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TRUTH

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September 6th, 1890.

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS

The man of fearful spirit, who, looking upon the increasing multitudes of men on the earth, has begun to be apprehensive for the future lest there should not be sustenance found for all, will find reason for assurance in the facts produced by Prince Kropotkin in his article, "The Possibilities of Agriculture," in the *Forum* for August. The Prince, who has no sympathy with the Malthusian heresy that no equality in the temporal condition of men is possible, a heresy which affects much of the modern works on economics, undertakes to give some idea of what the soil is capable of producing under the favorable conditions which science and art can impose upon it. The facts adduced are certainly remarkable, and will come as a revelation to many, if indeed they will not appear to many tillers of the soil incapable of belief. They effectually dispose of the familiar and almost universal cry, "farming doesn't pay," and demonstrate that there is sound philosophy in the old rhyme which speaks of "the little farm well tilled." Prince Kropotkin is no advocate of extensive farming. On the contrary he sees the solution of the problem which at present confronts the politician and the economist in what he designates intensive farming, in the tiller reducing his acres and increasing the attention he bestows upon the land tilled. As serving to show what may be accomplished by feeding the soil with proper manures, Prince Kropotkin cites "the district of Saffelare in a part of East Flanders which Nature has endowed with an unproductive but easily cultivated sandy soil. The territory of 37,000 acres has to nourish 30,000 inhabitants, all living by agriculture; and yet these peasants not only grow their own food, but they also export agricultural produce, and pay rents to the amount of from fifteen to twenty-five dollars per acre. By means of 'catch crops' (second crops in the latter part of summer) they succeed in taking three and four crops every two years from the same land; and their regular crops are four, five and six times as large as those of the fertile lands of Georgia, Texas and Illinois. Moreover they keep in the same small area—two thirds of which is under cereals, flax and potatoes—no less than 10,720 horned cattle, 3,800 sheep, 1815 horses, and 6,550 swine. A population which is denser than that of England proper inclusive of its cities, is thus no cared at all. It is easily fed—and could be fed much better were it not for the ever increasing rents—upon an unproductive soil simply improved by rational manuring."

The power of irrigation to increase the productivity of the soil is also strikingly illustrated. Thus, "on the irrigated meadows of the Vosges, the Vaucluse, etc., even upon an ungrateful soil, six tons of hay to the acre become the rule, and that means a little more than the annual food of one cow. By means of irrigation a money return of from \$120 to \$280 is obtained from a soil which formerly would not yield more than from \$16 to \$48 worth of produce. Below Paris in the irrigated fields of the Genovilliers plain, each acre is capable of yielding double the crops of the very best un-irrigated lands. And below Milan, the nearly 22,000 acres irrigated with water derived from the sewers of the city are yielding crops of from 8 to 10 tons of hay as a rule, while occasionally some separate meadows will yield the fabulous amount of 18 tons of hay per acre." From the field of the farmer the Prince leads us to the greenhouse of the market gardener, and shows us what modern improvements have effected here. By the aid of soil-making, hot water pipes in the soil, and culture under glass at a certain period of the life of the plant the most astonishing results have been secured. Speaking of the island of Guernsey where green-house gardening extensively obtains, Prince Kropotkin says "I saw three fourths of an acre, covered with glass and heated for three months in the spring, yielding about eight tons of tomatoes and two hundred pounds of beans as a first crop in April and May, to be followed by two crops more during the summer and autumn. I saw potatoes dug from the soil in April to the amount of five bushels to the twenty-one feet square, and so on. He tells us that from one vinery of thirteen acres there were produced last year: 25 tons of grapes (which are cut from the first of May till October,) 80 tons of tomatoes, 30 tons of potatoes, 6 tons of peas, and 2 tons of beans (the last three in April), to say nothing of other subsidiary crops." Such facts as these carry their own lessons. Surely any misgiving as to the ability of the earth to supply the wants of its inhabitants may be dismissed as not vitally concerning the present generation. Nor is the question likely to become practical for at least the next two hundred years. On the other hand one can hardly reflect upon what has been accomplished in these isolated cases without feeling impressed with the great distance that is to be covered by the average farmer, with his frontier and antiquated methods, before he will have reached this elevated position. The case is not hopeless, however, seeing that many farmers are beginning to act upon the principles advocated by this eminent economist.

To the man who realizes his just relation to his fellowman it gives no pleasure to contemplate the misfortunes and want of prosperity which others experience. Sometimes, however, it proves a profitable exercise, tending to remove any feeling of discontent or dissatisfaction with one's lot. For this reason it would be well for the farmers of Canada to consider the report just handed in by the United States census enumerators. Though strict regard for truth compels the admission that the condition of the Canadian farmer is not all that could be desired, there is some gratification in the thought that it is better by many degrees than that of the average American husbandman. Look at the following facts and figures:

George K. Holmes, who is in charge of this branch of the census work, thinks the returns will show about 7,000,000 mortgages made since 1880. The number already re-

ported when the correspondent wrote was about 6,000,000. Summaries for three counties in Illinois, where real estate, Mr. Holmes says, is heavily loaded with mortgages, are given as illustrating a tendency observed quite generally in the western States. In Cumberland county only three mortgages were put on record in 1880. In 1885 this number had grown to 170, and in 1887 to 722. The year following 216 more were added, and last year 217, making a total of 1,155 in ten years, 970 of which were created in the last four years. In the meantime only seven mortgages were canceled, one in 1881, two in 1882, and four in 1883. In Vermilion county 754 were recorded in 1880, and the number has exceeded 1,000 every year since, the maximum being 1,480 in 1889, and the total for the decade 11,252. During the first four years of the decade 2,931 mortgages in that county were canceled, while 4,096 new ones or renewals were made. Since 1883 the record does not show that any have been canceled. In Kane county 633 mortgages were placed on record in 1880, and 865 in 1881, and in the succeeding years the number has always exceeded 1,000 reaching the maximum of 1,610 in 1889. In this county, again, mortgages were canceled in the first four years of the decade, the number reaching 2,295 all told, while in the same years 3,793 new ones were recorded, but none are reported as canceled since 1883."

In the light of this startling picture let the Canadian farmer, while striving to better his position by applying to his work all the knowledge which modern agricultural science has disclosed, be thankful that he is not called upon to bear the burdens which afflict his fellow toiler to the south.

M. Zola, the French high priest of realism in literature, has just given to the public an expression of his opinion of Count Tolstoi, the famous Russian novelist and reformer. It is very evident that the Frenchman possesses very little affection for his Russian contemporary, whom he designates as a compound of a monk of the middle ages and a modern Slav with the mysticism of the one and the romanticism of the other. He charges Tolstoi with having appropriated ideas that were discarded by the French school of philosophers forty years ago. As to Tolstoi's "Krotutzer Sonata," his recent work on marriage, M. Zola says, it is the work of a diseased imagination, its author no doubt being cracked. He adds with much force that the Russian's ideas represent that he has taken a particular case and argued illogically to a general, that is to say, he has found one or a few husbands and wives who have no ideas, no sympathies, no tastes in common, and therefore concludes that all marriages are equally inharmonious. "There," says Zola, "his logic and observation are both at fault. Given a male, sound in body and mind, and a female likewise sound in body and mind, and their union will be happy. But given bodily or mental defect in either, their life together will not be happy. The man seeks the woman. If she be not what we may assume he has a right to expect, he will brood over the conception, perchance not willingly, but the workings of his mind will continue until day hell lies open before him, and his instinct is to kill. So it is with the woman who goes to the man and finds him such as he is. Such is the Frenchman's opinion of the Russian and his most celebrated work. We have yet to hear from Tolstoi, but the reply will be in effect, 'I am not the male kicked, but the female who kicked it out from him.'"

The spirit of the age is Canada.

to complain, and not without reason, of the want of appreciation, manifested by Canadians generally for those of their fellow countrymen who succeed in forcing their way into the front rank of the world's literature, and by the strength of their thought, the originality of their conceptions, the power of their imagination, or the beauty of their diction compel the world to give ear to what they have to say. That Canada has produced authors whose works have been eagerly read by interested thousands such names as Sir William Dawson, Sir Daniel Wilson, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Dr. Bourinot, &c., &c., leave no doubt. And yet, as Mr. Adam points out, taking the case of Miss Duncan (Garth Grafton) as a particular illustration, in order to be sure of an adequate audience to remunerate them professionally for their labors, Canadian writers have been generally obliged to seek such audience outside of their own country. That such a state of things should exist cannot of course be spoken to our own praise. The important question is, How is the evil to be remedied? Mr. Adam thinks that "to the status of a dependency is doubtless due the fact that in the matter of our intellectual sustenance we continue to be dependent upon others rather than upon ourselves. With a change in this respect, and the freedom we should then have to make our own copyright laws, we should doubtless become more self-sufficient, and be enabled to give employment to the native writer within, and not without the country." Mr. Adam does not stand alone in his belief, other writers on literature, Beer, for instance, maintaining the same theory. But even conceding that there is truth in the theory, that a change in our relation to the mother country would in regard to our literature tend to produce a better state of things, it may still be questioned whether this would be a sufficient remedy. Is the literary taste of our people, which has not direct connection with the question of our relation to the mother country, not largely responsible? That it is found so "hard to maintain in Canada any high-class periodical" shows pretty clearly that while there may be and are many of her sons and daughters whose literary tastes are as fine as can be found anywhere, the great body of the people intent upon answering the question, "what shall we eat? what shall we drink? and where with shall we be merry?" the question is evidently not one of more than of a few. The writer, and the responsible editor, who possess the power to do so, should be able to do so.

or greater regret than that any particular ship should be beaten, a circumstance of importance only to the few immediately concerned. As the *New York Times* observes, "It is a gratifying testimony to the general accuracy of logs that, even with the keen rivalry that has so long prevailed, as to the record, the statement of an arriving master as to the time of his arrival has always been accepted without dispute." It would be a pity, therefore, if the *Tetonic* should be the cause of disturbing this simple faith.

There are many features in which the present age is peculiar. Not the least among its distinctive characteristics is the large business that is done in life insurance. Here in Canada, the business which is not yet fifty years old, (though life insurance dates farther back in the old country) has, among the old line companies alone, reached the enormous amount of nearly \$225,000,000. In addition to this there is the insurance business of the mutual benefit societies, in which it is estimated at least sixty thousand persons are insured, who carry no less than \$90,000,000 of insurance. Of this amount the greater part has been placed within the last few years, the past year marking the period of greatest growth. It is reckoned that last year the societies did a Canadian business of from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000, an amount of new business nearly equal to that done of the regular insurance companies. These figures are significant, and, no doubt, explain the large amount—\$1,700,000—of lapses in the old line companies; many giving up the old for the cheaper insurance of the societies. This fact seems to have been overlooked by some who argue that because there has been such an unusual defection from the ranks of the regular companies, therefore the country is surely going to ruin. There may be facts to sustain this position, (though the pessimists have not yet succeeded in making their case very clear), but certainly such an argument is not found in the circumstance that \$1,700,000 worth of insurance has been allowed to lapse, when nearly \$40,000,000 worth of new insurance of all kinds has been placed during the year. Considered in itself the fact that these mutual benefit societies are doing nearly one half of the insurance business of the Dominion renders it exceedingly desirable that they be placed in such relation to the government as shall permit of an inspection of their books from time to time. To such an arrangement no honest officer would object, while it would naturally tend to increase the confidence of those who have placed their trust in the promises of the brotherhood, and they but know that a public official must be a regular audit of the books of the society. Let the concerned consider this.

...keeper, who in advertisement stated that "none" is matched ... whose ad-

make them a means of producing fear, requires considerable ingenuity under any circumstances, but when it is said that the two women had always lived on neighborly terms, and that the party addressed could not remember that anything of the kind had been spoken, the ingenuity of the court in finding in them a violation of the law touching boycotting and intimidation is something surprising. It would seem that he had set his heart upon conviction, no matter what the evidence might disclose. If this is a specimen of the tyranny practiced by Mr. Balfour and his minions, then verily it is not well to live in Ireland.

Those who are familiar with the leading incidents, land and naval, connected with the late Civil War of the United States will not wonder at the unusual demonstration that took place at New York the other day, when the remains of John Ericsson, the distinguished Swedish engineer, who died March 8th, 1859, were transferred to the United States iron-clad, *Baltimore*, preparatory to being conveyed for final rest to his native land. In its description of the memorable event the *New York World* in its issue of Sunday, Aug. 24th, says: "In solemn pageant, with cannon booming and flags fluttering at half-mast, and the soldiers of the nation marching with trailing guns; with drums rolling and bands playing triumphal marches; with choirs lifting the song of Sweden and the battle hymn of the republic; through streets lined with people and across the bay between the noble war ships of the new navy; with every mark of dignity and honor that a proud people could pay to the memory of the man who did them a great service when their national life was in danger, the body of John Ericsson was borne yesterday to an American man-of-war, found a temporary resting place there, and began the voyage to its tomb in Sweden. Primarily it was a tribute to the great inventor whose mechanical and engineering genius made him one of the most remarkable men of any age, but there were few among the thousands who looked at Ericsson's coffin yesterday as it passed down Broadway who did not think of that March morning in the civil war when the sunlight that stole over Hampton Roads saw the small strange *Monitor* lying between the *Minnesota* and the *Merrimac* and saw the battle afterward that shattered the strength of the Confederacy."

Of Ericsson it may be said, he was a born engineer, having completed a saw mill on a mimic scale when he was ten, and made a pumping engine that would work when eleven, and that his whole life was a series of inventions, including among other things the flame engine, a pumping engine on a new and improved principle, the principle of condensing steam and returning the fresh water into the boiler, a hydrostatic weighing machine, the caloric engine, the screw propeller, &c., &c. But his greatest discovery, and that which will ever cause his name to be held in grateful remembrance by his adoptive fellow countrymen, was the invention of the *Monitor*, a little iron-clad, whose timely appearance upon the scene of action turned the tide of battle, saved the Federal cause, and decided the fate of the Union. The victory of the pigmy's victory over the giant *Merrimac*, though intensely interesting is much too long for repetition here. Readers must turn elsewhere for details of that day have not been for the last Saturday's performances deeply imbedded in the nation's memory for the foreigner, who in the *Monitor* proved the savior of their

...with some surprise themselves posted ... how ... the ... by the ... been re-

sorted to in settling international disputes. Thus, in 1885 it was recognized and embodied in the treaty between Great Britain and Uruguay. In the same year Germany and Spain settled their difficulties in regard to the Caroline and Pölow islands by submitting them to the arbitration of the Pope. In 1880 a provision in favor of arbitration was embodied in the commercial treaty between Great Britain and Greece. A comparatively trivial dispute between Italy and Columbia, arising out of a collision at sea, was referred in 1888 to the Spanish Government for decision. So also the principle of arbitration has been recognized, either in treaties or in the actual settlement of disputes, between Portugal and Morocco in 1888, between the United States and the Central American Republics in the treaty signed last April, between Denmark and the United States, Great Britain and Chili, and France and Holland. Such events, too, as the Congo Conference at Berlin and the Samoan Conference, to which may be added the Anglo-German Anglo-French and Anglo-Portuguese Conventions in Africa, may fairly be instanced as tending in the direction of peace as against war. In these speaking facts there is certainly reason for encouragement. And whether the dream of an International Tribunal, possessing authority sufficient to hold in check any first rate power, say France or Germany is ever realized or not the Association will be doing good work by helping the world to realize from what heavy burdens the people of all countries might release themselves if war and the policies which produce the sources of war could only be eliminated from human affairs.

The mill of justice, in which the two score members-elect charged with having violated the provisions of the election laws, will for the next few weeks be made to grind, has already opened for work. A report from Dorchester N. B., says: "The trial of the election petition against Stevens and Powell, Opposition members of the Provincial Assembly for Westmoreland, commenced here this morning and was continued till the afternoon, when it was announced from Fredericton that the two defendants had just resigned. Evidence was given showing that money and liquor had been used." The superstitious will not see in this ending a very favorable omen. What to expect one hardly knows, though it is not probable that all the accused will fare as badly as the members for Westmoreland.

A recently expressed opinion by Lord Charles Beresford who is said to be one of the most competent of English naval officers goes to sustain the view of Chan Von Caprivi that the island of Heligoland is an invaluable acquisition for Germany. Says the Englishman:—"From the moment that Germany aspired to be a maritime power the necessity was imposed upon her of maintaining two fleets, one in the North sea and one in the Baltic. In case of war these two fleets can unite through the canal without danger of interruption by Denmark or any hostile power in making the transit by sea. But so long as Heligoland was neutral the union of the two German fleets could be prevented or at least rendered precarious, by an enemy's fleet stationed near the island. The possession of the fortification of Heligoland by Germany rendered it impossible for an enemy to prevent this junction. The acquisition of the island, therefore, means to Germany that the value of her navy in these eventualities which are most probable is something like doubled." This like a good many other opinions comes too late to be of any practical use. That it would have altered the results of the negotiations had it come sooner is highly improbable. Whatever Germany may be disposed to do with the island it is almost certain that England would not have incurred the expense necessary to make it of great importance in time of war.

The man of the brush connected with the *Toronto World* has been giving the public an illustration of his artistic genius. Thirteen hogs, fat and sleek and with their tails adorned with placards on which are inscribed numbers ranging from 5,000 to 17,000, are represented as feeding out of a common trough, into which the satisfied farmer is pumping a most liberal supply of feed. No great praise is due the artist for the finish of his picture. In this respect it is not remarkable. But as it was evidently the design of the artist not so much to display his talent as to impress a fact, his production may be studied with profit, especially by the free and independent electors of Ontario. The picture is not all the work of imagination. A stern fact lies at its base, viz., that thirteen civil servants connected with the City of Toronto and County of York, and paid by fees instead of a regular salary, are together receiving \$92,000 per annum, or an average of a little more than \$7,000 each. That the labor of all these men is worth the price paid for it, few, except the recipients perhaps, will be disposed to contend. It is a curious state of things which (if the *World's* figures are correct) gives to one of his officials more than three times as much as Mr. Mowat himself receives as Premier of the leading province of the Dominion. Clearly Mr. Mowat is not of an envious disposition. All the same, the "official hog" ought to go, or at least the absurd system of paying by fees ought to be abolished. York and its capital would then be richer by at least \$30,000, and by a proper distribution of the remaining \$42,000 no one of the thirteen could justly complain that he had not been reasonably, even liberally compensated for his toil.

It might be in the interest of Canada the Dominion government in making its estimates, would set apart a certain sum to be expended in supporting a few schools in the United States, where instruction concerning our country and its institutions, federal, provincial and municipal, would be correctly given. One for instance in Detroit for the instruction of editors might serve a good purpose. That there is need for the leaders of public opinion in "the city of the straits" to have their knowledge of Canada enlarged and corrected is evidenced by a recent article on "the condition of Canada" which emanated from that city, and which says among other things that in this country we are being devoured by office-holders, there being no fewer than 9,000 officials in the City of Ottawa in a total population of 42,000 people. Six thousand of these are said to be in the service of the Federal and 3,000 in that of the Ontario Government. If this was intended as a statement of sober fact the ignorance displayed is entirely inexcusable. If, on the other hand, it was designed as a hyperbolic expression to set forth in a striking manner the fact that Canadians are a much governed people, though we may question the means employed, we must acknowledge the unpleasant impeachment. For what with the bondage to red tape and the acquired ease with which our rulers multiply offices for political hangers-on our burdens arising from this cause are not light. Still our contemporary should have reflected that definite statements such as he employed, having so great an appearance of fact about them, are scarcely justifiable when one is dealing in figures of speech.

To be bracketed with Thomas Babington Macaulay and proclaimed to the world as the peer of that master of the English tongue is praise which one would suppose would satisfy the most ambitious. Such is the encomium pronounced upon our respected fellow-townsmen, Prof. Goldwin Smith, and by no less competent a critic than Mr. Freeman, the distinguished historian, whose name and works are familiar to educated men all the world over. In giving an ac-

count of the influences which have combined to make him what he is as an author, Mr. Freeman says: "I have learned more in matter of style from Lord Macaulay than from any other writer, living or dead. Nobody ever had to read a sentence of his twice over to know what he meant. Macaulay being dead, the one now seemingly left who can write English is Goldwin Smith, and the people who make all their silly lists of 'hundred books' and what-not never put him in." If any person doubts the correctness of this judgment let him secure a copy of the *Bystander* and note the manner in which Mr. Smith expresses himself on current events. He may not in all cases agree with the positions taken nor with the conclusions reached, but he will be dull indeed if he cannot perceive the meaning of every sentence as soon as it shall have been read. That Mr. Smith is not referred to with all the respect felt for Lord Macaulay is not owing to any lack of perspicuity in the former's style.

The charge of Mr. John King against the existing libel law of Ontario, as failing to provide just and reasonable protection to journals against vexatious libel suits brought by irresponsible plaintiffs, has led Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the September *Bystander*, to throw out a few hints, which if remembered by our legislators when they undertake to carry out the journalists' desire may save them from infringing upon the right, and liberties of the private citizen. Says Mr. Smith:

"But there is also something to be said on behalf of those whose reputation is exposed to the attacks of journalists trading in libel and enabled to defy its penalties by their lack both of character and of cash. People need not greatly tax their memory to recall flagrant instances of this kind in our own community. It is said that such libels may be safely treated with contempt. General abuse may be safely treated with contempt; but it is doubtful whether a specific charge can; it is remembered and repeated when its source is forgotten. Citizens have a right to reputation, and that right is at present not in all cases effectually guarded. Perhaps to guard it effectually in the case of public men, so long as a jury is the tribunal, would hardly be possible. One of the most eminent of Canadian judges was heard to say that in the trial of a libel suit brought by a party politician, no efforts of the presiding judge could secure justice against appeals to the political prejudice of the jury. The result of a system which morally constrains the plaintiff in a libel suit to go into the witness box too commonly is that instead of the libeller being tried for libel the man libelled is tried for his general character. A journal ought not to be allowed to bring charges without evidence, and then wring out evidence from the accused person himself by cross examination; it ought to be compelled to make good the charges with evidence of its own. Honourable journalism would be no gainer by a lax law of libel."

Those who have carefully watched the working of the elements during the present season well have been struck with the numerous instances in which buildings have been destroyed by lightning. The fact that some of these were provided with lightning rods brings up the old dispute as to the protective power of the rod, as well as adds interest to the new theory on the subject by Dr. Oliver Lodge, an English scientist. Dr. Lodge's theory is that while in many cases, probably in a very large majority, a lightning rod is of the greatest service, it cannot be depended on as affording perfect immunity from risk. That they do not provide absolute immunity is, he explains, owing to the operation of a particular form of lightning which he calls the "impulsive rush." Let us assume by way of example the case of a building upon which are placed rods of the most approved form. A thunder cloud approaches from a distance until it overhangs the building. The lightning rods will silently and harmlessly discharge the electricity from this cloud into the earth. But if an overhanging cloud which was not

charged with electricity, and was therefore harmless at first, should suddenly receive an excessive charge of electricity by means of a flash from some distant cloud, the time might be too short to permit the electricity to be silently carried off by the lightning rods, and the result would be a disruptive discharge. Even in that case the lightning would probably follow the conductor and leave the rest of the building practically unharmed, but that would not be certain. This difference between the steady electrical strain of an ordinary thunder storm, and the "impulsive rush" of a suddenly surcharged cloud would account, so Dr. Lodge thinks, for those exceptional cases where rods have failed to protect. Whether true or not the theory is certainly ingenious, and will soon, no doubt, be on the lips of every lightning rod agent in the country. And that means that "impulsive rush" whether comprehended or not, will soon be as familiar to the citizens throughout our land as the particular name by which they are called.

According to recent advices from Rio Janeiro at least four new steamship companies have been formed recently on the east coast of South America, which means Brazil, probably. These lines will confine themselves almost entirely to the coasting trade. They will not interfere much with the lines between New York and South American ports, which, by the way, are doing very well without subsidies or bounties, but they will affect the English and German tramp steamers engaged in the coasting trade seriously enough, as they will have the advantage of government aid in one way or another. A prominent New York merchant engaged in the Brazilian trade is reported as saying that if the South American steamship projects now on foot mature there will be about 60 per cent. too many steamers for the trade, and the craze will end in a grand smash, when the steamers will be sold cheap. Such an event, though regrettable, would be by no means unusual, as the proper balance of supply and demand is not unfrequently thus secured. Many competitors enter, while the fittest only survive.

Latest advices from Central America are to the effect that the war between Guatemala and San Salvador is over. Through the combined efforts of the American and Spanish Ministers residing at Guatemala a treaty of peace has been arranged which is approved by the people of both countries. The treaty provides that both countries shall withdraw their troops from the frontier within 48 hours. Within eight days all implements of war shall be stored, and each country shall keep standing only the usual number of troops kept in time of peace. Neither country shall be liable for indemnity for any damage sustained during the war. In future the full independence of Salvador will be respected. At once an election shall take place in Salvador for the office of President. Congress is empowered to elect a temporary President to serve until the election is ordered. The troops are said to be returning home.

The scheme of Secretary Blaine to tie more closely together the various republics of North and South America by means of a great railroad system, however it may impress his own people, appears to be arousing considerable interest in the southern portion of the Continent. In British Guiana the press has taken up the subject, and is urging the Colony to active measures in order that it may be included in the system. The feeling is growing there that the railway is bound to come sooner or later, probably before the opening up of the next century. Should this expectation be realized the Pan-American Congress will have effected something after all.

Though it may be doubted whether His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, would

be able to meet all the conditions of membership imposed by some sections of the Christian Church, or whether he would feel disposed to assume very weighty spiritual duties, it is certain that his private life has latterly become more regular and less open to objection than it was twenty years ago. Indeed, in this regard he gives the scandal-monger but little employment. Take the following, which comes from Homburg, where the prince has been summering since the visit of his Royal nephew, as an indication of the life he now leads:

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is leading a very quiet and regular life here. He gets up early in the morning, and at 7 o'clock walks to the Elizabeth Springs, where he meets the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Teck, and where a large, curious crowd always gathers to stare at him. He drinks two or three glasses of the waters and stays sometimes to listen to the band. Then he returns home to breakfast and reads the newspaper till ten o'clock, when he takes his bath. After this he works till 1 o'clock reading French works on strategy and bluebooks, when he lunches, usually taking his meal at the Park Hotel, or sometimes on the terrace of the Kurhaus. Afterward he drives to the mountains or makes tea on the balcony of the hotel. At 7 he dines with about half a dozen guests on the terrace, while the band plays in the Kurgarten Pavilion. About 9 the Prince and his guests visit the Kurgarten Concert and return about 11, seldom going to bed later than midnight. He looks very well indeed, and everybody is enchanted with his simplicity and kindness. Before going to bed he usually takes one or two glasses of apollinaris water, with lemon juice in it.

A novel suit at law involving the old conundrum, "which is the mother of the chick, the hen that lays the egg or the hen that hatches it?" will shortly come up for trial in Parkville, L. I. As given by the *Mail* the case is as follows. The litigants are James McKaughn and James Gornley, who are neighbors at Parkville. McKaughn is the owner of fancy fowl. Gornley also keeps chickens, but not of so high a breed. When McKaughn saw among a brood of young chickens in Gornley's yard a chicken of the species of his own fancy fowl he claimed it, and alleged that one of his fancy hens must have flown over into Gornley's yard and laid an egg in the hen-house there. Gornley refused to surrender the chicken, saying that if McKaughn's hen had laid the egg, a hen belonging to Gornley was practically the mother of the chicken, she having hatched the egg. Both men have engaged New York lawyers to look after their interest in the suit, and the Justice is looking up the law on the subject, as it is the first suit of the kind on record. The decision of the judge will be awaited with interest by many who have vainly struggled with the perplexing question.

The announcement that the Sultan of Zanzibar has issued a decree looking towards the suppression of the African slave trade will come as good news to every lover of his kind. According to the *London Spectator* this decree prohibits the exchange, sale or purchase of slaves, and closes all slave-dealing establishments. All slave brokers carrying on the business are made liable to heavy penalties and deportation. All slave-dealing in domestic slaves are included in this provision, and any houses hereafter for any purpose connected with slave-traffic are to be forfeited. On the present owners all Zanzibar slave factories, unless the deceased children, who alone may be sold, are the death of their owner, or the property is forfeited by their masters. Slaves cannot be willed, and the sale of slaves is prohibited, in certain cases, and the sale of slaves now are declared to be void.

the same rights as Arabs in courts of justice, and the Sultan binds himself to accord them special protection.

Last week the *Globe* contained the following:

"The other day a gentleman brought into *The Globe* office a bottle filled with water taken from a tap on John street, a little above Beverley. In the water, still living, was an animal—call it a worm—fully 25 in. in length, and about the 32nd part of an inch in diameter. It had writhed itself through the tap, to the horror of the terrified householder, who subsequently bottled it under the impression that it might turn out to be a youthful sea serpent. Yesterday another householder showed *The Globe* another animal that had gone through the same process. This time it was something after the fashion of a beetle, and large enough to have choked anybody through whose lips it might have passed in the dark.

The citizen who in the presence of these facts can say with Paul, "None of these things move me," must either be a fatalist or must have attained unto a degree of perfection which few can claim. The majority will doubtless have some trouble in obeying the apostolic injunction "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." It would almost seem that our city fathers had conspired against the vegetarian when they are bound to convert into a flesh-eater *volens volens*.

According to the correspondent of the *Mail*, the Protestant minority of Quebec are again complaining of an attack upon their rights. Not satisfied with depriving them of representation in the Cabinet the Hon. Mr. Mercier has taken away from them the lucrative and responsible position of Crown prosecutor for Montreal which by an unwritten law had come to be regarded as the right of an English Protestant. For years the Quebec Government has appointed a French-Canadian and an English Protestant as joint Crown prosecutors before the Court of Queen's Bench in Montreal. Until lately the office was filled by Mr. St. Jean and Mr. W. W. Trenholme. Upon the retirement of Mr. Trenholme recently the bar almost unanimously decided upon a Mr. Hutchinson, another leading English lawyer, and brought pressure to bear upon the government to appoint him. Instead of this one of Mr. Mercier's friends, who had done faithful service in the recent election contest, was appointed. True the position was offered to Mr. Hutchinson, but on such conditions that he declined to accept it. This unjust treatment of those who are too weak to injure him politically, will not increase the popular respect for the Hon. Premier as a man above prejudice. It is plain that notwithstanding his great intellectual abilities and exceptional powers of statesmanship, Mr. Mercier does not possess a wonderfully magnanimous soul.

It may be presumed that sixty or seventy thousand of Toronto's citizens will on their way to the various churches on the first Sunday morning, October 1st, be met by a class and a number of men, who will be graded in the realm of special...

Truth's Contributors.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

Such was the name chosen by Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to be given to the principal city on the mainland of British Columbia. Between New Westminster and Westminster of historic memory there is indeed little resemblance, though the small city of the West can boast of as magnificently broad a river as that of old Father Thames at any part of its course. The site of the town was selected by Colonel Moody in 1859 who with a staff of Sappers and Miners laid out the lines on which it is built; and a suburb at a distance of a mile and a half from the Post-office still bears the name of Sapperton, or is more familiarly called "the Camp," in memory of these bygone days. The old Government House, lately pulled down to make room for a new residence for the warden of the Penitentiary, was the scene of many a pleasant dance and gathering before the seat of the Provincial Government was moved to Victoria; and a brick chimney standing alone in its glory in Sapperton is pointed out as being "the chimney of the officers' messroom, and a relic of English brick." The latter feature is deserving of notice, for the native brick would scarcely have weathered the wear and tear of British Columbia rains and frosts for thirty years without crumbling away in fine powder.

No one coming into New Westminster on a fine May day, as so often happens with new settlers, can fail to be charmed with

THE LOVELY SITUATION

and appearance the city presents. Built on the bank of the Fraser River, which is at this point three-quarters of a mile broad, it rises in a steep slope to a height of about three hundred feet, the brightly painted wooden houses peeping at all points from among the fresh green of the many fruit-trees. On the north are the snow-covered ridges of the Cascade Mountains, with the huge summit of Mount Baker peering across the top of the nearer peaks and all looking dazzlingly white against a sky of the purest blue. The yellow brook, which was introduced from Scotland, and persistently refuses to "move on" from a favorite spot, makes brilliant patches of colour at no great distance apart all through the town. The view to the south shows the fertile delta of the Fraser River, and the flat alluvial land of Sulu Island, so much valued for agricultural purposes.

A new arrival coming in by train, or, as was the case with the "city," is first of all struck by the Indian tents and cabins on the banks of the river, which runs close to the town. The season grows warm, and these tents, which in winter are made of animal skins, are now of a different material.

Like every rising place, be it "city," "town," or "village," New Westminster has a multitude of Real Estate Offices, and a host of agents to contemplate, and every few days a new one is added to the number. "So-and-so has just been put up," will be said of a provincial business. "Oh! what has he gone into?" is the usual question.—"Real estate, of course," is the equally natural reply; and the list includes sawmills, canneries, potteries, foundries, furnaces, and all represented, and a number; while side-roads, blackened old roads, and thorough feeling roads, are the air. Still, the city is in a most interesting position, and is considered one of the best situated in the Empire.

The English has been the favorite recreation of the

with bright purple, or blue with an orange border. Many are the batgains driven between them and the female population of New Westminster, the former giving cast-off garments in exchange for different varieties of Indian basket-ware; and frequently a much-coveted bright sash, or an old umbrella or sunshade, will secure better articles than more valuable goods and endless persuasion could do. The men while fishing utter a peculiar long-drawn cry, by which they call the fish to their nets, the sound being decidedly pleasing. During the winter, their main occupation is hunting. The skins are taken by them in the summer months, though in the winter of 1889-90, in spite of game being plentiful, the returns from the salmon-fishery were so large, they were content to follow the example of the white man and live on their well-earned proceeds.

