine their merit.

3. The ADVERTISER is pre-eminently a family newspaper, and its daily installment of a high-grade serial story is a feature intended to specially commend it to the home circle. To emphasize and advertise the fact that the ADVERTISER is a newspaper peculiarly suitable for women's reading, the further condition is made that the prizes shall be only awarded for explanations sent in by women and girls. All may read; but only women and girls may guess—and win the prizes.

"When the War Was Over" will continue in daily installments, from Monday, Oct. 7, until Friday, Nov. 8, on which date all but the final chapter will have been published. The interval between Friday, Nov. 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 12, 6 o'clock p.m., inclusive, will be allowed for forwarding of guesses, and the final chapter will be published in the ADVERTISER on Friday, Nov. 15. Under no consideration whatever will guesses be considered prior to Friday, Nov. 8, or from city readers after 6 o'clock p.m. of Saturday, Nov. 9. Out-of-town readers have a time allowance for mailing, and their guesses must reach the office not later than 6 o'clock p.m. Nov. 12. For no reason whatever will guesses from any source be received or considered after 6 o'clock p.m., Nov. 12.

READ THE RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

1. But one solution can be entered by a reader.

2. All guesses must be sent by mail and in no other way, plainly addressed to "Prize Story Editor," the London ADVERTISER, Richmond street, London, Ont.

3. Inquiries not considered fully answered here will receive proper attention if addressed to "Prize Story Editor," the London ADVERTISER, Richmond street, London, Ont.

4. The prizes will be awarded under the foregoing general conditions, according to the best judgment of the judges appointed by the ADVERTISER, and they will have complete control and final decision in all matters relating to the contest.

5. "A complete and correct solution" can be made in the reader's own language, and in the number of words that he chooses. It must disclose the mystery and such material facts of the plot revealed in the development of the story as may be deemed necessary by the judges to a clear and full explanation of the mystery.

The names and addresses of the winner or winners of the cash prizes will be published in the ADVERTISER at the earliest date possible after publication of the final chapter.

No condition of subscription to the ADVERTISER is imposed on Guessers must be women and girls, and necessarily they must be readers of the ADVERTISER, but they may read the story in the ADVERTISER taken by any member of the family, and need not be regular subscribers themselves in order to enter the competition. While only women and girls may guess and win the prizes, they can receive help as to their guess from any member of their family, or from all the family.

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Even at this late date, when there are so few to be found who doubt the efficacy of the Lakehurst treatment for alcoholism, we occasionally hear the opinion expressed that the "cure" is simply an exemplification of the influence of "mind over matter." In other words, that you simply believe that you are cured, and you will therefore experience no difficulty in abstaining from the use of strong liquor. Absurd as this view may be to the reasoning mind, it matters little whether the ability of Lakehurst Institute graduates to abstain from liquor without effort, where previously it was impossible to abstain at all, is due to the fact that a radical cure has been accomplished by rational medical treatment, or to a delusion, the result of suggestions. The delusion, if such a few choose to designate it, is well worth having, even at an infinitely greater price than is charged at Oakville. But so many have tried to delude themselves at home, and have sadly failed, that the only conclusion remaining is that the Lakehurst cure is a blessed, happy, glorious reality, not a mind cure nor a faith cure. Do not try to delude yourself longer—also reality is within your reach. Write office, 23 Bank of Commerce Building, Phone 1162.

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this way?

Sift 1 quart flour, 1 saltspoonful salt, 1 saltspoonful ground nutmeg or cinnamon, 2 rounding tea-spoonfuls baking powder, together. Beat 3 eggs; add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 teaspoonfuls melted Cottolene. Stir these into the flour, roll and cut into shape. Have kettle ¾ full of Cottolene—at just the right heat—and fry the doughnuts in it for 5 minutes.

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Laundries.

The Scrap Bag

There is nothing that's completer,
In the solid comfort line,
Than to lie in bed on Sunday,
When the clock strikes
IX.

Nutting parties are the popular form
of entertainment in the country towns,
and why should not the citizens of
towns of larger growth imitate?

Marlborough has the sense to say
that this is a glorious continent, which
convinces us that the boy is no chump,
even if he is a duke.

Truth—The only favor anybody ever
shows a young lawyer is to bring him
a client too poor to pay, "just to help
the boy along."

Emerson, Whitman and George Eliot
all said that their favorite book was
Rousseau's "Confessions," because it
was honest.

Puck—The man who would rather be
right than be President can console
himself with the thought that the
chances are just about as good.

Truth—Unconscious he lay on his
deathbed. At last with a faint glim-
mering of intelligence, he beckoned his
tearful wife to his side.

Slowly came the solemn words: "Can
—can the wheel be mended?"

A hat that is called a duck of a hat
has lots of feathers on it.

Girls, girls! do leave everything in
the cheap jewelry line alone. The fol-
lowing solemn and awful warning is
taken from the Buffalo Express.

The coroner's physician in the case
of the death of Mrs. Juliet Albert, who
was killed by lightning at her home
in High Island, has made a report of
the autopsy, and he finds that the
lightning was attracted to Mrs. Albert
by a pin which she wore in the neck
of her dress. The lightning struck the
point of the pin, melted it and drove
it through her dress, imbedding it in
her flesh. The pin contained a large
percentage of copper.

If counts with empty pocketbooks,
Who boast of titles old,
Like any special blossom best
it is the marl-gold.

—Truth.

An English dime museum has a don-
key that drinks champagne. As if
that was at all wonderful. Why, there
are thousands in this country who
drink champagne—if some one else will
pay for it.

Mrs. Helen Barker, of the United
States, has this sarcastic word for the
man who assumes to mark out woman's
sphere for her: "He forgets that when
the Lord made woman man was asleep,
and the Lord never waked him up to
ask for advice."

THE LION.
(Being an essay written by a pupil in
Dame Europa's school.)

The Lion is a kind of Ass.
His silliness is simply crass.
He's such a tame, low-suffering beast
You cannot rile him in the least.
For, though he's very strong,
He never will resist a wrong.

So, though he's very big,
The other beasts don't care a fig.
But pinch his tail and tweak his ear,
For he won't mind—he's such a dear!

They give him most tremendous snubs,
And kill whole litters of his cubs.
He'll sometimes give one little roar,
And then start dozing as before.

Although of beasts he is the king,
They know he'll stand just anything.
There's one exception to the rule
That he is always calm and cool.

One thing there is for which he cares—
"His others' private home affairs."
A ruction in a neighbor's home
Will always cause his mouth to foam.

And when the Turkey gave some kicks
To several of his weakest chicks,
With passion he became quite pale,
And gnashed his teeth and lashed his tail.

While gaily laughed the Frog and Bear
To see the monarch lose his hair,
For each of them a wish has shown
To pull the Lion from his throne;

And they'll succeed unless he learns
To keep more to his own concerns.
No other details I can raise
About the Lion and his ways.

World.

Life's Calendar—The following is the
horror perpetrated by a well-known
Scottish baronet: A sportsman said to
him the other day, "Talking about dogs
with keen scent, I have one that will
compare favorably with any you have
in England."

"Very remarkable dog, I suppose?"
yawned the listener.

"I should say so. The day after I
left home he broke his chain, and, al-
though I had been away for hours, he
tracked me and found me merely by
scent. What do you think of that?"

"I think you ought to take a bath,"
replied the Caledonian, turning calmly
away.

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-
KEEPERS.

Whence came the father-heart in
man,
The mother-heart in woman?
The love throughout the cosmic
plan
Which makes God's children hu-
man?

BREAKFAST—Grapes, Oatmeal,
Breakfast Stew, Butter Toast,
Apple Sauce, Biscuits, Coffee.
DINNER—Ragout of Beef, Cauli-
flower, Tomato Sauce, Creamed
Potatoes, Sweet Pickled Black-
berries, Rice Pudding, Cookies.
SUPPER—Meat Pates, Steamed
Brown Bread, Baked Apples,
Cake, Tea.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.
Two cupsful cornmeal, 1 Graham,
1-3 of molasses, 2 cupsful sour milk,
1 rounding teaspoon soda, 1 of salt.
Mix thoroughly, pour into buttered
bread boiler or tin pail. Place in
steamer over steady heat for five
hours, or the pail can be set in hot
water in covered kettle. Brown in
oven if desired.

In this picturesque season, with its
colors and quaint garments, it is difficult
to dress well. One seeks old pictures for
inspiration and is delighted with the
painted gowns. But as for wearing
them, no one would have the courage to
appear on the street!

They all need toning down and a blend-
ing of hues here and there, even though
gowns are rampant with luxurious color.
Gainsborough was especially fond of
gorgeous dress, but in his paintings he
has softened many of the details and put



WITH QUAINT SLEEVES.

In tones which could not be secured out-
side the frame.

A very useful lesson may be learned
from him, however. You admire the rich
blending of color, but when you see the
face you seek no further. That is sur-
rounded by subdued shades, and the big,
black hat above is in perfect harmony.
Dress so that the onlooker will be pleased
with your appearance, but let the
impression he carries away be of your
face; let the gown please, but let it be
subordinate to the personality.

The picture hat and coat shown will
be worn by bright maidens during the
coming season. The hat is entirely of
black velvet, and has a steep crown.

How shall I describe the coat? It hangs
full from the neck down, and is made of
a soft heliotrope shade. The black velvet
sleeves do not end at the shoulder seam,
but are brought over the shoulder to
form a high standing collar such as one
rarely sees except in pictures. Ostentatious
trim both collar and hat. It is a
striking costume, and could hardly be
worn by any but a tall, slim person.

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The Staff Popular Passementerie, Brilliant
Buttons and Lace Points.

Passementerie of great brilliancy and
richness promises to continue fashionable
during the ensuing autumn and winter.
Jet beads of all sorts and spangles mixed
with silk cord and metal effects compose
elaborate trimmings which are as costly
as they are effective. Expensive buttons
and equally striking are greatly favored, and
form a dazzling addition to elaborate
gowns, being used to fasten the belt,
close the bodice and secure the trimming.

They are of paste, fine steel and enamel,
in addition to the precious metals.

On silk, long points of fine lace appear.
The breadths of the skirt sometimes
separated by folds of goods of a contrast-
ing color, or the seams are defined by a
narrow spangled galloon.

It is rumored that the separate blouse
bodice is not to remain in favor very
much longer. It is doubtful if it will
be dismissed without a demur, however,
for it is a most convenient and becoming
article of apparel and particularly desir-
able for women of moderate means who
like to appear well dressed and cannot
afford many complete changes of costume.

Like the plain skirt, it is a general favor-
ite, and will be retained as long as pos-
sible.