After leaving the Indian Rancher, the train passes through "China Town," with its low, dirty-looking, little wooden shacks or shanties, adorned with little tinsel figures, and caustic notices on pink or green papers, against the doors of which are leaning any number of the almond-eyed pig-tailed Mongolian, with his *dolce far niente* manner, and calm air of sublime indifference. But in spite of much vituperation and many hard words, the "Chinamen" (never Chinese) are by no means to be despised. True it is "they keep wages down and send money out of the country;" but then, on the other hand,

NO WHITE MAN

will do the same work, or can by any means make himself so generally useful as an intelligent John—when he chooses. The latter, however, is a necessary saving clause; for if Ah Sing, Ah Sam, or Ah Chue wishes not to do anything, no power on earth will make him understand what is required. "Me no sabby, no sabby," he will repeat, and look as perfectly blank as a clean sheet of paper. Here in Westminster they work at the "canneries," cleaning and preparing the fish before it is boiled, stacking the wood at the sawmills, and in addition to various other avocations, act largely in the place of domestic servants in private houses and cooks in hotels.

Within the last few years the population of New Westminster has doubled itself, and it is now a rising town of eight thousand inhabitants, with many industries and bright prospects in store for future years. "Westminster is so solid," is a remark frequently heard, and greatly believed in by those who maintain that the old proverb of the hare and the tortoise applies as well in the days of steamboats and electric cables as two thousand years ago, when old Æsop had more leisure to make observations than people of this busy age. Columbia Street contains the principal shops or stores, and is sixty-six feet wide, with good blocks of brick buildings, a vast improvement on the extremely dingy wooden structures which they are fast superseding.

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The English has been the favorite recreation of the

come, however small, in a settled country is much better than

LONG AND WEARY MONTHS

of waiting for something definite to turn up, in a place where one must pay treble for all the necessaries of life, and where occupation like kissing, "goes by favour." To a mechanic with a trade to his hand there is an inviting prospect—wages at fourteen shillings a day, and nine hours' work; but it must be taken into consideration that for at least four months in the year no employment is to be found, and profits are soon swallowed up in high prices. For clerks, book-keepers, and men of the middle class without capital, who cannot turn their hands to all sorts of manual labour, New Westminster has few attractions to offer.

People coming out from the old country are, as a rule, but little prepared to find how entirely they will be cast on their own resources in the matter of help in the house. Ladies who have never before done any work more fatiguing than a little dusting, find suddenly that they must cook, wash, clean, scour, and manage for themselves generally; and as this is the established habit, it is considered in no wise an indignity for a lady to be seen in clean morning wrapper sweeping down her veranda; or, later in the day, pushing her baby carriage, along the side-walk. How much this is the custom may be seen from the following remark, made to a friend by the little daughter of an English clergyman here, who still remembers her own nurse "at home." "Should you like to go back, Mrs. Z.?" she asked. "Indeed, I should," answered my friend. "Ah! but you would not be able to push the baby there yourself, would you?"—with an evident appreciation of the pleasure a mother derives from attending herself on the little one. As a rule the domestic duties

ARE UNDERTAKEN CHEERFULLY,

are carried through in the same spirit; while the freshness and daintiness of the houses testify to the pride and interest bestowed on them. "But its the dishes that worry me," as a lady said only the other week; and indeed this is a hard part of the bargain.

Those housewives who are fortunate enough to secure a Chinaman often suffer more than those who have none. "How much do you give for your stove?" asked a Celestial one day of Mrs. X. "Thirty dollars," she answered. "You lie," came the reply at once. "If you say another word, I will put you out of the house," Mrs. X. promptly said. But she had only been out a few months, and did not understand that that is what one must expect, until a friend of larger experience remarked. "I wonder you were not afraid to speak so sharply; he might have gone and left all the work unfinished.

Another voracious case was that of Mrs. A., who was remonstrating with her "boy" that he did not get the clothes clean enough. "You shuttee up," he said; "you too muchee talker for me." One feels that independence at this rate is better than assistance with unpudence, even though the half is not understood or intended.

Of pleasant society in New Westminster there is no lack, and afternoon calls and "at-homes" are quite as much *de rigueur* here as in Belgravia, with the difference that the hostess herself opens the door and receives her visitors, and also prepares and brings in the fresh cup of four o'clock tea. One curious custom prevails of leaving the cards of your husband, yourself, and various members of the family on the drawing-room table before retiring from a first call. The lady returning thus crill pays the same compliment; and before long the card-plate presents a most creditable appearance.

During the winter months, Assembly dances or balls are held fortnightly, which are followed in the summer by tennis-parties. Lacrosse is the favorite recreation of the

sterner sex, varied by baseball, football, and cricket, all played with the same eagerness of spirit, which seems inseparable from these games.

It would be hardly right to overlook the grand provincial fair, Exhibition or Flower Show, variously called, to be celebrated annually in the town, and which was inaugurated last October. Fruits and vegetables were then on view of surprising size, one pear alone weighing a pound and a quarter, and testifying thoroughly to the beautiful climate and grand fruit-growing qualities of this little corner of the New World, formerly called by her inhabitants "The Royal City."—*Chambers' Journal*.

Harvesting Ramie in China.

Ramie, or China grass, which has of late years become known in Europe as a valuable textile, is widely known in Western China. Mr. Hoise in the last trade report from Wencio describes how it is harvested. The stems, when ripe, are cut down, made into bundles, and carried from the fields to the house of the grower, where they are steeped in water, and the bark, with the fibre, removed by hand. In the Eastern provinces a different method is practiced. When the stems are ripe the peasant removes the bark in the field in a very simple, ingenious, and profitable manner. Seizing each stem about six inches above ground between the thumb and fingers of both hands, a few inches apart, he gives a smart push downward and forward, causing a compound fracture of the stem between his two hands. He then inserts the forefinger of his left hand in the fracture and draws the bark downward to the root, where it readily detaches itself. In the same way the remaining bark and upper part of the stem, which he holds in his right hand, are removed, and by a simple brush of the hand from the root end of the bark upward the leaves and stems are dislodged, and the oak is ready for future manipulation. By this means several inches of bark and fibre are saved in comparison with the produce resulting from the cutting down of the stems, and, as length of staple adds much more to the value of the fibre, the plan here pursued deserves some attention in those countries where the cultivation of "Bambers" is of great commercial value. This is the case in India, where labor is cheaper than in China. Another advantage of the system is that the discarded leaves and stems remain on the field and help to manure the two other crops.

A Specific Against Cholera.

M. Paul Balna of Cette is confident he has found a specific against cholera. Everybody, it appears, should sit for so many hours in a shirt saturated with paraffine! By such means, those who are attacked by cholera will be cured; and as for those who are sound, why prevention, we all know, is better than cure. Nor does Mr. Balna preach what he does not practice, for he has actually experimented upon himself with the happiest results. He admits that his specific has its drawbacks. The contact of the oil with the skin produces intense irritation, which he is ready to account for on scientific principles. The manifestation is due, it appears, to certain microbes who object to being dispossessed and who maintain what French writers call a "struggle for life." The Governments of England, France, and Spain have been made acquainted with M. Balna's discovery, but up to the present Lord Salisbury alone has condescended to acknowledge receipt of the intimation. Our Foreign Secretary did not commit himself, however, so far as to approve of M. Balna's suggestion that the wearing of the paraffine shirt should be made compulsory on the Arabs among whom the cholera is raging in Mecca.

A farmer who has been vainly trying for seven years to make a living in Dakota has arrived in Manitoba to stay. His experiences are worth nothing. In July last he had 200 acres under crop looking promising, but a hot wind came along and wiped out the whole thing. The hot wind is evidently a robust member of the blizzard family. He told the representative of a Winnipeg paper that his "experience has been the same, year after year, for the long period mentioned, and he says that state of things is general. All the people who can get away are consequently leaving the district without being able to sell their land or their stock. Coming northwards the gentleman found excellent crops extending from Inkster, N. D., towards Winnipeg. He does not hesitate to say that if he could have raised crops as he has seen in Manitoba he would not have found it necessary to leave South Dakota."

HOME LIFE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

A Description of Osborne.

As the public seldom read, and therefore do not know anything of Her Majesty's private life in the Isle of Wight, it may be interesting to furnish a few reminiscences of her career at Osborne, where the writer resided almost permanently from 1855 to 1860, and has since visited many times for various short periods, whenever occasion permitted his doing so.

THE QUEEN'S LANDING-PLACE.

The ordinary landing-place on coming to the Isle of Wight in the royal yacht is at the Trinity Wharf, East Cowes, a short distance north of the ferry there; the Trinity House has very commodious stores, with an extensive wharf and quays. The wharf is a very prominent object, its roof being painted green and white, and is surmounted by a lamp composed of ruby glass, and shaped like the Imperial crown. During the Queen's sojourn at Osborne, one of the royal yachts lies here, with steam up and her fires banked, a man-of-war, acting as guard-ship, being also stationed in the roadstead.

There are two public roads, known as the "Old" and the "New," running south-east from the landing-place up the Cowes Hill to the palace: they are about a mile in length, and each one leads past (on either side) of Norris Castle, where the Queen (then Princess Victoria), and the Duchess of Kent resided in 1831.

THE PALACE, CALLED OSBORNE HOUSE.

This name was very probably taken from one Fitz-Osborne (an ancient Earl of Hereford, on whom the Isle of Wight was bestowed at the Norman Conquest, and who built several churches, etc., in the Island, whereby his name became perpetuated.

At the beginning of this century, old Osborne House belonged to a country squire, named Lambert, who owned an extensive property, and lost a son by drowning at Osborne Bay, as notified on one of the marble tablets at Whippingham Church. After the Lambert it became the seat of the Blackford family.

The estate was purchased by the Queen and Prince Consort in 1845, as a marine residence, and being well timbered, is famed for the varied beauty of its woodland scenery. It was considered that the fine air there would prove greatly beneficial to themselves and their children, and as Her Majesty expressed it, "a relief to be away at times from all bitterness people create for themselves in London." They stopped at the Royal Kent Hotel, at Ryde, when negotiating about the purchase, and whilst there a new mansion was built in place of the old house, which was eventually taken possession of in September, 1845, with the usual "house-warming" festivities.

Osborne House was designed and built by a Mr. Thomas Cubitt, under the immediate directions of the late Prince Consort, and is said to be fire-proof throughout. It is erected in the Domestic Italian style of architecture. It has two square towers, viz., a flag-tower, on the south-west side of the pavilion, which is 107 feet high, and a second tower, 90 feet high, at the south-eastern end, attached to a projecting building, with arches, columns, etc., forming a "campanile" (or clock-tower); the clock has four faces, and chimes every quarter of the hour, having a large, gilt weather-vane surmounting it.

The loftiest portion of the building, named the Pavilion, stands in advance of the rest, and contains the royal apartments, and as the palace is situated in a large park on the brow of a gentle eminence facing the sea, it commands uninterrupted, various, and far-stretching views of the Solent, the surrounding and the opposite coasts. The royal wing of the house communicates by a corridor with a larger one on the south-east side, which contains rooms for visitors and the royal household; the whole is surmounted by a bold cornice and balustraded parapet; the roofs are flat, and being stone-paved, form a delightful promenade. The principal entrance is on the south-west side.

A superb Private Chapel has recently been added, which in style of architecture harmonizes with other parts of the edifice, whilst its interior presents a beautiful and effective appearance; the decorations are very artistic, costly paintings adorn the walls, and the windows are made of the choicest painted glass.

The terraces at Osborne are tastefully laid out in flower beds, and together with the surrounding parks and lawns are ornamented most profusely with huge granite vases, bronzes, sculpture, fountains, etc.

THE INTERIOR OF THE PALACE

is adorned with many and similar works of art, including numerous choice and very valuable oil-pictures, all of which are the

Queen's private property; amongst them are Landseer's "Deer Pass" and Winterhalter's full-length portraits in the Council Chamber; a large picture of "Cardinal Wolsey at Leicester" in the Drawing-room; Lady Butler's "Roll call" hangs in the principle corridor, and on the wall of the grand staircase is a very fine fresco representing "Neptune surrendering the empire of the Ocean."

The Horn-Room is a notable feature at Osborne being decorated with hunting trophies, whilst some of the furniture itself is partly made of deer-horns. Landseer's "Van Amburg in the lion's den" hangs in this room.

One of the paintings now just added to the Private Chapel there, is a beautiful work by Sir Noel Paton, entitled "Watch and Pray" (*Vigilate et Orate!*), an engraving of which, taken from the first proofs, is to be placed in the royal library at Osborne. In fact, there is a vast quantity of every specimen of Fine Art in the hall, corridors, and sitting-rooms there, and an immense number of family portraits and miniatures, and about two years ago there was quite a collection of pictures belonging to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, but since then they have been taken away.

With respect to the apartments of the late Prince Consort, it may be mentioned that by the Queen's express orders, they remain just as he left them previous to his death, and are kept locked up.

When the Court is absent, the House is in the temporary charge of a lady housekeeper; all the apartments are then closed; the furniture, etc., covered up, and in the meantime every room undergoes cleaning and repairs. The furniture is in the care of a person called the Tapissier.

The suites of rooms for the Queen's secretaries, ministers, Master of the Household, Court ladies, etc., are almost as well furnished as those occupied by Royalty.

A smoking-room is now attached, but years ago, as the Queen had the greatest aversion to smoking, that practice was never allowed, and therefore her own sons and their friends could only enjoy a cigar whilst walking or riding about the grounds.

At the present time, Her Majesty is having a state banqueting-hall built, owing to the great inconveniences experienced there last year, when the German Emperor paid her a visit, as her dining-room was too small for entertaining a large number of guests. The hall is to be one of magnificent proportions, the foundations of which will be laid upon the lawn on the west side of the house, forming almost a quadrangle of the space in front of the Queen's private entrance. The same will be used for state balls, instead of dances being held as formerly under marquees outside.

Osborne is lit with gas laid on from pipes attached to the gas works at East Cowes, lamp-posts being fixed at all the lodges, entrances, etc., though the Queen, for her own apartments, prefers shaded lamps and wax candles. In the winter months the house is kept warmed to a certain temperature by steam-pipes.

There is a telegraph office at Osborne, the wire being attached to a cable in the river Medina, and connected thereby to other lines in the country. However, no post-office exists there, the letters being left at the porter's lodge by the local carrier, but Her Majesty's correspondence is usually taken to the post-office at Cowes by one of her own servants mounted on horseback. The same man is employed in conveying any letters or notes to the neighbouring gentry.

The housekeeper has a nicely furnished set of rooms, but the greater number of the ordinary servants have bed-rooms only, though there is a sitting room for those in constant residence at Osborne; when an extra number is required they are compelled to take up lodgings outside.

THE SERVANTS' HALL.

was rebuilt and enlarged about thirty years ago, and now adjoins the kitchen. It is a very spacious room and used for many purposes, especially at Christmas time. On an evening in the winter season they all sit down and amuse themselves till midnight in singing songs, making speeches, giving recitations, etc. The large kitchen-fire, which is wide enough for roasting an ox whole, warms up the place, and in this way many happy hours are merrily passed away, there being no limit whatever to refreshments. The Queen not owning a butler, the royal cellars are in charge of the "cellarman," another person of the silver pantry, whilst a responsible woman has the care of the table linen and laundry, and another superintends all the scullery-work.

The royal Mews are about three minutes' walk from the house, but were formerly close to where the servants' hall now stands. They contain every and ample accommodation for all the coachmen, outriders, grooms, etc., whilst the stables are large and beautifully tiled and floored. The whole of the buildings, in fact, cover an extensive por-

tion of grounds, the coachhouse too being a very spacious and handsome room.

Adjoining the Mews is the Sanitarium, which is used as a hospital for the sick servants; it is very comfortably fitted up, and women-nurses are hired from outside to attend to the patients, Her Majesty paying all the expenses.

The gardens and glass-houses at Osborne, however, are not very extensive, though quite sufficient to require the services of several men, and are superintended by an experienced botanical gardener. Consequently the Queen receives her supplies of fancy flowers, fruit, and vegetables from Windsor direct, but the dairy produce consumed in the house is obtained from the neighboring farms in the island.

Osborne is watered by an immense reservoir built on a high grassy mound overlooking the park, the sloping sides of which are covered with ornamental shrubs, together with gigantic fossil remains of trees, etc., and high rocky work, which, tastefully combined, help to form a very charming and picturesque scene.

A fire-engine and trained crew are kept on the premises, and by the Queen's directions have to assist at all fires which may break out in the Island anywhere adjacent to her own property.—Spare Moments.

The Psalms.

When we speak of David we use a popular and general form of expression, which names the whole from the largest or most weighty and most conspicuous of the parts. The phrase is sufficiently shown not to be absolute and precise by the beautiful one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, which describes the condition of the Hebrews in Babylon five centuries after the death of the minstrel King. Seventy-three Psalms in all are ascribed to him. This is not the assumption or opinion of conservative writers only. Bleek, whose work is revised and sanctioned by Wellhausen, admits it to be a matter of the highest probability that no inconsiderable number of the Psalms are due to his authorship. He also, with others, largely accepts the inscriptions which are prefixed to them. According to Canon Cook, a judicious and able writer, it was never held that the entire Psalter was the work of the King, and he says that in the time of the Maccabees the completion of the book was ascribed to Nehemiah. He thinks that a large proportion of the two closing books (out of the five books composing the Psalter) belong to the period of or following the Exile. But of the three Psalms most pointedly referable to the Messiah, two (xxii., cx.) are Davidic. He shows how the conclusive objections to the theory which refers the Psalms to the Maccabean age are sustained by various advanced German writers, and Bleek holds that no Psalm can be shown to be later than Nehemiah. But the master idea of the whole argument is not so much that such and such Psalms were produced at such an era, as that the book at large is the product of that influence which stamps it, like the other books of Holy Scripture, as embodying a divine revelation.—The Right Hon. C. E. Gladstone.

An Original Parrot.

There was of late advertised a parrot who could make original observations—not mere slavish "copy," but the most apt remarks. A parrot fancier answered this advertisement, and the advertiser brought his bird. He was not beautiful, and he did not look accomplished. He no sooner opened his mouth, however, than his genius discovered itself.

"Supposing that this bird is all that you say of it," inquired the possible purchaser, "what do you want for it?" "Fifty pounds," said the dealer. "Make it guineas," exclaimed the parrot. The enraptured fancier bought him at once.

Weeks rolled on and the bird never uttered another word. Not even that solitary exclamation, "Make it guineas," which the parrot naturally thought he had learned to rote—as was the case with that wretched bird that cried, "What a pair of parrots!" (on finding himself in a show,) and for evermore held his presence for the dealer and himself. He addressed him: "Of course, you have not taken in. This infernal bird will never even say, 'What's o'clock?' or 'How only professes to be a parrot.'" "Non sense!" he replied.

himself. "You say at least, tell me, what it guineas, I'll forgive you, truth?" "I say it all," he replied.

servations, but only in my presence." Then the parrot fancier shook hands with the dealer and gave him a list of other parrot fanciers, (his personal friends,) who also in due time were taken in, which, of course, was very soothing.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday— Give me a man whose heart is filled with ambition's fire. Who sets his mark in the start, and keeps moving it higher and higher. Better to die in the strife. The hands with labor rife. Than to lie in the stream in an idle cove, And leave a purposeless life. —Anonymous.

Tuesday—In all God's works, the laws of beauty are wrought out, in evanishment—in birth and death. There, there is no hoarding, but an ever-flowing stream, an eternal flow of life from the heart of the all-beautiful. Hence, even the heart of man can not hoard. If man would have, it is the Giver he must have; the Eternal, the Original, the Ever-outpouring is alone with in his reach.—George MacDonald.

Wednesday— So little made me glad, for I was young; Flowers, a sunset, books, a friend or two. Gray skies with beauty sunshine piercing through— How little made me glad when I was young.

So little makes me happy, now I'm old; Your hand in mine, dear heart, here by the fire, The children grown unto our hearts' desire— How little keeps us happy when we're old.

And yet, between the little then and now. What worlds of life and thought and feeling keen! What spiritual depths and heights unseen. Ah me! between the little then and now.

For little things seem mighty when we're young; Then we rush onward through the changing years. Testing the gamut of all smiles and tears, Till mighty things seem little; we are old. —Alice Wellington Rollins.

Thursday—The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own dispositions will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he proposes to remove.—D. S. Johnson.

Friday—No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disc of nebulae, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt—everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence.—Anonymous.

Saturday—One ray of moral and religious truth is worth all the wisdom of the schools. One lesson from Christ will carry you higher than years of study under those who are too enlightened to follow this celestial guide. —W. E. Channing.

God's Imagination.

Dr. Thompson was walking in the park days with two companions, one was Alfred Tenyson; of the other I am not sure. They went with one which they knew, namely, a parrot, on the backs of the ward Cotton, which was now—by a

Men and Women.

Jean Ingelow, who is fifty years old, lives in retirement with her mother at Kensington, England. She writes but little, and devotes much of her time and income to charitable work.

The craze for titles seems to have attacked the King of Italy, and he talks of making himself "Emperor of Erythraea and Eastern Africa," because of his protectorate of Abyssinia and some colonies on the Red Sea.

Miss Abigail Dodge, better known as Gail Hamilton, conducts a "Bible talk" in Secretary Blaine's drawing-room at Washington on Sunday afternoons. Her audience is usually composed of members of the so-called "American court." Mrs. Harrison not infrequently being present.

The famous preacher Rev. Phillips Brooks takes no summer vacation, but is found in his place Sunday after Sunday throughout the hot weather. His friend Judge Howland delights to tell the story of the Rugby foot-ball player, who, when he saw the massive figure of the Boston minister loom up in the chair of pulpit, exclaimed, "Great heavens! what a man for a centre rush!"

Prince George bears a remarkable likeness to his father, and much resembles him in his ways. He is full of fun and mischief, but knows well how to wear the family dignity, and bear his share of its honors; he is full of energy and spirit, and always ready to help those who deserve help. He and his youngest sister are almost inseparable, and are both ripe for any species of mischief that may present itself.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor possesses two books which have no duplicates. These are his own historic novels, *Valentino* and *Sforza*, interleaved and illustrated with water-color drawings, pen-and-ink sketches, and illuminations in gold and silver, all done at his own suggestion, and expressing his own ideas. The artist is Major David E. Cronin, who is one of the best of living illustrators, and the beautiful volumes are said to have cost three thousand dollars each.

H. Walter Webb, the third Vice-President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, whose strike against the strikers has brought him such prominence of late, is thirty-seven years old, and was graduated from Columbia College in 1873. He studied law and practiced it for a while, and then entered a Wall Street banking-house as a partner. In 1886 he undertook the reorganization and management of the Wagner Car Company, and was successful that eighteen months ago he was called into the executive offices of the New York Central, promotion to his present position following later on. It is thought that if Chauncey M. Depew should resign the Presidency of the road, Mr. Webb would be his successor.

The royal family of England have some peculiarities. The queen is musical, and is learned in face. The Prince of Wales is a brilliant and brilliant violinist, and other studies.

well is quite bright enough to have written the story, and has had a deep insight into society, at which her keen eyes look closely, though she is not much given to being clever in the conventional sense—which means saying harsh things at the expense of those about her.

It is said that Sir Walter Scott used to pay \$750 a year on letters and parcels received by post. Once a bulky package came to Sir Walter all the way from the United States, for which the famous Scotch author paid something like five pounds sterling postage. He tore off the wrapper, when out fell a MS. called "The Cherokee Lovers," sent by a lady of New York, who requested Scott to read and correct it, write a prologue, have it produced on the stage of Drury Lane, and negotiate for a copyright. In about a fortnight another large, bulky letter arrived, C. O. D., calling for five pounds sterling postage, and this the author thoughtlessly received and tore open. Out jumped a duplicate copy of "The Cherokee Lovers," with a letter from the same lady, saying that, as the weather had been stormy, and the mails so uncertain, she thought it prudent to send a duplicate, as the first copy might have been lost. This little affair cost the gifted stevedore fifty dollars.

Bad Prospects for Ireland.

Things appear to be in a pretty bad shape in Ireland. Says a correspondent: "Although the London papers still discuss the subject in small type on their inside pages, and have not thought it worth while to send a single staff man to inquire into the exact situation, the conviction that an Irish famine is impending is slowly asserting itself in the popular mind as the dominant topic of interest. The progress of the idea may well be called slow, for the warning that a blight had set in came from Southwest Cork as long ago as the middle of May, and in July the parish priests by scores had printed statements of the disaster hanging over their people; yet it is only a fortnight since Mr. Balfour spoke of having just learned that there was some little trouble with the crops in certain districts, and, as has been said even now the London press only reprints summaries of the investigations reported by the Irish papers. Yet these are enough to show the terrible nature of the outlook. Already the dread disease known as faminus fever, words which call up such sinister memories in all old enough to remember 1847, has made its appearance. In the barony of Clonakilty, which is composed of rough coastland between Kinsale and Skibbereen, one death has occurred and numerous prostrations have been caused by eating diseased potatoes. Of the 8,000 people in this district, nearly one-half will be entirely without food by the middle of September, and the gravest fears are entertained that before that date an epidemic of famine fever or English cholera will become fastened upon the country. The potatoes are so badly diseased that even the pigs are injured by eating them. In the district round about Youghal, including the notorious Ponsonby estate, the farmers are ploughing all the potato land up with the intention of planting cabbages in the hope of providing some sort of food for the winter. These are only illustrations chosen at random from the whole country-side. Thus far nothing has been done in England, except languidly to discuss the subject, but a few weeks' time will see it occupy the principal place in the public talk and thought."

Pretty Story From Fatherland.

The Germans have a story which the home-loving people love to repeat. A father, when his daughter became a bride, gave her a golden casket, with the injunction not to pass it into other hands, for it held a charm which, in her keeping, would be of inestimable value to her as mistress of a house. Only was she to have the entire care of it, and was to take it every morning to the kitchen, the dining-room, and to remain with it in each place for five minutes, looking carefully at it. After a lapse of three years the father sent the key, that the secret might be revealed. The key was found in the old parchment, on which were written the words: "The eyes of the hundred pair of screws which your father knew that I followed faithfully in my habit and in the golden casket."

FOREIGN NOTES.

In the State of Nevada the telegraph poles in damp, low lying situations have taken root and flourished. They are of cottonwood, and planted with the bark upon them.

A young actress has written a novel which she calls "And Satan laughed." A Philadelphia paper says that he must have been looking over her shoulder when she wrote.

The Times' Brussels correspondent writes: "The Brewery premises at Brussels, which are said to contain the Waterloo ball-room, have been sold to the adjoining convent for 60,000l. The room is doomed to destruction."

The first half of the series of performances at Oberammergau of the Passion Play yielded 250,000 marks; which will cover the cost of production for the entire season. The net profits are expected to be unprecedentedly large.

An engineer proposes to construct a passenger elevator to the top of Mont Blanc. The shaft would be of eight compartments, each six feet square. Each compartment would carry a triple-decked elevator for 27 passengers.

Baron Casper Von Leon, son of Baron Moritz Von Leon, of Traunaustraff Castle, led his life on Sunday while ascending Mount Iffingen, to the north-west of Meran. This is the fourth fatal accident which has occurred in the Austrian Alps during the last ten days.

Dr. Nicolaisides, the correspondent in Berlin of certain Greek newspapers, was arrested on Sunday on a charge of horsewhipping an old woman who lodged in a room above him, and who often disturbed him by creating a noise. The victim succumbed to the flogging.

Nearly six thousand pounds worth of half-franc pieces was found in the personal estate of M. Durand, a rich solicitor, who died recently at his residence in Rue Saint Honore, Paris. It is said that this was M. Durand's stock of small coin from which he daily gave large sums to beggars in the streets.

The Emperor of Japan is apparently very jealous of his utterances becoming public property. He was recently present at some experiments with the phonograph. He spoke into the instrument, which faithfully recorded his words, but he took possession of the cylinder, and refused to give it up.

Trieste has been the scene of a terrible murder. A young servant girl named Mary Koman was found in her room with her head entirely split by one stroke of a hatchet. The assassin, who escaped, stole some 38,000l worth of shares and valuables from her Master, Colonel von Bon, who was absent from his residence when the crime was committed.

Messrs Huber and Sulzer, both Swiss and members of the Alpine Club, have successfully scaled Mount Sir Donald, one of the highest peaks of the Canadian Rockies. Its height is 14,000ft above the sea. The journey took seven hours. The mountain is reported to be more difficult to climb than the Jungfrau. All previous attempts to scale this mountain had failed.

The Standard's Berlin correspondent says: "While out at sea on his passage from Wilhelmshaven to Ostend, en route to the Isle of Wight, his Majesty sent off a carrier pigeon with a message that was telegraphed to the Empress. The bird reached Wilhelmshaven in two hours, where the telegram was deciphered and despatched at once to her Majesty. This is the first message ever sent in this way from a German war vessel."

An extraordinary case of hydrophobia has just occurred at St. Paul, Minnesota. About a week since a cow was badly bitten by a dog suffering from rabies. The animal subsequently went into convulsions, and on Thursday the members of a family to whom milk from her had been supplied were, on drinking some of it, affected in a similar manner. An experiment with the milk was tried upon a dog, with the result that the animal went mad on the spot.

An extraordinary case of running "amok" occurred on Saturday night, in a passenger train between Hamburg and Lubeck. A Russian traveller, becoming apparently suddenly insane, attacked and killed a fellow passenger with a knife. He next struck a child, destroying one of its eyes; and before he could be seized had attacked and severely injured the five remaining passengers in the carriage. He was arrested by the railway officials at Wandsbeck, and is now in prison.

A curious case has just occurred at Philadelphia. A German named Christian Laembart, aged 34, accompanied by his accommodating landlady, one Mrs Haebner, applied to the Coroner with the object of get-

ting that official to purchase the reversion of his mortal remains for 750dols. The applicant stated that he wanted the money to pay his board bill, and informed the Coroner that owing to hereditary disease he would probably depart from this world at an early date.

The Press Association is requested to state that the Lord Mayor of London, having thought it desirable to make inquiries in the highest quarters on the subject of the coercive treatment of Jews in Russia has reason to believe that the edict, which it was feared would be put into operation next month, will not be promulgated. In these circumstances the Lord Mayor has decided for the present not to convene the public meeting at the Mansion House which the Archbishop of Canterbury, Baroness Burdett Coutts, and others, had signified their desire to attend, and for which an influential requisition was in course of preparation.

Not often do wolves venture near villages in France during the summer months. At Trignan, a hamlet among the hills in the south-west, a case of the kind occurred on Wednesday. An enormous wolf attacked a pony tethered in a field, and tore it with its teeth and claws. The poor animal managed to break the rope, and galloped into the village, followed by the wolf biting and clawing it. The residents had some difficulty in beating off the fierce brute, which managed to retreat into the forest before a gun was forthcoming to shoot it. A veterinary surgeon who examined the wounds of the pony declares that the wolf must have been infected with rabies.

Lord Salisbury's Statesmanship.

Although Lord Salisbury has been rather unfortunate in his home policy during the Parliamentary session that has just been brought to a close, yet he has been far more successful in his dealings with foreign nations. Not only has he succeeded in negotiating treaties of a more satisfactory nature to England with Germany and France in connection with the partition of Africa, but he has also within the last week effected a friendly settlement of the dispute with Portugal about the territory on the Zambesi and Shire rivers, which was on the eve of precipitating a war between the two countries in the early part of last spring. Under the terms of the treaty just concluded, England retains the Shire Highlands and Macheland; and moreover, she receives the promise of a first option of any portion of Portuguese Africa which the Lisbon Government may be anxious to dispose of in the future. This latter clause is of particular importance, in view of the fact that Portugal is already in the debt of the British Government to the amount of several millions of pounds sterling, and that not only is her treasury empty, but that she has, moreover, failed in all her recent attempts to borrow money abroad. It is quite possible, therefore, that in time the whole of the vast Portuguese possessions on the East Coast of Africa may pass into British hands in return for British gold tendered at a moment of pressing need at Lisbon. The fact that the treaty should have given as much satisfaction to the Portuguese as to the English themselves is in itself an eloquent tribute to Lord Salisbury's diplomacy and to the cleverness which he displayed in averting a conflict from which the Empire could have reaped no glory.

The Gladstone Slot Machine.

The Gladstone slot machine is amusing the Londoners. "This novelty," says a correspondent, "represents a highly colored and very large face of Mr. Gladstone, and by placing the usual penny in the slot, which is situated on the top of his head, a piece of writing appears at the figure's open mouth containing one of the usual exciting pieces of fortune-telling information with which everyone is more or less acquainted. This automatic machine seems to represent very accurately the view of the average voter in regard to Mr. Gladstone. He seems to imagine that you have only to drop a letter in the Hawarden post box to get an answer on any conceivable subject under the sun. If Mr. Gladstone replies at length he is accused of "prolixity;" if shortly, of discourtesy; if he is silent, the letter can be repeated. The fact that Mr. Gladstone has survived this process for eighty years is one of the strongest proofs of his vitality."

Bobby Know His Name.

"Mamma, I know the gentleman's name that called to see Aunt Ellie last night, and nobody told me, either."
"Well, then, what is it, Bobby?"
"Well, George Don't. I heard her say George Don't in the parlor four or five times hand running. That's what his name is."

Tit-Bits.

She Saw Him Practicing.

"I think," said a Dwigheville man to his wife, the other morning, "I will give up business and embrace some profession."
"I thought," returned the wife, sarcastically, "that you contemplated embracing something when I saw you practicing on the hired girl last night."
And the silence that fell there was so heavy that a custard pie on the table was crushed flat.

Willing to Sell Both.

Young Man—"Do you buy duplicate wedding presents?"
Dealer—"Yes, sir, that's my business."
Young Man—"Well, I've got a couple of sixty-day notes made by my wife's father that I'd like to dispose of."

A Woman's Reason.

"Give you a kiss, indeed!" said she, "Give you a kiss! My goodness! 'Tis strange that you should make so free I wonder at your rudeness."
I could not such a thing endure.
And then, with manner nervous,
She added, "For I'm very sure
That some one would observe us."

They Both Snored.

Hotel Clerk—"Good morning, Colonel, how did you sleep?"
Colonel—"I did sleep some, I suppose, but I was awake most of the night listening to the snoring of the man in the next room. He is a good one at it. He makes more noise than a steam whistle."
Another gentleman approaches.
Hotel Clerk—"Good morning, Major, how did you sleep?"
Major—"I got asleep occasionally during the night, but there was a fellow in the next room to me who snored as if he was filling a contract to saw forty cords of wood before daylight. At least, that's the way it sounded."
Colonel—"That's just what I had to listen to all night long. What is the number of your room?"
Major—"Number twenty-two. What is the number of yours?"
Colonel—"And mine is number twenty-three."
Tableau.

The Difference.

Wife—"What is the difference between the words induced and compelled?"
Husband—"There is a great deal of difference. For instance, a man who is induced to marry a woman is compelled to live with her afterwards."

A Green Clerk.

Lady—"I would like to see some queensware."
Now Clerk—"Eh?
Did you never see queensware?"
No, mum, I never did. The fact is, I have never been out of this town. To tell the truth, I didn't even know they swore until you mentioned it."

Not so Stupid as He Looks.

Jane—"You seem to be unhappy, Emma."
Emma—"Yes, I have been deceived in my husband. When I married him I supposed that it was not my money but myself he loved."
And now you have found out that it was not you at all, but only your money he was after."
Alas! That is what I know now for a certainty."
Well, there is one consolation for you, and that is that your husband is not as stupid as he looks."

The Horse Blew First.

A veterinary surgeon told his assistant to give a powder to a sick horse.
"You take the powder," he explained, "put it in a tin tube, open the horse's mouth and blow the powder down his throat."
Not long afterward the assistant came back, looking as sick as people ever get to be.
"Did you give the horse the powder?"
"I tried to. I put the powder in the tin tube, forced open the horse's mouth, put the tube between his teeth, and—"
"Did you blow the powder down his throat?"
"No; I was going to, but the horse blew first, and powder went down my throat."

Not Consummated.

During several seasons young Parks had been a constant visitor at the house of Abemleich Morrison. Sunday after Sunday the young fellow would come, and after sitting nearly all day, stealing glances at Sookoy, old Abemleich's daughter, he would go home. He was so bashful that when the time came for his departure, he would glide out the door, jump over the fence and run like a jack-rabbit. Last Sunday he took his place as usual.
"Sam," said old Abemleich, "what's your daddy doin'?"
"Makin' uv a steer yoke, uh, huh, huh!"
"What's Ligo doin'?"
"Ain't doin' nothin'. Dun gone to meetin' with a gal, uh, huh, huh!"
"What's your mother doin'?"
"Got sorter behind on her quilt an' is a cardin' of her bats to-day."
"Made your plant bed yet?"
"We've made one uv them, but we ain't made the big one what we loved to make."
"Sam?"
"Yes, sar."
"What's the usen actin' such a blame fool. You love Sook?"
"No, I don't, uh, huh, huh!"
"Yes, you do."
"I don't, nuther."
"Yes, you do, an' you wanter marry her."
"I don't now, no such uv a thing, uh, huh, huh!"
"Yes, you do."
"Would you give her to me ef I wuz ter wanter marry her?"
"Yes, you may have her. Come here, Sook," calling the girl.
"What do you want dad?" she said, entering the room.
"Hold on, Sam. Come back, you blame fool!"
Sam had jumped over the fence and was running like a jack-rabbit. Old Abemleich says that the marriage may take place as soon as Sam "ken be hemmed up an' fetch to the house."

Cause for Dignity.

Small Darkey (to very dignified colored coachman)—"Say, Mistah Ebony, wot foh you hoh younah head so high? Pop says you hain't bet' paid but foah dollas a week an' bo'd."
Dignified Coachman—"Go 'way you no count niggah. The gem'en wot pays me dat foah dollas am rich enough to buy out dis hull town."

In a Quandary.

Mis' White—"Doctah, my little chile dono catch de hoopin'-cough."
Doctah Black (after serious thought)—"You mus' tako tree hairs from a mule's back an' put 'em on dat chile. Dey will cure de chile, but it'll kill de mule."
"But see heah, doctah, I's a poor man, I is, an' I c'n't afford tar lose dat 'ere mule. Won't takin' de hairs from some odder place cure de chile widout killin' de mule?"
"Only one. You can tako 'em from de mule's hind legs."
"But dat ud kill me."

Why They Would Keep Her.

A little girl friend of ours attended, the other day, in company with a great aunt of eighty-four, the funeral of an old lady in her 104th year. On the way home the great aunt remarked:
"Well, I should 'nt want to live to that age."
"Why not, aunty?" asked the child.
"Oh, for a number of reasons, the principal one of which is that I haven't any children to take care of me as that old lady had."
"But you have nieces and nephews and grandnieces and grandnephews," said Nellie.
"Yes, I know that, but they wouldn't care to keep me if I lived as long as that."
"Yes they would, too," declared Nellie, "I'm sure of it. They'd keep you for a curiosity."

That Masculine Shirt.

I had made up my mind to propose, For she hit me uncommonly hard; And again I conned over my words When the doctor had taken my card.
My heart was with love all aglow, And I wasn't quite sure she'd say "Yes," So I thought how I'd plead, till she'd yield To the passion that I would confess.
Though she came with a seraph's own smile, I winced, till she asked "Are you hurt?" I managed a "No," but I couldn't Make love to a masculine shirt.

A Victim of Overconfidence.

"Mr. Billus," demanded his wife, freezing-ly "what is the meaning of that long brown hair on your collar?"
"It means, madam," retorted Mr. Billus, "that I'm a chuckle-headed jay of the jay-est sort. I'm a chump from Chumpton. That's what it means, Maria."
"Explain yourself, sir!"
"One of the boys at the office put that hair on my collar not fifteen minutes ago and said I didn't dare to let it stay there. I said I did dare to. I said you wore a woman of too much sense to notice such a little thing. I told him you wouldn't even see it. He offered to bet me five dollars you would, and I took him up, Maria!" snorted Mr. Billus. "I took him up!"

An Unwarranted Intrusion.

Sammy had been told that if he would be good he might go into the next room and take a look at his new baby brother. Sammy promised and was admitted. He stood for some moments looking in silence at the diminutive morsel of humanity, and then he freed his mind.
"I don't know what they are going to call you, bub," he said, "but I know I had everything fixed for going fishin to-day, but dug an' everything, and now you've come along an' spoiled the whole programme. I call it a dog-on small piece of business. That's what I call it."

Her Cruel Pa.

"I've bought a bonnet, papa, dear; My beau declares 'tis trimmed with skill; I have no funds, and I've come here To see if you will foot the bill."
"Your beau! and what may be his name?" The father roughly questioned her: She hung her head, with cheeks aflame, She softly answered, "William, sir."

His eyes shone with a dangerous light—"Hum! so he says 'tis trimmed with skill! Well, bring him to the house to-night, And I will gladly foot your Bill."

Pa Was Engaged.

"Is your pa in, Mary?"
"Yes, but you may come in."
"I don't think he likes me and he might be engaged."
"There is no need of being afraid; he is engaged."
"Engaged, is he?"
"Yes; he stayed out till after twelve last night and went off this morning without giving me a chance to talk to him. She is talking to him now and he won't be in this part of the house for the next three hours. Come right in."

She Was Prepared.

A woman opened a front door, and addressing a soiled man who, down on all fours, was seemingly looking for something, said:
"What are you doing there?"
"Madam," he said, straightening up, "please be so generous as to pardon the apparent intrusion. My little girl and I were coming along here just now, and the mud in her gay frolicsomeness ran across your green sward, but in her glad forgetfulness dropped a silver dollar that had been given her by the handsomest and noblest of women. We were on our way to get a doll for my other little girl that is sick in bed, and it would have done your heart good to have seen the happiness of the little would-be purchaser—but she lost the money, and now almost heart-broken, she has gone home to tell her mother of the great calamity."
"That was indeed too bad," said the woman.
"Yes, madam, and if I could only hope—have you any little children, madam?"
"Yes."
"Then you know what disappointment means to a child. If I only knew where I could borrow a dollar, how inexpressibly happy should I be. Madam, could you let me have a dollar?"
"No, not this morning."
"Well, could you let me have fifty cents now, and give me the other half this afternoon?"
"No, I can't do that either."
"Well, madam, may I ask what you prepared to do?"
"I am prepared to tell you to move or I'll send for a policeman."
"You are thoroughly prepared, are you?"
"I am."
"All right; I shall be prepared to meet you. It is one of my maxims to be prepared with anything that may be prepared."

Wanted Things Brought to a Climax.

Have you been reading the serial, The Scout of the Sierras, that is running in my paper?
Yes, I am, very much interested in it. Who is the author?
I am the author.
You are, eh? Well, I want to tell you right now that unless the hard-hearted adventuress comes to grief and the brave scout rescues and marries the captive maiden pretty soon, I'll stop my paper.

An Enterprising Journalist.

Country Editor—"Jim, I understand that old stone building at the cross-roads is to be torn down."
The Printer—"Yep, they begin to-morrow."
Country Editor—"Well, just slip around and put a live toad in the wall. We must have something to fill up with this week."

Cost of an Introduction.

Brown and Smith step into a saloon and meet Jones. Brown and Jones salute each other and then Brown says, "Mr. Smith, let me introduce you to my friend Mr. Jones."
Mr. Smith (who has had several social glasses)—"Now, Brown, this introduction is not at all necessary. I've known Jones longer than you have. Jonesey, old boy, put it there." (They shake hands effusively.)
A while after Brown and Smith go out and Smith says: "Confound it, Brown, why did you introduce me to that man Jones? He borrowed ten dollars of me."
"You said you know him better than I did," returned Brown.
"Oh, well, I said that just for effect."
"Well, it had its effect, you see."
"Yes, and I am out ten dollars."

Her Twin Boy.

Mrs. Flannagan—"This, mum, is me twin byc, Micky."
Mrs. Smiley—"Indeed! And where is his brother?"
Mrs. Flannagan—"Sure he over to his mother's house, Mrs. Riley. Her Jamesy and me Micky is twins, mum—born the same day."

A Touching Appeal From a Child.

In the Cincinnati Post-office, recently, in the general deposit of mail gathered at noon, was a much-thumbed and tear-stained postal card. The writing upon it was in a child's hand, trembling and uncertain. The address was "My dear mama." The letter is as follows:
"Dear mama—I am so lonesome you want to heaven, I want to see you, the time seems so long, you and I could come to you. Mrs. Clarke said to me but she is not like you, she says to this to God and send for me, my arm hurts me so and you said it was so well in heaven. I send you a kiss, from me, little DORA."
Cold and mist be the heart that does not moisten the eye that looks upon that touching and pathetic letter, with its baby love and unquestioning faith and illustration of the love between children and mother that passeth understanding. The whole world of pathos is in the child's cry. "Well, Clarke is kind to me, but she is not my mama."

An Under-Secretary's Mistake.

A most amusing incident occurred at the Under-Secretary's office. A London correspondent invited to the House of Commons, they were in the room at the time, and the Under-Secretary said:
"That was indeed too bad," said the woman.
"Yes, madam, and if I could only hope—have you any little children, madam?"
"Yes."
"Then you know what disappointment means to a child. If I only knew where I could borrow a dollar, how inexpressibly happy should I be. Madam, could you let me have a dollar?"
"No, not this morning."
"Well, could you let me have fifty cents now, and give me the other half this afternoon?"
"No, I can't do that either."
"Well, madam, may I ask what you prepared to do?"
"I am prepared to tell you to move or I'll send for a policeman."
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"All right; I shall be prepared to meet you. It is one of my maxims to be prepared with anything that may be prepared."

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THE ACE OF CLUBS.

A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

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

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A great change had taken place in Jana's heart as in her mind. Her husband was free once more, and she felt sure that a man who was protected by the threefold power of the Czar, Gov. Moski and Gen. Lanin had in Russia nothing more to fear. But now, as if this third journey had exhausted her health and her strength of mind alike, she began to suffer from a permanent sense of weariness and lassitude. The quiet and peace she could now enjoy at Irkutsk did her good. She lived over once more the trials and the fierce conflicts in which she had been engaged, and she trembled at the memory of all she had been able to suffer and to endure. The dead forms of Popoff, of the captain of gendarmes, of Dr. Haas, and of Helen rose before her mind's eye, and she said again and again to herself, "They have died for my sake!" Her heart softened; it began to overflow with the love of the neighbor, and devoutly grateful for having herself accomplished the one great purpose of her life, she felt deeply anxious that no one else should suffer on her account. The noble woman knew no revenge. She was once more the woman, weak as her sex generally is, weaker even, for at the slightest noise she started and trembled. She felt happy, and she knew that her happiness, under God, was her own work, but she trembled all the more at the thought that unexpectedly a cloud might arise on the bright sky of her happiness.

On the day of his return to Irkutsk Vladimir took possession again of his wife's house in the city; he had recovered all his rights and privileges. Lina, who had until now been kept in prison by Schelm, although he did not know that she was Helen's mother, was also set free, and returned to her mistress. She could not recover from the loss of her daughter, and indulged in melancholy apprehensions.

"They have murdered my son," she would say again and again. "My poor, dear Nicholas is dead; what do I now care for freedom or life?"

"Remember, I pray, that you have another child!" said Jana on such occasions, having seen little Andrew in Petersburg.

Lina seemed almost to have forgotten that child, not having seen him so long a time. The words of the Countess would bring a faint smile to her lips. She who comprehended that there was a duty to fulfill on earth and who knew that there might be still some store for her, she was for a moment overpowered by very busy sifting her mind for some preparation for the future. A longing for her son's return was springing up in her maternal bosom. The countess were almost daily guests at the governor's palace, where Gen. Lanin, the Czar's all-powerful adjutant-general, was grandly entertained.

According to the Czar's wishes Schelm had been set to prison, but during the investigation his administration, he was not at all to the government house. This, however, a secret, of course, of the Czar's administration in Petersburg, and being disapproved of by the public, he was set free.

On the fourth day after their return to Irkutsk, Vladimir, who had just returned from the governor's palace, entered Jana's room with the words:

"My dear Jana, I have just seen my uncle once more, and begged him urgently to let Schelm be tried at some other place, as he is sure to be hanged sooner or later. But we can do nothing: the answer is always the same. The Czar has ordered the guilty to be punished, and in the course of the investigation I have gained the conviction that Schelm is very guilty. He must suffer just punishment."

"Do you wish him to be punished?" "I never thought of it! I am free and happy, so that I have entirely forgotten that Schelm is still alive! May he go where he chooses, even to the D. if he prefers it."

"You see, Vladimir, when I think how many lives have been lost in order to secure our present happiness, an inexpressible anxiety seizes my heart. The sacrifice of another human life appears to me a crime. I have remorse. We must by all means try to get Schelm pardoned."

"But that no longer depends on us!" "Let me try, Vladimir. I'll go and see your uncle this evening at the governor's palace. He promised he would do everything to please me."

Jana, animated by this noble desire, hastened at once to the palace. But she found that both Gen. Moski and Count Lanin had come to the conclusion that Schelm had not merely abused his official position, but had evidently criminal intrigues on his conscience, which could not be overlooked. They had, therefore, decided to inflict the prescribed punishment in strict regard to legality. Gen. Moski had summoned Schelm to appear before him, thus giving him an opportunity to clear himself of these charges, if he could.

Schelm had not seen the two generals since the sad event on the Mound of the Tunguses. In his solitude he was awaiting events. When summoned to appear before his judges, he prepared skillfully his whole appearance. The relative liberty which had been granted him and the courteous consideration shown him so far had somewhat quieted his apprehensions. He did not guess, besides, how far his tricks and his intrigues had been found out, and he was full of hopes the sentence would be delayed: and with time on his side he felt he could do much, help himself through his friends, and perhaps even form new plans and new intrigues. He appeared, therefore, in the apartments of the governor-general, not at all like a man accused of crime, but more like a casual visitor.

"What do you wish of me?" he asked boldly.

"I will please answer our questions with great modesty," said Lanin, indignant at Schelm's insolence.

The trial began. When Schelm was asked about Popoff's arrest, and about his receipt for the 100,000 roubles, when he saw that the minister of the interior had forsaken him, and when he finally perceived that Count Lanin held that very receipt in his hands, which the czar had given him then he felt that there was no escape for him. He folded his hands and bowed so low that the judges feared he intended to kneel.

"I am on excellency, I am guilty. Have mercy on me!" he exclaimed.

"Perhaps extenuating circumstances that entitle us to keep us from administering justice. What can you say in your defence?"

"I was zealous in the czar's service," he cried, turning to the emperor. "I wanted to make myself happy: I wanted to become one of the happy ones, and I was ambitious, and I was my fault! But I was divided for political reasons for the personal interest in my hands."

"I know your fault," said the emperor. "I know your fault, but I know your heart. You were zealous in the czar's service, and we are both servants of the emperor. I wanted to make myself happy: I wanted to become one of the happy ones, and I was ambitious, and I was my fault! But I was divided for political reasons for the personal interest in my hands."

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same, and when also, general, told me so in the name of the czar, I feared I should lose my place, the place that gave me my daily bread. The gendarmes invented conspiracies to please the czar. They deceived the emperor, Count Orloff, you yourselves. I have seen it with my own eyes! I witnessed how they were rewarded and promoted when I knew it was all fiction! You must admit that the monarch's favor may become a strong temptation."

Lanin was silent. "It is true that I employed a man who was to fan the discontent of some conspirators, but this also I did to prove my zeal to serve the czar. I admit that I am not free from guilt, but I never exceeded my authority; I do not deserve reward, but have I incurred any punishment?"

Count Moski exclaimed very indignant: "Certainly, and a very heavy one!"

"The conspiracy did actually exist. The conspirators fell into my trap, as if they had lost their heads, so that I could show the emperor who wore his enemies; they were unmasked. Here, also, I did not exceed my authority. All whom I ordered to be arrested were conspirators."

"All. What a falsehood!" said Lanin, frowning. "My nephew—"

Schelm interrupted him most humbly: "To be sure, your excellency! But you might be indulgent with the weakness and the heart of a man who does not claim that he is faultless. You yourself had announced to me the czar's displeasure and aroused my wrath. Your nephew had mortally insulted me. I was furious against all who bore your name. The count's name was mentioned, and I was delighted to know that he was involved in this conspiracy. If, in my anger, I went too far, you may punish me. The idea of disgracing myself before the emperor's eyes made me lose my head. I had the conspiracy in my hand, and it was surely but human to take advantage of it in order to avenge myself!"

"You defend yourself in a manner that is revolting to me," said Gen. Moski, contemptuously. "You make me think worse of you than I did before. Have you nothing else to say in your defence?"

"No! I can only repeat that I am guilty, but guilty to have too eagerly coveted the Emperor's favor. I might have earned it in a better way, if I had been Count Lanin. Since I was simply Mr. Schelm I was forced—"

"Enough!" exclaimed Gen. Moski. "You can return to your rooms!"

Schelm withdrew with low bows. "I do not see," said Lanin, "that the man is so very guilty, but your wish to see him severely punished shall be gratified. Such men fill me with disgust. We need only report his defence to the czar, and he would be instantly lost. I think the czar himself might be cruel in such a case. But I am not the czar, and I am not disinclined to make some excuse."

"What! Count Lanin?" "His devotion to the emperor's person."

"Is pure hypocrisy!" "Well, I submit to you: I am not quite clear—"

Just then the Countess Lanin was announced. Gen. Moski had become more and more attached to her, the more services he had rendered her.

"Pray let her enter!" he called out. "My dear companions in my journey," said Jana, shaking hands with the two generals. "I came to pray for Schelm's pardon."

"Never!" said Gen. Moski. "As for me," said Count Lanin, "I am ready to obey every word you command."

"This 'never' sounds hardly very courteous in the ears of a lady," said Jana, smiling. "But I see I have an ally in my dear uncle."

"How should the rascal deserve such consideration?" "I am so happy, so much happier than at any time; I pity all who have had to suffer for my sake; I wish harm to no one, and pardon every one of them!"

Schelm's cunning had well calculated the effect of his pretended devotion to the czar's person on Count Lanin. The latter now joined Jana in her prayer, and at last the general could no longer resist; he yielded so far that Schelm's punishment should consist in his banishment to Petroski, on the western frontier of Siberia. Jana, however, was not quite satisfied. Her noble soul wanted Schelm to be entirely forgiven. She brought the general until he gave way, after long resisting her. He yielded to Jana as to a spirit child. It was finally agreed that Schelm should lose his office and his salary, but should be allowed to return to Petersburg and to live there as a private citizen.

"Oh! You are so very good and kind, general," said Jana, when he at last had given his consent, although very reluctantly. "Permit me to embrace you in return for your great kindness."

She fell around the old soldier's neck.

"And I! As your faithful ally, do I deserve nothing?" asked Lanin. She threatened him, smiling, with her finger and said: "You, my ally? Well, for an hour. And yet, I do not wish anybody to say that I had given him pain to-day!"

She hastened to kiss her husband's uncle likewise, and radiant with happiness, she returned home. Nothing now prevented their departure from Irkutsk. After so many severe trials the happy young couple, once more united, thought of nothing now but the return home, there once more to resume the even tenor of their daily life.

On the following day they left the capital of Eastern Siberia and turned their faces towards Petersburg. Lina accompanied them, with a heart full of sadness.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

One of those beautifully clear and silent nights which form one of the charms of Siberia had gradually sunk the forest into deep darkness. The moon illuminated the valley, and the long shadows of the trees that lined the public road lay snug alongside of the great thoroughfare. A gentle breath of wind whispered mysteriously in the foliage of the birches and larches that were here intermingled. Beetles were humming drowsily in the rich grass; here and there the phosphorescent green light of a light-worm shone in the close turf and vanished again in an instant. A mysterious humming noise pervaded the forest, a sign that it concealed animal life in abundance, and now and then broke out in louder, but still indistinct noises. Otherwise the night was silent. The highroad, which the eye could follow for miles and miles across the vast level plain, was deserted. At a distance only now and then was heard the tinkling of a little bell, the forerunner of a vehicle, of which as yet nothing could be seen.

The station house near which that bloody conflict had taken place, which had cost so many and so precious victims, stood, as has been mentioned, not far from the edge of the forest, perhaps some 30 versts from Irkutsk. Nothing was stirring in the little building, but the windows of the official's room shone brightly, and at a distance somebody was singing. At the door a postilion was smoking his short, stumpy pipe, leisurely watching the ringlets of smoke as they gracefully whirled on high. He heard just then the tinkling of the bells of post-horses, and entered the house to give warning that travellers were approaching. At his summons three men or rather three dark shadows appeared in the dark, silently walked around the house and stationed themselves upon a huge projecting rock.

"Horses! Quick, horses!" cried the traveller, jumping out of the carriage. "I have no time to lose!"

In an instant almost the foam-covered horses were taken out of harness and others brought from the stables. In the meantime the traveller went into the office to show his passport.

"I hope there are no reports of robbers about in this part of the province!" he asked the postmaster.

"Nothing since the last fight here; they have all crossed the river, and everything is quiet. Travellers have nothing at all to fear here now!" was the answer.

"How far is it from here to the ferry?" "Three versts."

"I am told it is not quite safe to cross the forest. On the other side of the river, I believe, it is all cultivated land, and no forest there!"

"Yes; but I can assure you all the robbers and rebels who used to infest this district have gone away to Lake Baikal, so that everything is perfectly quiet and safe here."

The postmaster opened his book, examined the passport, and went to work almost to spell the entry which he made.

"Ouspenski Oneumowicz Schelm, councillor of state and senator, travels on private business. One carriage. Three horses."

"In half an hour it will all be ready for your excellency. Perhaps the senator will accept a glass of tea?"

"Thanks! I have no time to lose."

The official went out to give the necessary orders and said to Schelm:

"The travellers' room is on the right hand; it has been entirely ruined during the fight between the regulars and the rebels, but I have had it repaired as well as my means allowed. Will you have the kindness to go in there? As soon as the horses are put in I will let you know."

Schelm entered the room in which a few weeks ago his power had made such lamentable havoc. This wall still bore witness of the fight that had taken place here, and near the window, where Caroline had tried to set the horse on fire, a pool had formed, over which beetles were busily swarming to and fro. At the sight of the room Schelm could not help comparing his

former greatness with his actual position. He sat down on a chair that stood near the open window and looked down upon the quiet, peaceful waters of the Angara.

"I still have my freedom and my fortune; but they want me to close my life in strict retirement. The fool! A man such as I can never leave his post, least of all after a defeat. They will hear from me yet, I warrant! Gen. Lanin has evidently exceeded his authority; he has let this band of robbers escape unpunished, although they had manifestly rebelled against the czar; and he has pardoned their leader, who publicly insulted the name of the czar. This is quite enough to give me a standing point for my future measures! In Petersburg I shall find friends, patrons and money. No! I am not ruined yet! I am not conquered yet! They wonder at my acting badly, and yet it is they who force me to do such things. I was going to abandon all this game, and now they compel me to begin it once more, for I must, I must recover my lost position. The fools! They protect a man who was to be my last victim, they force me to injure them all! Gen. Moski and Count Lanin! You have scotched the snake, but you have not killed it! We shall hear its ominous hissing again I warn you, and feel its venomous bite? I am to go into retirement! I am to play draughts at night, I suppose, and take my walk on the Prospect in the daytime? I! Schelm! Well, we'll see that! If I only were in Petersburg! This putting in the horses takes a long time here! and I want to be beyond the frontiers of Irkutsk!" At this moment he heard somebody taking hold of the door handle; then the door was cautiously opened.

"Why, here is the postmaster, at last," he thought to himself. He rose and buttoned his heavy overcoat. A man in the uniform of a postillion approached him. The ex-revisor thought it was the man who came to tell him that all was ready and he could continue his journey. However he was startled at the man's strange conduct, who came very close to him. The moon was shining into the room, only the door lay in deep shadow, and Schelm could not make out the features of the new-comer.

"Are the horses ready?" he asked. At the same moment the stranger seized his arm and he saw that it was not the postillion he had expected.

"Schelm? Do you fancy I have forgiven you and felt pity for you, as the others seem to have done?"

Schelm was dumfounded; he recognized Miller with terror. He was going to call for help, but he was not given time for it. Two men had, in the meantime, jumped through the window into the room, and in a moment he was fettered. Miller looked at him and laughed aloud. Before the door the postillions also were heard laughing, as they harnessed the horses.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Married in a Hunch.

There lived some years ago in Western Pennsylvania an old circuit preacher, Fr West by name, whose genial humor and kindness of heart had greatly endeared him to all the people of his district. He was a particular favorite with the young folks matrimonially inclined, and his opportunities to "tie the knot" were numerous. On one occasion he found upon his arrival at a certain town several couples awaiting his blessing. The old man was tired and wished to make short work of the job. "Stand up," he began, "and give hands." Which being done he rattled through a marriage service that, like himself, was original. "There," he said when it was finished, "you can go; ye're man and wife, er'ry one o' ye." Two of the couples hesitated, and finally made it apparent that in the sudden "jining" they had become confused and had taken the hands of the wrong persons. The old preacher's eyes twinkled as he took in the situation, but he instantly straightened up, and with a wave of his hand dispersed them. "I married ye all," he said. "Sort yourselves."

Washing Colored Stockings.

All colored stockings should be washed by themselves in clear water in which nothing else has been washed. A good white soap should be used and the water should be only just lukewarm. It is essential that colored stockings should be thoroughly rinsed and wrung out as dry as possible. Hang them by the fire in the house where they will dry as quickly as possible. No stockings should be ironed, as this simply presses them out of shape. Some housekeepers press silk stockings smooth with a firm roll of cloth tied over a smooth piece of wood or a stone. The stocking is fastened on the right side while still damp on the ironing board and rubbed with this hard roll till smooth and glossy.

Health Department.

Tooth Powders and Tooth Washes.

Powders and washes for the teeth should be used with great care. Regarding them, especially, the well-worn but pertinent caution to beware of strolling vendors applies with deepest import. Every one has a desire for white and beautiful teeth, and the itinerant who boasts loudly of the power of his preparations to "whiten the blackest teeth, to look like ivory in one minute!" catches the popular ear and sympathy on the spot. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that what he claims can be demonstrated. Any chemist or apothecary can concoct a preparation which will do all this—and more. If used but a short time it will destroy the enamel, and with it, of course, the entire set of teeth; since the phenomenal result is and can be reached only by the destruction of a small portion of the outer surface of the enamel. The result is the same whether the agent be wash or powder, since the latter simply contains the chemicals of the former in an undissolved form. All strong acids or alkalis should be avoided in the mouth, and if there is doubt as to the composition of any preparation in this respect, let it be tested with a bit of litmus paper. This paper can be obtained at any drug store, and is in two colors—blue and red. The blue, if dampened with an acid solution, will turn red, and the rapidity and intensity of the change will indicate the acidity of the solution. The red indicates alkali by changing to blue, in the same manner.

Tooth-powders, as a rule, should be soluble and slightly antacid. There is a class of insoluble powders which are of the most dangerous nature, of which powdered charcoal is a notable example. These consist of fine, sharp particles, which being pressed by the brush between the teeth and gums or lodging between the teeth, may cause the most serious results, even to the destruction of the gums or the cement. The use of the brush in connection with powders, washes, or other treatment of the teeth, should be gentle. Bleeding of the gums is always a danger signal. It shows that the skin has been broken, inviting the absorption into the system of any poisonous or foreign matters which may be present in the mouth. If the gums are very tender, a soft brush should be used, and used very gently, till they have hardened sufficiently to withstand more vigorous treatment. Even then, the liability will be to err on the side of harshness.

The Art of Prolonging Life.

Exercise is essential to the preservation of health; inactivity is a potent cause of wasting and degeneration. The vigor and equality of the circulation, the functions of the skin, and the aeration of the blood, are all promoted by muscular activity, which thus keeps up a proper balance and relation between the important organs of the body. In youth, the vigor of the system is often so great that if one organ be sluggish another part will make amends for the deficiency by acting vicariously, and without any consequent damage to itself. In old age, the task cannot thus be shifted from one organ to another; the work allotted to each sufficiently taxes strength, and vicarious action cannot be performed without mischief. Hence the importance of maintaining, as far as possible, the equal action of all the bodily organs, so that the share of the vital processes assigned to each shall be properly accomplished. For this reason exercise is an important part of the conduct of life in old age; but discretion is absolutely necessary. An old man should discover by experience how much exercise he can take without exhausting his powers, and should be careful never to exceed the limit. Old persons are apt to forget that their staying powers are much less than they once were, and that, while a walk of two or three miles may prove easy and pleasurable, the addition of the return journey of similar length will seriously overtax the strength.

Born-Blindness Preventable.

Statistics taken from the reports of Fuchs, Magnus, Howe and the committee of the Ophthalmological Society of the United Kingdom, show that at least thirty per cent. of all blindness in Europe and in this country is caused by preventable disease at birth. The census of 1880 gives a total of about fifty thousand blind in the United States. Of these, at least fifteen thousand have been blind from birth. And yet, this disease is well nigh absolutely preventable and in its incipency, easily curable. Early treatment is borne out by facts, as witnessed in reference to the reports of Dr. Col. in info.

hospitals, where the methods of prevention have been in operation. After these means were put into operation, there was practically an entire disappearance of the disease. The method consists in wiping the face and lids clean and dry immediately after the umbilical cord is tied. The lids are then opened, and one or two drops of a two per cent. solution of nitrate of silver are instilled. Except in premature children the reaction from this treatment is very slight.

It is obvious that our first duty is to arouse our teachers and writers on obstetrics to the necessity of instructing their pupils as to the proper care of the eyes of the child from the very instant of its birth. Let them be instructed to wash the eyes with some antiseptic solution, and examine into their condition at each visit, for at least a week.

The Hair.

The hair is the covering of the roof of "the home of thought and palace of the soul." Where baldness, which sometimes occurs in quite young persons, is hereditary, it is doubtfully if any thing can be done to prevent or remedy it. Avoid "restoratives" and other nostrums, and, as a rule, do not use pomatums or oils upon the head. The thorough use of a moderately stiff brush will greatly promote the health of the scalp and prevent the falling of the hair without other application. The hair should be occasionally washed, and if there is much dandruff, the yolk of an egg will be much efficient in removing it. Work the egg with the fingers well into the hair, a little at a time, to bring it in contact with the scalp; then wash it out thoroughly with water, and the hair will be beautifully clean and soft. Avoid all shampooing liquids; those used by barbers are strong potash solutions. They call it "Salts of Worrawood" and "Salts of Tartar," and use it without knowing its real nature. It is very effective in cleaning but ruinous to the hair. If the falling of the hair is not prevented by thorough brushing, some stimulating application may be made. Half an ounce of the tincture of cantharides added to a quart of bay rum will answer better than most "hair tonics." But the mode of dressing the hair must be controlled almost entirely by the fashion. It will be considered by many of our lady readers a necessity to dress the hair in the fashion of the moment, but we should endeavor to counteract, by careful treatment, any injurious effects, such as overheating of the scalp, which produces dandruff, irritation, and possible baldness. Whatever style is adopted during the day and evening, the hair should be given the utmost freedom during the night. All cannot employ artists to direct the efforts of the hair-dressing maid, but every one can see to it that simplicity and an appropriate ensemble are presented. Nothing is more unseemly than to see a noble, dignified face marred, and its true beauty destroyed by some coquettish or frivolous arrangement of the hair wholly out of keeping with the general bearing of the wearer.