New Ideas in House Lighting.

A new and delightful principle in light-
ing houses has been largely adopted in
the most elegant and artistic homes.
This is diffusion instead of concentra-
tion. The imposing central chandelier
has given way to gas jets and electric
bulbs, which represent conventionalized
flowers set in the frieze and forming part
of its decoration. Swinging lights hung
inside of opalescent glass lanterns in
each corner of the room are substituted
for the overwhelming central chandelier.

Brass sconces with gas jets made to imi-
tate candles are liked as side lights. The
lamp still holds its own, but the millin-
ery shade, the slightly modified tulle and
lace petticoats of a ballet dancer, have
happily dropped somewhat into the back-
ground, and ground glass shades, either
plain or with a dragon or two delicately
etched upon them, or pale-tinted fluted
porcelain shades are now in vogue. The
diffused method of lighting has two great
advantages: It is more agreeable to the
eyes and infinitely more becoming to the
complexion, and these are considerations
not to be held lightly.

The Fichu with Us Again.

The quaint and charming fichu is again
to the fore and is more becoming to
many women than the immense flaunt-
ing collarettes that have sprung into
such a mushroom prominence during the
summer. The sweet-faced girl who wears
her hair demurely parted and coiled low
in the neck, is very fetching in a mull
fichu, crossed, after the Quaker fashion,
over her breast, and with the ends hang-
ing below her waist. White dotted
muslin fichus with two graduated ruffles,
broader over the shoulders than at the
ends, are very pretty with simple blouse
gowns. If something a trifle more elab-
orate is desired, pale pink mull, or white
mull dotted with tiny Dresden flower
patterns, are charming. The fichu is
especially suited to plainly cut gowns
of black or gray, and is useful to conceal
a worn bodice.

TO CLEAN YOUR TRUNK.

You Can Make It Look Like New at a
Very Small Cost.

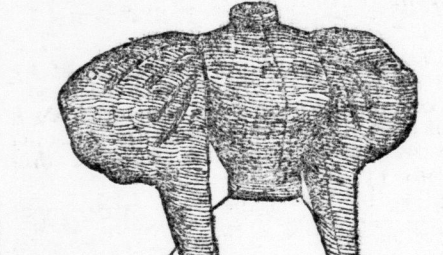
A woman who likes a fresh, new-look-
ing trunk, quite unconscious that she
are travelers who prize each label and care
for their baggage as one of the evidences of
the summer's journey in this way. All
the labels are washed off, the torn places
in the canvas are fastened down with fish
glue, and the whole outside is then wash-
ed with a flannel cloth dipped in warm
water, containing a little ammonia, and
the brass corners rubbed with a polisher
and metal paste. Stout cambric, tacks
and paste put the inside in order and if the
trunk is very shabby it gets a coat of gray
paint over the gray canvas. Leather bags
are wiped, inside and out, and the outside
if tan-colored gets a thorough rubbing
with the dressing used for tan shoes. For
black leather shoes polish is used after rub-
bing the bag with vaseline.

Mutilated Shoes.

The braiding, binding or lining of a
dress is not a little to do with the ill-
appearance of many shoes against which
they rub. By the friction with coarse
braiding, etc., fine shoes are made shabby
in a short time. The handsome exterior
of more than one pair of costly shoes has
also been mutilated by a too stiffly-starched
petticoat. White petticoats usually have
sharp cotton edges which are generally,
it is alleged, "as stiff as a board," and
which rub the shoe in a detrimental man-
ner. Although white petticoats are no longer
deemed "fashionable," still they are
worn by a large number of women. In
view of these facts women should not
starch their petticoats so stiffly and
dressmakers should put as little edging as
possible on all skirts. If they would do
this, shoe manufacturers all over the land
would "rise up and call them blessed,"
for it can be said for manufacturers that
they are not so anxious for "the almighty
dollar" as to not wish every lady wear-
er of their shoes full satisfaction in every
respect for patronizing their respective
barns.

Ladies' Plain Waist.

The front and back are curved grace-
fully to the figure by the regulation seams
and darts. It is closed down the center of
the front with buttons and buttonholes.
A plain standing collar of comfortable
height completes the neck adjustment, and
a simulated belt encircles the waist.



The sleeve is of the popular leg-o'-mutton
design, and is shaped over a two-piece
lining. The fulness is gathered toward
the top, which causes the sleeve to droop
gracefully. This waist may be made of
silk, satin, cashmere, crepon, Henrietta,
chiffon or mull, and may be trimmed, us-
ing a garniture of guipure or Venetian
point lace or jewelled passementerie.

Renovating Old Feathers.

There are two methods of enlivening old
feathers, both of which give satisfactory
results. An old feather bed was renovated
by the following method and was as light
and fluffy as one made from new feathers.

For pillows, sew up a sheet crosswise in
bag form, leaving an opening at one
end of the pillow. Rip an end
of the pillow and sew the two to-
gether. Change the feathers from the pil-
low into the bag, shaking well to secure
all the down, then rip apart and sew up
the bag. Wash in two strong, soapy waters
and rinse twice in clear water, draining
the bag well each time. Put the bag on
the grass in the sunshine shake often and
beat lightly as the feathers dry, which
may take several days. When perfectly
dry they will be so nice and light one will
feel like giving them new ticks.

Another way is to make a strong, soapy
water, empty the feathers from the tick
into it and wash them well and wring
with the machine; repeat, then rinse twice
and wring as far as possible. Spread them
on a perfectly clean floor in an unoccupied
room, stir, turn and whip them dry. The
advantage of this way over the other is
that it can be done in winter as well as in
summer, but there must be a fire in the
room if done in freezing weather.

Errors in Bibles.

Printers' errors have, curiously
enough, added to the value of Bible litera-
ture. There are a number of Bibles that
are held as great curiosities on account of
a mistake in a word when the printing
was done. The Bible which was so called
on the headline of the 20th of St.
Luke, which reads as "the parable of the
vineyard," being rendered "the parable
of the vineyard." This error was made in
1717.

The Breches Bible was in use in the
time of Queen Elizabeth, and was so called
from the rendition of the seventh verse
in Genesis iii, where Adam and Eve are
spoken of as making themselves breeches
out of fig leaves.

The Bug Bible received its name from
the curious translation of Psalm xci, fifth
verse—"afraid of bugs by night." It
now reads "terror by night."

The Treacle Bible owes its name to a
mistake in the well-known passage from
Jeremiah, "Is there no balm in Gilead?"
This Bible was rendered, "Is there no treacle
in Gilead?" This Bible was printed in
1538.

The Placemakers Bible was the result
of a typographical error making the
phrase "Blessed are the placemakers," giv-
ing the verse a political cast instead of a
religious one.

The "He and She" Bible gained its
name from the book of Ruth, where, in-
stead of "she went into the city" the
printer made it read "he went into the
city."

A culmination of printers' errors occur-
ed in the Printer's Bible, published in
1702, when David in the 119th psalm is
pathetically made to say that "printers
persecuted him without cause," instead of
"princes."

"The Murderers' Bible was the mistake
of the present century. In the 16th chap-
ter of St. Jude, "murmurers" is changed
into "murderers."

The Wicked Bible cost a printer a large
sum of money, the negative being left
out of one of the commandments. This
Bible was printed in 1681.

These Bibles are all held as great curi-
osities, a very few copies of them being in
existence.

Ladies who kiss their pet dogs are
warned by no less an authority than
Dr. Megnin, of the Paris Academy of
Science, that the little beasts are one of
the great agencies in spreading disease,
especially consumption.

Minard's Liniment Cures a Grippe.

A BETTER OUTLOOK.

Lombroso on Nordau, the Author of
a Much-Canvassed Book.

The Eccentricities of Great Men Do Not
Necessarily Constitute Insanity.

It will be remembered that Dr. Max
Nordau dedicated his book, "Degen-
eration," to Prof. Cesare Lombroso, and
avowedly based his heterodox con-
clusions on the Italian alienist's researches.
In an article, however, contributed to
the October number of the Century
Magazine, Prof. Lombroso expresses
dissent from some of his disciple's
ideas.

The Italian teacher begins by saying
some kind things of the pupil, whose
more extravagant notions he finds him-
self constrained to reject. He consid-
ers Nordau the man of our end of the
century who has most felt the pulse of
the times, and who has put his finger
on our most open wound, the egotism
which sterilizes the moral sense and
renders men cruel to one another.
Nordau is also credited with the "au-
preme merit" of applying psychic and
research, to literary criticism; and it
is acknowledged that by means of this
new critical instrument he has man-
aged to overthrow the work of the
French and German decadents, who
would turn the back on science because
in a hundred years of toil she has not
given the key to all the mysteries.
But when he asserts that such men as
Wagner and Tolstoy are not geniuses,
but simply crazy people, Prof. Lom-
broso not only disagrees with him, but
imputes to him a fundamental misap-
prehension of the relation of genius to in-
sanity.

What Nordau did was to point out
certain signs of neuroticism in Wagner,
Tolstoy and others, and then to draw
the conclusion: "They are insane;"
therefore they are not geniuses." Ac-
cording to the Italian alienist he was
simply justified in saying: "They are
geniuses, therefore they are in some
degree insane." Prof. Lombroso holds
that the proof of degeneration, in-
stead of destroying, fortifies the diag-
nosis which affirms such men to be
geniuses. It is only, he says, the medi-
cine who have maddish or eccentric
ideas or ways; they lack them for the
same reason that they lack the fecund
originality, which is the base of genius.
Of course, not all abnormal men have
genius, but every genius has a touch
of the abnormal. Thus propounded,
Lombroso's theory has nothing hetero-
dox or startling about it; on the contrary,
it embodies the judgment of ordi-
nary observers everywhere and at all
epochs. From his point of view, a man
of talent is one who does better than
most of his contemporaries, but in the
same way, a man of genius is one
who does better than most of his con-
temporaries, and in a different way.
The latter is an exceptionally organized
being; he has a physiological and psy-
chological peculiarity; he is afflicted
either with the delirium of persecution
or with megalomania, or with religious
frenzy, or, more often still with psy-
chic epilepsy.

Having thus defined his own concep-
tion of the relation of genius to in-
sanity, Prof. Lombroso finds it easy
to explain the error of Nordau's no-
tions seem to him erroneous. He in-
sists, for instance, that we must re-
gard Wagner as a great musician. That
is a question of fact. His music is a
great creation, because it expresses
with extraordinary power one of the
most nearly universal sentiments. This
is not to say that Wagner was a great
poet or a great philosopher, nor is it
to deny that he was a megalomaniac,
and perhaps crazy in some other ways.

These apparent contradictions are real-
ly inevitable concomitants. Wagner is a
striking example of the fact that it
is characteristic of genius to combine
extraordinary powers with extraordi-
nary weaknesses. So, too, with Tolstoy.
In his books, undoubtedly, there are
certain strange and even maddish
ideas; but no less indubitable is it that,
besides these, we encounter great power
of observation and a profundity of
thought even the theory of love
developed in "The Kreutzer Sonata,"
upon which mainly Nordau based the
charge that Tolstoy is no genius, but
simply a lunatic. Prof. Lombroso ad-
mits that the theory is a delirious one,
but he contends that when one has
deducted from the book all its ex-
traneous and pathological elements, the
remains are a too pessimistic one. It
is pronounced, therefore, a mistake to
term Tolstoy insane and his books non-
sense, because of his mysticism and of
his destructive ideas on love and science.

Finally, Prof. Lombroso considers
that his disciple exaggerates the harm-
ful tendencies implied to this end of
the century. The currents of opinion
and feeling which Nordau describes are
so dangerous, seem to his master but
ripples on the surface, which are de-
termined to lose themselves in the depths
of traditional ideas.—New York Sun.

What is a Palindrome?

A Palindrome is a sentence that
reversed reads the same as when
taken from beginning to end.

For example, "Now I've won." Read
backwards or forwards it is the same.
But you cannot reverse the sentence
of death that a neglected cold involves,
unless you at once take Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery. This is the
great blood food and blood purifier.
It is a sovereign remedy for all dis-
eases due to impoverished blood, such
as consumption, bronchitis, weak
lungs, scrofula and their kindred.

PRACTICE VS. SCIENCE.

"Science," says Mr. Snider, "tells us
how much casein, sugar and albumen
there is in skim-milk, but it is hard
to tell the exact feeding value, and it
seems as if hogs can get more out of
seems as if the scientific man can." Just so;
and, as we have lately shown, scientific
men begin to admit that the 90 per
cent, or whatever it is, of water in
the root crop is a very different thing,
as regards the animals' food, to the
water we draw from our wells.—Jour-
nal of Agriculture.

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MIN-
ARD'S LINIMENT.

Rev. Wm. Brown.

I was cured of a bad case carache by MIN-
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Mrs. S. Kautzback.

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Mrs. S. Master.

MONEY LOANED.

On real estate, notes and farm stock fur-
niture and chattels. Coins, Tokens and Medals
bought.

JAMES MILNE,

88 Dundas Street, - - London, Ont

Send postage stamp for reply. ywt

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Bowman, Kennedy & Co.

Wholesale Hardware Merchants, LONDON, ONT.

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Enamelled Glass, Oils, Wire Nails,
Cathedral Glass, Putty, Galvanized Wire,
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Spades and Shovels. Harvest Tools. Builders' Hardware.

We are just opening spring importations of Cutlery and English Shel
Goods.
All Goods bought for cash at lowest value.
We lead in prices, quality and new goods. Prompt shipment and best
attention guaranteed. y



Cuts, Scratches, Sprains, and all pains, external or internal, are instantly relieved by PERRY DAVIS' Pain Killer.

This old remedy is known, used and sold everywhere. Get it and keep it by you.

The Shoes that Slaters' Build.

These are the shoes with the price on the sole,
put there to protect the purchaser so that no
dealer can sell them for more than the makers
intend. The shoes won't wear any better for
having the price stamped on them, but the value
won't be any the less for it—your money is safe
that it's a proof that the manufacturers of

The Slater Shoes

have confidence in the wearing quality, workmanship and value of them, when
they brand each pair with their name.
Made of best imported calfskin, Goodyear Welt system. Six shapes—all
sizes—many widths.

Three Grades—\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00.

LOOK FOR THE PRICE ON THE SOLE.

FOR SALE BY POCOCK BROS.

Karl's Clover Root TEA FOR CONSTIPATION.

SEARCHES OUT THE CAUSE OF DISEASE

CURES GOUT RHEUMATISM BLOOD POISON LIVER COMPLAINT KIDNEY DISEASE

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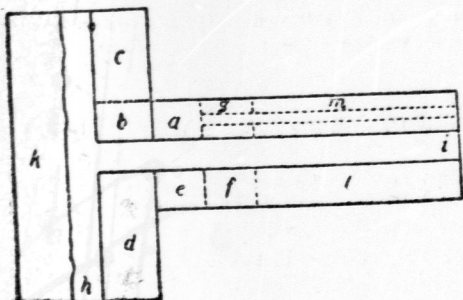
88 Dundas Street, - - London, Ont

Send postage stamp for reply. ywt

Farm-Garden

INEXPENSIVE GREENHOUSE.

The accompanying illustration shows the plan for a greenhouse which is cheap and gives a different temperature in various parts of the house, yet is heated with only one fire. The front part is ten feet wide and twenty-two feet long, and the rear part eight feet wide and twenty-two feet long. To build the house, dig in the ground two and a half feet, then set in oak posts eight feet long. This left the walls five feet high, except the south wall, which is only four feet high. This wall being low lets in plenty of sunshine. The framework is oak, consisting of three inches, and the walls are made of oak boards one inch thick. Then earth is banked up to the top of the wall, and sodded. The rafters on the south side are seven feet long; all the other rafters are

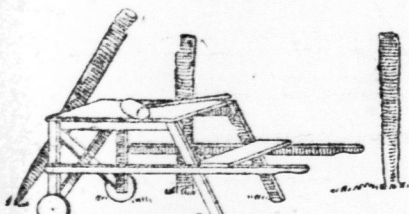


GROUND PLAN OF GREENHOUSE.

four and a half feet long. The letter a indicates the position of the stove, which is an old-fashioned wood heating stove. The legs are left off, and it is set on bricks so as to place it low down, and over it is built the cutting bench, the bottom of the bench being two feet from the top of the stove. A large pot of water is kept on the oven to maintain due moisture in the air. A large piece of sheet iron is placed between the stove and the wall; another piece is arranged so as to be easily moved in and out between the top of the stove and the bottom of the cutting bench. The dotted lines show where the flue passes from the stove. The flue is made of six-inch tile except one joint of stovepipe next the stove. This tile is supported by strong galvanized wire fastened to the wall at one end, and to the rail on the flower bench at the other end. The joints of the tile are luted together with wet clay, which makes it easy to take them down for cleaning out the soot, which must be done about once a month in winter. The bench indicated by b and c is built high enough to allow two and one-half feet space under it, which gives room to get under to put wood in the stove; b is a bed of heliotrope, which is always in bloom, and c is where the carnations are grown for winter blooming. The fire is allowed to burn its full force only in zero weather, when it must be looked after every four hours. In moderately cold weather it may be left all night. There is always a difference of ten to twelve degrees between the middle and the ends of the greenhouse. As d is the rose bench, where roses are grown for cut flowers, a Marochal Noil being in the end nearest the fire. The bench is two feet high; e is the place for begonias and young palms; f, smilax, the bench low down; g, coleus, begonias, etc.; h, a large palm; i, a tall plant. All the benches k, l, and m, are used for plants for sale. The walls are two feet wide. The door is in the west end, and a storm door is built outside. I did all the work myself and the greenhouse cost me fifty dollars. With a few cold frames in addition it will, if well managed, turn out \$200 to \$300 worth of plants and cut flowers per year. Still, if the purse will admit, build it on the level ground and do not dig. Use two thick pieces of board and put tarred paper between them as the building will then last much longer, will not be so damp in continued wet weather, and will then allow cold frames to be placed outside the east wall. A good drain is indispensable for a house built below the level of the ground.

Wheeled Platform for Driving Posts.

In driving fence posts a platform of some kind is required, and if the ground is uneven the support is very unsteady and the work unnecessarily tiresome for the operator. It takes but little time to construct a wheeled platform like the one here shown. The top or platform is three feet in length and two and a half feet wide and twenty-eight inches from the ground. The wheels should be six or eight inches in diameter and may be of wood or iron. The handles are four and a half feet long with a stop nailed on top of them as shown in the sketch. This arrangement will prove handy in gathering apples from the lower branches of the trees, and for many other purposes about the farm. It can be made from bits of boards and is easily moved about.



MOVABLE FARM PLATFORM.

rolled and tumbled from one post to another as the work progressed, and if the ground be uneven the support is very unsteady and the work unnecessarily tiresome for the operator. It takes but little time to construct a wheeled platform like the one here shown. The top or platform is three feet in length and two and a half feet wide and twenty-eight inches from the ground. The wheels should be six or eight inches in diameter and may be of wood or iron. The handles are four and a half feet long with a stop nailed on top of them as shown in the sketch. This arrangement will prove handy in gathering apples from the lower branches of the trees, and for many other purposes about the farm. It can be made from bits of boards and is easily moved about.

In the Orchard.

Fruit takes less from the land than any other crop, and usually is easier to grow than any other farm crop. The moral to this is to raise more fruit.

Gather up the windfall apples and feed them to the pigs regularly. Every such apple has in it a worm that will make a codling moth next spring to do you damage.

By using early apples for making cider they can be turned into quite good vinegar before cold weather. The cider ferments much faster while the weather is hot. A little old vinegar to act as yeast will hasten this, and so also will a little yeast, sweetened so as to supplement any deficiency of sugar in the fruit. Most of the summer apples have too little sweetness to make the best vinegar unless sugar is added. The reason why cider is usually made late is because the work does not come at a hurrying time. But it would be better if cider were always made early; it would then become vinegar before winter and much less would then be drunk. The early apples are very quickly rotted if not cared for, and making them promptly into cider vinegar is the best means of disposing of such as are not saleable.

POULTRY FOR MARKET.

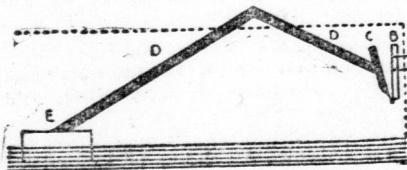
The production of choice market poultry—that which will bring the highest prices—is not difficult. Very few persons in a community know how to fatten poultry at the least cost. They give good care and provide proper food, but make mistakes in the mode of managing the fowls intended for the market. The practice of confining the fowls in coops is wrong, and so is the keeping of fowls singly in boxes to be fed frequently, for the reason that solitude or loss of liberty has a depressing effect on the birds and they lose appetite. The proper mode is to have a large yard or run and keep several fowls together. Feed three times a day, giving ground grain, scalded, in the morning, the same at noon, with a little ground bone and meat added, and corn and wheat at night. Feed them all they will eat at each meal and feed as early and late as possible, always having clean water in a convenient place for them. Treated in this manner a fowl thin in flesh can be made very fat in ten days or two weeks, and will not only bring an extra price per pound but will pay in the additional weight secured.