Fortunately, the custom of the hour demands that the short comings of one head shall be supplied by some other head and from this necessity has grown up the present great trade in human hair. It is estimated that more than a million pounds of human hair is annually marketed, to say nothing of the product of the home market, which finds its supply largely through the periodical craze for "short hair," which some women experience, when the product of the barber's shears generally finds its way to other fields of adornment.

Ladies of Hair.

Not content with appointing the Queen, his grandmother, to the colonelcy of a crack dragoon regiment, and inducting her to have a portrait painted of herself arrayed in light blue tunic and gold embroidered sash, Emperor Wilhelm has now issued a decree ordering the female employes of the postal service in future wear a uniform consisting of a blue tunic with yellow cloth facing and cuffs and adorned by a hat of silver-plated buttons. It is exceedingly trying color to be reported to be on the verge of a world certainly paralyze the Service in more senses than brother monarch of Dahlgard is entirely young sovereign of Mars and potter, but also his other of King appointed to his army the etc.

Hints for the Table.

BEef CAKE.—Take equal quantities of cooked beef, chopped fine, and soaked bread crumbs, add one onion, chopped, salt and pepper to suit taste, a tablespoonful of chopped pork to every quart of the mixture, one egg and a little sage or savory; place it in a flat pan, and bake 20 or 30 minutes.

BROWN SAUCE FOR BEef.—Remove nearly all the fat from the gravy in the pan and add to it enough hot water to make the required quantity, add browned flour dry until it is thick enough, then strain it and add to each cupful of the gravy half a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and one tablespoonful each of chopped pickles and capers.

CHICKEN PATIES.—Chop the chicken meat, free from gristle, season with salt, pepper and a little celery or sage, place a little of the meat on pieces of puff paste, press the edges together, making small turnovers, place them in a shallow pan, and bake a nice brown, serve with drawn butter or a gravy made from the liquor in which the chicken was cooked.

LUNCH CAKE.—One egg, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; separate the yolk from the white of the egg, and add the beaten white last, bake in a good oven until a straw can be inserted and withdrawn clean.

ECONOMICAL CAKE.—Two eggs well beaten, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sifted flour, one and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mix all together until very smooth, and add, last thing half cupful of boiling water, stir quickly and bake at once. This is excellent for jelly roll if baked on a very shallow tin and rolled at once.

CREAM PIE.—Four tablespoonfuls of rich cream, one tablespoonful of flour, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of cold water, yolks of two eggs, flavor with lemon, line a pie plate with pastry, pour in the mixture and bake at once, make a meringue of the whites of the eggs, spread smoothly on the top and brown delicately.

COFFEE CAKE.—Two cupfuls of butter, three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of strong coffee, one cupful of milk, the yolks of eight eggs, one-half pound each of raisins and currants one quarter of a pound of citron, the same quantity of chopped figs, five cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven about five hours.

SMOTHERED FIGS. Three cupfuls of rich milk, one cupful of sugar, a desertspoonful of butter, two well beaten eggs and two teaspoonfuls of starch; boil the milk and pour it into a bowl, adding the cornstarch and sugar, smooth in a little milk, pour it into the cream in a glass dish and cover with sliced figs, add more cream and starch, a layer of figs, cover the top with meringue and serve with a flavoring which can be used in the same manner.

HAIR ROLLS.—One cupful of milk, one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of milk, one cupful of flour enough to make a good batter, when light add a large spoonful of butter, one spoonful of sugar and mould; allow it to rise again; when light make into small rolls and let rise again; wipe the tops with milk or the white of an egg and bake in a good oven.

Singular Charge of Robbery.

Frances Rogers, 19, a servant, was charged at West London, with watching a watch chain, ring, and brooch, value \$70, the property of Mrs. Rogers, worth, \$100, in a room in a house in the city.

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[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD AND ANDREW LANG.

Helenam vero immortalem suis indicat lenius. - SERVUS. ANKRE II 501.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER II.

THE NIGHT OF DREAD.

The feast dragged slowly on, for Fear was of the company. The men and women were silent, and when they drank, it was as if one had poured a little oil on a dying fire. Life flamed up in them for a moment, their laughter came like the crackling of thorns, and then they were silent again. Meanwhile the Wanderer drank little, waiting to see what should come. But the Queen was watching him whom already her heart desired, and she only of all the company had pleasure in this banquet. Suddenly a side-door opened behind the dais, there was a stir in the hall, each guest turning his head fearfully, for all expected some evil tidings. But it was only the entrance of those who bear about in the feasts of Egypt an effigy of the Dead, the likeness of a mummy carved in wood, and who cry: "Drink, O King, and be glad, thou shalt soon be even as he. Drink, and be glad." The stiff, swathed figure, with its folded hands and gilded face, was brought before the King, and Menephtah, who had sat long in sullen brooding silence, started when he looked on it. Then he broke into an angry laugh.

"We have little need of thee, to-night," he cried, as he saluted the symbol of Osiris. "Death is near enough, we want not thy silent preaching. Death, Death is near!"

He fell back in his gilded chair, and let the cup drop from his hand, gnawing his beard.

"Art thou a man?" spoke Meriamun, in a low clear voice, "are you men and yet afraid of what comes to all? Is it only to-night that we first hear the word of Death? Remember the great Men-kau-ra, remember the old Pharaoh who built the Pyramid of Huir. He was just and kind, and he feared the Gods, and for his reward they showed him Death, coming on him in six short years. Did he sowl and tremble, like all of you to-night, who are scared by the threat of slaves? Nay, he outwitted the Gods, he made night into day, he lived out twice his years, with revel and love and wine in the lamp-lit groves of Persa trees. Come, my guests, let us be merry, if it be but for to-night. Drink, and be brave!"

"For once thou art right," said the King. "Drink and be brave, ye men who are afraid of Death, give wine to your eyes, and let us be merry to-night. Occa-sion is here, and it is our duty to be merry. Drink, and be brave." The Wanderer said only, "I have watched the cups go round, and the men who come from the North, the sun of their eyes has not heat enough to foster the wine. They seem cold, and a drinker of water; why wilt thou be cold before thine hour? Come, pledge me in the red wine of Khem. Drinking forth the cup of Pasht!" he cried to them. "Bring forth the cup of the King drinks!"

The chief butler of Pharaoh went to the house, and came again, bearing the golden cup, smiling in the light of the twelve torches, and the brilliant light of the twelve torches.

The Wanderer counted, there rose a faint murmuring sound from the city without, a sound that grew and grew, the thunder of myriad feet that ran before the deaths of kings. Then the door burst asunder and a woman sped through them in her night robes, and in her arms she bore the naked body of a boy.

"Pharaoh!" she cried, "Pharaoh, and O Queen, look upon thy son—thy first-born. He is dead, is thy son, O Pharaoh. Dead is thy son, O Queen! In my arms he died as he lay to his rest," and she laid the body of the child on the board among the vessels of gold, among the garlands of gold, and the beakers of rose-red wine.

Menephtah rose and rent his purple robe, and Meriamun rose too, and they were terrible with wrath and

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pouring a little forth to his Gods, he said in a clear voice, for he was stirred to anger beyond his wont.

"I drink to the strange Hathor!" he spoke, and drained the mighty cup, and set it down on the board, and even as he laid down the cup, and as the Queen looked at him with eyes of wrath, there came from the bow beside his seat, a faint shrill sound, a ringing and a singing of the bow, a noise of running strings and a sound as of rushing arrows.

The warrior heard it, and his eyes burned with the light of battle, for he well knew that the swift shafts should soon fly to the hearts of the doomed. Pharaoh awoke and heard it, and heard it the Lady Meriamun, the Queen, and she looked on the Wanderer astonished, and looked on the Bow that sang.

"The minstrel's tale was true! This is none other but the Bow of Odysseus, the sacker of cities," said Meriamun. "Harken thou, Eperitus, thy great bow sings aloud. How comes it that thy bow sings?"

"For this cause, Queen," said the Wanderer, "because birds gather on the Bridge of War. Soon shall shafts be flying and ghosts go down to doom. Summon thy Guards, I bid thee, for foes are near."

Terror conquered the drunkenness of Pharaoh; he bade the Guards who stood behind his chair summon all their company. They went forth and a great hush fell again upon the Hall of Banquets and upon those who sat at meat therein. The silence grew deadly still, like air before the thunder, and men's hearts sank within them, and turned to water in their breasts. Only Odysseus wondered and thought on the battle to be, though whence the foe might come he knew not, and Meriamun sat erect in her ivory chair and looked down the glorious hall.

Deeper grew the silence and deeper yet, and more and more the cloud of fear gathered in the hearts of men. Then suddenly through all the hall there was a rush like the rush of mighty wings. The deep foundations of the palace rocked, and to the sight of men the roof above seemed to burst asunder, and lo! above them, against the inky blackness of the sky, there swept a shape of Fear, and the stars shone through its raiment.

Then the roof closed in again, and for a moment's space once more there was silence, whilst men looked with white faces, each on each, and even the stout heart of the Wanderer stood still.

Then suddenly all adown the hall, from this place and from that, men rose up and with one great cry fell down dead, this one across the board, and that one on the floor. The Wanderer grasped his bow and counted. From among those who sat at meat twenty and one had fallen dead. Yet those who lived sat gazing empty, for so stricken with fear were they that scarce did each one know if it was he himself who lay dead or his neighbor who had sat by his side.

But Meriamun looked down the hall with cold eyes, for she feared neither Death nor life, nor God nor man.

And while she looked and while the Wanderer counted, there rose a faint murmuring sound from the city without, a sound that grew and grew, the thunder of myriad feet that ran before the deaths of kings. Then the door burst asunder and a woman sped through them in her night robes, and in her arms she bore the naked body of a boy.

"Pharaoh!" she cried, "Pharaoh, and O Queen, look upon thy son—thy first-born. He is dead, is thy son, O Pharaoh. Dead is thy son, O Queen! In my arms he died as he lay to his rest," and she laid the body of the child on the board among the vessels of gold, among the garlands of gold, and the beakers of rose-red wine.

Menephtah rose and rent his purple robe, and Meriamun rose too, and they were terrible with wrath and

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was such a cry heard in Egypt. And now for the first time in all his days the face of the Wanderer grew white with fear, and in fear of heart he prayed for succour to his Goddess—to Aphrodite, the daughter of Dione.

Again the doors behind them burst open and the Guards flocked in—mighty men of many foreign lands, but now their faces were wan, their eyes stared wide, and their jaws hung down. But at the sound of the clanging of their harness the strength of the Wanderer came back to him again, for the Gods and their vengeance he feared, but not the sword of man. And now once more the Bow sang aloud. He grasped it, he bent it with his mighty knee, and strung it, crying, "Awake, Pharaoh, awake! Foes draw on. Say, be these all the men?"

Then the Captain answered, "These be all of the Guard who are left living in the Palace. The rest are stark, smitten by the angry Gods."

Now as the Captain spake, one came running up the hall, heeding neither the dead nor the living. It was the old Priest Rei, the Commander of the Legion of Amen, who had been the Wanderer's guide, and his looks were wild with fear.

"Hearken, Pharaoh!" he cried, "thy people lie dead by thousands in the streets—the houses are full of dead. In the temples of Ptah and of Amen many of the priests have fallen dead also."

"Hast thou more to tell, old man?" cried the Queen.

"The tale has not all been told, O Queen. The soldiers are mad with fear and with the sight of death, and slay their captains; barely have I escaped from those in my command of the Legion of Amen. For they swear that this death has been brought upon the land because Pharaoh would not let the Apura go. Hither, then, they come to slay Pharaoh, and thee also, O Queen, and with them come many thousands of people catching up such arms as lie to their hands."

Now Pharaoh sank down groaning, but the Queen spake to the Wanderer:

"Anon thy weapon sang of war, Eperitus; now war is at the gates."

"Little I fear the rush of battle and the blows men deal in anger, Lady," he made answer, "though a man may fear the Gods without shame. Ho Guards! close up, close up round me! Look not so palefaced now death from the Gods is done with and we have but to fear the sword of men."

So great was his mien and so glorious his face as he cried thus, and one by one drew his long arrows forth and laid them on the board, that the trembling Guards took heart, and to the number of fifty and one ranged themselves on the edge of the dais in a double line. Then they also made ready their bows and loosened the arrows in their quivers.

Now from without there came a roar of men, and anon, while those of the house of Pharaoh, and of the guests and nobles, who sat at the feast and yet lived, fled behind the soldiers, the brazen doors were burst in with mighty blows, and through them a great armed multitude surged along the hall. There came soldiers broken from their ranks. There came the embalmers of the Dead; their hands were overful of work to-night, but they left their work undone, Death had smitten some even of these, and their fellows did not shrink back from them now. There came the smith, black from the forge, and the scribe bowed with endless writing; and the dyer with his purple hands, and the fisher from the stream; and the stunted weaver from the loom; and the leper from the Temple gates. They were mad with lust of life, a starveling life that the King had taxed, when he let not the Apura go. They were mad with fear of death; their women followed them with dead children in their arms. They smote down the golden furnishings, they tore the silken hangings, they cast the empty cups of the feast at the faces of trembling ladies, and cried aloud for the blood of the King.

"Where is Pharaoh?" they yelled, "show us Pharaoh and the Queen, Meriamun, that we may slay them. Dead are our first-born, they lie in heaps as the fish lay when Sihor ran red with blood. Dead are they because of the curse that has been brought upon us by the prophets of the Apura, whom Pharaoh, and Pharaoh's Queen, yet hold in Khem."

Now as they cried they saw Pharaoh Menephtah covering behind the double line of Guards, and they saw the Queen Meriamun who cowered not, but stood silent above the din. Then she thrust her way through the Guards, and yet holding the naked body of the boy to her breast, stood before them with eyes that flashed more brightly than the Uracus crown upon her brow.

"Back!" she cried, "back. It is not Pharaoh nor I, who have brought this death great kind. For we, too, have death for our lot. We fell around, held up the body of her

dead son. "It is that false Hathor whom ye worship, that Witch of many a voice and many a face who turns your hearts faint with love. For her sake ye endure these woes, on her head is all this death. Go, tear her temple stone from stone, and rend her beauty limb from limb, and be avenged and free the land from curses."

A moment the people stood and harkened, muttering, as stands the lion that is about to spring, while those who pressed without, cried: "Forward! Forward! Slay them!" Then as with one voice screamed:

"The Hathor we love, but you we hate, for ye have brought these woes upon us, and ye shall die."

They cried, they brawled, they cast foot stools and stones at the Guards, and then a certain tall man among them drew a bow straight at the Queen's fair breast he aimed his arrow and swift and true it sped toward her. She saw the light gleam upon its shining barb, and then she did what no woman but Meriamun would have done, no not to save herself from death—she held out the naked body of her son as a warrior holds a shield. The arrow struck through and through it, piercing the tender flesh, aye, and pricked her breast beyond, so that she let the dead boy fall.

The Wanderer saw it and wondered at the horror of the deed. Then shouting aloud the terrible war-cry of the Achæans he leapt upon the board before him, and as he leapt his golden armour clanged.

Glancing around, he fixed an arrow to the string and drew to his ear that great bow which none but he might so much as bend. Then he loosed, the string sang like a swallow, and the shaft screamed through the air. Down the glorious hall it sped, and full on the breast of him who had lifted bow against the Queen the bitter arrow struck, nor might his harness avail to stay it. Through the body of him it passed and with blood-red feathers flew on, and smote another who stood behind him so that his knees also were loosened, and together they fell dead upon the floor.

Now while the people stared and wondered, again the bow-string sang like a swallow, again the arrow screamed in its flight, and he who stood before it got his death, for the shield he wore was pinned to his breast.

Then wonder turned to rage; the multitude rolled forward, and from either side their arrows flew. For the Guards at sight of the shooting of the Wanderer found heart and fought well and manful. Boldly also the slayers came on, and before them pressed many a hundred men.

Wanderer's golden helm flashed steadily, a beacon in the storm. Black smoke burst out in the hall, the hangings flamed and tossed in a wind from the open door. The lights were struck from the hands of the golden images, arrows stood thick in the tables and the rafters, a spear pierced through the golden cup of Pasht. But out of the darkness and smoke and dust, and the cry of battle, and through the rushing of the rain of arrows, sang the swallow string of the black bow of Eurytus, and the long shafts shrieked as they sped on them who were ripe to die. In vain did the shafts of the slayers smite upon that golden harness. They were but as hail upon the Temple-roofs, but as driving snow upon the wild stag's horns. They struck, they rattled, and down they dropped like snow, or bounded back and lay upon the board.

The swallow string deny, black bow twanged, and the bitter arrows shrieked as they flew.

Now all the Wanderer's shafts were spent, and he judged that their case was desperate. For out of the doors of the hall that were behind them, and from the chambers of the women, armed men burst in also, taking them on the flank and rear. But the Wanderer was old in war, and without a match in all his ways. The Captain of the Guard was slain with a spear stroke, and the Wanderer took his place, calling to the men, such of them as were left alive, to form a circle on the dais, and within the circle he set those of the house of Pharaoh and the women who were at the feast. But to Pharaoh he cast a slain man's sword, bidding him strike for life and throw if he never struck before; but the heart was out of Pharaoh because of the death of his son, and the wine about his wits, and the terrors he had seen. Then Meriamun the Queen snatched the sword from his trembling hand and stood holding it to guard her life. For she did not crouch upon the ground as did the other women, but stood upright behind the Wanderer and heeded not the spears and arrows that dealt death on every hand. But Pharaoh stood, his face buried in his hands.

Now the slayers came on, shouting and clambering upon the dais. Then the Wanderer rushed on them with sword drawn, and shield on hip, and so swift he smote that men might not guard, for they saw, as it were, three swords

aloft at once, and the silver-hafted sword bit deep, the gift of Phœnician Euryalus long ago. The Guards also smote and thrust; it was for their lives they fought, and back rolled the tide of foes, leaving a swath of dead. So a second time they came on, and a second time were rolled back.

Now of the defenders, few were left unhurt, and their strength was well-nigh spent. But the Wanderer cheered them with great words, though his heart grew fearful for the end; and Meriamun the Queen also bade them be of good courage, and if need be, die like men. Then once again the wars of War rolled in upon them, and fierce and desperate grew the strife. The iron hedge of spears was well-nigh broken, and now the Wanderer, doing such deeds as had not been known in Khem, stood alone between Meriamun the Queen and the swords that thirsted for her life and the life of Pharaoh. Then of a sudden, from far down the great hall of banquets there came a loud cry that rose above the clash of swords, the groans of men, and all the din of battle.

"Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh!" roared a voice. "Wilt thou not let the people go?"

Then he who smote stayed his hand and he who guarded dropped his shield. The battle ceased and all turned to look. There at the end of the hall, among the dead and dying, there stood the two ancient men of the Apura, and in their hands were cedar rods.

"It is the Wizards—the Wizards of the Apura," men cried, and shrunk this way and that, thinking no more on war.

The ancient men drew nigh. No heed took they of the dying or the dead: on they walked, though blood and wine and fallen tables and scattered arms, till they stood before the Pharaoh.

"Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh!" they cried again. "Dead are the firstborn of Khem at the hand of Jahveh. Wilt thou let the people go?"

Then Pharaoh lifted his face and cried: "Get you gone—you and all that is yours. Get you gone swiftly, and let Khem see your face no more."

The people heard, and the living left the hall, and silence fell on the City and on the dead who died of the sword, and the dead who died of the pestilence. Silence fell, and sleep, and the God's best gift—forgetfulness

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Discomfited Sponse.

The citizens of Gilbertsville, Montgomery county, have been furnished with quite a sensation by the actions of a married couple of that place a few days ago. According to the Pottstown Daily News, the harmony of the family circle was broken by a rupture between man and wife, and the woman in a fit of anger gave her liege lord to understand that she would get even with him even if she had to poison him, and warned him to look out. He, believing she would carry out the threat, went to the stores through the village and notified them not to sell her any poison.

Sure enough—so the story runs—she was on hand in a short time and asked for a box of "rough on rats," and the merchant to accommodate her, mixed up a potion, of which four was the main ingredient, which she took, and left the store. The storekeeper at the same time notified the husband of the woman, and when he went home for his meal he was prepared for the next act.

The meal was eaten in silence, and upon its completion he began to feel a pain of pain, and went into the next room and laid down on the lounge and intended to be helplessly set. The vindictive woman quickly went upstairs and getting a rope dropped it down through a pipehole, fastening one end on a balcony, then coming down stairs again, made a loop placed it around the neck of the apparently sick man, she then hurried upstairs and drew the rope taut and pulling on the same until she had, as she thought, her husband suspended. She then hurried out and informed the neighbors that he had hung himself. They rushed in, and lo! he was sitting on the lounge coolly smoking his pipe, while suspended from the rope was a small stove. The discomfited woman ran upstairs to escape the laughter of her neighbors, while he explained that when she had gone, after having placed the rope around his neck, he had quickly fastened it to the top of the stove.

Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after using two bottles of this medicine, was completely cured.—Anga A. Lewis, Ricard, N. H.

Ho to cure Dyspepsia.—Chew Adams' Tu. A. Lutti Gum after meals; 5 cents.

LIONS IN HARNESS.

The Long Training Needed by the Desert King Before He'll Slave.

The very spirited illustration of three lions driven abreast by a man standing erect in a Roman chariot is familiar to most residents in London. It portrays, without the usual absurd exaggeration of mural art, an entertainment which is given daily at the French Exhibition at Earl's Court.

In the centre of the large circular space which has been used during the last few years for the display of the Indians of the Wild West, the sports of the Roman Amphitheatre, &c., is erected a smaller circle, securely surrounded with iron bars, having at the back enclosed building containing dens. The "open sesame" of my host passed us into the private recesses of this prison house, in which I found four young lions, the oldest being about three years of age. These constituted the trained troupe, and there was also one younger scholar who had just been added to the collection. The education of this one was just commencing, and he still retained the feline characteristics to such an extent that any approach to familiarity was met by a snarl which displayed the unsharpened teeth of the owner, looking as sharp and needle-like as those of a puppy.

The training of these young lions rarely occupies less space of time than twelve months, and is chiefly accomplished by kindness. Mr. Darling, their trainer, informed me that he regarded force as not being desirable, as it excited the animals to rebellion and was not conducive to obedience, whereas, trained under the system adopted, each animal knows its name and answers to it. So successful are the methods employed by Mr. Darling, that he has never been bitten by the animals during the time he has had them in hand.

In addition to the lions, the collection includes two huge Bavarian boarhounds, which take a very prominent part in the performance.

After this introduction to the performers I took my seat with the audience to witness the exhibition. Mr. Darling and his assistant entered the arena with the lions and one of the dogs; the former at the word of command leaped up upon pedestals and arranged themselves in pyramidal groups. While in this position Mr. Darling placed the ends of two scarves in the mouths of the lions, forming ferceons, over and under which one of the dogs leaped; two of the lions then stopped upon a plank, forming a seesaw, the dog leaping on to the centre and swaying it from side to side. One of the lions then mounted a tricycle, working the pedals, moving the front wheel with its fore feet, while the boarhound was pushing behind. The chariot was then brought forward; one lion entered readily between the shafts and two others took their places at either side, one proving rather refractory, but, after sundry growls, he submitted to the stronger will of the trainer, who mounted the chariot and drove the trio round the circle.

The performance is very distinct from that of lion tamers in general, who rule their charges with rods of iron, and prod them with points worse than the stings of scorpions, utilizing the fear and terror of the animals at the superior power of man. Mr. Darling, on the other hand, is very familiar with the members of his troupe. The number in which he took hold of the forelegs of one of the largest and pulled him down from his pedestal, when it was not sufficiently quick in descending was amusing.

The lions are of African descent but, like like the majority of the species now in menageries, have been born in captivity, and familiarized with man from their birth. Whether they will retain their docility, as they advance toward their full size, remains to be seen; but at present they offer the most complete specimens of trained lions that I have ever been the writer's fortune to witness.

Respect to Cobras.

I had an outhouse which I wanted to pull down, but my servants begged me not to do there, and they used to feed it daily. They would sooner desert a building than eject a cobra. An Arab merchant, on the point of sailing with a cargo of coconuts from the port of Cochin, discovered a large cobra in the hold of the vessel. He had it fed and carefully preserved, as the safety of the vessel would depend on the creature's life. Whenever the natives find a dead cobra they burn its body with a piece of sandalwood, a grain of gold, coral, and other things, using the same ceremonies as they would at the funeral of a man of high caste. European soldiers and sailors sometimes turn this custom to good account by killing a cobra and selling it to the natives, who eagerly buy it for the sake of giving it a good funeral.—Life and Sport in Southern Indian, by Col Heber Drury

FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON.

A Midnight Ride With Her Majesty's Mail.

Every evening, shortly before ten, the sound of a coach-horn wakes the echoes of the Borough Market, and a four-horse mail coach may be seen making its way through the crowded Borough High Street. This is the Brighton coach, which leaves the London Bridge Parcel Post Depot, in Denmark Street, at 9.45 p. m., and is due at Brighton at 4.45 next morning.

Thinking an account of the journey might be of interest to readers, a correspondent with some difficulty, procured a permit to travel by the coach to Brighton, and presented himself next evening at the Depot, where he found the coach loading up, which, with its five bright lights in front and two red ditto behind, and glistening red paint, with the royal monogram and crown emblazoned on the panels in gold, presented a smart and dashing appearance. The interior of the coach is well lighted, and provided with a speaking tube for the purpose of communicating with the driver; there are also shelves and hooks for the convenience of the guard, who is occupied in sorting nearly the whole time. Spare pieces of harness and tools, and, of course, a coach-horn are also carried, making the equipment complete in every respect.

The average number of parcels conveyed each night exceeds a thousand, making a

NET WEIGHT OF OVER 1 1/2 TONS.

The journey is divided into five stages, twenty horses being consequently required for each journey. The up coach leaves Brighton as the down mail is starting from London, both meeting at Horley; the drivers then change coaches, the Brighton driver returning with the down coach to Brighton, and the London man bringing the up coach on to town. The guard, however, completes the journey, returning next day. He is provided with a heavy revolver and sword-bayonet, as a precaution against "road-agents"; he is further armed with a monstrous metal watch, of the shape and size formerly known as a "turnip." This chronometer is attached to a brass chain, which would, in case of need, be sufficient to manacle one of the strongest of the "road-agent" fraternity.

While he was making these observations the loading is completed, the last bag is shot in, the active guard mounts to his place and sounds his horn, and the smart team of mixed greys and roans begin to curvet and plunge across the yard. The start is made with Post Office punctuality, viz., to the minute, and as we rattle over the stones of the Borough, he was reminded of De Quincey's adventures with the Oxford mail, and Mr. Pickwick's immortal ride with the entertaining Alfred Jingle, Esq. Passing quickly along the Kennington Road and through Streatham, Driver Clark deftly tools his brisk team through the narrow streets, and round the sharp corners of Croydon, the Post Office being reached at 10.55; here some mails are left and others taken on, and the first change of horses is made. They are again on the road in a few minutes, and soon get out into the open country.

At Caterham Junction

THEY PASS THE LAST LAMP POST

from London, and find themselves speeding through the thick darkness of the quiet Surrey lanes. The guard's chronometer indicates the hour of midnight, and they almost expect to see a horseman gallop from under the dark trees, and to hear a command to "stand and deliver!" However, they meet no one. Dick Turpin is invisible. Blueskin does not make his appearance, and John Sheppard is conspicuous by his absence, the drama of "The Attack upon the Deadwood Coach" will not be played to-night. However, the night does not pass entirely without adventure: as they swing round one of the sharp corners of the road between Merstham and Red Hill, a dark object looms out of the darkness in front, and a loud shout causes the leaders to swerve across the road, and the wheelers to rear and plunge violently as they are suddenly checked, almost upsetting the coach. The cause of this alarm is a country cart, which, crawling along without a light of any kind, has almost succeeded in wrecking Her Majesty's mail. After the exchange of dry compliments and benedictions by the drivers, they pass on, and Red Hill is reached at 12.30; another mail-bag is added, and half-an-hour later they arrive at

Horley, and now Tom Banks handles the spanking team, and are to take them over the next stage upon which they are to pass through the clear song of the stillness of the night informs the

ody of the midnight songstress is regularly heard in this locality. The roads here are narrow, and the night is pitch dark, but Tom Banks seems to know every inch of the way and keeps his excellent team at a steady and uniform pace until Cuckfield is reached, where another change of horses is made, and a rattling pace is maintained over the short stage intervening between that village and Hassocks, where the horses are changed for the last time. Dawn is just beginning to break, and a rabbit darts across the way as they leave Hassocks behind and approach Brighton, which is reached at 4.45 a. m. punctually.

Certain critics have described the policy of the authorities in returning to the old system of stage coaches for mail work as a retrogressive one, but these persons must be totally unacquainted with the system pursued, or they would find that, owing to the plan followed by running the coaches by night, and the excellent and carefully worked system of connecting the main road of service with certain villages and small towns (which the railway hardly touches) by means of local carts, an actual saving of time is effected with both efficiency and economy, and a successful competition entered into with the railway.

How to Boil an Egg.

"Isn't it strange," said a short, foreign-looking man the other day to some companions while lunching together at one of the restaurants, "that not one cook in fifty, nor housekeeper either, knows how to boil an egg? And yet most people think they know this simple matter. They will tell you to drop it into boiling water and let it remain three minutes, and to be sure the water is boiling. Here is where the mistake is made. An egg so prepared is indigestible and hardly fit for a well person, let alone one who is sick to eat. The moment it is plunged into boiling water the white hardens and toughens. To boil an egg properly put it in a vessel, cover with cold water, place over the fire, and the second the water begins to boil your egg is done. The white is as delicate as a jelly and as easily digested, and nutritious as it should be. Try it." The information is worthy of consideration, since the speaker has occupied the place of chief at several of the largest hotels in the country.

There is no knowledge for which so high a price is paid as a knowledge of the world; and no one ever became an adept in it except at the expense of a hardened or a wounded heart.

New Goods TO HAND.

We have received a large stock of new Stamped Goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:

- Stamped Toilet Sets, newest designs, 35c, 45c, 60c, and 90c per set of five pieces.
- Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 35c, 45c, 75c, and \$1 each.
- Night Dress Bags, newest designs, 40c, 45c, and \$1 each.
- Splashes, 15x36 and 18x45, newest designs, 50c and 75c each.
- Carving and Tray Cases, suitable for gifts, 50c and 65c each.
- Sideboard Scarfs, 12x24, 100c each.
- Stamped Laundry, 100c each.
- Stamped Handkerchiefs, 100c each.
- Stamped Towels, 100c each.
- Stamped Bathing, 100c each.
- Stamped Bedspreads, 100c each.
- Stamped Blankets, 100c each.
- Stamped Quilts, 100c each.
- Stamped Pillows, 100c each.
- Stamped Cushions, 100c each.
- Stamped Rugs, 100c each.
- Stamped Carpets, 100c each.
- Stamped Drapes, 100c each.
- Stamped Curtains, 100c each.
- Stamped Valances, 100c each.
- Stamped Bedspreads, 100c each.
- Stamped Blankets, 100c each.
- Stamped Quilts, 100c each.
- Stamped Pillows, 100c each.
- Stamped Cushions, 100c each.
- Stamped Rugs, 100c each.
- Stamped Carpets, 100c each.
- Stamped Drapes, 100c each.
- Stamped Curtains, 100c each.
- Stamped Valances, 100c each.

espoused her brother's cause. It chanced that on this very day she went to see Rose; and Rose, having no one else to whom she could speak, had told her all the story; and though she told her tale with tears that would not be restrained, yet Rose's wrath blazed against her hotly.

"If you hadn't loved him," she cried, "I would not say a word; but to love the best and noblest fellow in the whole world, and send him off just because your papa did not approve—ugh! No, my dear; you are a coward, and I don't like cowards."

And with that speech Miss Bella departed, and Rose—poor comfortless Rose—sought a woman's one refuge. She shut herself into her room, and cried and cried and cried till the sun went down upon her sorrow and the moon looked inquisitively into her window.

When Girton reached home the moon had gone behind a cloud, and scarcely a star winked through the mist. The owls, those lovers of the dark, called to each other through the night. Otherwise the place was still; but for Phillip it was haunted. Here, in this garden, he had seen Rose first. He seemed to see her once more, coming up the walk, her white gown falling about her softly, and the passionate red roses on her bosom. Would she never come there again?

He went wearily into the house, and made straight for his room, though the whole family sat up waiting for the return of him who was their idol. But when a man's heart is breaking about his sweetheart he does not mind much who waits for him.

"Thank God," Mrs. Girton said when she heard him steal by, "it is really he. I had begun to get frightened."

"It's clear," said the vicar, when he heard Phillip's door close, "that he does not want our society; and as it's hard upon midnight, I vote that we go to bed."

"He never did want to see any one, you know, when anything troubled him," commented Bella, in a tone of apology, "not even when he was a boy."