Feed the Stock Yourself.

I knew a farmer who would not trust the feeding of his cows, horses and pigs to everybody, no, not he. He took so keen an interest in all departments of his farm work, that no part of it was to him disagreeable. In farming we can do no better than to emulate the example of such men who are making agriculture successful by their own greatness of mind, applied to detail work. I regard the doing of the winter chores about the barns, pig-sties, and poultry houses as nearly half of the farming, since it lasts half of the year and involves the care and profit of all the live stock on the premises. What will swine amount to next summer if they don't have dry, warm quarters now, with substantial food? What will the wool clip on your farm amount to for 1905 if the sheep freeze to the ground at night, and pull out great patches from their fleeces, when they struggle to their feet winter mornings? And do you expect the heifer calf to make a No. 1 cow whose hair is kept turned toward her head, except when there comes a thaw?

Valve for Water Trough.

To keep a full supply of water in the cattle or poultry trough without being annoyed by surplus water overflow, and without giving the stock a chance to contaminate the main supply, lead the pipe from the spring run into a cask and arrange the overflow at the top of the cask. From the bottom of the cask run a small pipe to the trough and make a rubber valve which will work automatically as follows: A hole is bored in a block the exact size of the little pipe (A) and slipped on the pipe while dry. When it is wet it will swell and hold fast. A common wrought iron hinge of small size is next screwed on the block (B) and a square



REGULATOR FOR WATER FLOW.

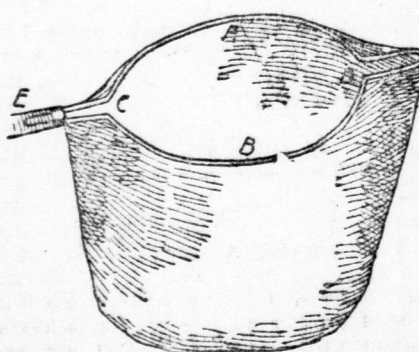
rubber boot leg (C) wired to it in such a way that it can be forced up against the end of the pipe cutting off the flow of water. This part of the hinge is in turn screwed to a forked stick with a small block (D) on its upper end. The block floats on the surface of the water and as the trough gets full enough it raises the stick, forces the rubber against the end of the pipe and stops the flow until the water is lowered by stock in the yard, allowing the float to let more water escape through the pipe. It works as well as a more expensive valve and on the same principle.

Raise Apples for Exportation.

Clarence Meeker, American Consul at Bradford, England, reports to Secretary of Agriculture Morton: "Fruits are imported from nearly all fruit-growing countries. The amount produced here is exceedingly small. At the same time the demand for fruit is continually growing, many physicians recommending the American custom of eating fruit for breakfast as exceedingly wholesome and the general consumption of fruit in season as healthful in every way. The climate and seasons in this part of England not being suitable for fruit culture, the people have, as a rule, any particular desire for it. The American apple, however, is in special demand here. The Newton Pippin is particularly popular. Immense quantities of these apples are shipped here every autumn. The Bradford fruiters get the American fruit from both London and Liverpool. Despite the great quantity received, the supply practically fails about the middle of February in each winter. At the present time the choice Newton Pippins and other winter apples command at retail about 5 or 6 cents each. If the high railroad rates which discriminate against fruits could be broken down, the consumption in almost all the interior cities would be quadrupled, and a great market would be thus opened.

Hand Apple Picker.

In connection with the winter apple picking the picker shown in the illustration will be found of great service in reaching the fruit on extended limbs. One man can stand under a tree and pick



FOR PICKING FRUIT WITHOUT BRUISING.

nearly all the fruit from the tree including the hardest to get at—that on the ends of the branches. The frame is made of heavy wire, or light round iron and a sack of heavy cloth sewn to the frame, leaving the slots at each end so that an apple will be free to enter the sack. Then all you have to do is to push or pull and the apple drops into the sack.

It is a bad habit to get to thinking that you can buy this product or that, which you need for use in your own family, as cheaply as you can grow it. Produce everything possible that is needed for home use, and so save the middleman's profit on both, and that which you would have to sell and that which you would have to buy. For if you do buy, you must grow some other thing with which to pay the bill, and some one beside yourself makes the profit on both transactions.

THE DAIRY

FEED FOR THE DAIRY.

It has been with much foreboding that dairymen are anticipating the gloomy prospect that confronts them. This time, and we need to help each other all we possibly can by word and practice.

Never have we experienced any season so difficult to keep up the normal flow of milk. Everything has combined to rob the cow of her perfect right to do her best under adverse circumstances, and she—the nervous, circumstantial creature that we have succeeded in transforming her into—promptly refuses to fill our vessels to replace the loss of her accustomed loads of succulent grass, but she presumes to draw the line at this season of the year against winter rations and cuts her daily output of milk into various fractional quantities. This decline, not only varies in different herds, but of the same herd has fallen off at a higher rate on the same kind and quantity of feed than others. This shows ability in individuals to resist the unnatural conditions that have befallen the dairies of this and other states this year. Such animals and their progeny are of greater value than those susceptible to ordinary and extraordinary changes, either from green to feed or sudden fall in temperature. These are practical features that enter in as prime factors which will enable careful dairymen to build up good paying herds of cows, and no one can afford to overlook their importance. It is just such seasons as the one that we are endeavoring to stave off through that affords us the opportunity to make selections and breed expressly for these cows for permanent betterment to our herds. It is a most excellent idea to be always ready for improvement and to grasp the opportunity when it presents itself. Opportunities are the exception and not the rule; hence it pays, when we find something out in the commonplace, especially in a cow, to give her free right of way on the farm, and she is bound to give reward for her care and keep.

I am safe in saying that no dairyman within the limit of my acquaintance and knowledge has been able to carry his cows through the past three months' drouths without sustaining considerable shortage in milk. Even owners of herds have fed full winter grain rations and still lost one-third in weight of milk on dry pasture, and where neglect has been practised, the shortage has fallen to one-half.

All this accrues from the fact that a backward spring, frost and drouth have conspired to keep back forage crops, especially fodder corn, which has been depended on for August and September dry periods.

I do not believe it is possible to keep any cow up to her normal flow of milk without some grain pasture during summer months. Not even ensilage, which one neighbor has been feeding the past six weeks, will reach the normal point as indicated by his returns, though it greatly improved over dry pasture. I have fully convinced myself that dried grass will not create butter fat, though it will become a part of milk which will begin to slacken in milk and add flesh as the grass becomes drier.

Our creamery that made over 5,000 pounds of butter in May will not make more than 2,500 for August, and with at least seven-eighths of the cows fed a fair grain ration. J. F. Hickman writes in answer to inquiry as to how they kept up the flow of milk at the station:

"I do find that it is quite difficult to keep up the flow of milk without pasture. I have not been able to devise a plan of feeding which will keep the cows in good milking condition during these excessive dry spells. I think the cow is a little more like man than we have been giving her credit for. I am almost persuaded that she feels some of the heat of the sun, and I am discouraged during such weather, and I don't blame her for it. Thus it seems with every opportunity to supply her needs the cows of the station at Wooster are faring much the same as those among the general dairymen of Ohio. There is but one means of retrenchment for the future—that of prompt preparation ahead so that a dry season similar to the one past will not catch us napping without green food to supply our needs. Rye sown now will supply us with the earliest possible pasture or soiling crop for spring until oats come into use when the rye is either gone or too old to use; the oats make a magnificent food for cows until fodder corn is of such age as to produce beneficial effects in sustaining a flow of milk. Rye is not the best food for enriching milk, yet if sustained by a fair quantity of grain in a balanced ration it will tide over a short period safely.

Our experience with oats for the two seasons past has been very satisfactory, fed both green and dry. In the latter condition it was run through the cutter and some bran thrown over it and moistened. The gain in bulk of milk was quite noticeable while the gain in percent of fat was very apparent, marking the period of oat feeding as worthy of further trial. In years past we have not been forced to feed so early of forage crops, so have only resorted to corn as a substitute for shortage in pastures; but it will be much safer if some means are brought into play for an earlier substitute to tide over such seasons as the two just past.

If the reputation of our herds, as well as their profit, is to be maintained, we must bear in mind that we are, as well as our cattle, creatures of circumstances, and must contribute our careful judgment toward meeting unexpected emergencies. "Eternal vigilance" must be the motto of the successful dairymen, and no great excellence is attained except by excessive labor. Carelessness, coupled with the kindred spirit of slothfulness, always steals away that part of the dairy receipts that we credit to profit. Why so many labor hard to reach the boundary of a profit, then relax their energy and allow the further opportunity of success to vanish. Don't do it. Push on and possess the dollar that is the easiest money earned in the conflict and gives the most pleasure when properly spent.

Experiments have shown that mild currents of electricity may have a beneficial effect on the growth of plants, but, of course, a heavy charge will kill a plant just as lightning will kill a tree.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 27.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. iii, 1-13—Memory Verses, 1-4—Golden Text, I Sam. iii, 9—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1. "And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord." We have set forth in this book the blessings of submission and obedience and the opposite. Hannah, in the bitterness of her soul, looked unto the Lord, and He heard her and gave her this child. Therefore she called it Samuel, which means "asked of God" (chapter i, 20, margin). When she had weaned him, she returned him to the Lord (chapter i, 28, margin). Then she praised God in the beautiful words of chapter ii, 1-10. In this song we have the first use of the word "Messiah," translated "His anointed" (verse 10; see also verse 35). We have also in chapter i, 3, 11, the title "Lord of hosts" for the first time. Both of these titles suggest many things concerning the kingdom, and in this book, sometimes called "the first book of Kings," we have the story of the first two kings, one a man after the people's heart, the other a man after the Lord's heart.

2, 3. "Ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was." Eli was now old and was not walking before God in the matter of his sons, and very early in the morning the Lord came to talk with this child, Samuel, of whom it is written that he ministered unto the Lord, grew before the Lord, the Lord was with him and revealed Himself to Samuel in Shiloh by the word of the Lord (chapter ii, 11, 13, 21, 26; iii, 19, 21). See how even a child may minister unto the Lord and have a place in the Lord's house and receive messages from the Lord while older ones are passed by. Many things are still hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes (Math. xi, 25). The thing that greatly pleased God is to have "before Him" and "unto Him," seeking in all things "His glory."

4. "The Lord called Samuel, and he answered, Here am I." It is evident from verse 10 that He called him by name. This makes us think of that beautiful verse in Isa. xlii, 1: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." And also of Isa. vi, 8, where the Lord says: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" And the prophet answers, "Here am I; send me." How beautiful to be ready for His every call, an ear always open to Him!

5. "And he ran unto Eli and said, Here am I, for thou calledst me." But Eli did not recognize that it was the Lord calling him and so told him to lie down again. Eli had not the ear for God which he should have had, and God saw it, and that He could communicate with him only through Samuel. It was a rare thing to get a word from the Lord in those days, and visions such as those granted to Abram and Jacob, Moses and Joshua were unknown. See verse i, R. V., margin.

6. "And the Lord called yet again, Samuel." Behold the patience of the Lord, Samuel's readiness and Eli's continued dullness. How difficult it often is for the Lord to get our ear and make known to us His will! What a contrast to "watching to see what He will say unto us," or "watching daily at His gates" (Hab. ii, 1; Prov. vii, 3).

7. "Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord; neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him." He must have known the Lord through Moses and Joshua, but not yet by direct communication. Known means to perceive, understand, acknowledge, so there may easily be many degrees in knowledge. Paul said, "That I may know Him" (Phil. iii, 10), he certainly knew Him as Saviour and Lord, His wisdom and His righteousness, but he longed to know Him better.

8. "And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child." The third time did Samuel rise and go to Eli, belling that he called him. What unwaried obedience! What a blessed soul! When he would tell his mother of his experience and how he had acted, how glad she would be! I think this is the only instance of God speaking directly to a little boy, but all young and old may hear His voice in His written word (John vi, 69).

9. "If He call thee, say, Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." Eli is by this time wide awake and also wide awake to the fact that the Lord has something to say, but not directly to him. It is probable that he remained awake till he heard the tidings, and then he would be more awake than ever. "Awake, thou that sleepest," is a good word for many of us. It would be wise also to say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," whenever we open our Bibles, and it would also be appropriate to add the prayer in Ps. cxix, 13.

10. "And the Lord came and stood and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel." This is the fourth time that He came and called, suggesting the question, How often has He called us? And have we yet submissively said, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth?" The attitude of a servant is well described in these words: "Ready to do whatsoever my lord, the king, shall appoint." "For any manner of service, wholly at thy commandment" (II Sam. xv, 15; I Chron. xxviii, 21).

11-14. "And the Lord said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle." And then follows the thing that He will do—a judgment upon the house of Eli, as told to Eli by a man of God some time before and fully recorded in chapter ii, 27-36. Mercy always precedes judgment, for God is slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. He had given Eli fair warning but Eli had honored his sons above God (ii, 29). The law was very severe, but very plain concerning rebellious sons (Deut. xxi, 18-21), and the ruler who refused to see the law carried out because the transgressors happened to be his sons certainly thought more of his sons than of God. Only those who can truly serve the Lord who serve Him in "fear and in truth" (Joshua xxiv, 14), or, as our Lord Jesus said, "He that loveth father or mother, son or daughter, more than Me, is not worthy of Me" (Math. x, 37). In the morning Eli called Samuel and begged him to hide nothing from him that he had said, so Samuel told him every whit and hid nothing. Eli certainly answered in the right spirit, for he said, "Is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good" (verse 18). He makes us think of Job, who under his great affliction said: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

It may be that the faithfulness of Samuel in this hard matter to Eli was a step on the way to his being established as a prophet (verse 20). See in chapter iv, 17, the judgment fallen.

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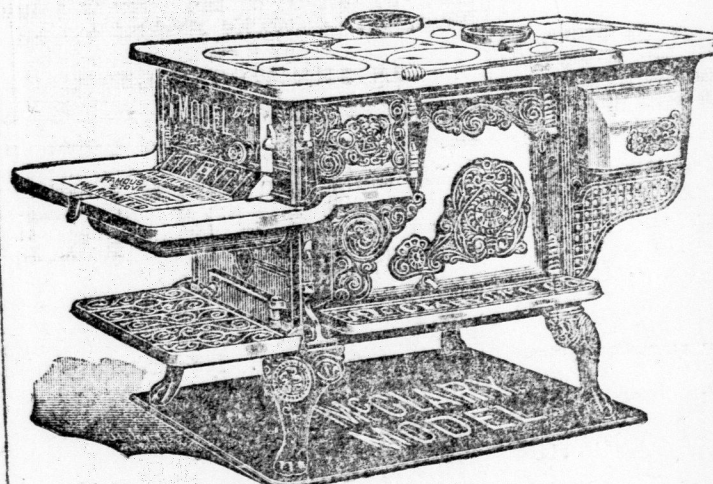
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Notes and Incidents.

In Paris the demand for small dogs is met by rearing pups from an alcoholic diet, which retards their growth.

Good Templary in England was 27 years old in September. It has 4,000 societies and 200,000 members in the United Kingdom. There are in the world 12,000 branches, in 100 countries, with over 500,000 members.

The National Tube Works Company will hereafter require a pledge of total abstinence from its employees at the McKeesport, Pa., plant. The company found that drunken employees frequently injured the work of the whole establishment.

Waldeck, a little German principality, has lately decreed that a license to marry will not be granted to any individual who has the habit of getting drunk; and if one who has been a drunkard applies for such license he must produce sufficient proof of reformation to warrant his receiving it.

The latest "model village" is located in South Africa, on the Great Brak River. It is a property of the B. & S. Sons, has a feather manufactory and a saddlery and boot factory, and employing 100 hands, all total abstainers. Among the social attractions are a church, a school, a cricket team, and a brass band. This model village has no saloons, and needs no policeman.

A "Gothenburg saloon" has been opened by the municipality of Birmingham, England, to test the Norwegian method of liquor selling in English soil. The liquor is bought by the city and sold by a salaried manager. A customer can drink one quart of beer in the morning, and two quarts in the evening, but must not consume the premises after he has consumed his allowance.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, who presided over the great National Temperance Congress at Chester, is one of the most popular of London physicians and has probably done more for the dissemination of hygienic knowledge than any other living man. While by original research he has helped largely to advance surgery and medicine, he has been in the prevention rather than the cure of disease.

The people of Denmark have an ingenious means of curtailing "speers." Every drunken man found in the streets is carried in a sedan chair to the police station and held up until sober, and then taken home under strict escort, so that he may not begin over again. The saloonkeeper who sold the drunken man his last drink is compelled to pay the cost of transporting and caring for the prisoner. Two offences of this kind are, it is said, sufficient for closing up the place of the saloonkeeper.

An Edinburgh firm of spirit merchants have just published an up to date distillery map of Scotland. It shows in all 140 distilleries, divided pretty equally between the Highlands and the Lowlands. The Scotch whisky metropolis is Campbelltown, in Argyshire, where there are 22 distilleries. There are 9 more in the Island of Islay, so that as a distilling center Argyshire is easily first; its total number of distilleries is 35. The other counties with the largest numbers are Banffshire, with 17, Moray with 12, Aberdeenshire with 9, and Perthshire and Ross-shire with 7 each.

It appears that Lady Henry Somerset's benevolent efforts for the reclamation of the notorious Jane Cakebread have been repulsed with contempt. She refused point blank to enter the home for incurables in Surrey, and a few days ago she was apprehended at Sandridge for being drunk and disorderly, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment. This makes her 20th conviction. It is absurd to treat a person with these ungovernable proclivities as sane; she should be placed under permanent restraint like any other victim of mental disease.

Woman Suffrage Successful.

The cry that women do not want the franchise, and that it is shown in practice that they will not vote even when registered, is not supported by the returns from Massachusetts, where the five years' record is as follows:

	Registered.	Voted.
1890	14,723	10,477
1891	12,908	8,714
1892	18,158	14,191
1893	24,159	18,638
1894	29,298	20,146

Sermons From the Backwoods.

So he paid the fare thereof, Jonah, 1.3. When Jonah stepped up to the captain's desk and took ticket by the great Jonah, Tarshish and Mediterranean route, he thought he had covered the cost of his excursion and about accomplished his purpose. He imagined that in the short run to Tarshish he would give the Lord the slip, but he reckoned wrong and learned a lesson that he never forgot. He was told to go to Nineveh, and to escape the Nineveh frying-pan he jumped into the Tarshish fire. If you prefer it I will say that to escape a thunderstorm he encountered a deluge, since his experience was of a watery character. I will not go into details, much less will I hint, as certain other commentators have done before me, that Jonah got whaled. You may call the whole story a myth if you choose, but to cast out Jonah has become a fixed proverb in our language, and while some of the fish stories which you relate to my patient ear, my brethren, do not pass muster with me, I heartily believe the tale of Jonah and the whale.

So he paid the fare thereof. In the market of experience we buy dear, and there are other kinds of coin besides dollars and cents. Jonah paid the fare in remorse and sorrow, in agony of the billows, in suffering and distress generally, until an interior berth on board a monster of the deep was a refuge and consolation. Once there our prophet learned wisdom fast, and when after three days and three nights he was graduated from this unique school of discipline, he had also learned obedience by the things which he suffered. It cost him dear, but when a man dances, he must expect to remunerate the band.

So he paid the fare thereof. The Vorns of today pay the fare, too, in their little excursions into the wilderness of sin and transgression, neglected duty brings its own reward now and then. It is just as far to Tarshish as it ever was, and the man who attempts to flee from the presence of the Lord may go to Gehenna to do it, but when he registers his name for a bed in the Hotel Hades he has but to turn his head round to see the Lord looking over his shoulder. At least, that's what David said, and I think he tried the experiment once. If you do not believe it, my brethren, I can tell you the cost of one sin, but when any route offers to take you from the presence of the Lord, or suggests a way more pleasant than the

path of obedience you had better take along a broad letter of credit, for you will have to pay the fare thereof. George Herbert says: "A lion's skin is never cheap." Sing with solemnity, if you please, as follows:

Who plays the fool must foot the bill; That's true today and always will. Be true as Bible, yes, until You go down grade to get up hill.

When sinners do excursions make Upon forbidden ground, and take To evil ways and God forsake, Stern law e'er follows in his wake.

The man who says he wants to see Some place where God will never be, While he to please himself is free, That man's a fool, twist you and me. —Peter Peculiar in New York Observer.

Fecular Fairness.

The Sentinel-Review's suggestion that the Templar would have commended itself as a profoundly independent journal by giving both sides of the Mills-McKay controversy has thrown our contemporary into a pretty temper. It flings at our devoted head almost as much vehemence as it has been expending on the Hon. David Mills. Here is a specimen of what it says. It declares that:

"The Sentinel-Review published an issue of Dr. McKay with flaming headlines, and proclaimed the Liberal philosopher a conquering hero before he had secured a point, but on the other hand belittled and unfairly treated its fellow-townsmen in the controversy."