But, mother-like, Mrs. Girton could not go to bed without some word from her darling; and finally it was decided that Bella should go in and speak to him. She found him leaning back in a great chair, smoking absent-mindedly and with a far-away look in his eyes.

"Phillip," she said, going up to him and putting her hand on his shoulder, "where have you been all day? It has been so lonely without you!"

He looked at her as if he meant to speak, but no words came; and then she lost her self-control, and knelt down beside him, sobbing and crying through her tears. "Don't mind her—don't. She isn't worth it, the little coward."

The next day Phillip started on a walking tour. There was nowhere he wanted to go—nothing he wanted to do. He only felt vaguely that he must get away from the familiar places which they two had known together; and, above all, he must put himself beyond the danger of seeing Rose. So he walked on, at the wind's will, as it seemed. He managed to walk himself foot-sore; but he came no nearer to contentment for all his wanderings.

It was August when he returned; and the Sheldons had closed Ruthven House and gone away to the seaside.

Then one strong purpose took possession of Phillip. He would get himself quite away before they returned. He had a friend—his chum at Oxford—who was the son of one of the proprietors of the Daily Bulletin, and had gone straight from the university into newspaper life. Through this man he might possibly get something to do. He went up to London. Young Lewis welcomed him gladly, and wished to make things gay for him; but he soon perceived that gaiety was not in the order of exercises. The two chums dined alone, and after dinner Girton said:

"I've had a knockdown blow, and I want to get out of England. Is there anything you can do for me? If your paper wants a correspondent anywhere between the Cape of Good Hope and the North Pole, I'll go for barely enough to keep alive on, and do my best."

"I'll think about it, old fellow, and we'll see to-morrow. Meantime there's no local ache in this extra dry." Let us drink to your brighter fortunes.

Perhaps the libation appeased the gods. At any rate, it turned out that a correspondent was wanted to write up some things in New York, and Phillip Girton went home for a box of books, the best beloved among his dogs, and a good by word, and was on the Cunarder for New York.

The Sheldons were back again at Ruthven House before Christmas, and with them various guests, among whom was one Halthree Standish, the eldest son of a Lincolnshire baronet, who was evidently at Miss Sheldon's feet. A certain cool-

ness had sprung up between the Sheldons and the Girtons; still it was not an absolute break, and Bella was at Ruthven House often enough to see how things were going. She described Halthree Standish very minutely in her letters to her brother. He was a handsome, easy-going young man, with a languid air; but he had a hot temper of his own, as his dogs and horses knew well. He would be Sir Halthree some day; and in the meantime his allowance was liberal, and Halthree Hall, an estate which had come to him through his mother, was awaiting his occupancy. He was a suitor after Robert Sheldon's own heart, and Sheldon fostered the wooing with anxious care. Bella chanced to be alone with Rose one day, and said to her almost sternly:

"Are you going to marry that fellow, Rose?"

"Yes, I suppose so. My father wishes it; and what does it matter—what does anything matter, now?"

"Nothing does matter much to you. I began to think that a long time ago. God grant it may not matter any more to Phillip by the time he gets my letter."

"It will not matter to him either, if he thinks of me as hardly as you do. I would have married him if I could. I couldn't, and now it seems to me nothing matters any more but to please papa. Will you tell Phillip that I said I had forgotten nothing?"

"No, I won't, Bella cried hotly; but she did, all the same.

Phillip was getting on well in New York. He carried good letters; and while he was making a success of his letters to the Bulletin, he was always getting work to do on one or two New York dailies. As he often said to himself, he could make his way yet if there were anything worth striving for. It gave him a bad day when he got Bella's letter. Still, it was no more than he had expected, and he too said to himself, as Rose had said, that nothing mattered any more.

It was February before he heard of the marriage, and heard also that the newly wedded pair were off for Italy.

"Ah, yes," he thought, "Italy is one of the things I couldn't have done. After all, I couldn't have done most of the things she ought to have."

Then he whistled to his dog—the one creature in new world where he found himself who belonged to the old—and off he started for a long day's tramp out from the busy town where his work waited undone. He came back at night, tired and pale, but with a strange peace on his face. His first impulse had been to work no more, struggle no more; to consider his life practically at an end. But before the day was over, a new purpose had been born in him. He could not live a happy life. Well, at least he could live a manly one. He could perhaps do something in the world yet, of which Rose might fear, and feel a little thrill of pride in the man she had once loved. At any rate, Rose or no Rose, there was work in the world to be done, and he would do his share of it; and it is an eternal law that no man can be wholly defeated unless he defeat himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Trees 650 Feet Tall.

Prof. Fred. G. Plummer, the civil engineer of Tacoma, Wash., says: "I have been all over this country and have the best collection of the flora to be found anywhere. What do you think of these trees 650 feet high? They are to be found that high in the unsurveyed townships near the foot of Mount Tacoma, and what is more I have seen them and made an instrumental measurement of a number with that result. There are lots of trees near the base of Mount Tacoma whose foliage is so far above the ground that it is impossible to tell to what family they belong except by the bark. Very few people know or dream of the immensity of our forest growth. I wish that some of our large trees could be sent to the World's Fair at Chicago. We could send a flag pole, for instance, 300 or 400 feet long."

An Intelligent Tiger.

There was no village, but a Mohammedan ryot had a farm there, and was the possessor of a few paddy fields. On inquiring of the native Superintendent what kind of place he had come to, he replied in his usual quaint way:

"This is the tigers' house, all tigers live here; here tigers, there tigers, everywhere tigers." He proved to be in the right. One night a tiger got into a cattle shed and killed seventeen buffaloes out of the herd. Finding the wall from which he had descended too high for him to escape by, he piled one dead buffalo on another until he had raised them to a sufficient height for him to use the hooped up carcasses as a stepping stone, and thus the buffaloes were found in the morning.

Strange Reptiles

An extraordinary creature of this time was the "fish-lizard." It had a head like a lizard, jaws and teeth like a crocodile, the backbone of a fish, the paddles of a whale, and the trunk and tail of a quadruped. The first skeleton of this animal was discovered in England by a country girl. She used to make her living by selling fossils, which were very abundant in her native place. One day she discovered some bones projecting from a cliff. Clearing away the rubbish, she found that they belonged to the skeleton of an animal embedded in the rock. She hired some workmen to dig out the entire rock, and the monster proved to be thirty feet long. What a sensation it created! That region, Lyme Regis, was found to be a veritable graveyard of these wonderful animals. The jaws of some of them were eight feet long and contained one hundred and sixty teeth. Whenever a tooth was lost in a conflict, a duplicate tooth in the jaw was ready to take its place. Their eyes were larger than a man's head, and possessed of very powerful and far-seeing vision, so that no matter how dark the sea nor how far distant the prey, there could be no escaping those eyes! Its stomach was like a great pouch, and it swallowed its food without chewing. It was so greedy a monster that it ate even smaller animals of its own kind!

Nobody can say for certain whether its skin was covered with scales or not. Still, as no remains of scales have been found, it was probably soft and smooth. It had to come up to the surface to breathe, like a whale, and perhaps it had "blowers" to blow out water. What a commotion it must have made!

Another animal of this family had the head of a serpent upon the neck of a gigantic swan. It was fitted for quicker motion than the fish-lizard. It probably swam on the surface like a swan, and thrust its long neck down in search of prey.

The most wonderful of all, however, was the "dragon" of which I told you. It is called by a hard Greek name which we will translate into "wing-finger." There were two points in which it resembled a bat, its eyes were so formed that it could see in the dark; and it had enormous wings joined to its claws like those of a bat. It was probably a water animal, whose wings were used to take flying leaps through the air, as the flying fish does, but probably it could remain longer on the wing.

Turkeys Routed by Grasshoppers.

Farmer James C. Fairchild, of the upper Pampa region, Pa., asserted this week that he had never known grasshoppers to be as thick in this place as they have been during August. In a three-acre field of late rye the insects were so numerous that they ate all the blades off the stalks and sucked all the juice out of them before the crop was ripe. One day Farmer Fairchild left his white vest at the edge of the lot, and when he went to put it on at night he found that the grasshoppers had eaten hundreds of holes in it. The grasshoppers seemed to increase several fold each day in that particular field, and it appeared to him as though they come out of the ground nearly full grown.

As soon as the rye was put into the barn, he turned the turkeys into the stable. A high stone wall surrounds the lot, and the turkeys drove the hordes of grasshoppers ahead of them, and gobbled up what they wanted. One day the turkey drove apparently millions of the insects into a corner of the field. They couldn't go over the wall or through it, and several bushels of the grasshoppers, Farmer Fairchild declared, turned upon his flock of turkeys and came within an ace of swamping them. The fowls were completely covered with grasshoppers, and the insects kept coming at them so thick and fast that the turkeys finally took to their legs and wings, and squalling toward the centre of the lot, though something had scared them to death.

After a little, one of the gobblers led the flock and led them back and forth. He gobbled a number of times, and the other turkeys marched up to him and gobbled defiantly at the hens bringing up the rear.

saucily as they marched. Well up toward the corner of the field the flock spread out, and in a moment innumerable wings were buzzing toward the wall. Pretty soon the grasshoppers were as thick in the corner as they had been before. There wasn't room for them all, and again they turned upon the turkeys and the turkeys turned tail in an instant, skeddaddled across the lot, and flew over the bars into the roadway. The fowls had plainly been badly scared by the grasshoppers, and since then Farmer Fairchild has been unable to get his turkeys to stay in the rye field for ten minutes at a time.

There are smiles in the morning and tears at night,
The wide world over;
There are hopes in the morning and prayers at night,
For many a rover.
There are tears unwept and songs unsung,
And human anguish keen,
And hopes and fears and smiles and tears—
But the blessings fall between.

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NEW BOOKS
PORCELAIN FINISH

PILE



The Home.

The editor will be glad to have short letters from any of his friends who feel disposed to write, asking questions, giving advice, hints to other housekeepers, receipts, or anything which they think would add to the interest of this department. But communications ought to be as brief as possible.

Patience.

Patience, or uncomplaining endurance! What a shining virtue! How edifying is its exemplification! Who has not felt a strengthening, uplifting influence radiating from some over-burdened one, patiently plodding along life's uphill road sustaining a load that would utterly crush a less indomitable person.

Patience is not an attribute of the human soul, it can only be acquired by constant watchfulness and strong effort. It is human to resist that which hinders or offers opposition. From infancy the demon impatience seeks to possess our souls. The tiny babe cries to have its wants immediately attended to; the child submits ungraciously to the denial of wished-for indulgences; the youth chafes under school and home discipline, and longs to be out upon the arena of life engaged in a hand to hand struggle for existence. Only when time has furrowed the brow and silvered the hair, when ambition has perished and hopes are dead, do we take time for retrospection. Then, with the grave yawning at our feet, we can look back and realize that impatience has only retarded our progress and sapped our strength. In holy writ we are exhorted to "possess our souls with patience," to "let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." In no other way can success be attained, for in any vocation one must encounter not only single difficulties, but, perhaps whole mountain ranges of them. Patient, persistent, plodding effort must overcome these, or they will cause defeat.

"How can I be patient!" exclaimed a tired mother who labored fifteen hours a day, administering to the wants of a large family. "My baby is cross, the house is small, and the children's noise nearly distracts me. My work accumulates until it seems like a mountain. I cannot restrain cross words, nor even blows, for to-day I whipped one of the children for a trifling offense. After they are all asleep to-night I shall have a bit of bitter remorse, but how can I help it?"

"I am completely discouraged!" said a teacher after an unusually hard day's work. "To keep fifty pupils quiet, hands, lips, and eyes in order, and to see that each requires more patience than I possess."

"There is no occasion to be impatient, as that of a tradesman," remarked a merchant whose hair and face showed signs of premature age. "I'm harassed to death with debts and credits, and often feel tempted to throw up the whole thing. It is no wonder that people commit suicide."

So through the various callings of life, one is exempt from annoyances and discouragements. Prepare for them, for they will come as surely as night succeeds day. Only he that ruleth his spirit can meet them victoriously. "How can we rule our spirits?" asks the despondent one. "We can only beyond endurance." Exhausted and weary, we find relief in hasty words and

...ever failing... free to... of it. "Ho... expressions, ... as a...

...and served with jelly. If... and served with... cream, is nice and s...

...A plain, light cake... shallow pan and served... little vinegar and...

...poured into... and surrounded... desert.

...little vinegar and... poured into... and surrounded... desert.

...poured into... and surrounded... desert.

noon? I did. The tea, coffee and bread were good, likewise my constitution, but no meat, eggs, sauce or other thing for variety, except that for a few weeks cabbage was substituted for beans, made rather a monotonous diet. To be sure when spring opened we were regaled with young onions, and I had always supposed I could not eat them, but soon learned, and made many a supper upon bread, onions and salt. A few years later, when attending to a smaller school in a home of my own, it chanced one spring that our appetites were in a better condition than our purses; so we determined to make the most of our resources. We had a fair sized yard, and tried gardening. We had a small lawn, vines, and a few flowers for ornament, and a piece of ground about fifty by sixty feet to cultivate, for profit. My better half had a knowledge of farming which came into play then; so he plowed and planted, taking spare time, or making it, night and morning for the work, as his daily labor kept him from home eleven hours of the day. For seed we had corn, beans, peas, lettuce, beets, radishes, cucumbers, potatoes, tomatoes and cabbages, though the bugs took all of the last named. We reveled in vegetables and did not buy a pound of meat from May till October, for we did not care for it. I experimented and found I could make good soups without meat, and we had vegetables in great variety of dress. I tried frying cucumbers, and green tomatoes, but cannot say I cultivated a taste for them. Corn we boiled, fried and stewed; we prefer the boiled corn, cooked only ten minutes in salted water. Our potatoes were fine, and we had them from the first of July till December. As our seed had cost about one dollar, our butcher bill nothing, our grocery bill small, and our health excellent, we felt our experiment had been a success. Tomatoes are a very great convenience. One may slice and eat them fresh; stew, fry or bake, with seasoning, and serve on moistened toast, convert into soup, add to a meat stew to give flavor, make into cassup or spiced tomatoes, or use green for pickles and preserver.

TOMATO SOUP.—One quart of pared and sliced or canned tomatoes, one quart of water, boil for forty minutes, add one-half cupful of graham or white flour, mixed to a cream with cold water, a tablespoonful of sugar, salt and pepper to taste; add one and one half cupfuls of milk, bring to a boil, and it is ready to serve.

POTATO SOUP.—Is another good dish, and easily made. Take three large potatoes, peel and slice them, cook till very soft in a quart of milk, salt and pepper, let scald, then put in a spoonful of butter and lift. For those partial to onion flavor, an improvement might be made by cooking a small onion with the potatoes. That brings to mind another, a

POTATO AND ONION SOUP.—Take three medium sized potatoes, three small onions, one-half cupful of rice. Slice potatoes and onions and put with the rice into three pints of water; cook thoroughly, pour through a colander, add salt and pepper, let scald and lift into tureen containing small lump of butter and a few crackers broken in two.

BEAN SOUP.—is also simple and healthful. Take one cupful of beans, at breakfast time, and put on in cold water with one half tea spoonful of soda, parboil, rinse with cold water, then put the beans on with a quart of clear, cold water. Let come to the boil, cook slowly till mushy, add one or two cupfuls of tomatoes, either stewed or sliced raw, and cook one-half hour, not forgetting to season with salt and pepper and a little sugar.

SPAN Pudding.—may be quickly prepared for the oven, but is only economical when a fire is required for some other purpose. One-half cupful of Indian meal, one spoonful of molasses or syrup, a very little ginger; stir together and into it pour a quart of boiling milk. When thoroughly mixed, pour into a buttered pan and bake three and one-half hours in a slow oven plain or with sweetened cream

...and served with jelly. If... and served with... cream, is nice and s...

...A plain, light cake... shallow pan and served... little vinegar and...

...poured into... and surrounded... desert.

...poured into... and surrounded... desert.

Soils for Sheep.

It is a common thing to hear farmers say that they cannot make dairying successful on their farm, but that sheep raising proves eminent profitable. By this they mean that they have learned to adapt their farm to its proper use, and have found out by experience what the soil is best suited to raise. But there is another step in this line which every sheep-raiser might ponder with some profit to himself. All breeds of sheep will not thrive on the same kind of soil, and sheep husbandry to be carried to its highest state must decide on particular breeds for particular fields. One of the causes of failure in sheep raising is that many go into the business without any adequate idea of the demands of the different kinds of sheep. All sheep to them are the same, and they do not understand the necessity of adapting breeds to soils.

In the United States and Canada this is especially an important consideration, for here we find every kind and variety of soil and climate for sheep raising. It is a well-known fact that many of the large breeds, such as the Cotswold, Lincoln and Romney Marsh, are trying to be raised on thin lands, and they prove a failure in nearly every instance. Rough rocky land, with thin vegetation, is better adapted to raising small sheep than any other animals, but it is not fit for the larger sheep. The latter demand rich, level lands, that are wet at times, and in such places they would prove a fine success. On the other hand, the Merino breed and the Southdown or the American mixture of the two would not do so well, but would invariably become diseased from the too rich and luxuriant vegetation.

The larger breeds of Europe have been raised on rich pasturage, and they need the same in this country. Sheep need to be kept in the best of condition at all times, not too fat nor too lean, and to do this the right kind of pasturage must be given them. The soils and nutriment of pasturage differ more than the different needs and demands of the several breeds of sheep. No rule can be laid down as to the best breeds for every soil, but the successful sheep owner will soon find out by experience the kinds of breeds that thrive the best on his farm. This is the only way that sheep husbandry can advance with us, and it is the true way to improve our present good breeds of sheep.

Cautions for Young Men.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie gives the following advice, intended for young men, but which older men may heed to their advantage:

"There are three great rocks ahead of the practical young man who has his feet upon the ladder and is beginning to rise. First, drunkenness, which, of course, is fatal. There is no use wasting time upon any young man who drinks liquor, no matter how exceptional his talent. Indeed, the greater his talents are, the greater the disappointment must be. I do not mean by drinking liquor the taking of a glass of beer or wine at meals. It is not necessary for a man to be a total abstainer in order to be temperate. The rule should be: Never enter a barroom and never drink liquor except at meals.

"The second rock ahead is speculation. The business of a speculator and that of a manufacturer or man of affairs are not only distinct, but incompatible. To be successful in the business world, the manufacturer's and the merchant's profits only should be sought. The manufacturer should go forward steadily, meeting the market price. When there are goods to sell, sell them; when supplies are needed, purchase them, without regard to the market prices in either case. I have never known a speculative manufacturer or business man who scored a permanent success. He is rich one day, bankrupt the next. Besides this, the manufacturer aims to produce articles, and in so doing to employ labor. This furnishes a laudable career. A man in his avocation is useful to his kind. The merchant is usually occupied distributing commodities; the banker in providing capital.

"The third rock is again to speculation: endorsing. Business men require irregular supplies of money, at some times little and others enormous sums. Others being in the same condition, there is strong temptation to endorse mutually. This rock should be avoided. There are emergencies, no doubt, in which men should help their friends, but there is a rule that will keep one safe. No man should place his name upon the obligation of another, if he has not sufficient to pay it without detriment to his own business. It is dishonest to do so. Men are trustees for those who have trusted them, and the creditor is entitled to all his capital and credit. For one's own firm, your name, your fortune, your sacred honor; but for others, no matter under what circumstances, only such aid as you can render without danger to your trust. It is a safe rule. Here, to give the cash direct that you

have to spare for others, and never your endorsement or guarantee."

An Exciting Experience.

For myself, I was "chopped down" once, and once only. It happened in this way. In the midwinter of 1879, I had occasion to visit the chief camp of the Little Madawaska. Coming from the city, and to a camp where I was a stranger to all the men, I was not unnaturally regarded as a pronounced specimen of the greenhorn. I took no pains to tell any one what the boss already well knew, that is, that I had been a frequenter of the camps from my boyhood. Many and many a neat trap was laid for my apparently "tender" feet, but I avoided them all as if by accident. As for climbing a tree, I always laughed at the idea when it was proposed to me. I always suggested that it might spoil my clothes. Before long the men, by putting little things together, came to the conclusion that I was an old stager; and, rather sheepishly, they gave over their attempts to entrap me. Then I graciously waved my hand as it were, and was frankly received as a veteran, cleared from every suspicion of being green.

At last the day came when I did wish to climb a tree. The camp was on a high plateau, and not far off towered a magnificent pine tree, growing out of the summit of a knoll in such a way as to command all the surrounding country. Its branches were phenomenally thick; its girth of trunk was magnificent. And this tree I resolved one day to climb, in order to get a clear idea of the lay of the land. Of course I strolled off surreptitiously, and, as I thought, unwatched. But there I was much mistaken. No sooner was I two-thirds of the way up the tree than, with shouts of laughter, the lumbermen rushed out of the surrounding cover and proceeded to chop me down. The chance was too good for them to lose.

I concealed my annoyance, and made no attempt to descend. On the contrary I thanked them for the little attention, climbed a few feet further up, to secure a position which I saw would be a safe one for me when the tree should fall. As I did so, I perceived, with a gasp and a tremor, that I was not alone in the tree.

There, not ten feet above me, stretched at full length along a large branch, was a huge panther, glaring with rage and terror. From the men below his form was quite concealed. Glancing restlessly from me to my pursuers, the brute seemed uncertain just what to do. As I carefully refrained from climbing any further up, and tried to assume an air of not having observed him, he apparently concluded that I was not his worst enemy. In fact, I dare say he understood what was going on and realized that he and I were fellow-sufferers.

I laughed softly to myself as I thought how my tormentors would be taken aback when that panther should come down among them. I decided that, considering their numbers, there would be at least no more danger for them than that which they were exposing me in their reckless fooling. And, already influenced by that touch of nature which makes us so wondrous kind, I began to hope that the panther would succeed in making his escape.

The trunk of the pine was so thick that I might almost have reached the ground before the choppers could cut it through. At last it gave a mighty shudder and sagged to one side. I balanced myself firmly on the upper side, steadying myself by a convenient branch. The great mass of foliage, presenting a wide surface to the air, made the fall a comparative slow one; but the tremendous sweep of the branch upward, as the tree-top described its gigantic arc, gave me a sickening sensation. Then came the dull and thunderous crash—in an instant, I found myself standing in my place, jarred but unharmed, with the snow thrust up at about me.

The next instant there was another crash, or rather a sort of screaming fall, over which the riotous laughter of the workmen; and out of the confusion of pine-branches hit the wayward arm of the panther in a whirlwind of fury. One of the choppers was in his path, and was bounded over like a clump of grass. The next bound brought the panther to the trunk of the yoke of the tree, and his cruel jaws were scratched on the bark. As the pine-branches bellowed and fell on either knee, the panther rolled with some idea, apparently, of fighting to the last. But as the men recovered from their first amazement, rushed with their axes to the rescue of the tree, the panther saw that the odds were all against him. He turned half round and greeted his enemies with one terrific and stride a snarl, then bounded off into the forest at a pace which made it idle to pursue him. The owner of the oxen hurled an ax after him, but the missile flew wide of its mark.—Charles G. D. Roberts, in St. Nicholas.

The Poets' Corner

My Girl Jinny's Blush.

She had no Maw ner Paw,
Ner any blood or kin,
'N that's luccome it happened
That we-all took her in-

Six boys thar was o' we-uns,
An' Pap he used to 'gree
That fwa of us was likly
As you would wish to see,

An' Jinny used to pleg me
Fer belfa' big an' lean,
All han' an, foot an' freckles
The thickest ever seen.

First off, I didn't mind it--
Them funnin' ways o' horn;
But when she took to growin'
Like a slim young forest fern,

I knowed I wasn't nothin'
Bot off 'gint John and Jim,
An' Ted--I looked at him
An' seen his chance with Jenny

So I lowed to never mention
How much I keered fer her,
Cuz I fedge to pine in secret
In passole enler

I aped a friendly manner
An' talked with her right smart
About her beaus, an' rockoned
She hedn't any heart.

In a suddint, curvus fashlon
An' the blue eyes wuz wet, an' sho
Was plak as any rosebush;
An' I--well, when I soo

Eda W. McOLASSON.

A Mother's Watch.

Bring roses!
And every star-eyed bud that blows
In sun-bathed garden, walks, and clozes,

She is not dead!
But slumbering lightly, whilst the hours
Are marshaled by Life's even tread

Oh, slumber, sweet!
Thy mother knows thou wilt awake
Before the truant sun shall greet

What dost thou say?
Sho'll ne'er awake! Man, pray beware!
The words thou breathest, to conscience pay--

Oh! O death!
Which one has served most cruelly
This aching heart! the icy breath

It must not be!
Thy mother's heart so closely twined
About thine own will bleed if free

God how I writhe!
This torturing grief hath left lips dry,
And bosom racked, the mother's scythe

My one sweet child!
That brought the sunlight to my heart,
Till all its dark, drear floor was tiled

NINA PICTON.

Sympathy.

We talked together you and I:
It was a quecnly night in June:
Low hung the moon in yonder sky,

Your gentle hand was mine to hold:
My ill-led heart began to speak;
And ever, as the tale was told,

Old loss that would not let me rest,
Old grief that slept, but ever lay
A lan-uid load upon my breast,

Up climbed the moon, slow waned the night,
And still you bent to hear me speak;
I drank the comfort of the light

From off my life the burdens fall,
Still in their grave through, tranquil years
They rest, those weary sorrowers all,

DANSKE DANDEIDGE, in Harper's Bazar.

From the Height.

Sails go out and sails come in
Close by the headland gray
And looking down from the starry height

In the full, broad shimmer of summer light,
I watched them on their way--
Sailing sailing away!

Out in the morning one by one;
Horns as they grow late,
With a "heave-ho!" and "heave yo-ho!"

So you in your busy life go by
With a heart that is strong to win,
With a song of cheer when storm-winds roll,

JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

The Village Choir.

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward I
Into a awful ditch,
Choir and precentor hith,

Screached all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered;

Dire the precentor's glare
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Scounding the fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.

A Ode of Morals.

Now Jones had left his wed bride to keep
his house in order,
And hied a way to the Hurrum Hills, above the
Afghan border,

And love had made him very rage, as nature
made her fair,
So Cupid and Apollo linked, per heliograph,
the pair.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in scar-
let clad and gold,
As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal
of the old

'Twas General Bangs, with aside and staff, that
litupped on the way,
When they beheld a heliograph tempestuously
at play.

"Dash dot dot, dot, dot dash, dash dot dot,"
twice. The General swore
"Was ever general officer addressed as 'dear'
before!

The artless aide-de-camp was mute, the glided
stuff were still,
As, dumb with pent up mirth, they booked that
message from the hill:

At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed
her counsel wise--
But howsoever love be blind, the world at large
hath eyes.

The artless aide-de-camp was mute, the shining
stuff were still,
And red and even redder grew the General's
shaven gill.

All honor unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones there-
after know,
By word or act official, who read off that helio!
But the tale is on the frontier, and from Michu!
to Mooltan

-RUDYARD KIPLING.

Twelve Highest Mountains in the World.

The honour of being the highest mountain
in the world belongs now to Mount Hercules,
New Guinea, which is said to be 32,763 feet
in height.

The following may be considered the twelve
highest mountains:--

- 1. Mount Hercules, New Guinea... 32,763 feet
2. Mount Everest, Himalayas... 29,002
3. Dapsang--Karakorum, Thibet... 29,271
4. Mount Godwin Austen, Hima-
layas... 29,265
5. Kinchinjunga, Himalayas... 29,150
6. Dhaulagiri, or the Great White
Mountain, Himalayas... 29,079
7. Tagama, Eastern Pamir... 25,800
8. Nanda-Dovi, Himalayas... 25,700
9. Sad-Istragh, Hindu-kush... 24,174
10. Khaz-Tengri, Thibet... 24,000
11. Trisul, Himalayas... 23,400
12. Aconcagua, Chili... 23,290

Some authorities gave the Sorata peak of
the Andes range as 25,207 feet, whilst others
of a more recent date give its height as only
21,280 feet.

The South American Andes, which have an
extreme length, without allowance for de-
viations, of 4,500 miles, is the biggest moun-
tain range in the world.

Planting Potatoes.

A writer in the American Cultivator says:
"One does not need to visit many potato
fields at this season of the year to convince
him as to which is the best method, early or
late planting.

Another preventive both to potato bugs
and the rot is to adopt some system of rota-
tion of crops on the farm.

it will be a harder battle than the previous
year to keep them down.

A field as far away from the old one as
possible should be selected for the next
season's crop of potatoes.

Valuable Eggs.

Not a few of the eggs of British birds are
worth more than their weight in gold, while
those of certain species which are supposed
to have become extinct being fabulous
prices.

The guillemot is one of our commonest
cliff birds, and is found in greatest abun-
dance at Flamborough Head.

At the British breeding stations of the
gannet or Solan goose the parents of birds
breed annually, though in numbers less than
formerly.

In Heligoland.

'Crime there is none, for no criminal could
possibly escape except with the connivance
of practically the whole population.

Who can say
that we must not plant the same kind of
crop on the same ground two or three years?

A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER XXII.—A DOLL'S HOUSE.

"Poverty, my friends," observed an ancient (and modern) divine, whom I had once the pleasure to hear preach, "is attended with many inconveniences; and more particularly is this true," he added, sinking his voice to the most confidential tone, "of *abject poverty*." It was evident that he believed himself to have given the congregation "a tip," which they could not easily have derived from any other source. However, if mistaken on that point, the good clergyman's statement was undoubtedly a correct one. The poverty which so often forms the subject of eulogium, is, in fact (or ought to be), not poverty at all, as the poor understand it, but simply moderate means; the desire of him who prayed: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." This showed sentiment is worth all the romantic rubbish about cultivating literature on a little oatmeal, all the philosophic indifference to comfort, all the pseudo-religious delight in dirt and horse-hair. That riches harden the heart, and make gross the soul, is very true; but not more so than that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." To have to live from hand to mouth; to have to look at every sixpence before you spend it; to be cutting and contriving all day long to make things fit, as though life were a Chinese puzzle; to struggle and strain, as though one was strapping a portmanteau, at making both ends meet—this is a condition of affairs that seldom bears good fruit. Slavery to mammon, when mammon represents a quarter of a million, is disgusting and despicable; but slavery to a four-penny piece is also to be deprecated. Of course, the question of what is riches, and what is poverty, is a relative one; but moderate means may be well defined as, means with a margin. It is indeed pretended that "he who owes no man," or who "lives within his income," is in a sense rich; but if this is only just effected, if, though there be no lack, there is nothing over, this envied individual is, in effect, as one in mid-ocean in a ship which is warranted to float only so long as the "sea disturbance" never exceeds five. Upon the least emergency, and when the balance of expense is the least disturbed, like the poor *captain* with its too scanty freeboard, down he goes.

Now, Martha Barr's income was one of those so calculated to eke out for the ordinary expenses of life, that leap-year was a strain on her resources, butcher-meats, leaves—*not to mention* fish was dear at Brackmere—were items of which pecuniary provision was made, beforehand to a nicety; in short, everything was "constant," except her charities, which varied as the demand for them, and these put her to the sorest straits of all. The addition, therefore, of Mabel to her little household was a matter of the gravest importance, a difficulty, however, which her grateful guest, fortunately for her own peace of mind, had no means of estimating. "Bellevue Terrace," which Martha resided, consisted, indeed, of the very smallest houses—to be called such Mabel had over seen. When you entered the lobby, a single stride would have brought you into either of the three rooms that formed the parlour; or, when you entered the dining-room, and held the door open, you would have seen the apartment, if such it could be called, into the bow-window, and the landing, "the landing" it was so called, and the cabin, where the two sisters were the only persons who had ever seen Mabel.

"I did hear a bell; but I thought it was you, ringing for Rachel." "No, dear; no, my child. The fact is—here Martha hesitated nervously—"I don't ring for Rachel; that is—not my bedroom-bell. You see it brings her up all these stairs so unnecessarily, once to hear she one requires, and again to go and get what I find it more convenient to come out into the landing, and call over the banisters for what I want. Now, don't you think that a good plan?"

"I thought it an excellent plan—for I and smiled approvingly. "I am so sorry to be late, dear Martha," said Mabel, "but just as well to mention it, my dear; or at least, it happened, so that she it is not likely to occur again, that any apology is would be ridiculous; and I would be too well. Oh, waste! How she

"But I am sure, Martha," urged she, "that that little room next to yours would have suited me capitally, and been quite big enough."

"Hush, hush! that is my good Rachel's," whispered Martha; "we could not turn her out, you know. She can't sleep down stairs, because it is so lonesome, although, indeed, there are plenty of black beetles. I am sure my Rachel has taken to you already."

"That is very good of her," said Mabel. "I think I'll just stop down, and help her up with the luggage. Nay, Martha" for her hostess blocked the way with a reproving finger: "I am not going to be a fine lady any longer, I do assure you, who can do nothing for herself."

"Hush!" interrupted Martha in the same cautious tone; "you and I will bring up your box, and so on. My good Rachel is a most estimable person, and invaluable in a house—quite a *chef* in the way of cookery, and would make a bed with any woman in England; but she is a little peculiar."

At which mysterious word Martha pursed her lips, and nodded her head, in a manner that led Mabel to apprehend that her good Rachel was a little mad. That she was "peculiar" was positively certain. In the first place, she had only one eye; and if she had really "taken to Mabel," that organ was not an index of her mind, for it had regarded her with unmistakable malevolence. This domestic was tall and angular in figure, and very grim, save for an occasional convulsion of the features, with one of which—supposed to be a smile of welcome—she had received her mistresses on her return.

"All well, Rachel!" the latter had cheerily inquired.