Our readers, prohibitionists and others, may form their estimate of the truthfulness and fairness of a journal that will make such a statement. They all know that both sides in this controversy have been treated by the Sentinel-Review in exactly the same way, and if flaming headlines were given to the letters of Mr. Mills they were also given to the letters of Mr. McKay. Here is the Templar's excuse for the course it was pursued. It has made and is making the most violent and unfair and abusive attacks on the latter.

In conclusion it would be interesting to know how the Templar expects to promote the cause of prohibition by assailing the public men and their political followers by whom alone prohibition can ever be carried in this country. Prohibitionists who read the Templar have probably been asking themselves this question during the past few weeks.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Magisterial Humor.

A short time ago a long haired young man, who looked as if he were sorry for what he had done, was charged before a magistrate with being drunk and very disorderly.

"Drunk and very disorderly, eh?" remarked the magistrate, turning to the prisoner. "What are you?"

"I'm a struggling poet, your worship," replied the prisoner, with a certain amount of pathetic emphasis on the "struggling," probably with the hope of softening the magisterial heart.

"Well," said the magistrate, "there is not the slightest objection to your being a poet, but when you become a rhymer in the hands of the police, such conduct is without rhyme or reason, and not poetical at all, you must pay 10 shillings or go to prison for seven days."

The Criminal Holmes and His Creed.

When a church member is discovered to be guilty of crime, the facts, and generally some fancies too, are published in the daily papers with flaming headlines. Is this because of the strangeness of the occurrence, or because of the pleasure found and given in publishing something which may to some extent reflect on the church? But very little is said of the beliefs of the criminal Holmes, guilty, as seems evident, of many atrocious murders. His confession of faith is made in his words as a reporter: "I am a believer in the teachings of Painful and Inevitable. There is nothing inconsistent between his creed and his crime there are no startling head lines to announce his views. A disbeliever in God, absence of fear of future punishment, a contempt of all spiritual and eternal interests, and a denial of any ruling power, will not tend to restrain one, covetous and cruel, from crime." The confession of faith from the Philadelphia fall is a sublime triumph for Col. Ingersoll and his school of philosophy.—The Midland, Chicago.

Doubtful Commendation.

When the late Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson was one of the ministers of Perth, Dr. Robert Gordon was minister of Kintauna. On a sacramental occasion both were engaged during the fast day in the neighboring church of St. Martin's. Dr. Thomson used to relate that on walking up the incline between the church and the manse they overheard two old women before them discussing their several merits thus:

"Oh, woman, d'ye no ken? You're Mr. Gordon, o' Kintauna, who used to be a schulemaster i' the Perth Academy."

"He's a fine, fine lad."

"And what's yon fatter burle chief?"

"Wumman, I wunner to hear ye speir. You're Anra Thomson; he's a great scholar and a fine man as well."

"Dear me, Janet, ye astonish me! Is yon Anra? Weel, I'll say this for him, he's a grand roarer."

A Steeplejack's Terrible Death.

The Drogheda correspondent of the Irish Times reports that a steeplejack named Patrick Farrelly, of Belfast, met with a terrible death at Drogheda recently. The man was repairing the top of a chimney 100 feet high, at Ternan's flour mills. He appeared to be under the influence of drink and was very reckless. A crowd watching his movements saw him walk around the top of the chimney several times, and suddenly fall head downwards into it. The people were horror-stricken, but a rush was made to the chimney, and a number of men set to work to make a breach in the bottom of the shaft. When the body was found the man was crushed in like an eggshell, and arms, legs and ribs broken. Death must have been instantaneous.—Westminster Gazette.

The Little Empty Arm Chair.

Nobody sits in the little arm chair; It stands in the room dimly lit, But a white-haired mother gazes long and thoughtfully at it.

And yearningly thinking of him Sees through the dust of the long ago The bloom of her boy's sweet face, As he rocks merrily to and fro.

With a laugh that cheers the place, Sometimes he holds a book in his hand, Sometimes his little school slate, And the lesson is hard to understand, And the figures hard to mate.

But she sees the nod of his father's head, So proud of the little son, And she hears the words so often said, "No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear, sweet days of youth and life, When a child with sunny hair Was hers to scold, to kiss and to praise At her knee in the little chair.

She lost him back in the busy years, When the great world caught the man, And he strode away past hopes and fears To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream, Like a picture out of date, She sees a head with a golden gleam, But over a pencil and slate.

And she lives again the happy day, The day of her boy's life, spring, When the small arm chair stood just in the way, The center of everything.

Errors in Bibles.

Printer's errors have, curiously enough, added to the value of Bible literature. There are a number of Bibles that are held as great curiosities on account of a mistake in a word when the printing was done. The Vinegar Bible was so called from the headline of the 20th of St. Luke, which reads as "the parable of the vineyard," being rendered "The parable of the vinegar." This error was made in 1717.

The Breches Bible was in use in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and was so called from the rendition of the seventh verse in Genesis III., where Adam and Eve are spoken of as making themselves breeches out of fig leaves.

The Bug Bible received its name from the curious translation of Psalm xli, 5th verse—"Afraid of bugs by night." It reads "terror by night."

The Treacle Bible owes its name to a mistake in the well-known passage from Jeremiah, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" which was rendered, "Is there no treacle in Gilead?" This Bible was printed in 1553.

The Placemakers Bible was the result of a typographical error making

the phrase "Blessed are the peacemakers," into "Blessed are the placemakers," giving the verse a political cast.

The "He and She" Bible gained its name from the book of Ruth, where, instead of "she went into the city," the printer made it read "he went into the city."

A culmination of printer's errors occurred in the Printers' Bible, published in 1702, when David in the 110th Psalm is pathetically made to say that "printers persecuted him without cause."

The Murderers' Bible was the mistake of the present century. In the 10th chapter of St. Jude, "murmurers" is changed into "murderers." The Wicked Bible cost the printer a large sum of money—the negative being left out of one of the commandments. This Bible was printed in 1831. These Bibles are all held as great curiosities, and very few copies of them being in existence.

The Thirteenth Tribe of Israel.

At an inquest held yesterday at Wood Green Town Hall, a gentleman summoned as a jurymen said he claimed exemption.

The Coroner—On what grounds?

The Gentleman—I belong to the tribe of Cohen.

The Coroner—Well, what of that?

The Gentleman—All the Cohens are exempted from the duty of jury service. We never look at a dead body.

The Coroner—That may be your religion, but that is no just reason for exemption.

The Gentleman—Oh, it is. It has been held so in law.

The Coroner—I never heard of such a case.

The Coroner's Officer—We have had many Cohens before, sir, but I never heard them object.

The Gentleman—Well, I object. It is against my faith, and you surely do not expect me to do that which I am forbidden to do.

The Coroner—No, certainly not; but I cannot hold that it is a valid excuse.

The Gentleman—If a relative were to die in my house I must not see the body, though I live in the house with it.

The Coroner—Well, as we have enough jurymen without you, I will excuse you; but because you are entitled to be excused, but simply because I have no wish for you to break through your tribe's doctrine.

Dr. Chailu's Chance.

"You are still a bachelor?" I asked.

"I am," he said, with a hearty laugh; "but I have had more offers than most men. Once, in Africa, the king of a tribe who loved me dearly offered me a wife of 100 women."

"I took one, and I have never been on the earth," his solution was immediate. "Take 'em all," said he. But I am a bachelor still."

The Sun's Heat.

Remarkable Statements of a Famous Astronomer—The Stupendous Size of the Orb—Its Lavish Waste of Heat—How the Heat Reaches the Earth—Future of the Great Ball.

(By Sir Robert Ball, Lowdown Professor of Astronomy and Geometry at the University of Cambridge, formerly Astronomer Royal of Ireland.)

There is a story told of a well-intentioned missionary who tried to induce a Persian fire worshipper to abandon the creed of his ancestors. "Is it not," urged the Christian minister, "a sad and a deplorable superstition for an intelligent person like you to worship an inanimate object like the sun?" "My friend," said the old Persian, "you come from England; now tell me, have you ever seen the sun?" The reply was, "No, but I have heard of it." "Then," said the missionary, "those of us whose lot requires them to live beneath the clouds and in the gloom, which so frequently brood over our northern latitudes, have but little conception of the surpassing glory of the great orb of day as it appears to those who know it in the clear eastern skies. The Persian recognizes in the sun is not only the source of light and of warmth, but even of life. Now science ever tend to bring before us with more and more significance the surpassing glory with which Milton tells us the sun is crowned. I shall endeavor to show you a mistake in a brief sketch of what has recently been learned as to the actual warmth which the sun possesses and of the prodigality with which it pours forth its radiant treasures.

It is a common error to imagine an intelligent gardener, who is fond of speculating about things in the heavens as well as about things on the earth. One day he told me that he had seen the sun, and that he believed, as most of us do believe, that the sun up there is a hot, glowing body. "No," he said, "the sun cannot be a source of heat, and I will prove it. If the sun were a source of heat, the earth would be a furnace, and the closer you approach the sun the warmer you would find yourself. But this is not the case, for when you are climbing up a mountain, you are always getting colder. The sun, therefore, cannot be a source of heat, and I will prove it. If the sun were a source of heat, the earth would be a furnace, and the closer you approach the sun the warmer you would find yourself. But this is not the case, for when you are climbing up a mountain, you are always getting colder. The sun, therefore, cannot be a source of heat, and I will prove it. 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Our Young People

Bedtime.

Do you know
Why the snow
Is hurrying through the garden so?
Just to spread
A nice soft bed
For the sleepy little flowers' head.
To cuddle up the baby ferns and
smooth the lily's sheet,
And tuck a warm, white blanket down
around the roses' feet.
—Youth's Companion.

The Peacemaker.

"Is that you, Ted? Come, it is time you started for the station to meet cousin Robert."

Ted paused in the hall, and looked through the door at his mother. Tags also pushed the portiere aside with his little yellow head, and looked inquiringly.

"Brother Robert," ejaculated Ted, "I forgot all about him. Need I go for him?"

Tags barked responsively. "How would you like to go to uncle Charlie's and have Robert off rowing with the boys instead of at the train to greet you?"

"He wouldn't be off rowing. He doesn't know an oar from a bat. All he does is to stay in the house and poke over books. I don't see," continued Ted, his long pent up indignation finding vent at last, "why father asked him here to stay so long, anyway. He'll have to share my room. I've got it all fixed up so nice, and I suppose he'll be afraid of the guns on the wall. He's a regular mollycoddle, and—"

"Ted, my son!"

Even Tags, the sympathetic, jumped and thrust a cold protesting nose into his master's palm.

"I can't help it, he is," and Ted closely followed by Tags, rushed off, shutting the front door with a bang.

"We have not asked another hoy here any too soon, I fear," said Mrs. North to herself as she turned to her sewing.

Dismissing the boys of the rowing party, Ted walked so slowly to the station that when he arrived the train had come and gone, while a lonely looking lad walked back and forth on the platform as though expecting some one.

"Are you Robert?" asked Ted shortly, when he met him. "All right, come on. John will come down for your baggage. We'll walk," and he led the way up the street.

"Is this your dog?" asked the newcomer, patting Tags' head; "I like dogs."

"Yes, he's mine," and though Ted's face relaxed a little at praise of his pet, he called Tags around to his side of the walk and took care to keep him there. Conversation languished the rest of the way. Robert made one or two attempts which met with discouraging results. By the time they reached home Robert felt a curious tightening in his throat and a smarting of his eyelids, but when Mrs. North opened her arms and took the tired boy to her heart as his own mother would have done, his homesickness vanished at once, and the world looked brighter. His trunk came soon after, and he went up to unpack it. Nothing more was seen of him that afternoon, and when Ted was sent to call him to supper, he found him in the cozy library oblivious to everything save the big book before him.

Ted's lip curled, but he only said "Supper's ready. Come on."

When the boys went up to bed that night, Robert did not seem afraid of the guns that decorated Ted's walls; neither did he take up so much space in the room as Ted had anticipated. Still he continued deaf to Robert's overtures, and hedged his own personality around with indifference and ungracious tolerance. This barrier grew more thorny as the days went by. When school began it was found that Robert easily outranked all the rest of the class, and it was also found that he had no interest in any of the boyish sports. A book and a quiet corner were all he seemed to care for, and though he was willing and obliging, the other boys followed Ted's lead, in leaving him a good deal to himself.

Matters had progressed thus for several weeks, when one night Ted had to remain after school to make up a lesson. When he was released it was too late for the rowing match, and as he came out tired and cross, he saw Robert sitting on the schoolhouse steps, trying to teach Tags to beg for a bit of candy. To have Robert there to witness his ignominy was bad enough, but to see him on such good terms with Tags was infinitely worse. Without a word to either, he went for his bicycle and mounted. Just how what followed really happened, Ted never knew. But a moment later he was bending over Tags, who was moaning piteously. His little leg must have come in contact with a sharp stone on the hard pavement, and both wheels had gone over it, leaving it crushed and broken. Ted turned his head, sick and faint, but Robert sprang to the rescue.

"It's broken," he exclaimed, "but I can set it. Get me some water!" But Ted, sick at the sight of the blood, leaned helplessly against a tree, while Robert carried Tags tenderly to the pump where he bathed the ugly wound

and with hastily improvised splints set the broken bone. Then, quite as tenderly, he bore the little creature home in his arms.

From that time forth, Tags was, by common consent, Robert's patient, since the same sick, faint feelings came over Ted every time he thought of the accident. He tried to think himself the abused one, and that he did not like Robert any better than ever. But he was an honest lad, and gratitude soon led him to exchange contempt for toleration, and toleration for admiration, as he watched Robert's skillful treatment of the dog that had now grown to divide his attentions between the two lads. And when one day the splints were removed, and Tags hopped around, barking joyfully at the restoration of his injured member, Ted's better nature asserted itself, and he shouted:

"Hooray, Tags! Hooray for Robert! How did you ever do it, Bob?"

At the friendly "Bob" Robert flushed with pleasure.

"O, I learned how from books," he replied modestly, adding: "I am going to be a doctor some day."

"Well, Tags and I know one thing—don't we Tags—and that is, we are sorry we ever called you a mollycoddle. And isn't it funny?" he went on slowly, with an air of one who was stating a newly discovered fact, "some of us can do some things, and some another. I can row, and you can't; and you can set a bone, when the sight of blood gives me that awful creepy feeling; and I don't suppose," he finished oracularly, "that those of us who can do some things ought to poke fun at those that can do other things—do you, Tags?" Bending over, Ted shyly kissed the shaggy yellow head, and Mrs. North, from the piazza, knew that in his secret heart Ted meant the caress for Bob.

Bob knew it, too. Thereafter the three were the firmest friends, and not even Tag's equal division of his affection awakened so much as a spark of jealousy in Ted's now loyal heart. And when years later Bob was graduated with high honors from a medical school, Tags, grown old and feeble, was an honored guest at the little banquet Ted gave in his cousin's honor.—New York Observer.

Dear Little Johnny.

Little Johnny has been naughty, and has to be sent from the table without having any dessert. For an hour he has been sitting in the corner of the room crying. At last he thinks it time to stop.

"Well, I hope you have done crying now," said his mother.

"Haven't done," says Johnny in a passion; "I'm only resting."

Tracings.

"Why," asked Love of a coquette, "did you shut the door on me?"

"That you might wish to enter," she replied.

"I amount to nothing," said a small stone, as it rolled from its place in a dam. That night a town was flooded.

Venus asked Minerva to teach her wisdom. "You could not then be Goddess of Love," said Minerva.

"I am tired of life," exclaimed a disappointed woman. "Why?" asked her more fortunate sister. "Because I have never lived," she replied.

"Love has wounded my heart with a dart," said a rejected lover. "He will cure it with another," said his friend.

"I wish I had only had your chances," said a poor man to a rich friend. "Why? I picked them up after you had passed them by," answered the friend.

A child said to a butterfly: "You live but a day." "But a day," said the butterfly, "is a lifetime."

"You do not exist," said Doubt to a soul. "You would not be if I did not," answered the soul.

"You come too late," said a dying man to Glory. "I usually wait till after the funeral," answered Glory.

"I have read the Book of Life," said a conceited youth to his grandfather. "No; the contents are not on the cover," said the old man.

Love asked a woman how he could gain entrance into her heart. She told him to enter from the inside.

"I have never known happiness," complained a discontented old man to his companion. "No," answered the companion, "you have never recognized me."

—E. Scott O'Connor, in the Century.

Punishing Prisoners in China.

The unhappy prisoners were flogged as they were ignominiously paraded round and dragged mercilessly along, for they could hardly move, each having a large wooden collar board, 3 feet by 3 1/2 feet, and 3 1/2 inches thick, attached to his neck. The board is in two parts, each of which contains two semi-circular apertures. The half boards are screwed together, so as to form a huge collar frame, leaving the head and one of the hands visible above. A chain is attached to the board, by the other end of which the warden drags the prisoner. On the board are inscriptions in Tibetan and Chinese, giving an account of the nature of the crime and penalty inflicted. The poor wretches were ready to sink under the weight of the board, but this they were not allowed to do; whenever one attempted to sit down the whip of his cruel warden served to keep him up.—[Nineteenth Century.

With The Poets.

The Song of the Cavalry Bugle.

1861-1865—An Old Soldier's Reverie.
In the hush of the calm and peaceful night,
When all is lone and still,
I think I hear an old-time strain,
An echo from the hill;
My heart beats fast—my pulses bound
Old friends I seem to see—
The ringing, singing bugle brings
The old days back to me!

I care not for the serried ranks,
The battery's rumbling noise;
The patter of fleet chargers' hoofs
Alone bids me rejoice.

With old-time saucy yellow crests
We swept across the lea,
When the ringing warrior bugle sang
Its sweetest note to me!

I know its voice—each clarion note
That bade my heart-strings thrill!
There's "Reveille,"—and "Stables,"
With "Taps" when all is still!

The "Forward"—now—the "Rally"—
And "Charge"—it used to be—
In olden days through battle-smoke
The bugle sang to me!

I heard that voice above the fight
At "Alcide" when with pride
We drove the foe; it sadly sang
When Philip Kearney died!

At Yellow Tavern, too, it wailed
A requiem, wild and free—
And how it thrilled at "Opequan"
The loyal blood in me!

Great God! that day and grand array
Crowds back from buried years!
With Custer's face, the scene to
grace,

And Lowell's name brings tears!
With Bayard, Buford and the rest—
Gone to eternity.

The ringing, singing bugle's note
Has magic power of me!

Kilpatrick! darling, gallant soul,
And Dahlgren's graceful shade—
With Sheridan—still in the van
In battle-garb arrayed!

They've ridden to the silent night,
Yet oft their forms I see—
When the ringing, singing bugle brings
The old days back to me!

Oh! loved and lost on every field,
Your heads are lying low;
Some where the roses bloom in peace
And some 'neath prairie snow—
The old music calls you up,
Again I seem to see
The men I loved to follow when
The bugle sang to me!

—Richard Henry Savage.

Snow Song.

In dreams I hear a music made of
snow,
Harmonious chilly idyl of cold sound;
Its echo-twin in polar stars is found;
It moans to still white moons its utter
woe.

Gaunt ghost-musicians by the frost-
guards crowned,
Drunk upon icicles and snowdrops,
glow

With dismal thought in frigid murmurs
drowned.
I hear ice melodies through dream-
land flow:

Sounds like a dark, cold pond, inviting
rime;
Sounds like the freezing, vague, un-
certain chime

Of distant bells through airs of end-
less mist,
Clanging unconsciously to fates
above;

Cold as regrets of some frustrated
tryst;
Cold as the kiss of lips that know
no love.

—Francis Coltuz Saltus.

Pranks of Scotch Fairies.

There still lingers a widespread be-
lief in the North of Scotland that the
"fair folk" or "gweed neebors," as the
fairies are called, have a craving for
human milk, and during the first days
of convalescence a mother must be
zealously guarded lest one of the "wee
people" come and rob the child of its
nourishment. Sometimes they suc-
ceed in carrying off a mother. Tradition
tells of the wife of a farmer who was
spirited to the palace of the fairies
in a large cave on a remote part of the
Caithness coast. Notwithstanding the
kindness of the fair folk, the women
pined for her home, and offered as a
ransom the finest milk cow in her
gweed man's byre; she was permitted
to return to the homestead, and the
cow was led to the fairy hillock.

Disappeared, but, later, returned ill
and weak. On occasions, too, the
child is stolen, for have not the fairies
often in every seven years to pay "the
teind to hell?" They then endeavor
to sacrifice a human babe rather than
one of their own number.

A north country fisher had a fine
child. One evening a beggar woman
entered the hut and went up to the
cradle to gaze into the eyes of the
babe. From that time good health
left it, a strange look came into its
face, and the mother was troubled.

An old man begging for food passed
that way. When he caught sight of
the child he cried: "That's nae a
bain; it's an image, and the gweed folk
has stoun his speerit." Thereupon he
set to work to recall the fisher's bain.