"The cat's ill, ma'am, and the beetles be woss than ever: it's my belief that they've disagreed with him."

"Well, we must try something else to get rid of them," had been her mistress's conciliatory reply—"You see I've brought you our promised visitor."

At this pointed reference to the duties of hospitality, there was an expression in Rachel's face such as ensues in others only upon mortal struggle with a fish-bone. Then she had vanished down the kitchen stairs, for the obvious reason, that there was no room for her elsewhere, but with the air of a patriot unjustly exiled.

"The fact is, if my good Rachel has a weakness," continued Martha, "it lies in a mistaken sense of duty. She leaves nothing undone—that I will say—which ought reasonably to be expected of her; but she is very punctilious about what it is "her place" to do. Hence arises this little difficulty; and now I'll leave you to unpack."

The difficulty in question being the getting Mabel's leathern box up the cabin stairs, accomplished upon Martha's part—who insisted upon being the one to go backwards—only by infinite perseverance, and a determination of blood to the head.

While Mabel was still engaged in unpacking, she heard a bell ring, or rather tingle, just as those very little bells are wont to do when struck by a marble in the child's game of cockamareo, or by a ball in the centre hoops of croquet. She concluded at once that this was Martha's timid summons to Rachel. It seemed to say: "I do want you, my good creature; but pray, do not put yourself out. If you are pleasantly engaged, forgive me. I am quite distressed at having tingled." Presently there was a knock at her door, so soft, that it might have been the twin-sister of the other sound.

"My dear, I hope you are nearly ready. Did you not hear the bell? I have no doubt Rachel has got something nice and tasty; and if it spoils, why, that will naturally—"

"I did hear a bell; but I thought it was you, ringing for Rachel."

"No, dear; no, my child. The fact is—here Martha hesitated nervously—"I don't ring for Rachel; that is—not my bedroom-bell. You see it brings her up all these stairs so unnecessarily, once to hear she one requires, and again to go and get what I find it more convenient to come out into the landing, and call over the banisters for what I want. Now, don't you think that a good plan?"

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Here the tingle ceased, and some small hard object seemed to strike upon the oil-cloth that paved the hall.

"Dear me, she has rung the tongue out," cried Martha in alarm. "I've only known her do that once before. My good Rachel is a most invaluable person; but just now and then—especially in the autumn—a little hasty in her temper. One can't have everything, however, and it is foolish to expect perfection."

It would have been exceedingly foolish, at all events, very disappointing, to have expected perfection in Martha Barr's retainer; had that lady, in fact, been a person devoted to social ambition, the fiction of her keeping a domestic servant at all, in the person of Rachel, might have been set down to sheer boastfulness and pride. Their relative positions seemed rather to be those of lodging-house keeper and of tenant behind-hand in the rent—such a high-handed virago was Rachel, such a diffident humble suppliant in all respects was her nominal mistress. The latter had originally engaged this myrmidon, because she was ill favoured and chronically out of place; and obligation working in Martha's case (as in some good folks it does) as favour works with others, she had grown more and more her debtor, until there was no possibility of release. What underlay her misplaced attachment for this cyclops was, without doubt, the conviction, that if she cast her forth, Rachel would starve; but she had really contrived to persuade herself that the woman had good qualities, and had so defended and stood by her—for her foes were many—that like some commercial house which has made advances beyond reason to a failing merchant, she now continued her support for the sake of her own credit almost as much as for that of her client. It was curious, but by no means contrary to human experience, that Martha Barr was herself an excellent domestic manager, and recognised a good servant or a bad one at a glance in other households; and the reputation that she enjoyed, in this respect among her friends, had been, and was, of incalculable advantage to Rachel, who would otherwise have, long ago, in that court which sits in perpetual judgment upon "the greatest plague of life," the jury of matrons—been pronounced an unceremonious bankrupt.

At supper, the chops were burned outside, and would have suggested the idea that they were "done to a cinder," whereas the cook had prepared what gastronomers call "a surprise," inasmuch as the interior was almost raw; while the potatoes had not only that attribute so praised by Irishmen, of having "the bone left in them," but were throughout of the consistency of a green apple. The plates, however, it must be acknowledged, had seen more of the fire than their contents; and the hostess took occasion to remark, that "if there was one thing more than another for which Rachel could be relied upon, it was for having the plates hot."

If the viands had been over so tempting, it would not have made much difference to Mabel, whose appetite was far from keen.

"You have gone through a good deal to-day, my darling," said her kindly hostess, "and yet you eat like a sparrow. I must insist upon your having a glass of wine. It is not usual for me to have wine, as you see, from Rachel not having put out the glasses; but this one occasion must be an exception—not that it is a gala night to you, God knows, my child. I can guess very well what you are thinking about, and I feel for you with all my heart: this is a poor house and scanty fare."

"Martha!" cried Mabel, starting up, "what do you take me for? Why are you so cruel and unjust? When have I shown myself capable of entertaining such base thoughts as you impute to me?"

"Base thoughts, my darling; stuff and nonsense! Of course there is a mighty difference between the rectory and this doll's house; you may not feel it to-day, because your mind is busy with farewells and regrets, but you must needs feel it in time. Well, I can give you but one thing as good and genuine as even the rectory was wont to offer—here's the glass, dear; and see, I pour myself out another to the brim: it's a welcome, my dear Mabel. Your health, dear child, and welcome, from the bottom of my heart."

To see Martha Barr drain her glass (it was filled up to the cut inside of the brim, and contained about two thimblefuls), then clasp Mabel's hand, was quite a bacchanalian spectacle.

"It's good wine, my child, and fit to drink such a toast as this in, for it came from your own father's cellar. He sent me a dozen of it when I was recovering from an ague, twenty years ago; and there is but another bottle left. That shall be opened on the day when I see you married, Mabel, to the man you love—for you will love some

man some day, lassie, for all you shake your pretty head; it is not reasonable that you should wither away alone through life, like me and Rachel. There's a good girl; but you should drink it up to the last drop, as I used to tell you in old days, when you used to be so naughty with your senon: it's a sin and a shame to waste such wine as that. Mr. Simcoe says there is nothing like it in all Brackmere—not even at the *George*, where the Princess Charlotte once put up at—and he's an excellent judge. Upon my life, I don't know what to do about it," added Martha, standing irresolute, with the decanter in one hand and the stopper in the other.

"Don't know what to do about *what*, my dear?" asked Mabel, wiping from her eyes the tears evoked by the kindly welcome of her old friend.

"Why, about giving a glass of this wine to Rachel. It seems so ill-natured not to offer a drop to the good creature on an occasion of this sort, for she's a kind sympathising soul. But then she has often told me that spirits disagree with her dreadfully, and perhaps it may be the same with port wine. You have no idea what a delicate liver my excellent Rachel has!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Habits With Our Hands.

What to do with the hands, especially on important social occasions, is with many persons, even of cultured habits, often a disturbing problem. No one likes to appear awkward, and frequently the very dread of doing so precipitates the result that was feared says Good Housekeeping. Quiet self-possession, especially amid unwonted scenes, is the solution of all perplexing matters of this sort; but unfortunately the command to be self-possessed is much easier to give than to obey. What to do with the hands, therefore, is best solved by doing nothing with them. If no thought is given them, they will naturally take care of themselves, in a manner that will attract no attention and give no mortification to the possessor. One thing, however, should be early instilled into the practice of children, and it is then most easily made a rule of conduct; keep the hands at rest when there is nothing for them properly to do. The practice of incessantly toying with whatever may be within reach is one of the most annoying imaginable, in that class of habits which do not directly affront other people, and is not by any means confined to those who might be classed as ill-bred.

An incident in point will illustrate the practical phase of this habit. The writer once noticed a clergyman whose fingers were never at rest. No sooner was his prayer begun than they began their work. While the man of God prayed long and earnestly his busy fingers explored every portion of the external surface of the reading-desk. They found each nail that had been used in the polstering, dwelt upon its head with a gentle emphasis, as though distinctly to indicate it to the congregation—who certainly followed the preacher's fingers much more generally than his prayer every junction of the plumb was traced back and forth, as though to find possible entrance for the persistent fingers' ends; and when, finally, a small rent in the covering was revealed, it seemed, from the fond persistence with which the aperture was fondled, coaxed together, drawn apart and explored, that the object of all the research was at last realized. Of all this ridiculous fumbling the perpetrator was, of course, entirely oblivious—and that was the worst phase of the matter; the habit had become fixed, and is, doubtless, a life long possession—such as it is.

Woman.

JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

Uncomprehended and uncomprehending,
The darling, but the despot of our days—
Smiling she smites us—fondling us, she slays,
Still madly loving us, yet still contending,
And proudest when her conquered heart is bending,
And most unyielding when she most obeys—
She is so fashioned that her face betrays
The struggle ended, long before the ending,
She's like a bubble borne along the air,
Forever brightest just before it breaks—
Or like a lute that's mute ere it wakes,
In trembling ecstasies of love divine;
Woman is always just across the line
Of her own purposes. Beware! beware!

Used by all athletes, base-ball players, bicyclists, etc., to keep the throat moist. Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners everywhere; 5 cents.

CAN A MOTHER FORGET?

In one of the poorest and most overcrowded parts of poor and overcrowded London stands a little whitewashed house, differing from the squalid places round it only in its perfect cleanliness—for on entering nothing but the plainest and most necessary furnishings are to be found.

One bitter night early in February there sat, in the hardly-furnished sitting room, a young priest. He was evidently expecting someone, and some one he loved; for from time to time, he stirred the fire and looked with something like a sigh at the meagre meal which was prepared on the table. "I must not put on coals," he said to himself, "for if the fire is really bright when he comes in, he will grudge himself the warmth. I dare not make ready a comfortable meal, for he will grudge himself the food. It is always so, for he thinks that he alone can do without rest, warmth, and comfort; for oh! how tender and thoughtful he is about every one else!"

As he sat down again, the door opened to admit a tall, powerful man, looking weary beyond words, and wet to the skin. It needed not his clerical dress to assure any who saw him what his calling was; for interesting as his face must have been under any circumstances, it was rendered beautiful by the beauty of holiness, and the strength and sweetness mingled in it made it like the face of an angel.

"Dear brother," he said, as he came in, "I can go out no more this night, for my body is so weary and my heart so sore that I feel helpless and dispirited as I have rarely felt before. The sun and the suffering, the wretchedness and poverty, above all, the cry of the children, are breaking my heart. And if mine—O Thou loving Shepherd! what must the suffering be to Thee, in Thy perfect purity and unqualified tenderness? How long, O Lord, how long?"

He sank down on a chair and buried his face in his hands for a few moments, while the younger priest looked at him sadly and anxiously. It was so unusual for Father Warren's face to be clouded and so rare for his spirit to be despondent that he felt sure something was wrong, and that overwork and constant exposure were at last beginning to tell even on his magnificent health and frame. "Now, dear father," he said beseechingly, "do put on dry clothes and rest this evening and take a long quiet sleep, for if you persist in this constant self-forgetfulness, you will have to give up work altogether, and I think no greater trouble could befall you and us than that."

"Well, truly," replied Father Warren, "I am resolved to go out no more this night, for, though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak." He had hardly finished speaking when a ring was heard at the door, and the servant entering, said, "Father, a lady desires to see you, and begs you will not refuse her."

"Let me go," said the young priest, jumping up. "It is too hard, this perpetual importunity. I will speak to her, and tell her how unfit you are to do anything more or see any one this evening."

"Do so, my son," said Father Warren, "but let it be courteously and gently said, as befits those who speak in the name of a gentle and never-weary Master."

The young man crossed himself and left the room; he returned, however, after a few minutes, with a disappointed and somewhat mortified air.

"She will have none of me, dear father, but desires to see you and you, only, and in very truth I feel myself asking for her, her pleading is so touching and her longing so earnest that I have gone over to her side and can resist her wish no longer."

Father Warren rose briskly and said, "Do not let her wait a moment longer. I feel to blame that she has waited so long already. Bring her in at once, I pray you," and while the priest hastened to obey he placed a chair near the fire, and muttering to himself, "Neither turneth a deaf ear to any poor man," he put the teapot on the table and prepared to receive cordially the unexpected visitor.

The door was gently opened by a tall lady, dressed in black. She was exceedingly fair to see, beautiful in feature and carriage beyond most women; but there was an inexplicable charm far beyond even that—a dignity and perfection of manner and appearance such as Father Warren had never seen before.

Advancing toward him, she said in a low, clear, and most melodious voice "Forgive me, dear father, for disturbing you so late, and on such a night; but no other could fulfill so well the mission which I ask you to undertake. Will you come with me to bring comfort and happiness to a departing and erring soul? and will you bring the Holy Sacrament with you, that, having

confessed and been absolved, he may go hence in peace?"

"Dear lady," answered Father Warren, "I have not eaten since the morning. My clothes are wet through, and I am very weary. Another priest of God more worthy than I shall go with you."

"Nay," she said looking wistfully at him, "I pray you, go with me yourself, for to you was I sent, and the time is very short. I beseech you to come with me and make no delay. By the love of the Blessed Mother for her Son, by the love of that Son for all his erring children, I implore you come with me, and come quickly."

She pleaded so earnestly and tenderly, and yet with something of authority in her tone, that the father yielded; and forgetting all but her anxiety and that some one had need of him, he hastily put on a cloak and left the house with her.

A strong, biting wind and sharp sleety rain made walking difficult and conversation almost impossible, so he followed the lady silently as they sped quickly along the narrow streets. Father Warren could not but marvel exceedingly that the lady did not seem to be aware of wind nor rain nor anything round her, but with firm tread and head erect she walked calmly and quietly though very rapidly on.

She moved as one with a set purpose, while a smile of hope brightened her grave face.

At last after walking thus for a considerable distance, they came to one of those quiet, old-fashioned squares, once the chosen residence of the wealthiest Londoners, but now deserted for places further from the crowded centre of the huge city.

She stopped at one of the houses, and, knocking firmly and decidedly at the door, she turned round to the priest and said: "I have shown you the place and told you of the sore need of one who lives there. I can do no more, and must go now. May the blessing of God the Father, the love of God the Son, and the help of God the Spirit go with you now."

She turned rapidly away and was quickly out of sight, leaving the priest little bewildered at receiving so solemn a blessing from a lady and a stranger, and yet with the feeling that there was nothing unsuitable nor unbecoming in her giving it.

Before, however, he had time to collect his thoughts or explain to himself what he really felt about it all, the door was opened by a stout, comfortable, respectable servant, who seemed rather astonished at his appearance. "I have been summoned to a dying bed," he said; "pray take me at once to the room."

The woman looked perplexed, and answered: "There ain't no dying beds here, nor hasn't been this long time. Thanks be to Heaven, we're all well in the house Sir!"

"There must be some mistake," replied Father Warren, "for I was conducted here by a lady who fetched me herself to the very door, and was in much anxiety and haste."

"There's no lady got no right to fetch any one here, and mistake there surely is," said the woman, rather testily; but looking at the priest and recognizing his holy character, she went on: "But you had better come in and explain it to the young master—for sure am I he wouldn't like a leggar turned from the door on a cruel night like this, let alone a holy man like you, as is well known to the poor and needy." So saying, she led the priest into a most comfortable room where was seated alone a young man evidently waiting for his dinner, preparations for which were on the table before him.

"This reverend gentleman has been led astray, Sir, by some visiting lady, and brought out of his room, where better he would have been on a night like this, as rampaging the streets to come to a house where dying beds there is none, and nothing but health and comfort, the Lord be praised. But I knew as you would not wish him sent away, Sir, for the sake of her as is gone, and perhaps you can put him in the way to find the right house."

The young man smiled, evidently well accustomed to the ways of his faithful old servant, and, rising courteously, led Father Warren to a seat by the blazing fire. "Why, you are wet through and through," he said. "At least let me take off your cloak, and rest a little, while you tell me how I come to the honor of this visit."

The father could not withstand the genial greeting, and, sitting down, told the young man how he came there. As he tried to do this, however, he found himself quite at a loss to explain the impression the lady had made on him, and how powerless he felt to resist her opportunity, or even to question her as to where she was leading him.

His host was grieved and concerned at the useless fatigue and exposure he had gone through, and said: "I fear you have, in your ready self-sacrifice, given way too easily to some charitable lady, more zealous

than judicious, who, in her desire to do much, has, to say the least, done too much, and made a mistake in an address which we can neither of us rectify."

Father Warren shook his head sadly, for he felt how completely he had failed to represent truly his calm and dignified visitor, and he sighed as he thought how, after all, her mission had failed.

"I shall not let you go out again till you are thoroughly warm and fed," said the young man; "and you must just console yourself by the thought of the kindness you are doing in sharing my lonely dinner, and in giving me the pleasure of your company on such a dismal night as this."

The worn-out, hungry man yielded to the cordiality and heartiness of the bright youth's manner, and soon they were together as though they were old friends. They seemed drawn toward each other in some mysterious way, and their hearts were opened, and they spoke as neither had done for years.

"I once belonged to your church," said the lad in rather sad, regretful tones; "but I belong to no church now. Since my dear mother died, nothing seems of real interest, and I feel that if she were, indeed, living, in any state she would find some way to communicate with me, for heaven itself could bring no joy to her if I were shut outside. And, indeed, it is much the same with me, for I have tried every kind of life to forget my loneliness, but everything becomes dreariness without her, and I have found no one to fill her place."

"Nay, not so, dear boy," said Father Warren, very gently, "you have not tried everything—not faith and patience and perfect submission, with forgetfulness of self, the only things that can bring you peace and content."

"I do not want peace," replied the boy—for he was little more in his impetuous, loving heart—"I want happiness. I want my mother, I want my old full life back again. It cannot be true that she is living anywhere, in any condition, and has forgotten her only child, her boy, her companion and her friend. My father died suddenly of heart disease before I was born, and my mother and I were all in all to each other; we had not a thought apart. No! she is dead indeed! gone forever! Dust and ashes! and the sooner I am the same, the sooner will the ebbing of my heart be stopped, and a useless life be over!"

Father Warren was deeply moved by the passionate outcry and evident sincerity of the lad's grief. His mother had been dead for three years, and he had not allowed anything to be touched or altered in the old house. He could not bear any change in her arrangements, and her books and work lay about as if she were still a living presence there.

As they talked together it became evident that the young man had drifted into disbelief of all kinds, and was tossed about on that dreary sea, forlorn and hopeless.

It would not become me to try and repeat the powerful arguments and loving pleadings used by the faithful servant of his Master to win back this lost soul.

The life of the priest was well known to the lad, and he remembered in what terms his mother had always spoken of him, how she had told of rank and wealth put aside by him, that he might the better bring comfort and hope to the poor neglected people among whom he lived, and his heart burned within him as the holy man pleaded with him more and more strongly to return to the fold he had left, but where his place was always kept ready for him.

"Come back, come back," he said, "to the faith and the Church which made your mother what she was—what she is. It is you who, by unbelief and waywardness, have raised the barrier between you. It is you who have closed the door so that her holy angel cannot come to you. Return to the Church of God. Confess your sins and receive absolution, remembering that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance. Open your ears and your heart now, so that, through my poor lips, you may hear your angel another pleading with you for your salvation—for another triumph for the blessed Saviour's cross."

I know not what further words he said, nor dare I venture to describe the feelings of the youth as he listened; but, all the while, his hotter nature conquered, and kneeling before the priest he said:

"Receive me back again, I pray you, bless me, even me also, O Father Warren, however unworthy I am." "I think it wiser that you should take this with you, and you are calmer and have prayed with prayer, for surely you would be far more ready to leave you than I am."

"Now, I beseech you, dear father, do not leave me so, unabsolved; but if it is your wisdom you think it well that I should reflect further alone, then go into my library and take there the rest you so much need for a few hours, while I remain here and think of all you have said."

To this Father Warren assented, and passed into the adjoining room, leaving the young man alone.

He looked around him before sitting down, and found in the books, magazines, little works of art, and pictures, further evidences of the refinement and intelligence which had been so marked in everything he had seen in the house. But what arrested his attention most, and fascinated while it startled him, was the picture of a beautiful lady in full evening dress which hung over an old bureau, and beneath which was a vase of white flowers, evidently placed there by some loving hand.

"Where have I seen that face before?" he thought. "It seems fresh in my memory, and yet I have seen none such for many years." He took up a book and sat down before the fire, trying to rest. Tired as he was, he could not sleep, for the picture seemed to haunt and disturb him. Again and again he rose to look at it, till suddenly it flashed across him, "The lady that brought me here to-night! How like, and yet how different!"

While he was still standing looking, his new friend entered and said quickly, "You are looking at the portrait of my mother! It is very like her. Is she not beautiful? Can you not feel now how I must miss her sweet company every hour of the day? Is it not strange that I feel nearer her to night than at any time since she died and left me alone? Indeed, I feel now as if she were not really dead—as if we must meet again. Will you receive my confession now, father, and give me absolution before I sleep, and then I think I shall feel as if the black wall between us had been broken down for ever."

"Willingly, my son," answered the good priest.

Into that solemn interview and subsequent conversation it is not for us to intrude, but it was very late before they parted for the night, and it was arranged that they should meet again at the 7 o'clock service in the mission-room chapel the following morning. Imagine then the disappointment of Father Warren when the service began and ended and his young friend did not appear.

He was very sad. Accustomed as he was to disappointments of this kind, he had never felt one so keenly as this before. He had been so confident of the lad's earnestness, of the strength of his resolve that he would not give up hope. "I will go with him," he thought, "before I return home or break my fast. Holy Mother, get with me, I beseech thee!"

He hastened away, and not without some difficulty found the house again. He was not surprised to find the blinds down and no sign of life, for it was not yet 8 o'clock. "Ah! here is the explanation," he exclaimed cheerfully. "Unaccustomed to such early hours, both servants and master are still probably asleep, and he knocked loudly at the door."

It was quickly opened by the same servant as the evening before. But oh! how changed in her appearance. Her eyes were streaming with tears, and she looked ten years older. In a voice broken by sobs she said: "He is dead. He is gone. Passed away in the night in his sleep; no sound, no cry. The best master that ever lived told my husband to call for me when he went to do so, and he came so calm and quiet, like a lamb to the slaughter."

Father Warren entered the room, and the lady, lying calm and quiet, like a lamb to the slaughter, but with such a look of death in his beautiful face, that he felt as if he were in the presence of the dead.

"Who is she?" he asked. "The lady who brought me here to-night?" "Yes, she is she." "Where is she?" "In the room above."

"I will go with you," he said, "and receive your confession, and give you absolution, and then I will leave you, and you will be at rest."

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ELECTRICAL.

It is a singular fact that while so much of the practical electrical work of the world is done in this country, so many of our leading electricians should hail from the other side of the world. Thus, for example, Alex. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, is a Scotchman. While Mr. Edison is a thorough American, the Canadians think they have some share in his glory, owing to the closeness of his connections with them; besides this, Mr. Edison's right-hand technical men, Messrs. Batchelor and Kennelly, are both Englishmen. Prof. Elihu Thompson, the distinguished Bostonian, has been in this country nearly all his life, but hails from the north of England. George Ward, the general manager of the Commercial Cable Company, was once an Englishman, but now salutes the Stars and Stripes; and the same may be said of the editors and proprietors of two or three of the leading electrical journals, as well as of Leo Duft, the electric railway pioneer. Another electric railway pioneer of the first order is Chas. J. Vandepoole, a Belgian. One of the most successful inventors in the field of alternating current is Nikola Tesla, a Magyar, who has the support of George Westinghouse; and while they are not domiciled in this country, such men as Carlele A. Faure, Prof. George Forbes, and Anthony Reckenzaun, are frequent visitors, and have done a good deal of their best work on this side of the water.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The recent tests of the Lineff tramway system in England have created a favorable impression. The report on these experiments gives a general description of the system, and points out that the car can, when running at full speed, be stopped within a distance of nine feet, and that the charged region of the insulated rail can be restricted to about nine feet on each side of the centre of the car. The charged part is wholly underneath the car, so that all the line accessible to pedestrians or animals is uncharged and cannot give a shock. The collection of current is said to be so arranged as to give no sparking, and the magnetic picking up gear to be perfectly trustworthy, both on a straight line and on a branch crossing. With regard to the economy of the system, the report goes on to say that the "total amount of steam power required at the station would, with storage cars, be about double that required by the Lineff system."

The electric light is being turned to very artistic use by a prominent wall paper manufacturer of New York city. The dark, clear cut shadows cast by the play of the electric light among the foliage of trees have often been remarked, and the gentleman in question has been for some time making, by means of photography, a series of records of these beautiful effects, which he intends to use in connection with his business. The collection is a valuable one, and some of the designs which have already been made from it are of exceptional merit.

The search light is about to be introduced on an extensive scale by inland lake steamers. The navigation on the lakes is rendered very dangerous by the large number of shoals and narrow passages, the only indications of which are stakes and buoys which are often most difficult to locate. With the introduction of the search lamp these can be seen at night, and night navigation will, in consequence, be much of its uncertainty.

The increase in the tractive adhesion of locomotives by electricity is destined to enable the railroads of the near future to haul with their present engines much longer trains than they can now do, increasing the carrying capacity of the road, saving the wear and tear of tracks and bridges, and enabling better speed and time, notwithstanding unfavorable conditions of weather. A recent report of a large railway contains the suggestive statement that an increase of one-fifth of one car per train augmented the revenue of the company by \$50,000 in six months, so that it can readily be imagined that the increased earnings of the railway companies when the new system comes into general use will be enormous.

GAMBLING ON ATLANTIC STEAMERS.

American Review, Captain Kennerly, late commander of the steamship Gormania, contributes some interesting experiences on "Gambling on Steamers." Captain Kennerly, during the summer season—when these steamers are to be seen in the local waters, banishing

that though the generally accepted views about an electric current have profoundly changed in the last few years, the new ideas have not spread very widely even yet. The old idea was that electricity flowed through a wire very much as water flows through a pipe; but the new idea is that the energy does not flow through the wire at all. The energy is actually transmitted by the ether outside the wire. In running a motor the energy used in running it does not pass through the wire at all, but passes through the dynamo at the electric lighting station to the motor through the ether. The wire acts as the core of a disturbance in the ether, making the transfer of energy possible, but not itself transferring it.

A case just decided in England involves the question, how far companies in carrying electric wires along public roads are justified in lopping trees, which whether growing upon or overhanging the highway, interfere with such wires. It is now established that if an electric lighting company, in carrying their wires along a public road within the limits allowed by their statutory powers, find it impossible at any particular point to avoid trees either growing up or overhanging the road, they are justified in lopping them as far as may be necessary. But they must not lop more than is absolutely necessary, and must compensate the owners for the actual damage they may cause.

An interesting transmission of power by electricity has been carried out at Domene, in France, where power equal to 200 horse power is transmitted to a paper mill at a distance of 3½ miles from the waterfall utilized. An interesting feature of this installation is that for two months, in the heart of the winter, the generating works are entirely cut off by the snow from the paper mill where the power is utilized, but, nevertheless, the work goes on smoothly and steadily, connection with the inhabitants of the valley being maintained by telephone.

A Boston paper suggests that the brilliancy of the light in the electric cars which make suburban trips should be in some way subdued, in order that the surrounding scenery can be better appreciated by the many passengers who make it a habit to take a ride every evening on the electric car for more pleasure. It is further suggested that the lights should be entirely extinguished, as a large number of riders in the cars during the warm summer weather would prefer to have no light at all.

Prof. Boys, in a communication to the Royal Society, England, on measurements of the heat of the moon and stars by means of his radiometer, gives an account of a test with a candle at 250 7 yards distance, which gave a deflection of 35 mm. In other words, this instrument would show the heat of a candle at 1.71 miles distance.

Among the exhibits in the Edinburgh International Exhibition are some beautiful spoils of the sea collected by the Eastern Telegraph Company, one of these, a specimen of *hyalonema neboldi*, is particularly interesting. It was dredged from 1,300 fathoms in the Indian Ocean, and consists of the root or anchor by which the sponge fastened itself to the bed of the ocean. It is twenty-eight inches long, and it is believed to be the longest specimen hitherto secured.

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quiet and decency therefrom, and polluting the whole atmosphere with their coarse language and objectional ways. But it is not only by professional blacklegs that gambling is carried on on shipboard. A common form of gambling among respectable passengers is to bet on the mileage the ship makes in 24 hours, and the excitement that accompanies it is intense. Upon being questioned by passengers as to why he permitted a practice to which he was known to be opposed, the only reply he could give was that he had no authority from the company to interfere. In answer to the question, Why do the companies sanction it? he gives a simple answer. All Atlantic steamships are furnished with a supply of wines and liquors. Those who gamble generally drink some of them largely. To abolish gambling on board would, therefore, tend to reduce the surplus very appreciably. Thus, for the sake of increasing their revenues, reputable commercial companies sanction and encourage a practice which is demoralizing and immoral, the companion of other and worse evils, and all calculated to do infinite harm to society.

Wonderful Escape of a Swiss Guide.

The following account of the escape of Christian Linda, a Lauterbrunnen guide, is sent to the Times by a correspondent at Murren. Linda having accompanied a gentleman, as second guide, over the Tschingel glacier was disarranged at the village of Ried, his services being no longer required. He left Ried on Sunday, the 27th ult., at daybreak, alone, with the object of returning to Lauterbrunnen. He crossed the Petersgrat, and instead of taking the route of the Tashingle Pass, he chose the shorter one across the glacier between the Mutthorn and the Tschingelhorn, where he fell into a crevasse about 7 or 8 A. M. on Sunday. On Wednesday morning—that is 72 hours later—a gentleman spending the summer here, in ascending the Tschingelhorn with Fritz-Graf, of Lauterbrunnen, as guide, passed the spot where Linda was engulfed, and, noticing an ice-axe on the edge of the crevasse, peered down, and saw Linda at the bottom. A rope was let down, which Linda was fortunately able to secure round his waist. With difficulty he was raised to the mouth of the crevasse, but being a very heavy man, his two rescuers were not powerful enough to bring him to the surface. It was then decided that the gentleman should remain on the glacier while Graf obtained the necessary tackle and assistance to rescue the ice-entombed man. These were obtained at the Steinberg hut, or chalet, and when Linda was hauled up he was found to be nearly dead. He was carried to the Steinberg hut, and was removed to the hospital at Interlaken, his recovery being doubtful. During the 72 hours Linda was in the crevasse he had no food, for he was so tightly jammed between the walls of ice he could not get at the provisions he carried in a bag on his back. He was, however, able to lick the ice with his tongue. It is estimated that he was found at a depth of 50 feet. No one will be surprised to hear that his hands and feet are terribly frostbitten; the marvel is that situated as he was for so many hours without food to sustain animal heat, he was not frozen to death. Again, it is remarkable that the rescuers should have passed over not only the exact spot where Linda fell in, but just in time to save him.

What a One-armed Girl Can Do.

Among the summer boarders from the city in a New Hampshire village, is a young lady who, when a very young child, lost her right arm near the shoulder, in a railway accident. To all appearances her loss is no misfortune. She has no attendant to help her in any way. Her hair is very long and heavy, and she will do it up as elaborately and quickly as any woman could with two hands. She is a fine painter, and may often be seen sketching along the hill sides. She is a good horse-woman, a rapid writer, plays ball with the boys, and can bat or catch with the best of them. She also plays quite well on the piano.

After all the annoyance to which civilization was put last winter by the influenza, it does seem as if other plagues should have been spared during at least the current year. So far as this country is concerned, nothing very dangerous is to be feared, but Mediterranean cities are already entertaining that grimest of guests, the Asiatic cholera. It is spreading rapidly in Spain and is causing profound anxiety. The attention of our health officers should be constantly given to prevent any induction of the cholera germ here. If reasonable vigilance is maintained the danger is not great, and every day now reduces it materially. It is important that no risks should be taken, for there is no end to the havoc this frightful disease could inflict if once it got a foothold.

CONSUMPTION.

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eldson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darlen, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00, six bottles, \$5.00.

A Useful Burglar.

A Paris newspaper tells an amusing story of an event which, it says, occurred a day or two ago. Two gentlemen—a journalist and an artist—were about to leave a small hotel in one of the avenues radiating from the Arc de Triomphe, where they had spent the evening. Unfortunately the concierge's cordon was broken, and he could not find the key. It was impossible for the visitors to get out or for the tenants of the house who were abroad to get in. Our two gentlemen, who knew a tenant on the ground floor, got out by one of his windows and promised to find a locksmith. All the shops were shut, however, and none of the locksmiths in the quarter would take the trouble to answer when the bell was rung. Failing to find an officer, they asked where was the nearest police station. Meanwhile it was one o'clock, and a long line of benighted tenants were drawn up before the fast-closed door. Their would-be deliverers were beginning to lose courage, when a very suspicious-looking individual stumbled against them. The artist stopped the man quietly, and said—"I beg your pardon, sir, but you don't happen to have a jemmy and a set of false keys in your pockets?" The man looked at them suspiciously for a moment, and then whispered—"Is it to crack a crib?" The artist explained to the night wanderer what was the service they required of him. "All right. But get the inquisitive people out of the way. I don't want to give free lessons." The burglar opened the door in the twinkling of an eye, amid a perfect chorus of thanks. The two gentlemen wanted to give the honest burglar a couple of francs, but drawing himself up with dignity, he exclaimed—"Sir! among pals!"

Gentlemanliness.