A peat fire was heaped high on the
hearth and a black hen held over it at
such a distance that it was singed and
not killed. After some struggling the

hen escaped up the lum. A few mo-
ments elapsed, and then the parents
were gladdened by the sight of a
happy expression once more on the
child's face. It threw from that day
forward.—[Scottish Review.

Floral Hints and Helps.

A Few October Suggestions—By Narcissus.

The "bulb fever" is still in place
and may be allowed to run on for a
few weeks longer.

Spread the contagion as far as pos-
sible, and many will thank you. In
your autumn rambles do not forget to
collect some ferns for potting. Try to
arrange to have some green feathery
foliage in the window garden to use in
the winter bouquets.

Now is the time to plant lilies for
next summer's bloom. Think ahead.
Do not let all your thoughts be given
to the winter wind or garden, give a
thought to some of the summer flower-
ing bulbs that may be planted outdoors
now.

It is also the best time to plant
hardy flowering shrubs as they make
good root growth even when the
ground is frozen. A slight expense
each year in this particular line will in
time give a wealth of beauty that will
be most highly appreciated.

Do not hurry your house plants
from the garden to the living-rooms.
Gradually accustom them to the
change. From the garden to the veranda,
from the veranda to a cool room,
from the cool room to the warm room
where they are to live through the
winter.

Paint some fruit cans a neutral color
and use them for flower pots. Punch
a hole in the bottom and use a small
handful of charcoal or pebbles for
drainage and you will find them very
satisfactory, in fact they are in some
cases better than pots as they retain
the moisture longer than a porous pot.

Lift your gladioli and dahlia bulbs
before the hard frosts come, and after
drying them, remove the stalks and
put them in strong paper bags or
pasteboard boxes and keep in a frost-
proof closet or dry cellar.

Try to have one or two bright-hued
coleus plants in your window gar-
den. They will brighten it up won-
derfully while you are waiting for the
still greater brightness of the flowers.

Chrysanthemums will now need at-
tention. They will be grateful for a
little liquid manure once or twice a
week, and the size and brilliancy of
bloom will be increased by this treat-
ment. If your plants are very full of
buds the flowers will be finer if some
of these are removed. This flower is
the queen of autumn, and we cannot
overpraise it.

The Bermuda or Easter Lily may be
potted now. The pot or box used
should be at least six inches deep.
Place about two inches of good drain-
age in the bottom of the pot, coal
cinders, broken crockery or charcoal.
Fill loosely with soil, and after plant-
ing the bulb water moderately and put
away in a cool place until the roots
begin to form, when it should be trans-
ferred to the sitting-room and given a
warm and light exposure. It should
flower in about three months from the
time of planting.

A FEW LADY "DON'TS."

Don't give newly potted plants too
much water.

Don't neglect to get and plant your
bulbs this month.

Don't try to grow Pansies, Sweet
Peas, Poppies, Phlox or Violets in
ordinary living rooms. They are a
dismal failure.

Don't forget that box of sifted soil
before the ground is frozen.

Don't forget to cover up your bulb
bed and perennial plants with a six or
eight inch layer of leaves; you will be
glad you did so next spring.

Embraced by a Cannibal Tree.

The most wonderful forest tree in
the world, perhaps, is the "cannibal
tree" of Australia, which someone has
aptly called "the most wonderful of
God's many wonders in vegetable life."

It grows up in the shape of a huge
pineapple, and seldom attains a height
of more than 11 feet. It has a series of
broad, board-like leaves, growing in a
fringe at the apex, which reminds one
of a gigantic Central American agave.

When standing erect these broad, thick
leaves hide a curious-looking arrange-
ment, which appears to perform the
same functions as those of the pistils
in flowers. Naturally, these board-
like leaves, which are from 10 to 12
feet long in the smaller specimens, and
from 15 to 20 in the larger, hang to
the ground, and are strong enough to
bear a man's weight. In old
aboriginal times in the antipodean
wilds, the natives worshipped the
cannibal tree under the name of the
"devil tree," the chief part of the cere-
mony consisting of driving one of
their number up the leaves of the tree
to the apex. The instant the victim
would touch the so-called "pistils" of
the monster the leaves would instantly
fly together like a trap, squeezing the
life out of the intruder. Early travelers
declared that the tree held its victim
until every particle of flesh disappeared.
On this account it is called the
"cannibal tree."

"Do you think, Professor," said a
musically ambitious youth, "that I can
ever do anything with my voice?"

"Well," was the cautious reply, "it
may come in handy to holler with in
case of fire."

A Smile And a Laugh.

"Miss Octavia is a beautiful player."
"You mean she plays beautifully."
"No, that's exactly what I don't mean."

"How's your infant son?"
"First rate—just like a student."
"How so?"

"Sleeps in the daytime, kicks up a
row at night."

Wife (to unhappy husband) — I
wouldn't worry, John; it doesn't do
any good to borrow trouble.

Husband—Borrow trouble? Great
Caesar, my dear, I ain't borrowing
trouble; I've got it to lend.

Miss Madison Square—Can you
explain how it is that where 100 men
abscond no more than one woman can
be found who is in the least dishonest?

Miss Fremont—Certainly. The
women have no extravagant wives.

Aunt Furby Low (at art store win-
dow)—Did you ever! Look at that
little bit of a picture! It's marked
\$200.

Uncle St. Slow (with an air of su-
periority)—That means by the gross.

Gus—How did you happen to ask
her to marry you the first time you
ever met her?

Chollie Well—ah—you see I had
just been introduced to her, and I—
ah—couldn't think of anything else to
say.

"What was Helen crying about,"
Polly?—asked Polly's mamma, as the
little one came in from the playground.

"She dug a great big hole in the
garden, and her mamma wouldn't let
her take it into the house with her,"
said Polly.

"I don't like hash," remarked the
musical stranger at breakfast. "It is
not rhythmical."

"Maybe not," replied the landlady,
as her eyes emitted a baleful fire; "but
you will always find one word to
rhyme with it and that word is cash."

"Is Mistah Gwaynus in?" asked the
sable caller.

"He is, sah," replied the dusky
functionary at the door, "but he is oc-
cupied."

"How soon, sah," said the caller,
putting up his shirt collar, "will Mistah
Gwaynus be vacant?"

Fogg says he received a letter the
other day, and he had a strong pre-
sentiment that he would find a ten
dollar bill in it. When he opened it
he found a bill for ten dollars which,
he says, though not exactly the same
thing, shows that his impression was
not altogether astray.

Gros Binet is the most ignorant of
men. Entering a bookseller's shop, he
said:

"I want a nice book—something in
the historical line."

"Would you like the 'Last Days of
Pompeii'?"

"What did he die of?"

"An eruption, I believe."

The Detroit Free Press says that a
French writer of some note recently
wrote to a friend in this country that
he was studying English, and making
famous progress.

"In small time," he concluded, "I
can learn so many English as I think
I will to come at the America and go
on the scaffold to lecture."

"Papa," said Jenny, climbing upon
her father's knee, "don't you think
that 'stead o' sixpence a week you
could give me ninepence?"

"Well, I don't know, my dear," was
the answer. "What do you want with
the extra threepence?"

"I thought my dolly was old enough
to have a 'lowance, and I want to give
it to her."

"Say," said the elderly, farmer-look-
ing man, "I want a little piece put
into the paper that I want a woman
who can cook, wash, iron, milk four
cows, and manage a market wagon."

"All right," said the advertising
clerk; "shall I state what wages will be
paid?"

"Wages rothin'," shouted the
farmer-looking man. "I went to marry
her."

Peary's Last Expedition.

Says the Outlook: Like every other
expedition which demonstrates man's
conquest of nature, the last journey of
Lieutenant Peary will challenge sym-
pathetic interest. In 1886, five years
after he had entered the navy, the ex-
plorer began his active Arctic work,
and since then has led five expeditions
towards the North Pole. The most
remarkable of these was the expedition
of 1892, when a point on the east
coast of Greenland was reached much
farther north than had been attained
by any previous explorer. In the
journey repeated this year of 1,100
miles across North Greenland, and at
an ice-cap elevation of 5,000 to 8,000
feet, Lieutenant Peary again reached
the same point—now known as Inde-
pendence Bay. Owing to the fact,
however, that the weather had been so
unfavorable as to destroy his dogs and
to snow over, beyond finding, his pro-
visions (stored the year before), he was
unable to get farther north. Besides
this, his aids and support were found

to be insufficient. Nevertheless, the
last expedition has not been a failure,
even if it has not accomplished its
chief aim. Much has been done in
coast surveying. Botany and geology
will be benefited by the interesting
collection of flora and by the meteor-
ites brought back, and by the oppor-
tunity to scientists to study glacial
conditions on the spot. In addition,
Lieutenant Peary has added to the
record of meteorological observations
and of descriptions of the most north-
ern of any people—the Arctic High-
landers. These are real results, though
there will be general disappointment
that there have been so much dis-
coveries as those of 1892 (which in-
creased Greenland's longitude by
fifteen degrees), which have done
more to outline the coast than all the
efforts of European explorers for a
century past. It may be remembered,
nevertheless, that while Lieutenant
Peary's northing is the farthest on the
east coast, it is still a hundred miles to
the south of that made by the Lock-
wood and Brainard Expedition.

Picturesque Cowardice.

There were few real cowards in the
United States Civil War, and yet
many an officer on both sides has
amusing stories of cowardice to tell,
especially of the earlier period of the
great conflict. Gen. Joseph E. John-
ston, the Confederate commander,
now dead, used to relate that in one of
those early battles, and in the hottest
part of the action, he felt his coat-tails
pulled. Turning about, he recognized
a young man who had been employed
in his tobacco factory previous to en-
listment.

"Why are you not in your place
fighting?" the general demanded
angrily.

"Why," answered the youth, "I just
wanted to tell you that, if you don't
mind, I reckon I will take my day of
today!"

Admiral David D. Porter once said
that he had asked a friend who had
fought all through the war, and made
an excellent record, if he had ever
killed a man.

"Yes," he answered, in a remorseful
tone. "At Bull Run I ran at the first
fire. A Confederate chased me for
ten miles, and was then so exhausted
that he dropped dead."

Both Sides.

Mrs. Savage was a woman greatly
liked and respected in the neighbor-
hood in which she lived, and her even
disposition was often praised by her
neighbors, who were apt to be rather
plain-spoken in regard to her hus-
band's irritable temper. "I don't see
how it is, Aunt Temperance, that you
are always so quiet when Uncle Ichabod
begins to fret about useless things. You
never say a word," remarked her
niece, who had been staying at the
farmhouse for several weeks, and had
heard Ichabod's frequent complain-
ings.

Mrs. Savage smiled placidly, as she
answered:

"I'm most afraid, Miranda, that