Kindly feelings, quick sympathies and gentle manners, joined with true self-respect form the basis of that gentlemanliness which is so naturally admired and coveted. Vulgarity, which is so much dreaded and so much misunderstood, consists in the absence of one or all of these qualities. It is not vulgar to wear a coarse coat or a cheap gown; but it is essentially so to dress in fine cloth or costly silk at the expense of one's creditors or one's peace of mind. It is not vulgar to make a mistake in the laws of etiquette; but it is so to sneer at the one who makes it, to ridicule ignorance, to berate the aged, to scorn honest frugality. A true gentleman may be poor or rich, but he will be neither a miser nor a squanderer; he may be slenderly or thoroughly educated, but he will be neither envious or supercilious; he may speak a provincial dialect, but will not use slang; he may be reserved, but will not be cunning; he may be known or unknown to fame, but will be neither obsequious nor contemptuous.

Athletes all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum; healthful and beneficial. 5 cents.

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Messrs. Northrop & Lyman are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion.

Imported hats show the trimming placed at both the front and back.

A feeling of lassitude. Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Unpleasant taste in the mouth. Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

Jackets of two shades of cloth are considered very distinguishing in appearance.

A Letter From Emerson. "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I think it is the best remedy for summer complaint.

Mrs. Wm. Whiteley, Emerson, Man. The base-ball player has become a favorite theme of the engraver for designs on silver novelties.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

Beautiful paper-knives are of tinted ivory, with a handle of shell, silver, or enamel, and the monogram of precious stones.

If you feel out of sorts. Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

If your liver is sluggish. Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

If your kidneys are inactive. Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

A FREE VOYAGE TO ENGLAND AND RETURN.

We will give free to the person sending us the largest list of words contained in the name of THE TORONTO TRUTH: a First Cabin Ticket to England and return from Montreal, by the Allan Steamship Line.

This offer will only remain open till the last day of September, inclusive. Therefore send now. In addition to the above everyday till further notice a fine Chinese Dinner Service, of 101 pieces, will be given to the person sending in the largest list of words made from the same name, THE TORONTO TRUTH.

The word contest is only open to actual subscribers of TRUTH. Send one dollar for a four months' subscription, with your list of words, and your subscription will be extended four months.

Address, The Publisher of TRUTH, Toronto, Canada. Webster's Dictionary will be used in deciding who are the winners. No proper names allowed, and no letters in any one word to be repeated oftener than they occur in "The Toronto Truth."

Each person will please add up the number of words they form.

THE THIN CANNOT GAIN IN WEIGHT if they are troubled with dyspepsia, because the food is not converted into the due proportion of nourishing blood which alone can furnish the elements of flesh.

Very long stick sunshades are already in disfavor, women of conservative tastes preferring smaller and less awkward ones.

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes. "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated Dyspeptic Cure."

Black lace fans, mounted over with gauze, and with tortoise-shell sticks, are much used by elderly ladies.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children's clothing. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

In liquid perfumes the latest imported is Persian lilac, very fragrant, and really calling to mind the flower.

Excellent reasons exist why Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries.

An artists' color known as "Prussian blue" is to be one of the fashionable hues in autumn styles and fashions.

The superiority of Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

However much the fact may be deplored, colored hair, the new name for dyed, is largely on the increase among women.

The only radical cure for rheumatism is to eliminate from the blood the acid that causes the disease. This thoroughly effected by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Persist until cured. The process may be slow, but the result is sure.

In the matter of sashes, the girl of the period cannot have too many, and those of the most startling colors are the favorites.

The Sambro Lighthouse is at Sambro, N. S., whence Mr. R. E. Hart, writes as follows. "Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done me a lot of good. I was sick and weak and had no appetite, but B.B.B. made me feel smart and strong. Were its virtues more widely known, many lives would be saved.

Beautiful paper-knives are of tinted ivory, with a handle of shell, silver, or enamel, and the monogram of precious stones.

If your liver is sluggish. Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

If your kidneys are inactive. Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won.

Errs's COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Erpps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.

Very long stick sunshades are already in disfavor, women of conservative tastes preferring smaller and less awkward ones.

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes. "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated Dyspeptic Cure."

Cuffs with turned over points like the collars, which have recently been introduced, are to effeminate for "manly men."

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

Black lace over white silk is a caprice in evening dress among woman of fashion at Newport. It is declared "very effective."

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y., writes. "I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil I have had asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to sit up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night on a feather bed, which I had not been able to do previous to using the Oil."

The most stylish dress of the day is one having only shoulder and under-arm seams and an opening which is almost impossible to find.

For coughs, colds, bronchitis and all lung and throat troubles, there is no preparation of medicine can compare with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It never fails to afford prompt and permanent relief. It removes all soreness, and heals the diseased parts. It immediately soothes the most troublesome cough, and by promoting expectoration, removes the mucus which clogs up the air tubes which causes difficulty in breathing, thereby gives relief to that depressing tightness experienced in the chest.

Parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from the trouble and expense, let them buy a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup whenever a child has a cough or hoarseness, giving it according to directions.

The masculine scarfs of her elder fiance in these days unsex herself.

SUPERBLY... If removed...

Who Shall Hold Jerusalem.

I say boldly, theoretically, in the freedom of a person wholly irresponsible, that Jerusalem would be most safe either in French or British hands. We who carry tolerance to a fault, or to whom it is the rule of a sharp and distinctly defined possibility—only invaded at home by their panic at clericalism—would make it safe and keep it so.

I should not mind whether the sentinel on duty at the Tower of David was a Zouave or a man of the One Hundredth Foot, so long as he was not a slovenly and alien Turk. Or, perhaps, the great American Nation, the youngest born of Christian powers, might be intrusted with the care of this neutralized and separated State, as small as she is big, as ancient and full of memories as she is destitute of them, a trust which no doubt would be received with enthusiasm and conscientiously carried out; in which case the present accomplished and experienced American Consul would doubtless take an important part in the newly-constituted State.

These bobbed dreams, however, and the great civilized and civilizing powers have as little to do with the city which bore the name of the city of the living God, while we and our ancestors were in the depth of primeval darkness, as the sword and coat of Godfrey of Bouillon, which was shown us by the Franciscan brothers, laid up in their chapel. There they lie, with nobody to bear them these many hundred years—a sign of possession taken, never abandoned in face of overthrow and destruction. And the hall of the knights, with its massive arches, is still to be seen in the very heart of the Moslem sacred places, and the cross wrought into the ornamentation of their most beautiful temples. Let us hope that these are tokens of a better dominion yet to come. Blackwood's Magazine.

Respect to Cobras.

I had an cat-house which I wanted to pull down, but my servants begged me not. I found that a cobra had taken up its abode there, and they used to feed it daily. They would sooner desert a building than eject a cobra. An Arab merchant, on the point of sailing with a cargo of coconuts from the port of Cochin, discovered a large cobra in the hold of the vessel. He had it fed and carefully preserved, as the safety of the vessel would depend on the creature's life. Whenever the natives find a dead cobra they burn its body with a piece of sandalwood, a grain of gold, coral, and other things, using the same ceremonies as they would at the funeral of a man of high caste. European soldiers and sailors sometimes turn this custom to good account by killing a cobra and selling it to the natives, who eagerly buy it for the sake of giving it a good funeral.—Reminiscences of Life and Sport in Southern India, by Col. Heber Drew.

Stick to the Right.

Right action springs from... In cases of diarrhoea, cholera, colic, summer complaint, etc., the Right of Will...

Our Young Folks.

Lost on the Plains.

Weo Gretchen's father and mother were Germans, only a few years over from the Fatherland when they purchased a farm on the rolling prairie, and began to make the most of their roomy surroundings.

It is a well-known fact that Germans are good neighbors, first, because usually they will work faithfully, and not only increase the value of their own property, but by so doing enhance that of the farms adjoining; and, second, because they will economize and keep ahead of expenses in the most surprising fashion.

Gretchen's parents were no exception to the common rule.

The father was up betimes, and the good mother, with sleeves rolled above her dimpled elbows, made things buzz about the little shanty.

Gretchen was only three years old, and ran about the yard, which, having only a fire-brake for a fence, was a yard on either a stupendous scale, it is true. But the baby did not care, she trotted hither and thither, now after speckled Biddy, and now after lary old Bowzer, who slept all day on the sunniest side of the house.

Sometimes she could hear her mother singing quaint old German songs, and some times the cheery whistle of her father, plowing, over in the north part of the claim, reached her ears.

If she was hungry, she ran to the door and made her wants known, departing from thence to divide half of her bread and butter with the dog.

But one day a neighbor called upon Gretchen's mother, a German woman, also, who had known them in the dear Fatherland, and for quite a while the lady was forgotten.

When they went to call her, no sweet little voice answered, and no little blue frock and rosy face was visible.

"Why, where can the child be?" exclaimed her mother, and there was a vague alarm, even then, in her question.

"She cannot have gone far, I have been here such a short time."

"Two hours," said her mother, "just two hours since I last saw the shine of her dancing yellow curls—for she won't wear her bonnet. We can see so far. You look slowly in every direction, and I will do the same. Even the dog has disappeared; he is no doubt with her."

But look as they would, long and steadily not a glimpse of the little one could be seen.

"She is lost!" gasped the mother. "Oh! what will her father do? She is lost on the plains! I—oh, how could I forget her! And then saying, 'forget her!'—she caller that she would soon be back; she flew in the direction of her husband.

It was a long run, and panting, almost ready to faint, she paused at last at his side.

"Gretchen!" she called.

"What of my Gretchen?" he asked, sternly, for the baby was the apple of his eye, and he had more than once chided his wife for her apparent carelessness.

"Gone! Wandered away! Lost!"

"Lost on the prairie, and the sun not two hours high! Down on down to Smith's; get her!"

But soon the plains before night were little butling!"

He searched the horses from the plow and in making one, motioned his neighbor, always

neighbor, always outlook for his

"Come on!" he said sternly, "let us go home."

But the dog refused to obey his commands though the great yellow eyes seemed to burn with eagerness.

"Come on!" still sternly said the lad giving him a sharp kick.

With a bound the dog ran off and turned his head in a certain direction.

"She is that way," said the lad

in so father followed blindly, he did not comprehend, he felt that perhaps he was

look upon her wasted form, what he boy held he could not understand.

They passed swiftly along, the dog their side contentedly. Not un-

door were either aware of a such a funny house as it was.

Given a slight knoll to this part and a dog-out had been built

comfortable house enough. many a hardly pushed

compelled to live in

upon the low, place that met with a wild, new

fired when the little one was found, living or dead; though they whispered the best word for fear it might reach the ears of father or mother.

Morning dawned bright and clear, and with a dogged perseverance all kept on with the search, tired and hungry though they were.

"We must find her," said her whitefaced father, "where could her little feet have carried her that we cannot overtake them?"

The noon hour passed, a few kind neighbors sent out a cold lunch for the wearied party, night came again, and as yet no little Gretchen.

The mother was lost in despair. "She is dead," she said, "my pretty little one; born near the home of my girlhood. She will never be found alive now, in all the chill night, without water or food. Oh, if I could but die, too!"

"Nay," expostulated a friend, "thou art wicked so to speak, thou hast thy husband, live to comfort him—and the baby may yet be found."

But when the third day of the search came, and found them still with no word or tidings, even the bravest were disheartened.

"She has reached the distant river," they said, "in trying to get to the water, perhaps she fell over the steep, shelving bank, and was drowned."

"But the dog!"

"He will doubtless remain near where she has disappeared, or—what can have become of her otherwise?"

No one could answer.

"You have been kind friends," said the father, in his broken English, which was now most pathetic, "but I will not ask you to spend longer time in the search. As for me, I shall keep on until I find her or some tidings of her. Take my wife back with you, she is ill and worn out."

Women wept over the story, men felt their eyes grow dim, and a few kept on with the search in an unobtrusive way, saying, as had the father:

"We must find her."

And the days came and went until two weeks had passed, and only two persons now were still looking for the poor little baby. Those two were her father and neighbor lad, a stupid German boy who had particularly loved little Gretchen.

They were following the course of the river, perhaps five miles from home, when very suddenly the boy gave a shout that caused his companion to pause quickly.

"What is it?" he cried, huskily, "her dress, or—"

For answer the lad pointed far out over the prairie.

"What is it? I see nothing."

But the stupid fellow could not answer, save by wild, almost hysterical gestures at first, then a sudden spring forward, and he was off in the direction in which he had pointed.

The anxious father followed him as swiftly as possible, to find him at last in a slight depression of the ground, with his arms about the neck of old Bowzer.

Yes, Bowzer beyond a doubt, and neither started nor dead, but decidedly comfortable and as enjoyed at meeting them.

"Gretchen!" said the father, in trembling tones. "Where is your little mistress?"

Bowzer could not talk, he frisked and jumped about, but, alas! not a question could he answer.

"Wait!" said the boy, then he turned to the dog, whistled and started in the direction of home. The dog bounded to his side and then, as suddenly, stood still!

"Come on!" said the boy, "let us go home."

But the dog refused to obey his commands though the great yellow eyes seemed to burn with eagerness.

"Come on!" still sternly said the lad giving him a sharp kick.

With a bound the dog ran off and turned his head in a certain direction.

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upon the low, place that met with a wild, new

one

as

grove

if kept by a man; but seated upon the floor alive, fat and rosy as ever, was Gretchen.

"My baby! my little one!" said the father, in wild ecstasy, as he hugged her to his heart, while the boy who had so helped in finding her, stood on his head for one supreme moment of intense happiness.

A man unborn, in careless attire, glanced up from a book he was reading. He had heard the words of the father, but as they were spoken in German, only understood their meaning by the scene before him.

"So, the little one has at last found her father. I do not understand her tongue, and could not even make out her name."

"But how came she here?"

"She was crying on the prairie late one night. I heard her and the bark of her dog. I brought them both home with me and have tried to make them comfortable."

The poor father tried to thank him, but failed, he only looked up toward heaven and grasped his hand. Then they started joyfully homeward.

What a glorious reunion that was, though the mother cried and cried. And the good neighbors one and all flocked in to hear the wonderful story.

"How came it her rescuer never heard about her being lost?" asked some one.

"Oh! he is a queer old chap, a recluse, and lives so much alone and in such a queer way no one ever even remembered to ask him."

One of the results of the little Gretchen's adventures was that she had captured the heart of the lonely man who had been compelled to shelter and care for her.

Almost every day he came to see her, and taught her good English. Not only that, but as the years crept on he taught her many other things; and she became a charming girl, well read, gentle bred, and quite fitted to possess the small fortune her god-father, as he termed himself, left her at his death.

But she was never lost again, the whole country saw to that, and particularly the good father and mother who watched over her with such zealous care; the yellow curls were seldom out of their sight until she became old enough to know the dangers on the plains.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

The Solomon Islands.

It is more than three centuries since the Spaniards discovered the Solomon Islands, one of the large Pacific groups. The most detailed account of that expedition has never been published. It is the journal of Gomez Catoira, the chief purser of the fleet, and a translation of the manuscript was recently made for Mr. Woodford upon his third visit to the Solomon Islands. He has just returned to England from his latest explorations, during which he followed the track of the Spanish ships through the long chain of islands, and was able satisfactorily to identify almost every place visited by the Spaniards. He found the coasts so minutely described that he had little difficulty in identifying even the anchoring places of Spanish fleet. It is an interesting revelation of the islands as they were 300 years ago. Some places then described as having quite a large population are now found to be without inhabitants, the people having been exterminated by head-hunting expeditions. It is very interesting, also, to find that on islands where new dialects are found every ten or fifteen miles, Woodford has been able to identify words recorded by the Spaniards at the places where they heard them.

If Columbus had kept his records in a painstaking and methodical manner like old Gomez Catoira, the world would have been spared the long and still unsettled controversy as to where he first landed in the Western World. If his efficiency as a navigator had not greatly exceeded his descriptive talents the discovery of the New World would probably have been left for some later explorer. His statements are often obscure, parts of his journal cannot be reconciled with other portions, and he is very sparing of details and makes statements that are irreconcilable with the present topography of the Bahamas. It seems most likely that Watling Island was the first land he discovered but the question will probably never be conclusively settled.

Premature.

Stern father— "What did Mr. Sotely say when you informed him that I said he should kiss you just once each time he called 'Mad, wasn't he?'"

Shy daughter— "No, he seemed to be pleasantly surprised. You see he had never offered to kiss me before, but he says your wishes shall be respected in the future."

How to cure dyspepsia.—Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5 cents.

Catarrh.

[S a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 Silver St., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price 25; six bottles, \$2. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Target Practice on Board a Man-of-War.

Telegraphing from Bantry Bay, a correspondent with the Iron Duke says:—at the time of writing the official return of the shooting have just been made up, and they show that the same number of shots were fired in just half the time occupied on the previous day, with a considerable improvement as to scoring. During the firing I stood on the spar deck, and when one of the big guns in the upper battery, which is immediately beneath, belched forth its smoke, and flame, and shot, the effect was tremendous. There was a distinct upheaval of the deck, and the rush of wind was like a blow upon the face. Upon one occasion, standing too close to the rail, I received so sharp a crack upon the drum of either ear as to cause me severe pain. This was my own fault, for I had neglected to take the precaution of placing cotton in my ears. On board a man-of-war every man and boy has his particular duty to perform in time of action, and during target practice everyone must be at his post. Down in the steerage the surgeon is ready to receive the wounded, the chaplain is standing by him to assist in binding up wounds or to administer spiritual consolation to the mortally injured. By the side of a small table laden with phials and bandages is the open case of surgical instruments and the amputation table with its waterproof sheeting is all ready to hand. A peep into the lower battery horrifies one. Only blood is wanting to complete the picture—half-naked men with determined faces and the light of battle in their eyes rushing hither and thither handling huge guns as if they were playthings. It is a fact that during target practice the smell of gunpowder excites the men and puts them on their mettle, and the guns are hauled twice as smartly as on other occasions.

A Cruel Father Smartly Punished.

By the prompt and sensible intervention of a police-constable a case of savage cruelty, practised by a drunken father on his own daughter, a child of six years of age, has been brought to light and submitted for the consideration of the magistrates at the West London Police Court. The charge against Henry Dunn, the father incriminated, was that he assaulted the child by beating her savagely with a leather strap, and that at the time of committing the offence he was excited by drink. The offence was not denied, but it was urged that the defendant was only chastising the child. Such a plea no magistrate could accept, and drunkenness of the father could only be considered an aggravation of the offence. Most people will think that in consigning a wretch of this character to imprisonment for one month the magistrate acted with unnecessary leniency.

Cholera is reported to be spreading rapidly in the province of Toledo, Spain.

BRITISH NEWS.

In one of the London thoroughfares an enterprising grocer offers to purchasers of one pound of butter a life insurance policy of £100 for one month.

The horse in a carriage containing Mr. Monalt, of Kingswood Pits, his two sons and Mrs. Bell, a visitor, bolted at Liphook on Saturday and was smashed. Mrs. Bell was killed and the others seriously injured.

Early on Tuesday morning ten men, including some farmers' sons, were arrested at Tromroe, West Clare, in connection with the recent shooting into the house of a boycotted farmer. It is reported that one of the prisoners has turned informer.

At the North London Police Court on Tuesday, Daniel Wright, aged 12, a school-boy, was remanded to the workhouse charged with causing the death of Jessie Maud Newman, aged 4 1/2 years, by throwing a piece of broken ginger beer bottle at her.

During a severe thunderstorm at Mansfield on Monday afternoon a man named Wm. Smith, who had sought shelter under a tree, was struck by lightning, and killed. His wife becoming alarmed at his absence, went in search of him, and found him lying dead.

John Watson Withers, constable in Liverpool police force, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor yesterday for stealing a gold watch, chain, and pendant, value £14, from a gentleman who was drunk and went to sleep on the prisoner's beat.

At the Curragh Military Camp, in Ireland, on Tuesday, a boy of the South Staffordshire Regiment shot himself in one of the huts with a rifle. No cause is assigned. At the time of the occurrence most of deceased's comrades were away at the Curragh sports.

At Jarrow-on-Tyne, on Saturday, Samuel Phillips, aged sixteen, met with his death in a singular manner during a quarrel. While at work he had some words with a mate, and in aiming a blow at him missed his mark and fell, striking the back of his head against a piece of iron. He was picked up insensible and died soon afterwards.

A letter from Constantinople says that Prince Baraneddin, the son of the Sultan, has just been enrolled as a seaman on board the frigate Orkhanie, and the officers charged with the superintendence of his naval education have been appointed. Although the young prince is not more than five years old, he will be master on board his frigate.

An attempt at suicide and wonderful escape from death is reported from Limerick. A young married woman named Morrissey, the wife of a printer, quarrelled with her husband and jumped out of a lofty tenement house from a window 70 feet high. The rash, however, fell on her arm, and she was held suspended in the air till rescued. She is now under remand.

Dr. Charles Kelly, professor of hygiene in King's College, and medical officer of health for West Sussex, has just issued his report for the past quarter. The returns show that the death rate for Littlehampton during that period was 6.5 per 1000 which is a remarkably low rate, the average for small towns in the United Kingdom for the same period being 16.7 per 1000.

On Sunday, whilst Inspector Morgan, of Aberlare, and two other persons were proceeding to Merthyr-on-Trent Western Railway engine, they noticed a cask containing naphtha, used by some repairers, lying across the line. The engine, which could not be stopped in time, dashed against the cask and was enveloped in flames. The inspector and his companions were severely burnt.

The Guildford Guardians on Saturday ordered the destruction forthwith of a dozen packs of playing cards which had been found in the possession of paupers. The men had actually been seen playing in the afternoon when they ought to have been at work, and had sat up at night when they ought to have been in bed. Some of the inmates told the chairman that cards had been supplied by the late matron.

An inquest was held at Margate touching the death of Wm. Richards, who died from injuries received by jumping over the cliffs, a distance of about 50 feet. The deceased suffered from the delusion that he was being followed by detectives, and jumped over the cliff about a mile from the town. His back was broken by the fall. He died in great pain. The jury found that he committed suicide while temporarily insane.

The West Riding police are engaged making an investigation into the suspicious death of two children, daughters of a man named Baxter, residing at Shipley, near Bradford. The children were in their usual health on Saturday, but on Sunday morning

they were both found dead in bed. The mother states that she gave them a dose of medicine on Saturday night. The bottle has been seized, and is being analyzed.

At the Bolton Police Court on Monday a lad named W. Horton, 16 years of age, was accused of unlawfully using firearms. The prisoner, who is a member of the local militia troops, met a companion named Peako carrying a bag of flour on his head, and, impelled by a desire to emulate William Tell, he fired at the bag. He missed his aim, however, and hit Peako on the forehead, inflicting serious injuries and disfiguring his face.

At Littlehampton a bear made his escape from a travelling menagerie and chased the people about the common. It seized a little boy with its teeth, and tore him and shook him in a most horrible manner. Compelled to drop the child by blows from a stick, the bear rushed about the esplanade and beach, and was at length captured by its keeper and dragged back to the menagerie. The child, though much injured, did not appear to be fatally wounded.

At Leigh, on Monday morning, Elizabeth Ann Parr was remanded on a charge of brutally assaulting a recently born child. The evidence showed that on Friday the prisoner went to the house of a woman named Aspinall and, seizing the latter's child, swung it violently round, knocked its head against the bedstead, battered the back of its head, gave it a black eye and otherwise ill-used it, at the same time using foul language to the child's mother.

A woman, named Catherine Fitzsimons, employed in a Nowry spinning mill, belonging to the Beesbrook Spinning Company, has met with a shocking death. Deceased was cleaning under a carding machine, when the revolving cards caught her, and pulled away one side of her head and face. Death was instantaneous. Portions of the head and face were found embedded in the machine, and the body was otherwise mutilated. Deceased was a native of Liverpool, and leaves two children.

Charles Rice (51), a house painter, and Catherine Graham (34), described as a hawk-er, were indicted at Salford for having, on the 16th ult., stolen a coat and apron, the property of Edward Briggs. Graham was found not guilty and discharged. Rice was found guilty, and the Recorder said the prisoner had a terrible record. He had practically been in prison since the year 1857, and both long and short sentences had been tried upon him. He would now be sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

A shocking discovery was made on the Liverpool and Southport Railway early on Tuesday morning. As the first train was leaving Seaforth the driver discovered, just outside the station, on the up line, the body of a man with the head completely severed from the trunk. Deceased was of medium height, and about 30 years of age. He has a heavy moustache, and was well dressed. It is supposed the unfortunate man was killed by the late train on Monday night. The body has been removed to Bootle mortuary for identification.

The Liverpool police are investigating a singular outrage. When George Greaves, greengrocer and chandler, Harbour Street, was opening his shop on Tuesday morning he discovered between the shutters and the window a bottle with a fuse attached to the cork and running inside. On examination, the contents of the bottle were found to be gunpowder and small pieces of glass. The fuse had been lit, but did not burn through the cork. Several burnt matches were found on the footpath near the window. The affair at present is shrouded in mystery.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Longrigg, of 41 Portland Place, Carlisle, whose house was entered by a burglar on Wednesday night, was removed to the Garland's Asylum on account of insanity. It will be remembered that she had a desperate struggle with the burglar, in which he nearly strangled her. Next morning she appeared to be suffering from hyetena, and was unable to give the police a coherent story; her mind has since become unhinged. By the removal in this manner of the prosecutrix from the scene, the police will have difficulty in proving the case.

At Thurlby, near Bourn, Lincolnshire, on Monday evening, Charles Halliday, a labourer, who had been away from home engaged in harvest work, returned to his house and found the body of his wife hanging to a beam in the kitchen. He searched for his two children, aged 5 years and 6 months, and found them both in bed with their throats cut. It is thought that the mother, who was 37 years of age, must have murdered the children during Sunday night, and that she immediately afterwards committed suicide. No reason can be assigned for the crime.

The schooner Eliza and Emma,

ham, Captain M. Adamson, has put into the Tyne. The vessel left Sunderland for Chatham, and shortly after leaving experienced a severe easterly gale, the schooner being struck by heavy seas, which carried away the main boom, which, in falling, struck Captain Adamson, fracturing his collar bone and ribs, and requiring medical attendance. On reaching the Tyne, the vessel afterwards sprung a leak, causing the crew to be consigned to deck and at the pumps, they being greatly exhausted.

A shocking occurrence has taken place at the Talacro and Gronant lead mine, near Holywell. A ganger named Isaac Williams was driving a level underground with three other men—Thomas, Robert, and Ishmael Williams; and on his return, after a very brief absence from the level, he heard a great rush of water that had evidently been tapped from an old working. He narrowly escaped with his life, without being able to render any assistance to the three men, who were all drowned. The bodies cannot be recovered until the water is pumped out. The men leave wives and large families.

The Lords of the Admiralty have had their attention directed to a complaint from the belted cruiser class, the men in which assert that the cells where convict men are confined on board get almost red-hot when the ship is steaming. Two or three cases have been brought before the authorities in which men who had been confined in these cells have been obliged to go into hospital subsequently. The most serious of all the accusations is that a man guilty of insubordination ashore was sent on board to work out 14 days "cells" during the manoeuvres, when the cells are simply intolerable.

The Wiltshire Times states that a labourer, named Edwin Daniells, has been sentenced to a fine of twenty shillings, or fourteen days' imprisonment, for looking at a hare. Edwin Daniells was—so the Wiltshire paper says—going to his work. He saw a hare in a wire. He stopped to look. Anybody would have done that, even a bishop, without fear of being suspected of poaching. While Daniells looked, he was pounced upon by a keeper, who hailed him before the Warminster Bench last Thursday. The keeper's bare statement was the only "evidence" against Daniells. The accused wholly denied the keeper's statement, alleging that he was only crossing the public path, and that he touched neither the wire nor the hare.

The German Emperor's Doings.

The young Kaiser William II. seems to be getting most of the fun out of the laborious efforts going on to keep the peace in Europe. He skips about from country to country in the nimblest fashion—one week in Austria, another in Italy, another in Turkey—to-day with his grandmother her Majesty the Queen of England, at Osborne—and to-morrow reveling with his august cousin, the great White Czar in Russia. And every where there are balls, and banquets, and fetes and presents, and presentations, and felicitations, new uniforms, and gala days galore and new titles, and honors and dignities—and no end of naval displays and military reviews wherever there is a ship or a battalion to show. Surely the young Kaiser is getting lots of fun out of the journeying and his hurrying to and fro, and must be having a jolly good time. And we hope it may be productive of good in the way of keeping the peace of Europe untroubled. We hope so rather than expect so, for these demonstrations of kindly affection and imperial good-will may be, and sometimes are, precursors of evil rather than auguries of continuing good-will and peace. Observing people must have noticed how naturally it comes to pass, after Kings and Emperors have met together and exchanged their royal and imperial hugs and kisses, that they frequently go almost immediately into a course of "strained relations," growl at each other through their ministers of state, and make ugly faces by proxy. Still the practice of making these imperial and royal progresses and visits to neighboring countries is a good one, and is sure to keep both sovereigns and subjects on their good behavior for the time. They cannot go to war with each other, if they are best and loathe each other in the houses. It is a rope, therefore, that they are tied to, and it is not a bad one. It is not a bad one with his bicorne in the hat, and his kilt on his back, and his sword on his side, and his hand on his hip, and his eye on the Kaiser to Constantinople, and from the Danube, and from the Nile, and from the West and the East, and while he is doing this, he is not a bad one of fun out of it, and it is a good way of good-will, and it is a "jolly good time."

scatter their enormous armies, and send millions of soldiers to the workshop and the plough?

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The Glory of the Cross.

BY REV FRANK M BRISTOL, D. D.

God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. - Gal. VI. 14.

This is the vigorous and courageous language of a man who was too logical for credulity, too rational for fanaticism, too learned for deception, and too conscientious for hypocrisy. It is not an empty boast. There was not in his day a man of greater intellectuality than St. Paul. There was not in the schools of Greece a philosopher living who was capable of writing the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, that sublime treatise on the future state of the dead, a production in the presence of whose splendor pale the brightest thoughts of Plato.

We may safely challenge any historian to name the rhetorician then living capable of writing the sixth chapter of Ephesians, a description of the Christian soldier and his armor. The orator can not be mentioned who could have delivered, at that time, the extempore address which Paul made to the Athenians on Mars' Hill, or the magnificent defense which he made before King Agrippa.

The ethical writer did not exist, in that day, who could have produced the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, that incomparable, almost angelic strain on "Charity." Nay, there was not another son of the Hebrew race living at the time, with learning, logic, scriptural knowledge and spiritual-mindedness to write Paul's letter to the Hebrews, that clear, yet profound commentary on the exposition of the Law of ceremonialism.

Paul was trained to a knowledge of the Greek, the language of philosophy, science and poetry, had mastered the Latin, the language of jurisprudence, politics and war, and was bred to an understanding of the Hebrew, the language of psalmody, prophecy, and religion. To all of his acquirements were added a natural conscientiousness, a loyalty to conviction, an abhorrence of error and imposition, a conservative spirit, and an activity and spirit of interest and inquiry into all that concerned human welfare.

By natural endowment and by educational adornment he was a great man, built on a magnificent intellectual and moral scale. The infant church found this giant its antagonist, bent on the overthrow of the church and the annihilation of the gospel. But the very power of that gospel was demonstrated, the ver. authority and saving grace of Jesus Christ was made manifest in the glorious conversion of this formidable enemy and persecutor.

Wherever man soba his griefs and sings his joys, wherever man toils and battles, mourns and prays, there gleams the cross, diffusing the light of heaven, illuminating an earth of ignorance and sin and fear with the promise of salvation and the hope of immortality.

The power of Christianity is in its cross. Not in its profound philosophy, not in its beautiful and noble life of its founder, but in the cross.

Why has ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, a new institution, over-taken and surpassed its well established competitors, securing in 8 years the largest enrolment in Ontario?

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ened and exalted them. Nearly every ruin of man or nation has been but the logical outcome, the inevitable consequence of building on false hopes and wrong principles. How sad and frightful to see a man sink into the darkness while despairingly clutching an error which he has mistaken for truth!

No Burials Alive.

Very comforting news is brought to those who stand in daily dread of being buried alive in the current number of the Medical and Surgical Reporter, which in an editorial says: "The fear of being buried alive haunts the minds of so many of our fellow-men that it may hardly be regarded as strange, in some respects, that it was recently reported that a number of physicians in a city near Philadelphia had abandoned themselves together to devise means to prevent such a catastrophe in their own case. And, when physicians could take such measures in view of a supposed danger, it is not remarkable that the community should have a special and exaggerated horror of being buried alive. But this horror is without reason as is the timidity of the physicians referred to. There seems to be no good ground whatever for supposing that it is possible in this enlightened age for any person to be committed to the grave while yet living. Stories reporting such occurrences are by no means rare; but any one who examines them closely will certainly remark that they are wholly lacking in originality and that there is in fact so strong a resemblance between them as to excite the suspicion that one has been copied from another. Investigation will show, too, that this suspicion is a well-founded one; at least such has been the experience of the editor of the Medical and Surgical Reporter, who has for some years followed up every story of burial alive which came to his notice, and always with the result of learning that they were false, or of failing to learn about their origin.

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If Toronto can't get up a summer carnival there is one thing it can do, and that is to maintain an Annual Exhibition that has no superior on this continent. Successful as have been the past Exhibitions held by the Industrial Exhibition Association, that to be held at Toronto this year from the 5th to the 20th of September promises to eclipse them all. The list of entries is the largest and it includes the best exhibits that have ever been made in Canada. The special attractions as announced in the official programmes are very numerous, and are of a character that cannot fail to attract the people from all parts of the Dominion and adjoining States. The railway arrangements are good, and cheap fares will prevail during the whole exhibition, and with fine weather the attendance of visitors at the Toronto Fair this year will probably be greater than ever. All who take a special interest in the manufacturing departments should endeavor to go the first week, as the buildings are not so crowded as later on, and apart from the show of live stock, agricultural products and the dog show, the Exhibition and all the special features are just as good the first week as the second.

The *Moniteur di Rome*, referring to the many converts gained to the Roman Catholic Church in England, declares that if the work of conversion continues at the rate maintained for the last half century, Catholicism will be dominant in England a century hence.

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TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the most dreaded disease. By its use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I will send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consented to send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOOM, 46 Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

A Far-Off Star.

It is difficult to conceive that the beautiful star is a globe much larger than our sun, yet it is a fact that Sirius is a sun many times more mighty than our own. This splendid star, which, even in our most powerful telescopes, appears as a mere point of light, is in reality a globe emitting so enormous a quantity of light and heat that were it to take the place of our own sun every creature on this earth would be consumed by its burning rays.

Sirius shining with far greater lustre than any other star, it was natural that astronomers should have regarded this as being the nearest of all the "fixed" stars; but recent investigation on the distances of the stars has shown that the nearest to us is Alpha Centauri, a star belonging to the southern latitude, though it is probable that Sirius is about fourth on the list in the order of distance. For, though there are about fifteen or twenty stars whose distances have been conjectured, the astronomer knows that in reality all of them, save three or four, lie at distances too great to be measured by any instruments we have at present.

Astronomers agree in fixing the distance of the nearest fixed star at 22,000,000,000,000 miles, and it is certain that the distance of Sirius is more than three and less than six times that of Alpha Centauri, most likely about five times, so that we are probably not far from the truth if we set the distance of Sirius at about 100,000,000,000,000 miles. What a vast distance is this that separates us from that star! Words and figures themselves fail to convey to our minds any adequate idea of its true character.

To take a common example of illustrating such enormous distances: It is calculated that the ball from an Armstrong 100 pounder quits the gun with the speed of about four hundred yards per second. Now, if this velocity could be kept up it would require no fewer than 100,000,000 years before the ball could reach Sirius.

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A horrible story of cannibalism comes from Buckingham, Que. Ten miles up Du Lievre river live the families of Jean Cote and Edsha Newt. In the latter are two boys who are deaf mutes and lunatics, and who were known to be violent at times. On Tuesday Mrs. Cote went out berry picking, leaving her baby in charge of the two boys, and a horrible sight presented itself to the mother when she returned a few hours afterwards. The lunatics had actually eaten away both the baby's cheeks and a portion of the neck, and were besmeared with blood and reveling in fiendish glee over their horrible performance. Help was called in and the wretches taken away. The child lived till the next day, and was buried on Wednesday. The authenticity of the report is vouched for by a gentleman who has just returned from the scene of the tragedy.

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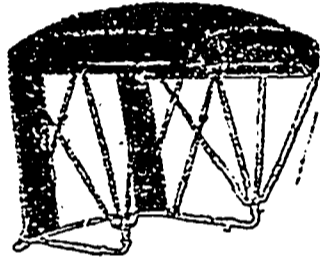
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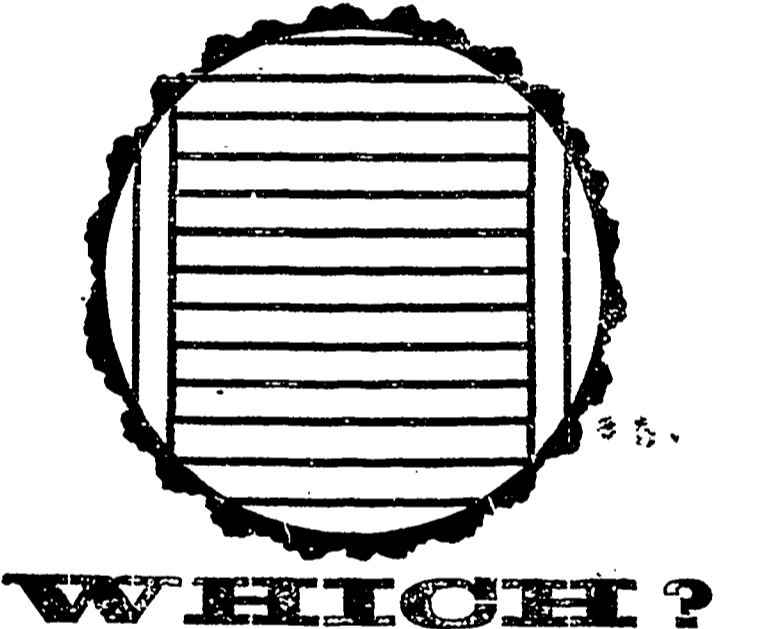
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SPEIRIN' MAKES AN ODDS.

CHAPTER I.

"Coman' tae the fishin'?"

"We'll ye ca' me red-headit?"

"As sure as death no."

Very weel, I'll come." And they trotted off, big brown boy and little pink maiden, hand in hand in the golden sunlight through the fields together. Behind them lay the farm, and in front, beyond the cornfields, a little infant river had escaped from its parent hill, and with infinitesimal babble and chatter was creeping away to the sea. Presently they reached the burnside, and kneeling on the green sward, were soon intent on the baiting of the hook.

"There," said Sandy, as he cast the line well up the water, and let it float down till it rested in a promising brown pool. "Haud that, an' stau' weel back, or they'll see ye, till I try if I can get ony worms under the stanes yonder."

Agnes seized the rod and stood on tiptoe, her brown eyes lig with excitement and her auburn hair tumbled in wild luxuriance over brow and neck. "If I get aye," she cried eagerly, "will I gie it tae my grannie, for her tea?"

"Ou aye," shouted Sandy from a knave, a little way down the water; "but if ye feel a bite ye're no tae pu' it out; bide till I come, an' I'll land it for ye."

"Deed, I will not," muttered Agnes, with a frown. "It wouldna be my catchin' at a' then." But aloud she only said, "I dinna think they're takin'."

To which Sandy retorted contemptuously, "Weemin's a' the same—they've nae mair patience than a hungry soo."

"It's a lee," said Agnes fiercely, turning to defend her sex. "I—O Sandy! I've got a bite—a bite."

"Haud still then!" yelled Sandy, springing to his feet and running to her aid; "bide or I come."

But she was too excited to heed him; with a great effort she tugged the line out of the water. The head and shoulders of the fish gleamed for a moment above the surface, then dropped off and disappeared.

"What's away?" she cried in dismay.

"What for did ye no wait?" cried Sandy, angrily. "I kent ye couldna land it. Sic a big aye tae, ye little red-headit idiot that ye are," and he took the rod roughly from her hand, pushing her scornfully out of the way.

"Ye might hae lost it yersel'," she said savagely. "An' it was my ain fish, I couldna los it if I liked. An' it doona matter if I'm red-headit; my grannie says the Lord's no carin', a' lak's the same tae Him; it's the heart He looks at, and mine's as guid as yours ony day." Here she paused, breathless, and glared triumphantly, thinking she had finished him.

But he coolly replied, "Grannie doona ken; your heart's red tae, for the maister tell us in the physioogy class at the schule."

The big word and the thought that the maister had publicly alluded to her heart in the school fairly staggered her, she burst into tears.

"I'll toll my grannie," she sobbed, and dashed off towards the farm; but not in time to see Sandy's parting shaft.

"Weel, weel, ye're just a wee red-headit."

He was so full and quiet in the fields, and the bright fire burned on the burnside, and Grannie in her kitchen, and Sandy was knitting.

Agnes, the eldest son, was sitting on the bench, and the little sang.

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locks; "but it's true enough, bairn, aperia' in-ke an odds."

CHAPTER I.

It was autumn once more. Once more the fields round the farm lay white unto harvest, and the little river still babbled and chattered as it flowed on its way to the sea. The old kitchen was restful and quiet as of yore; the fire stilled burned, the kettle sang, and Grannie still knitted—but the knitting was slow and painful now—and the sweet, faded face within the shanty mutchcap was sweeter and more faded than of old. Uncle Sandy, too, had grown greyer and feebler, and the old dog dezed no longer on the hearth: a young and frolicsome puppy had taken its place. And the bairns, what of them? A graceful young lady stood by Grannie's side drawing on her gloves; there was nothing familiar in the slight but stately figure, nothing in the beautiful oval face with its finely pencilled eyebrows and delicate rose-leaf colouring, but the impatient glance of the big brown eyes and the gleam of the auburn hair gathered up under the big sun-bonnet betrayed the Agnes of old.

"Where are ye gamin', bairn?" said Grannie, glancing with manifest disfavour from the Alloa-stocking Agnes had thrown down to the yellow-backed novel in her hand.

"O, anywhere, Grannie; just out, it's such a lovely day."

The tone was slightly impatient, but the voice was musical and cultured. Agnes had laid aside the dialect of her childhood with other childish things, and having been sent by Grannie to finish at a select boarding school, was very finished and select indeed. Sometimes Grannie sighed for the original unfinished Agnes, and wondered what Sandy would say to the old companion of his childhood when he came home from his farming in the wild West. But, after all, she reflected, there was a good heart at the bottom of all Agnes's little vanities; the bairn was just "spoil a bit wi' being owre bonny an' clever."

"Weel," replied Grannie, "ye might gang up tae the village an' speir for your Aunt Jean's knee; ye'll get a' news aboot the artist body—if he's come yet. Tammas ca'ed in this morning and said your aunt was expectin' him an' his sister the day."

"You're a great girl, Agnes," said Uncle Sandy, who was surveying her with evident satisfaction; "you'll be getting a husband soon."

"Hoots, Sandy," said Grannie wrathfully, "dinna put such havers in her head; the bairn's yet twenty, she doona ken she's born yet!"

"Nonsense, Grannie; Uncle Sandy's quite right: it's high time I was settled. I'll away and see if I can catch the artist," and she ran laughing out at the door. The road to the village wound round the foot of the hill, beautifully sheltered from the August sun by lovely old trees that leaned from either side and lovingly mingled their branches. Once on the high road, Agnes opened her book, and was soon so lost in contemplation of it, that she did not observe a gentleman's figure coming briskly towards her, glancing carelessly at a journal as he walked. Suddenly he became aware of the girl's approach, he looked up, hesitated a moment, then having assured himself that she had not seen him, looked down again with gleam of amusement, and became apparently very much engrossed in his reading. A moment later and they came somewhat violently in contact. The gentleman, with an air of consternation, threw his arm round Agnes, as if to keep her from falling, and stammered out an apology. Agnes, genuinely surprised, was for a moment overwhelmed with confusion, then recollecting herself, she gracefully apologised and stood aside to allow the stranger to pass. But the stranger had no such intention. "Excuse me," he said, courteously removing his hat, "and ignoring her movement of dismissal; I trust I have not hurt you?"

"Not in the least," said Agnes, her colour deepening under the admiration in his look; "I do not blame yourself too much, the gentleman was mutual," and with a gracious bow he walked swiftly away.

"Wonder if that's the artist body," she thought; "how handsome and polite he is. I must finish my book; Grannie doona't let it, and will be cross if I take it away."

Saying she resumed her reading, she went into a leisurely walk.

The artist body was standing on the bank, gazing after her.

"Sandy too," he said to himself, "I should like to see her."

He was standing on the bank, gazing after her.

He was standing on the bank, gazing after her.

He was standing on the bank, gazing after her.

through the field beyond, gained the high road again considerably in front of Agnes, and walked briskly into the village.

At last Agnes finished the book and closed it with a sigh of mingled satisfaction and regret. A few minutes afterwards she knocked at Aunt Jean's door, and Aunt Jean cried "Come in." She entered and kissed her affectionately inquiring as usual, "How are you, auntie?"

"Weel, no sae ill; but dae ye no see I've visitors, Nannie? This is Mr. Atherton the artist, and his sister, Miss Nellie."

Nan looked up in surprise; the stranger of the afternoon's adventure rose and came towards her, a little dark lady who was seated on the sofa rose also.

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss Stewart," he said impressively.

"How on earth did you get here?" was Nan's mental retort, but she checked it and turned to his sister. "How do you do, Miss Atherton? I trust you will enjoy our scenery."

"Oh, I'm sure we shall; and I'm so glad to meet you, dear Miss Stewart, Arthur and I were so afraid we'd be lonely; but there's no fear of that now."

Miss Nellie was very little and very pretty, but if anything too dimpled and babyish and gushing. She looked on her brother as a kind of demi-god, and followed him wherever his fancy led him.

"Ye'll abide an' mak the tea, Nan," said Aunt Jean; "my laags is no what they aye was, an' they're a wee troublesome the day."

Nan, nothing loth, made tea, and looked so pretty and graceful dispensing it that Arthur couldn't but think how nice a fellow would feel if he had a girl like that to pour out tea for him every day. And after tea, in the cool twilight, Arthur and Nellie walked home with her, and never, had the road seemed so shady so picturesque and pleasant, nor never alas! so short. Then they must come in and rest in the cool, rose-scented parlour, and Grannie must give them scones and fresh butter, and great tumblers of milk and cream. But at last it was over and they were gone, with many protestations of friendship, and plans for picnics, &c., &c., during the coming week. "What do you think of them, Grannie?" asked Nan, eagerly.

"If they're as guid as they're bonny, they'll dae," said Grannie, looking doubtfully at Nan's flushed face; "but lots o' these artist bodies is no much worth."

"She's a grand girl, you," said Uncle Sandy; "he's fine-looking too, but he would be the better o' a good bairn."

CHAPTER III.

The days that followed flew by as if on wings. The three became fast friends, and went everywhere together: there was a sketching, or a rambles, or a hill-climbing expedition every day, or sometimes all three combined. Grannie looked with rather a jealous eye on all this pleasuring, but she was too wise to interfere. She had once ventured to remonstrate with Arthur, because every sketch he took had Nan in some conspicuous position in the foreground. "What's the use o' spilin' a' the scenery wi' stickin' her in; is ae pictur' o' her no enough?" she had asked. And Arthur had answered, with an eloquent glance at Nan, "The finest scene that ever was painted would be honoured in forming a background to such a figure." And thenceforth Grannie discreetly held her peace. The autumn was drawing to a close, and still the artist and his sister lingered on, seeming every day to find new beauties and new attractions in the village. Aunt Jean was greatly delighted with her lodgers.

"He's a grand lad," she was wont to say; "a wee impudent, like a' callants, but a fine laddie for a' that." And so Grannie waited on, dreading every day that her worst fears would be realized, and something definite would be said, and longing for her laddie from over the sea. At last he came. It was a bright day towards the end of October; the three had gone away bramble-gathering in the lanes, and Grannie was alone in the big kitchen dozing by the fire. Suddenly a firm step sounded on the gravel outside, and before she was thoroughly awake a manly form crossed the floor and took her in his arms.

"Grannie!"

"Eh, Sandy, my bairn, I'm proud tae see ye. Laddie, ye're grown maist awfu'—maist awfu'," and she held him at arm's length to admire him. Truly, he was a sight to gladden any grannie's eyes, his crisp brown hair curling over his broad clever-looking brow, his clear, honest grey eyes looking out under thick black eyebrows, and his firmly cut mouth and chin relaxing from their usual decided lines into the tenderest of smiles as he stood to be admired by his

"Ye're looking weel," she said as she at length gave up her examination; "but why did ye no let us ken ye were comin'?"

"Did my father not get my telegram?" he asked in surprise; "it should have arrived to day."

"Oh, maybe he has. He's been at the village a' day; he'll be bringin' the hame in his pouch, thinkin' he's gae'n great news," and Grannie chuckled. "But sit doon, laddie, sit doon; I maun mak haste an' get the tea."

The bramble-gathering was a great success, and it was late in the evening before Agnes entered the kitchen with a great pitcherful of berries. Her eyes rested on an unwonted scene. Grannie and Uncle Sandy were listening with rapt attention to a strange man who, sitting cross-legged and rhapsodic, was discoursing to them of men and things in the Far West. For a moment she stood astonished, then down went pitcher and brambles and rolled hither and thither upon the floor, as she rushed towards him exclaiming, in her old impetuous way, "Sandy, is it possible?" And Sandy, standing up shoeless and cross-legged before the fine young lady, was even more astonished and much less at ease than she. But the brambles afforded a fine diversion; in a moment they were down on their knees gathering them up, laughing and scolding each other as of yore. Each time Sandy's brown hand came in contact with her slender white one a strange thrill went through him, and he longed to clasp it in his own as in the old childish days, and to kiss the bonny red mouth that pouted so temptingly towards him. But, alas! all things must end, and the brief delightful chase after the brambles was soon over. Then Sandy, calling himself a fool for enjoying it, called to mind what his grannie had told him about the "artist body," hardened his heart, and scowled at his pretty cousin, and would not suffer his eyes to rest on her dainty figure, till she grew troubled and wondered what ailed Sandy, and finally her perplexity gave way to burning indignation, and while Sandy told his adventures she sat turning up her little nose and snitting furiously at her Alloa stocking, a bright red flush burning in either cheek.

The days that followed were miserable enough. Sandy had curtly refused Nan's invitation to join their pleasure party, and though she had lost all taste of the Atherton's society, her pride would not let her confess it, and the excursions were continued. Meanwhile Sandy, though bright and pleasant to his father and Grannie, almost ignored Nan's existence, and when left to himself would fall into gloomy abstracted fits; and Grannie, looking on, was woe for her bairns, but durst not interfere.

It was the last of October; a dull night, with a heavy Scotch mist fallin'. The family at the farm sat close round the fire, Nan and her Grannie knitting, Mr. Stewart and Sandy smoking.

"I think I'll go up and ask for Aunt Jean, Grannie; I haven't been out all day, and feel as if I'd like a walk."

"I daursa ye haena, bairn," said Grannie, rousing herself. "What's come owre the Athertons that there's been nae of them here the day?"

"They're away," said Nan, bending very close over her work; "they went last night."

Sandy started, and Grannie laid down her knitting and raised her hands in surprise.

"Dear, dear," she exclaimed, "suirly that was very sudden."

"Rather," said Nan. "They said good bye to me and left all manner of kind messages and apologies for the rest of you."

She had risen now and was standing with her back to them fastening her cloak. Perhaps it was that that made her voice sound so indistinct, or perhaps Grannie was right in supposing that they had not parted the best of friends, for Arthur had spoken and Nan had said him nay. But she only said, "Weel, weel, tak that pickle jell tae your auntie and haste ye hame again."

Sandy took no notice of her departure nor of anything that had taken place, but presently he rose, and silently taking his cap from the nail, slipped out into the night. Grannie smiled a sly little smile and quietly took up her work again.

The night was dark and dismal, and Agnes, shivering as she gathered her mantle round her, glanced nervously from side to side, and wished she had stayed at home. Presently a quick tread broke the silence; for a moment she paused, startled, then recognising the step, she walked on again with glowing cheeks and beating heart. In a moment Sandy was alongside.

"Did I startle you?" he asked; and his voice sounded strangely gentle.

"Yes—no," she stammered, "just for a minute, I knew your step."

For a little way they walked in silence, then Sandy slipped his arm through hers

and drew her close to his side. "Darling, I love you," he whispered, his strong voice trembling with emotion.

For a moment there was no reply, then the little figure nestled closer to his side, the auburn head drooped on his shoulder, and the little red mouth that had so often tantalized him was raised to his in silent but eloquent answer.

"The hairs are awful long," said Grannie, rising to hup their parritch; "suirly they'll be soon cut."

Even as she spoke the door opened and Agnes entered with a tell-tale glow on her face, while Sandy, looking bashful but very happy, came edging in behind her.

"So that's the way o't," cried Grannie in great glee. "So ye've taen him after a', Nannie? Did I no tell ye, bairn, speirin' make an odds'!"

DWARF AND WILD MAN.

Strange Stories Told by Men Who Have Found Quasar Creatures in Foreign Lands.

Establishment Not Clear as to Whom Belongs the Credit of Discovering a Lilliputian Race.

Whether he who found Enila or he who found the gorilla be entitled to the prior right of discovery in Mr. Stanley's celebrated race of dwarfs is a question that, on one side at least, seems likely to be disputed with warmth. It does not appear that either M. de Challu or Mr. Stanley can claim copyright in these interesting little people. Travelers proverbially see strange sights and tell tough stories, and Africa has in past times been prolific of more wondrous tales than ever Rider Haggard has told. Some of them we cannot quite accept. The tailed men which were of old reported to infest the African forests may possibly be identified with M. Paul de Challu's old friend the gorilla. The cynocephali, or dog-headed man (but they were Asian), have not, unfortunately, been heard of during late years, nor, it is to be regretted, have Mr. Stanley or other modern explorers succeeded in re-discovering probably the most interesting race of the dark continent—the one-legged man whose single foot was so massive, Sir John Mandoville assures us, that when its possessor, lying on his back, held it aloft "it shieldeth his whole body acent the sonne."

The cautious reader would probably hesitate nowadays to accord unreserved credence to stories such as these, but he can not fail to be struck with the fact that dwarfs have always figured in the narrations of the African traveler. In the unexplored parts of Abyssinia tradition reported the existence of a race four feet high, who climbed trees like apes, were destitute of clothes, religion, civil government, and common decency, and got their living by eating live snakes, ants, and similar small deer. Schweinfurth's description of the dwarfs of the interior is a serious contribution to the knowledge of the subject, and coincides more closely with Mr. Stanley's. His dwarfs are, he says, active and skillful hunters, but are cannibals and not to be trusted. Tales of "wild men"—the "missing link" of the Darwinian system—have always fascinated the multitude, and the popular taste has, without doubt, been very effective in stimulating the imagination and enterprise of the traveler and the showman. The occasional discovery of mule, savage, and wholly uncultivated human beings even inspired Linnaeus with a belief in the wild man, and led to his dividing the human race in his system of zoology into two species—homosapiens, or man susceptible of civilization, and homo ferus, a being which he describes as "mute, hairy, and going on all fours." Science nowadays recognizes but one species of human being—the lowest savage—showing traces of culture and refinement, which separate them absolutely from the brute creation.

It was not always so. The "ape-men" of southern Asia were firmly believed in at the beginning of the present century. The discovery of two of these creatures among the laborers on a coffee plantation is actually on record in the journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1824, and this circumstance, no doubt, encouraged several travelers to report subsequent encounters with these singular being, in different parts, which grew more circumstantial as time went on. Finally it was announced that the Sumatran forests were the home of two distinct races, called orang koobos and orang gngur, both naked and covered with hair and the latter possessing "characteristics of the ape tribe—long arms, receding foreheads, protruding jaws, with little in the way of chin and nothing in the way of call.

Not many years ago it was said that a wild

creature—a girl 7 or 8 years old—had been captured in the forest of Laos. A whole family, indeed, had been secured, but some died, and the father was detained in the country, by order of the king.

This child was Krao, who was afterward exhibited rather extensively in England and America. The girl's body was entirely covered with hair, but Virchow and other scientists who saw her pronounced her to be a true Siamese, and information afterward came from Bangkok that her father was a native official, and that the parents, who differed in no respect from others of their race, had taken advantage of the child's abnormal appearance to let her out on advantageous terms to a smart showman.

Most recent accounts of the discovery of wild people have, when investigation was possible, been proved to be equally fallacious. Four or five years ago the Berlin Anthropological Society received a report of the existence in the Papuan island of a race of people with ears six inches long, and of others with white skins and red hair who lived in trees and made noises like beasts, but the other natives seemed less inclined to claim cousinship with these eccentrics, and declared them to be descendants of Europeans wrecked upon the coast many years before. The fair complexion and red hair point to a possible Teutonic origin, and it may be that the first discoverers of these modern tree-dwellers did not understand German. At any rate, no subsequent light was thrown upon the discovery.

The existence of races of wild beings has, on the whole, been disproved pretty conclusively, but cases are on record of single individuals who at various times and places have run wild and consorted with the beasts. According to *Die Gartenlaube* there are sixteen of such cases reported on tolerably good authority, mostly young children, and all dating from the time when Europe still contained dense forests and impenetrable swamps and morasses. At this day, therefore, it is impossible to ascertain the proportion of truth to falsehood in the descriptions of them which have been preserved. Many of the individuals were probably insane, and there is certainly no evidence that any of them belonged to a peculiar race.

A correspondent writes from the Oetzthal, Tyrol:—"A party of eleven tourists and four guides were descending from the Similaun (11,805ft) to the Marzell glacier. One of the guides, Peter Paul Gstrein, of Gurgl, and Herr Popper, of Oelsnitz, Saxony, ventured too far on to an overhanging snow cornice, broke through, and fell, immense masses of snow following them. They were roped together. The victims were subsequently found dead, and their bodies were removed to Veni! The height from which they fell was nearly 2000 feet."

A case of hydrophobia has been reported in Vienna. A lady was bitten by her own dog several weeks ago. It was not a bad bite, and the dog behaved as usual, so that she took no notice. On the following day, however, the dog disappeared, and never came back. When, two days ago, the old lady, who was spending the evening with some friends in a public garden, was suddenly taken ill, and showed signs of intense excitement. Professor Meyner was called and he immediately recognized symptoms of hydrophobia. After twenty-four hours of terrible suffering the victim died.

A special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes:—"Cannibalism, according to Father Angouard, flourishes in all its pristine vigour on the banks of the Mobangi, or Ubangi, an affluent of the Congo. In other parts of Africa, writes the missionary (who has been from Loango to the place which he describes), men eat one another for the purpose of taking reprisals or in order to prevent the vanquished in war from obtaining the posthumous honors of burial. The blacks who dwell on the banks of the Ubangi eat human flesh because they like it, and nearly every day some slave is cut up and cooked for a village festival, the banquets being organized on the least pretext, sometimes even because a head or member of the tribe has a piece of good news.

The miracle-working wells of Galgocz, in the district of Pressburg, Hungary, are attracting many thousands of pilgrims from Bohemia, Moravia, Lower Austria, and various parts of Hungary. The authorities are, it is said, powerless in their attempts to disperse the multitude of devotees, who have, on repeated occasions, become very unruly. The military have been summoned from the neighboring garrison towns. The parish priest endeavors to exert his influence, but to little purpose, and force has to be applied to compel the fanatical peasants to return to their homes. The Queen of Heaven, it is firmly believed, has lately visited the spot, and a large number of the maim, halt, and blind have been transported thither to be cured of their affliction.

An Original Parrot.

There was of late advertised a parrot who could make original observations—not more slavish "copy," but the most apt remarks. A parrot fancier answered this advertisement, and the advertiser brought his bird. He was not beautiful, and he did not look accomplished. He no sooner opened his mouth, however, than his genius discovered itself.

"Supposing that this bird is all that you say of it," inquired the possible purchaser, "what do you want for it?" "Fifty pounds," said the dealer. "Make it guineas!" exclaimed the parrot. The enraptured bird fancier bought him at once.

Weeks rolled on and the bird never said another word. Not even that solitary sentence, "Make it guineas," which the purchaser naturally thought he had learned by rote—as was the case with that world-famous bird that cried, "What a precious lot of parrots!" (on finding himself in a bird show.) He sent for the dealer and thus frankly addressed him: "Of course, I have been taken in. This infernal bird is dumb; can't even say, 'What's o'clock' or 'Pretty Poll.'" "He only professes to make original observations," put in the speaker.

"Nonsense! he does nothing but scratch himself. You have got your money; at least, tell me how he contrived to say 'Make it guineas,' at so appropriate a moment. I'll forgive you, if you'll only tell me the truth." "Very good, Sir. Then, he didn't say it at all; I said it for him. I'm a ventriloquist. My parrots all make original observations, but only in my presence." Then the parrot fancier shook hands with the dealer and gave him a list of other parrot fanciers (his personal friends,) who also in duo time were taken in, which, of course, was very soothing.

"I would like you to give my son a chance in your printing-office." "What can the boy do?" "Well, at first he couldn't do anything more than edit your paper and take general charge of the mechanical department, but later on, when he learns sense, he'll be handy to have around to wash windows, keep lamp chimneys clean and sift ashes."

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TORONTO, JUNE 11

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It was June 12, 1889, just before sunset, that Stanley's tired eyes rested for the first time with unclouded gaze on Ruwenzori, the far-famed Mountains of the Moon.

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These, says the Hartford Courant, were the mountains famed in song and story, of which fables have been woven, and of which poets sang; the creation of the "sea of darkness," Albert Edward lake; this the shrine at which Alexander and Caesar longed to worship.

There have been such contradictions in their situation? Why are they here from 5 degrees above the equator to 10,000 feet above the sea, and 10,000 to 19,000 feet above the sea, and 10,000 to 19,000 feet above the sea.

marvelous vegetation, a vegetation so lush and luxuriant that the region is aptly called the national conservatory of the world; where banana plants are eighteen inches in diameter two feet from the ground; where every tree and stem has its robe of soft moss, every rock is clothed with lichens, every tree fern or horizontal branch with orchids, while rare and beautiful flowers distill marvelous perfumes.

Weaning Lambs.

Sheep Breeder and Wool Grower says: If they are thriving as much as they ought, lambs need not run with the ewes above four months.

If there are shade and water in the field which they know where to find, they will help themselves. If not they ought to be driven to water every day; and it is a good plan to fetch them to the stable before the sun gets very hot, to prevent them from rambling aimlessly about the field, panting in the sunshine, or crawling into fence corners.

The lambs should have a fresh rowen or upland pasture, if one is available, well stocked with June grass, red top, or some other short, tender, nutritious grass. There should be strips of forest in it with shady knolls for stamping grounds, where they may find an abundance of the dust which is so essential to their health during the dog days.

Big City Populations.

There are eight cities in the world with a population and over. The following are the latest returns:-

Table with 2 columns: City Name and Population. Includes London (4,351,738), New York (2,260,045), etc.

Protestantism in France.

Protestantism in France sprang from the same general causes which gave birth to similar reactions against the Roman Catholic Church in other countries of Europe. But, almost from the first, a peculiarly secular character was stamped upon the French movement, partly by the character of its leader, partly by the early adhesion of the nobility, partly by the establishment of the Reformed Churches as a separate political power.

Apropos of the great strike on the New York Central railway, it may be well to present the Encyclopaedia Britannica's estimate of how the railroads of various countries are manned: "American railways continue to do their work with a very small number of men. In 1880, 86,781 miles of railway were worked with a force of 418,957 men, or 4.7 per mile, against 367,793 in the United Kingdom on 18,681 miles, or 19.7 per mile, and 316,570 in Germany, or 14.3 per mile.

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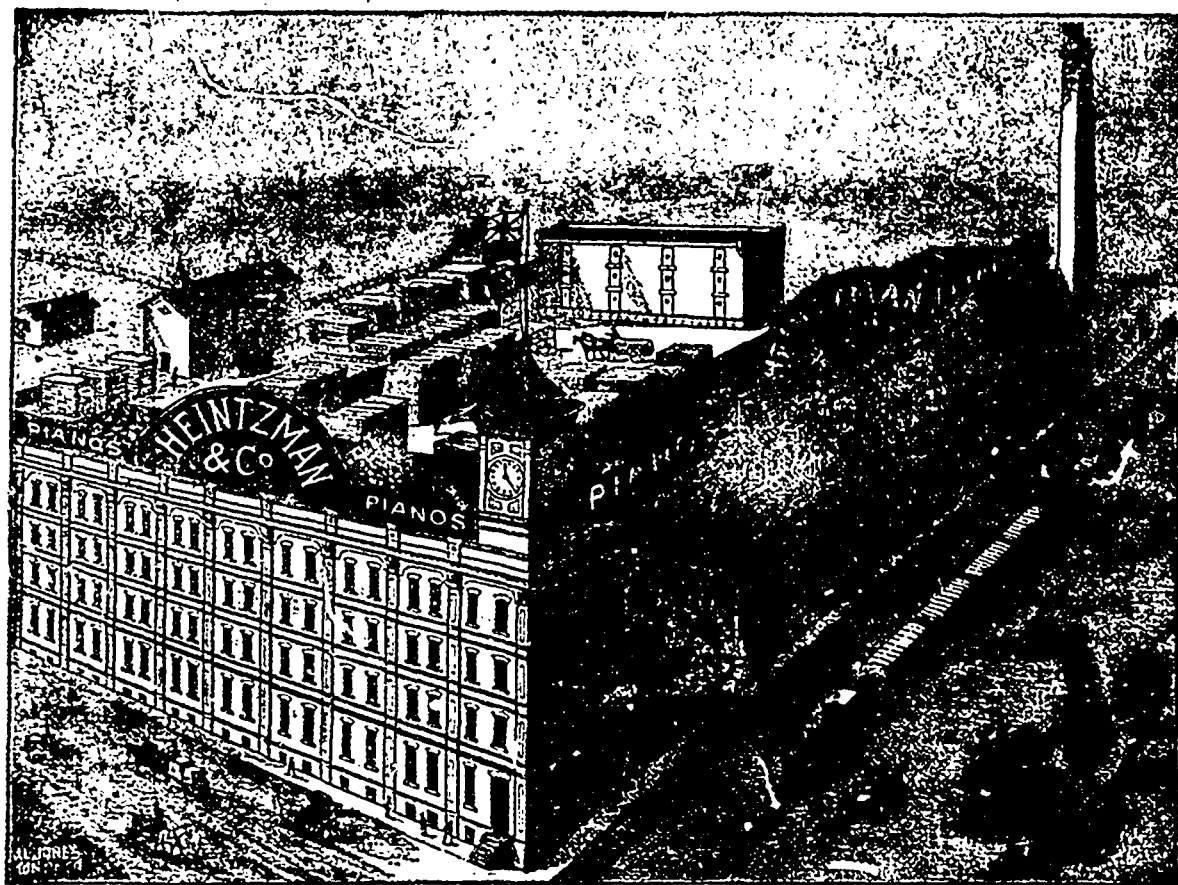
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